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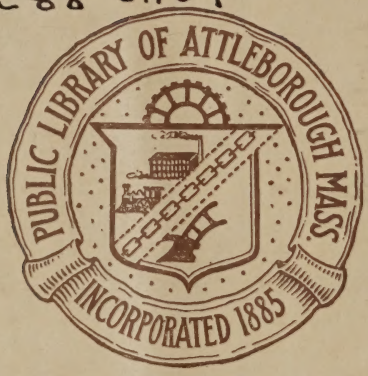

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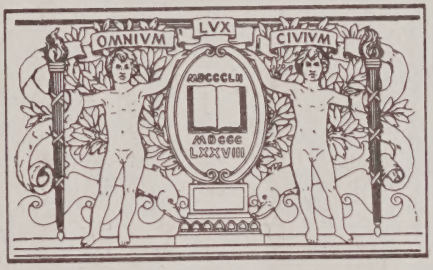

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1912

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THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

BY H. G. WELLS

CIRCUMSTANCES have made me think a good deal at different times about the business of writing novels, and what it means and is and may be. And I was a professional critic of novels long before I wrote them. One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work in the *Saturday Review*. That was sixteen years ago. When a man has focused so much of his life upon the novel, it is not reasonable to expect him to take a too modest or apologetic view of it. I consider the novel a very important and necessary thing indeed in that complicated system of uneasy adjustments and readjustments which is modern civilization. I make very high and very wide claims for it. In many directions I think that we cannot get along without it.

Now this, I know, is not the usually received opinion. There is, I am aware, the theory that the novel is wholly and solely a means of relaxation. In spite of manifest facts, that was the dominant view of the great period that we now in our retrospective way speak of as the Victorian, and it still survives to this day. It is the man's theory of the novel rather than the woman's. One may call it the Weary Giant theory.

The Reader is represented as a man, burthened, toiling, worn. He has been in his office from ten to four, with perhaps only two hours interval at his club for lunch; or he has been playing golf; or he has been waiting about and voting in the House; or he has been fishing; or he has been disputing a point of law, or writing a sermon, or doing one of a thousand other of the grave important things which constitute the substance of a prosperous man's life. Now at last comes the little precious interval of leisure, and the Weary Giant takes up a book. Perhaps he is vexed: he may have been bunkered, his line may have been entangled in the trees, his favorite investment may have slumped, or the judge may have had indigestion and been extremely rude to him. He wants to forget the troublesome realities of life. He wants to be taken out of himself, to be cheered, consoled, amused — above all, amused. He does n't want ideas, he does n't want facts, above all he does n't want Problems. He wants to dream of the bright, thin, gay excitements of a phantom world, — in which he can be hero, — of horses ridden and laces worn and princesses rescued and won. He wants pictures of funny slums and entertaining paupers and laughable longshoremen and kindly

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impulses making life sweet. He wants Romance without its defiance, and humor without its sting; and the business of the novelist, he holds, is to supply this cooling refreshment.

That is the Weary Giant theory of the novel. It ruled British criticism up to the period of the Boer War — and then something happened to quite a lot of us, and it has never completely recovered its old predominance. Perhaps it will. Perhaps something else may happen to prevent its ever doing so.

Both fiction and criticism to-day are in revolt against that Weary Giant, the prosperous Englishman. I cannot think of a single writer of any distinction to-day, unless it be Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who is content merely to serve the purpose of those slippered hours. So far from the Weary Reader being a decently tired Giant, we realize that he is only an inexpressibly lax, slovenly, and undertrained Giant; and we are all out with one accord resolved to exercise his higher ganglia in every possible way. And so I will say no more of the idea that the novel is merely a harmless opiate for the vacant hours of prosperous men. As a matter of fact it never has been, and by its nature I doubt if it ever can be.

I do not think that women have ever quite succumbed to the Weary Giant attitude in their reading. Women are more serious, not only about life, but about books. No type or kind of woman is capable of that lounging defensive stupidity which is the basis of the Weary Giant attitude; and all through the early nineties, during which the respectable frivolity of Great Britain left its most enduring marks upon our literature, there was a rebel undertow of earnest and aggressive writing and reading, supported chiefly by women, and supplied very largely by women, which gave the lie to the prevailing trivial estimate of fiction. Among readers, women and girls and young men at least will insist upon having their novels significant and real, and it is to these perpetually renewed elements in the public that the novelist must look for his continuing emancipation from the wearier and more massive influences at work in contemporary British life.

And if the novel is to be recognized as something more than a relaxation, it has also, I think, to be kept free from the restrictions imposed upon it by the fierce pedantries of those who would define a general form for it. Every art nowadays must steer its way between the rocks of trivial and degrading standards and the whirlpool of arbitrary and irrational criticism. Whenever criticism of any art becomes specialized and professional, whenever a class of adjudicators is brought into existence, those adjudicators are apt to become, as a class, distrustful of their immediate impressions, and anxious for methods of comparison between work and work; they begin to emulate the classifications and exact measurements of a science, and to set up ideals and rules as data for such classification and measurements. They develop an alleged sense of technique, which is too often no more than the attempt to exact a laboriousness of method or to insist upon peculiarities of method which impress the professional critic, not so much as being merits as being meritorious.

This sort of thing has gone very far with the critical discussion of both the novel and the play. You have all heard that impressive dictum that some particular theatrical display, although moving, interesting, and continually entertaining from start to finish, was for occult technical reasons 'not a play.' And in the same way you are continually having your appreciation of fiction

dashed by the mysterious parallel condemnation, that the story that you like 'is n't a novel.' The novel has been treated as if its form were as well defined as the sonnet. A year or so ago, for example, there was a quite serious discussion, which began I believe in a weekly paper devoted to the interests of various nonconformist religious organizations, about the proper length for a novel. The critic was to begin his painful duties with a yard-measure. The matter was taken up with profound gravity by the *Westminster Gazette*, and a considerable number of literary men and women were circularized and asked to state, in the face of *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Shabby Genteel Story*, and *Bleak House*, just exactly how long the novel ought to be. Our replies, according to the civility of our natures, were for the most part either uncivil or evasive; but the mere attempt to raise the question shows, I think, how widespread among the editorial, paragraph-writing, opinion-making sort of people is this notion of prescribing a definite length and a definite form for the novel. In the newspaper correspondence that followed, our friend the Weary Giant made a transitory appearance again. We were told the novel ought to be long enough for him to take up after dinner and finish before his whiskey at eleven.

That was obviously a half-forgotten echo of Edgar Allan Poe's discussion of the short story. Edgar Allan Poe was very definite upon the point that the short story should be finished at a sitting. But the novel and the short story are two entirely different things, and the train of reasoning that made the American master limit the short story to about an hour of reading as a maximum, does not apply to the longer work. A short story is, or should be, a simple thing; it aims at producing one single, vivid effect; it has to seize the attention at the outset, and never relaxing, gather it together more and more until the climax is reached. The limits of the human capacity to attend closely therefore set a limit to it: it must explode and finish before interruption occurs or fatigue sets in. But the novel I hold to be a discursive thing; it is not a single interest, but a woven tapestry of interests; one is drawn, first by this affection and curiosity and then by that; it is something to return to, and I do not see that we can possibly set any limit to its extent.

The distinctive value of the novel among written works of art is in characterization, and the charm of a well-conceived character lies not in knowing its destiny but in watching its proceedings. For my own part I will confess that I find all the novels of Dickens, long as they are, too short for me. I am sorry they do not flow into one another more than they do. I wish that Micawber and Dick Swiveller and Sairey Gamp turned up again in other novels than their own, just as Shakespeare ran the glorious glow of Falstaff through a group of plays. But Dickens tried this once when he carried on the Pickwick Club into *Master Humphrey's Clock*. That experiment was unsatisfactory, and he did not attempt anything of the sort again.

Following on the days of Dickens, the novel began to contract, — to subordinate characterization to story and description to drama; considerations of a sordid nature, I am told, had to do with that — something about a guinea-and-a-half and six shillings, with which we will not concern ourselves here and now; but I rejoice to see many signs to-day that that phase of narrowing and restriction is over, and that there is every encouragement for a return toward a laxer, more spacious form of novel-writing.

The movement is partly of English origin, a revolt against those more exacting and cramping conceptions of artistic perfection to which I will recur in a moment, and a return to the lax freedom of form, the rambling discursiveness, the right to roam, of the earlier English novel, of *Tristram Shandy* and of *Tom Jones;* and partly it comes from abroad, and derives a stimulus from such bold and original enterprises as that of Monsieur Rolland in his *Jean Christophe.*

Its double origin involves a double nature — for while the English spirit is toward discursiveness and variety, the new French movement is rather toward exhaustiveness. One who is, I think, quite the greatest of our contemporary English novelists, Mr. Bennett, has experimented in both forms of amplitude. His superb *Old Wives' Tale,* wandering from person to person and from scene to scene, is by far the finest 'long novel' that has been written in English in the English fashion, in this generation; and now in *Clayhanger* and its promised collaterals he undertakes that complete, minute, abundant presentation of the growth and modification of one or two individual minds, which is the essential characteristic of the continental movement toward the novel of amplitude. While the *Old Wives' Tale* is discursive, *Clayhanger* is exhaustive; he gives us both types of the new movement in perfection.

I name *Jean Christophe* as a sort of archetype in this connection, because it is just at present very much in our thoughts by reason of the admirable translation Mr. Cannan is giving us; but there is a greater predecessor to this comprehensive and spectacular treatment of a single mind and its impressions and ideas, or of one or two associated minds. The great original of all this work is that colossal last unfinished book of Flaubert, *Bouvard et Pécuchet.* Flaubert, the bulk of whose life was spent upon the most austere and restrained fiction, — Turgenev was not more austere and restrained, — broke out at last into this gay, sad miracle of intellectual abundance. It is not extensively read in this country; it is not yet, I believe, translated into English; but there it is — and if it is new to the reader I make him this present of the secret of a book that is a precious wilderness of wonderful reading. But if Flaubert is really the continental emancipator of the novel from the restrictions of form, the master to whom we of the English persuasion, we of the discursive school, must forever recur is he whom I will maintain against all comers to be the subtlest and greatest *artist* — I lay stress upon that word artist — that Great Britain has ever produced in all that is essentially the novel — Laurence Sterne.

The confusion between the standard of a short story and the standards of the novel, which leads at last to these — what shall I call them? — 'Westminster Gazetteisms' about the correct length to which the novelist should aspire, leads also to all kinds of absurd condemnations and exactions upon matters of method and style. The underlying fallacy is always this: the assumption that the novel, like the story, aims at a single, concentrated impression. From that comes a fertile growth of error.

Constantly one finds in the reviews of works of fiction the complaint that this, that, or the other thing in a novel is irrelevant. Now, it is the easiest thing and the most fatal thing to become irrelevant in a short story. A short story should go to its point as a man flies from a pursuing tiger: he pauses not for the daisies in his path or to note the pretty moss on the tree he climbs for safety. But the novel by com-

parison is like breakfasting in the open air on a summer morning. Nothing is irrelevant if the writer's mood be happy; and the tapping of the thrush on the garden-path or the petal of apple-blossom that floats down into my coffee, is as irrelevant as the egg I open or the bread and butter I bite. And all sorts of things that inevitably mar the tense illusion which is the aim of the short story, — the introduction, for example, of the author's personality, any comment that seems to admit that after all fiction is fiction, a change in manner between part and part, burlesque, parody, invective, — all such things are not necessarily wrong in the novel. Of course all these things may fail in their effect, they may jar, hinder, irritate, and all are difficult to do well; but there is no artistic merit in evading a difficulty — any more than it is a merit in a hunter to refuse even the lowest of fences.

Nearly all the novels that have, by the lapse of time, reached an assured position of recognized greatness, are not only saturated in the personality of the author, but have in addition quite unaffected personal outbreaks. The least successful instance, the one that is made the text against all such first-personal interventions, is of course Thackeray. But I think the trouble with Thackeray is, not that he makes first-personal interventions, but that he does so with a curious touch of dishonesty. I quite agree with the late Mrs. Craigie that there was something profoundly vulgar about Thackeray. It is a sham-thoughtful, sham-gentleman, sham man-of-the-world pose that he assumes; it is an aggressive, conscious, challenging person astride before a fire, and a little distended by dinner and a sense of social and literary precedences, who uses the first person in Thackeray's novels. It is n't the real Thackeray; it is n't a frank man who looks you in the eyes and bares his soul and demands your sympathy. That is a criticism of Thackeray, but it is n't a condemnation of intervention.

I admit that for a novelist to come in person in this way before his readers involves grave risks; but when it is done without affectations, starkly as a man comes in out of the darkness to tell of perplexing things without, — as, for instance, Mr. Joseph Conrad does for all practical purposes in his *Lord Jim*, — then it gives a sort of depth, a sort of subjective reality, that no such cold, almost affectedly ironical detachment as that which distinguishes the work of Mr. John Galsworthy, for example, can ever attain. And in some cases the whole art and delight of a novel may lie in the author's personal interventions: let such novels as *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, and the same writer's *Elizabeth in Rugen*, bear witness.

Now all this time I have been hacking away at certain hampering and limiting beliefs about the novel, letting it loose as it were in form and purpose. I have still to say just what I think the novel is; and where, if anywhere, its boundary line ought to be drawn. It is by no means an easy task to define the novel. It is not a thing premeditated. It is a thing that has grown up into modern life, and taken upon itself uses and produced results that could not have been foreseen by its originators.

Few of the important things in the collective life of man started out to be what they are. Consider, for example, all the unexpected æsthetic values, the inspiration and variety of emotional result which arise out of the cross-shaped plan of the Gothic cathedral, and the undesigned delight and wonder of white marble that has ensued, as I have been told, through the aging and whitening of the realistically colored statuary of the Greeks and Romans.

Much of the charm of the old furniture and needle-work again, upon which the present time sets so much store, lies in acquired and unpremeditated qualities. And no doubt the novel grew up out of simple story-telling, and the universal desire of children, old and young alike, for a story.

It is only slowly that we have developed the distinction of the novel from the romance, as being a story of human beings, absolutely credible and conceivable, as distinguished from human beings frankly endowed with the glamour, the wonder, the brightness, of a less exacting and more vividly eventful world. The novel is a story that demands, or professes to demand, no make-believe. The novelist undertakes to present you people and things as real as any that you can meet in an omnibus. And I suppose it is conceivable that a novel might exist which was just purely a story of that kind, and nothing more. It might amuse you as one is amused by looking out of a window into a street, or listening to a piece of agreeable music; and that might be the limit of its effect.

But almost always the novel is something more than that, and produces more effect than that. *The novel has almost inseparable moral consequences.* It leaves impressions, not simply of things seen, but of acts judged and made attractive or unattractive. They may prove very slight moral consequences, and very shallow moral impressions, in the long run; but there they are, none the less, its almost inevitable accompaniments. It is almost unavoidable that this should be so. Even if the novelist attempts or affects to be impartial, he still cannot prevent his characters setting examples, he still cannot avoid, as people say, putting ideas into his readers' heads. The greater his skill, the more convincing his treatment, the more vivid his power of suggestion. And it is almost equally impossible for him not to betray his sense that the proceedings of this person are rather jolly and admirable, and of that, rather ugly and detestable. I suppose Mr. Bennett, for example, would say that he should not do so; but it is as manifest to any disinterested observer that he greatly loves and admires his Card, as that Richardson admired his Sir Charles Grandison, or that Mrs. Humphry Ward considers her Marcella a very fine and estimable young woman. And I think it is just in this, that the novel is not simply a fictitious record of conduct, but also a study and judgment of conduct, and through that of the ideas that lead to conduct, that the real and increasing value — or, perhaps, to avoid controversy, I had better say the real and increasing importance — of the novel and of the novelist in modern life, comes in.

It is no new discovery that the novel, like the drama, is a powerful instrument of moral suggestion. This has been understood in England ever since there has been such a thing as a novel in England. This has been recognized equally by novelists, novel-readers, and the people who would n't read novels under any conditions whatever. Richardson wrote deliberately for edification, and *Tom Jones* is a powerful and effective appeal for a charitable and even indulgent attitude toward loose-living men. But, excepting Fielding and one or two others of those partial exceptions that always occur in the case of critical generalizations, there is a definable difference between the novel of the past and what I may call the modern novel. It is a difference that is reflected upon the novel from a difference in the general way of thinking. It lies in the fact that formerly there was a feeling of certitude about moral values and standards of conduct that is

altogether absent to-day. It was n't so much that men were agreed upon these things, — about these things there have always been enormous divergences of opinion, — as that men were emphatic, cock-sure, and unteachable, about whatever they did happen to believe, to a degree that no longer obtains. This is the Balfourian age — and even religion now seeks to establish itself on Doubt.

There were perhaps just as many differences in the past as there are now, but the outlines were harder — they were indeed so hard as to be almost, to our sense, savage. You might be a Roman Catholic, and in that case you did not want to hear about Protestants, Turks, Infidels, except in tones of horror and hatred. You knew exactly what was good, and what was evil. Your priest informed you upon these points, and all you needed in any novel you read was a confirmation, implicit or explicit, of these vivid rather than charming prejudices. If you were a Protestant you were equally clear and unshakable. Your sect, whichever sect you belonged to, knew the whole of truth and included all the nice people. It had nothing to learn in the world, and it wanted to learn nothing outside its sectarian convictions. And the unbelievers, you know, were just as bad, and said their Creeds with an equal fury — merely interpolating *nots*. And people of every sort, Catholic, Protestant, Infidel, or what not, were equally clear that good was good and bad was bad, that the world was made up of good characters whom you had to love, help, and admire, and of bad characters to whom one might in the interests of goodness even lie, and whom one had to foil, defeat, and triumph over shamelessly at every opportunity. That was the quality of the times. The novel reflected this quality of assurance, and its utmost charity was to unmask an apparent villain and show that he or she was really profoundly and correctly good, or to unmask an apparent saint and show the hypocrite. There was no such penetrating and pervading element of doubt and curiosity — and charity — about the rightfulness and beauty of conduct as one meets on every hand to-day.

The novel-reader of the past, therefore, like the novel-reader of the more provincial party of England to-day, judged a novel by the convictions that had been built up in him by his training and his priest or his pastor. If it agreed with these convictions he approved, if it did not agree, he disapproved — often with great energy. The novel, where it was not unconditionally banned altogether as a thing disturbing and unnecessary, was regarded as a thing subordinated to the teaching of the priest or pastor, or whatever director and dogma were followed. Its modest moral confirmations began when authority had completed its direction. The novel was good, if it seemed to harmonize with the graver exercises conducted by Mr. Chadband, and it was bad and outcast if Mr. Chadband said so. And it is over the bodies of discredited and disgruntled Chadbands that the novel escapes from its servitude and inferiority.

Now the conflict of authority against criticism is one of the eternal conflicts of humanity. It is the conflict of organization against initiative, of discipline against freedom. It was the conflict of the priest against the prophet in ancient Judea, of the Pharisee against the Nazarene, of the Realist against the Nominalist, of the Church against the Franciscan and the Lollard, of the Respectable Person against the Artist, of the hedge-clippers of mankind against the shooting buds. And to-day, while we live in a period of tightening and extending social organization, we live

also in a period of adventurous and insurgent thought, in an intellectual spring unprecedented in the world's history. There is an enormous criticism going on of the faiths upon which men's lives and associations are based, and of every standard and rule of conduct. And it is inevitable that the novel, just in the measure of its sincerity and ability, should coöperate in and reflect the atmosphere and uncertainties and changing variety of this seething and creative time.

And I do not mean merely that the novel is unavoidably charged with the representation of this wide and wonderful conflict. It is a necessary part of the conflict. The essential characteristic of this great intellectual revolution amidst which we are living to-day, this revolution of which the revival and restatement of nominalism under the name of pragmatism is the philosophical aspect, consists in the reassertion of the importance of the individual instance as against the generalization. All our social, political, moral problems are being approached in a new spirit, in an inquiring and experimental spirit, which has small respect for abstract principles and deductive rules. We perceive more and more clearly, for example, that the study of social organization is an empty and unprofitable study until we approach it as a study of the association and inter-reaction of individualized human beings inspired by diversified motives, ruled by traditions, and swayed by the suggestions of a complex intellectual atmosphere. And all our conceptions of the relationships between man and man, and of justice and rightfulness and social desirableness, remain something misfitting and inappropriate, something uncomfortable and potentially injurious, as if we were trying to wear sharp-edged clothes made for a giant out of tin, until we bring them to the test and measure of realized individualities.

And this is where the value and opportunity of the modern novel come in. So far as I can see, it is the only medium through which we can discuss the great majority of the problems which are being raised in such bristling multitude by our contemporary social development. Nearly every one of them has at its core a psychological problem; and not merely a psychological problem, but one in which the idea of individuality is an essential factor. Dealing with most of these questions by a rule or a generalization is like putting a cordon round a jungle full of the most diversified sort of game. The hunting only begins when you leave the cordon behind you, and push into the thickets.

Take, for example, the immense cluster of difficulties that arise out of the increasing complexity of our state. On every hand we are creating officials; and compared with only a few years ago, private life in a dozen fresh directions comes into contact with officialdom. But we still do practically nothing to work out the interesting changes that occur in this sort of man or that, when you withdraw him as it were from the common crowd of humanity, put his mind if not his body into uniform, and endow him with powers and functions and rules. It is manifestly a study of the profoundest public and personal importance. It is manifestly a study of increasing importance.

The process of social and political organization that has been going on for the last quarter of a century, is pretty clearly going on now — if anything, with increasing vigor; and for the most part the entire dependence of the consequences of the whole problem upon the reaction between the office on the one hand and the weak, uncertain, various human beings who take office on

the other, does not seem even to be suspected by the energetic, virtuous, and more or less amiable people whose activities in politics, and upon the backstairs of politics, bring about these developments. They assume that the sort of official they need, a combination of god-like virtue and intelligence with unfailing mechanical obedience, can be made out of just any young nephew. And I know of no means of persuading people that this is a rather unjustifiable assumption, and of creating an intelligent controlling criticism of officials, and of assisting conscientious officials to an effective self-examination, and generally of keeping the atmosphere of official life sweet and healthy, except the novel. Yet so far the novel has scarcely begun its attack upon this particular field of human life, and all the attractive varied play of motive it contains.

Of course, we have one supreme and devastating study of the illiterate minor official in Bumble. That one figure lit up, and still lights, the whole problem of Poor-Law administration for the English reading community. It was a translation of well-meant regulations and pseudo-scientific conceptions of social order into blundering, arrogant, ill-bred flesh and blood. It was worth a hundred royal commissions. You may make your regulations as you please, said Dickens in effect; this is one sample of the stuff that will carry them out. But Bumble stands almost alone. Instead of realizing that he is only one aspect of officialdom, we are all too apt to make him the type of all officials; and not an urban district council can get into a dispute about its electric light without being denounced as a Bumbledom by some whirling enemy or other.

The burthen upon Bumble's shoulders is too heavy to be borne, and we want the contemporary novel to give us a score of other figures to put beside him: other aspects of and reflections upon this great problem of officialism made flesh. Bumble is a magnificent figure of the follies and cruelties of ignorance in office; I would have every candidate for the post of Workhouse Master pass a severe examination on *Oliver Twist;* but it is not only caricature and satire that I demand. We must have the fullest treatment, not only of the temptations, vanities, abuses and absurdities of office, but of all its dreams, its sense of constructive order, its consolations, its sense of service, and its nobler satisfactions. You may say that is demanding more insight and power in our novels and novelists than we can possibly hope to find in them. So much the worse for us. I stick to my thesis that the complicated social organization of to-day cannot get along without the amount of mutual understanding and mutual explanation which such a range of characterization in our novels implies.

The success of civilization amounts ultimately to a success of sympathy and understanding. If people cannot be brought to an interest in one another greater than they feel to-day, to curiosities and criticisms far keener, and coöperations far subtler, than we have now; if class cannot be brought to measure itself against and to interchange experience and sympathy with class, and temperament with temperament, then we shall never struggle very far beyond the confused discomforts and uneasiness of to-day, and the changes and complications of human life will remain as they are now, very like the crumplings and separations and complications of an immense avalanche that is sliding down a hill. And in this tremendous work of human reconciliation and elucidation, it seems to me it is the novel that must attempt most, and achieve most.

You may feel disposed to say to all this: We grant the major premises, but why look to the work of prose fiction as the main instrument in this necessary process of — so to speak — sympathizing humanity together. Cannot this be done far more effectively through biography and autobiography, for example? Is n't there the lyric, and above all, is n't there the play?

Well, so far as the stage goes, I think it is a very charming and exciting form of human activity, a display of actions and surprises of the most moving and impressive sort; but beyond the opportunities it affords for saying startling and thought-provoking things, — opportunities Mr. Shaw, for example, has worked to the utmost limit, — I do not see that the drama does much to enlarge our sympathies and add to our stock of motive ideas. And regarded as a medium for startling and thought-provoking things, the stage seems to me an extremely clumsy and costly affair. One might just as well go about with a pencil writing up the thought-provoking phrase, whatever it is, on walls. The drama *excites* our sympathies, I admit, intensely, but it seems to me it is far too objective a medium to *widen* them appreciably; and it is that widening, that increase in the range of understanding, at which I think civilization is aiming.

The case for biography, and more particularly autobiography, as against the novel, is I admit, at the first blush, stronger. You may say, why give us the creatures of a novelist's imagination, these phantom and fantastic thinkings and doings, when we may have the stories of real lives, really lived, — the intimate record of actual men and women? To which one answers: Ah! — if one could! But it is just because biography does deal with actual lives, actual facts, because it radiates out to touch continuing interests and sensitive survivors, that it is so unsatisfactory, so untruthful. Its inseparable falsehood is the worst of all kinds of falsehood — the falsehood of omission. Think what an abounding, astonishing, perplexing person Gladstone must have been in life; and consider Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, — cold, dignified, not a life at all indeed, so much as embalmed remains; the fire gone, the passions gone, the bowels carefully removed. All biography has something of that *post mortem* coldness and respect; and as for autobiography — a man may show his soul in a thousand half-unconscious ways, but to turn upon one's self and explain one's self is given to no one. It is the natural liars and braggarts, your Cellinis and Casanovas, men with a habit of regarding themselves with a kind of objective admiration, who do best in autobiography. And, on the other hand, the novel has neither the intense self-consciousness of autobiography, nor the paralyzing responsibilities of the biographer. It is by comparison irresponsible and free. Because its characters are figments and phantoms they can be made entirely transparent. Because they are fictions and you know they are fictions, so that they cannot hold you for an instant so soon as they cease to be true, they have a power of veracity quite beyond that of actual records. Every novel carries its own justification and its own condemnation, in its success or failure to convince you that *the thing was so.* Now history, biography, blue-book, and so forth, can hardly ever get beyond the statement that the superficial fact was so.

You see now the scope of the claim I am making for the novel: it is to be the social mediator, the vehicle of understanding, the instrument of self-examination, the parade of morals and the exchange of manners, the factory of customs, the criticism of laws and in-

stitutions and of social dogmas and ideas. It is to be the home confessional, the initiator of knowledge, the seed of fruitful self-questioning. Let me be very clear here. I do not mean for a moment that the novelist is going to set up as a teacher, as a sort of priest with a pen, who will make men and women believe and do this and that. The novel is not a new sort of pulpit; humanity is passing out of the phase when men sit under preachers and dogmatic influences. But the novelist is going to be the most potent of artists, because he is going to present conduct, devise beautiful conduct, discuss conduct, analyze conduct, suggest conduct, illuminate it through and through. He will not teach, but discuss, point out, plead, and display.

And this being my view, you will be prepared for the demand I am now about to make for an absolutely free hand for the novelist in his choice of topic and incident, and in his method of treatment. Or rather, if I may presume to speak for other novelists, I would say it is not so much a demand we make as an intention we proclaim. We are going to write, subject only to our own limitations, about the whole of human life. We are going to deal with political questions and religious questions and social questions. We cannot present people unless we have this free hand, this unrestricted field. What is the good of telling stories about people's lives if one may not deal freely with the religious beliefs and organizations that have controlled or failed to control them? What is the good of pretending to write about love, and the loyalties and treacheries and quarrels of men and women, if one must not glance at those varieties of physical temperament and organic quality, those deeply passionate needs and distresses from which half the storms of human life are brewed?

We propose to deal with all these things, and it will need very much more than the disapproval of provincial librarians, the hostility of a few influential people in London, the scurrility of the *Spectator*, and the deep and obstinate silences of the *Westminster Gazette*, to stop the incoming tide of aggressive novel-writing.

We are going to write about it all. We are going to write about business and finance and politics, and precedence and pretentiousness and decorum and indecorum, until a thousand pretences and ten thousand impostures shrivel in the cold clear air of our elucidations. We are going to write of wasted opportunities and latent beauties, until a thousand new ways of living open to men and women. We are going to appeal to the young and the hopeful and the curious, against the established, the dignified, and defensive. Before we have done, we shall have all life within the scope of the novel.

MODERN GOVERNMENT AND CHRISTIANITY

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

I CAN only hope, in this paper, to sketch certain lines of thought which soon lose themselves in the mists of the future. Religion and government have come hand in hand down the ages, government expressed by monarchy, religion by hierarchy. Is not the transformation of government by what may be called the Protestant principle, that placing of authority in the individual soul, — where it seems that Christ would have it, — the death-sentence of hierarchy? And, on the other hand, is not this leaven, fatal at once to hierarchy and monarchy, changing our whole conception of government? The sense of responsibility for our fellow men is gradually creeping into government. What will be the Church of the future? Who can say? That process which at a casual glance appears to be disintegration is perceived, on closer inspection, to be a precipitation of the foreign elements hitherto mixed with Christianity, an absorption of the Spirit of Christ into the very life of the nation itself.

In spite of the gross materialism which we behold to-day on every side, and which is apparently triumphant and ascendant, there are not many thoughtful readers of the *Atlantic*, I venture to say, who have not felt on occasions certain throbbing, spiritual currents. Perhaps these readers have asked themselves the questions, as I have: 'What are they? Whence are they?'

Although signs and portents are not lacking elsewhere in this pregnant twentieth century, let us confine ourselves to America, where we have seen a great wave, like an electrical storm, sweep over our country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. People called it political.

Was it political? Many men I know were gripped by it, heated into something like incandescence. We neglected our professions, we went around the state in which we live and into other states, making speeches with other men impelled by the same motive, and we kept on in spite of wholesale criticism and denunciation. When some of us stopped to think, we were puzzled, for we had never gone so far as to regard ourselves as altruistic. Was this feeling merely patriotism, merely the natural indignation of American citizens who have discovered that organizations of men have seized control of their institutions for private gain? Or was it something more?

We were, at least, taking an ethical view of politics; and it was this attitude, I found, that was most resented by our opponents. They flatly declared that the introduction of morals into politics was mischievous: that the Republican party represented one economic theory of conducting the government, and the Democratic party another. That was all there was to it. But, if this were so, what of the dreamers and idealists who wrote and signed that immortal document in the history of government, the Declaration of Independence? What of that same

Republican party, now insisting on economics, which had fought and won the greatest moral issue of the nineteenth century?

It seems to me that all our questions point the same way. People are paying no attention to these utterances of the politicians. They are saying, 'Give us a *good* man, be he Democrat or Republican.' And what is a good man but a Christian? What is the good man they desire but one who does not apply the individualistic theory of the survival of the fittest to society?

In short, we began to see more and more clearly that God is in politics. That he always has been, and always will be. That in some greater and higher sense than we had yet perceived, the saying, *vox populi vox dei*, is eternally true. He enters into the hearts of the people and moves them, and so the world progresses. God is in politics, to the confusion of politicians. And when these mysterious, quickening currents are abroad, we must believe that mankind is ready for another step forward.

Can any person, I wonder, who has seen and perhaps addressed the great political audiences of the past few years fail to be led into reflections more or less profound? I have known old men and young men, and women with children in their arms, to sit for more than two hours on a hot night listening to — what? Fireworks and rhetoric, claptrap? Not at all. Sober discussions of political problems — yet problems that involve a greater content still. Who has looked into the upturned faces of these people and not beheld there an intense, unsatisfied yearning? Politics alone do not fill them, nor ethics alone.

The truth is that we are at the dawning of an age, spiritual like all the great ages which have preceded it.

Let any one of us look around him, and talk to his neighbors, humble or prosperous, and see if he does not find a spiritual craving. Last year I said to a prominent publisher, 'Send me your recent books on religion.' His answer was that they would fill my library.

A medical specialist recently gave it as his opinion, that most of the so-called nervous prostration of to-day is due to a lack of religious belief.

Several men I know, who represent widely divergent elements in American life, are looking for books to read, and showing a willingness to discuss a subject which they had thought to have settled forever. That subject is religion. The history of most of these men is a familiar one. They were brought up in orthodox Christian homes, but when they went to school and college, what they were taught of history, of science, the conception they were given of the universe, differed so sharply from their religious instruction that they went through the process of reading the agnostic books of twenty years ago, and lost their faith. They weighed what they believed to be Christianity in the balance, and found it wanting. I repeat, — what they believed to be Christianity.

The thought-currents are playing upon them. To one or two, poignant sorrows have come; to others, lack of worldly success; and to others still, a vague sense of the emptiness of a life that does not include service, — and a desire for service and for the faith which is its driving force. And the majority of them, I think, with few exceptions, have had in the last few years some of the glaring inequalities and injustices of our modern civilization sharply called to their attention, and have been moved to a certain pity, indignation, and shame.

Ask the average men who are not connected with any church — ask even some who are so connected — what their

conception of the Christian religion is. The answers will be interesting and varied. Think of the people we all may count among our acquaintances, who are studying Buddhism and Sufism and Babism! All of this means something; it is surely a sign of the age. It indicates a want which even scientists now tell us exists in the human heart — the necessity of religion.

Why is it that Christianity as presented to these people has not satisfied them as it satisfied their fathers? The answer to that question, I firmly believe, lies in the fact that the evolution begun four hundred years ago is not yet completed; that we are still in a state of transition. And to get at the true causes we shall have to go back to the sixteenth century, to the time of Martin Luther himself. Luther began it. Luther lighted a fire which was to burn through the centuries, despite the efforts of men to quench it; which was and is to endure until all the misconception and superstition are consumed; until the deathless Spirit, the true idea of God as Christ preached it, alone remains. The true idea of God, and the true idea of government. For they are intimately related. Church and State, and State and Church.

It cannot be said that Luther's was merely a revolt against abuses. It was infinitely more than that, and we are just beginning to realize to-day something of the extent of it. Martin Luther liberated the idea which is embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

Before I come to dwell on this, I would point out that modern learning and modern science had their birth, too, in Luther's time, and the overwhelming knowledge that is ours is the result of that liberation. We are moving very rapidly to-day: the accumulation of knowledge, the momentum it has acquired, make it very difficult to keep pace with the bewildering developments going on around us. The gap between succeeding generations is widening by leaps and bounds, and what appeared logical to our fathers and mothers in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is no longer logical to us in the first quarter of the twentieth. This process has been going on for four hundred years, until now, by some incalculable mathematical progression, it has attained a speed that leaves us breathless.

Each generation seeks and demands harmony in the relations of life, harmony between religion, science, history and government. It is becoming increasingly apparent, for example, in spite of any seeming indications to the contrary, that a civilization cannot hold at the same time a pre-reformation idea of the Church and a post-reformation idea of government.

Now the question is continually asked by sincere men and women to-day who feel in their lives the need of which I have spoken, 'Can Christianity be presented to me in such terms of modern thought that I may accept and embrace it?' Nor must we contend that these people are averse from faith. Is there such a thing as a reasonable faith? Put the matter in another way: is not our religion, as Christ really taught and lived it, independent of all changes in scientific conceptions?

If we have eyes to see, and ears to hear, there is no lack of portents that the fermentation — if it may be called so — begun in the time of Luther is growing toward culmination, that we stand on the threshold of a greater religious era than the world has ever seen. And by some mysterious, guiding thought, the men who are led into politics, into literature, into sociology and science, — science, whereby suffering and disease are relieved and lessened and life is made in a thousand ways more useful, — all these men —

yes, and women — are slowly beginning to see that they are doing the work of God, the work of Christ on earth. God is a Spirit. So Christ taught — a quickening Spirit.

As history — the meaning of history through modern knowledge — grows clearer to us, we are able to approach the Gospels and the life of our Lord more and more nearly with the freshness of mind and absence of false tradition of the Christians of the time of St. Paul.

It was only yesterday, it seems to me, that I was able to put thoroughly out of my mind the idea that I got in my youth, the notion that heaven was a definite place above the panoply of the sky, and God an awful, wrathful and majestic being who dwelt there — a God *outside*. Such is the persistence, in religion, of a mediæval cosmogony. Now, such a God as this I have described was quite in harmony with mediæval life and ideas. The church was then science, philosophy, theology, and religion embodied in one. And the conception of the Church, while God lived in it and worked through it, was nevertheless a *delegated* conception in the extreme sense of the word — not in the sense, just as high, in which so many of us think of it now. God, in a far distant heaven, appointed the Church as his sole spiritual agency, and the King as his sole governmental agency.

All this, I repeat, was in harmony with life in that age. And wherever a man went he found Mother Church, Christianity as he believed in it, institutions and seats of learning in agreement. All non-understandable phenomena of a terrifying nature were the work of evil spirits, as they still are in parts of Italy and Spain to-day. The Borgias went from mass to murder and murder to mass in spite of the injunction, 'I desire mercy, and not sacrifice.' But there was harmony, because the teaching as a whole was entirely suited to the mediæval mind.

Then, in the sixteenth century, began the revolution, or evolution, the end of which, after four hundred years, is not yet. The new learning, the new science, the new government, — and in religion, what? New in one sense; in another as old as the reign of the Cæsars. I believe that that evolution will, after the terrible struggles, end in another harmony: if it be admissible to use the term, a higher harmony.

That which characterized the revolt from ecclesiastical tyranny was the love of truth. The love of truth is the love of God, and many of those seekers after truth were pioneers indeed, who risked their souls rather than their bodies to find it. It is a terrible reflection when we stop to consider that the beginnings of all our modern knowledge of ourselves, the Universe, history, the Bible, our modern ideas of government even, are due to the courageous opposition of these pioneers against the persecution of the church of Christ on earth, — of Christ, who said, 'God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.'

We Americans believe that the idea which is at the foundation of our institutions represented, at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a distinct advance in the history and evolution of government. But was there not embodied in that Declaration, so sacred to us as patriots, something equally sacred to us as Christians and lovers of truth? What was it? It was an advance — in what was to become a nation that was to take a lead among nations — in the idea of God.

God, for Jew and Christian, and even for the pagan, has always been the most vital element in government. We see it in ancient Egypt, and in the

Roman Empire: we see it in Israel. And just as we turn to Greece for art and to Rome for law, we turn to Israel for religion. What was the Jew's conception of God? He was our God. We can recognize him in Isaiah, in the Psalms, in the Pentateuch. Yet he was, as they conceived him, something of an Oriental despot, — but not wholly. He was more. He was the kind, just father of his chosen people, but outside of them, in a place above the roof of the sky which they called heaven. He was a God who ruled by laws which he had sent down from heaven and given to Moses; he was God who demanded sacrifice.

Then Jesus came with a new and bewildering idea of him, so transcendent that many, many generations were to elapse before the world could begin to grasp something of the full meaning of it. God is a father; not the father of a nation, but the father of every man and woman who walks the earth, of the publican, of the sinner and the outcast as well as of the fortunate; a father who is ready to recognize the spirit of Godhood in each, no matter into what state of bestiality he has deteriorated; man may become, by recognizing God in his true relationship, a responsible, autonomous being. 'I will arise and go to my Father.' How? Manfully, not ingratiatingly: not with presents to propitiate him, but with the offer of service — the only acceptable thing.

'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' And is there, in all the gospel, any emblematic act more sublime than that final attempt, at the last sorrowful supper, of Our Lord to impress upon his disciples the meaning of his mission? We can hear the amazed cry of Peter, 'Lord, dost thou wash my feet?' and Jesus saying to him, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' He, the Messiah, washing their feet! Incomprehensible! What was the idea of God conveyed in this act?

Our Lord taught no system of government, but he brought into the world the germ, the seed, the idea that was to change all governments. He came to show an ignorant, groping humanity *what God was.* Behold the bewildered Pilate, who could not rid his mind of the obsession of monarchy, demanding, 'Art thou a king then?' And Jesus answering wearily, 'To this end was I born, and for this came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth.'

Read the life of Jesus of Nazareth, which the Roman historian dismisses so contemptuously in a few words; consider its simple but sublime teaching, put forth amid such trials and sorrows; think of the darkness and desolation of that Good Friday, when even the disciples had fled in terror, and then of the joy of these same disciples at the Resurrection — defeat turned into victory. Can it be possible that Peter, who had followed the footsteps of one who had deliberately made himself lowly among men, Peter, whose feet Christ had washed — that this Peter so misinterpreted his life and teachings that he went to Rome and became a high priest himself, and founded the greatest hierarchy the world has ever known?

The Acts and Epistles have enabled us more or less vividly to picture those early churches in Asia Minor, in Greece, yes, and in Rome itself. 'And he gave some to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers.' There, in all its social simplicity, is the organization of Christ's church — each worker according to his talent. We may well believe that the blessing of God has descended from one head to another, from one spirit to another, thus going back to the Divine Source of all — our Lord himself.

It is interesting to consider the form of government taken by those early churches which were nearest to the life and teachings of the Lord. He did not prescribe their form; he prescribed no form; it was taken naturally, as the result of his teachings. Those churches or communities, with their overseers and presbyters, have been called by some modern writers democracies. We shall not quarrel about the name. We are more concerned with the spirit with which each Christian citizen was imbued — the spirit of Christ himself, helpfulness toward his neighbor, love of his neighbor. That gave the life to the community, and made its simple form possible.

Gradually, as we read history, we see a change coming over the form of government of the Church, a reactionary change. Rome being the centre and metropolis of the empire, as Christianity spread, the church in Rome as a matter of course took precedence. The empire was wide, communication was slow. Heresies, like Gnosticism, arose, and if the body of Christians were to be held together, if the Church were to remain united, a certain uniformity of belief was imperative. Then came the fall of the Roman Empire, and the rise of the Church from its ashes; the Church transformed, no longer a collection of simple communities, but a hierarchy and a temporal power combined, which was to exercise undisputed sway over kings and nations, over mind and soul for a thousand years. What had been a social democracy had become a monarchy, with high priests and princes of its own.

A monarchical God, a monarchical government, a monarchical church. We see the Church stoutly upholding a theory called the divine right of kings — God in the vice-riddled rulers of France, God in Charles Stuart.

The marvelous thing to contemplate is that, throughout the transformation, she consorted with kings, she upheld monarchy, but the poor and humble she never forgot.

Even after the Reformation, monarchy, for the majority of our race, remained the logical form of government. Read John Bunyan, in spite of the allegory. But with religious enlightenment, which was the result of the translation of the Bible, and especially of the Gospels and the Epistles of Paul, came slowly and imperceptibly — so slowly and imperceptibly that men themselves did not perceive whither they were going — another idea of God and another idea of government. What hand led the Pilgrims across the deep? What faith inspired them, what force sustained them on rigorous, inhospitable shores? God was still a terrible God for them. And yet they, and others who came here, Anglicans and Quakers, Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians, — yes, and Roman Catholics, for Maryland sought for independence and Charles Carroll signed the Declaration, — all grew gradually to perceive, although they may not have argued it out in this way, that God had not delegated their government to a man who sat on the other side of the water, and who called himself 'George the Third, King by the grace of God.' No, God had brought them, in his own way, to the knowledge that his real dwelling-place was in the bosom of mankind. Government was *there*. What a casting off of false, what a taking on of true authority was that same Declaration of Independence!

By what authority? The baptism of John, was it of the Jewish hierarchy, or of God? The government of Washington and Lincoln, was it of God? or of the royal line of England?

I cannot refrain, here, from saying a word in connection with that other

country with which we are united by ties of kindred and affection. Their struggle for liberty and truth has been parallel with our own. Nay, it is our own, for ours began in England.

As the meaning of history, of God's hand in history, becomes plain to us, a fact of remarkable significance stands out. We see that our Declaration of Independence had a vital religious significance: it was the first application of what may be called the Protestant principle to what was to become government on a large scale. We, representing a race in the van of civilization, had left one idea of government and religion behind us forever, and were slowly and painfully advancing toward another. Who will read the story of the revolt in Luther's day and say it was not political, as well as religious? It shook the very foundations of society.

The new Republic proclaimed to the world that transfer of authority to which the Reformation logically pointed — this is what I should like to make clear. Universal suffrage, which by many was thought madness, was in reality but the Christian principle directly applied, the recognition of the intrinsic worth of the individual, the ignoring of property as a qualification, the expression not only of an ideal, but of a firm conviction that God resided in the soul of man, that the individual conscience was therefore the only authority for an enlightened people. And the confidence that this would work out was a superb and supreme faith in the teaching and life of Christ, a faith in the humanity which he loved. It had a far-reaching religious significance, and exerted an influence on thought and government all over the world. How keenly, how jealously, was this experiment watched by the believers in, and champions of, that other hierarchical and monarchical authority!

Christ condemned, I firmly believe from reading the Gospels, that kind of authority. The early Christian communities, which were nearest to him in time, rejected it. The world and his Church went back to it and held it for fifteen hundred years, when the light dawned again, — the light of his true meaning, — and grows brighter and brighter as the false conceptions are slowly burned away. And the government founded one hundred and thirty-five years ago, in this new world (let us dare to say it), was a nearer approach than any that had gone before to those first communities which took their form directly and naturally from what he taught. But those communities were churches, you say, not governments. Does not this sentence suggest thought? a thought, perhaps, that we can scarcely put into words, a sublimer conception of a future union between Church and State than any that has yet entered our minds? 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven.' How indeed could the evolution, the development going on around us be more aptly expressed! The way in which God works for the perfecting of the world, the approach to the ideal!

Only the man who has read Americans superficially would say we are not idealists. Our very Declaration of Independence, so scoffed at in Europe, itself proves it. And it is that idealism more than any other element which has drawn millions of emigrants to our shores, which will save us in the end. What then is the Christian ideal of government? We must not let the brightness of the vision dazzle us, we must not let it frighten us — we must keep our eyes steadily turned toward it. The Christian ideal is the least possible government, a government wherein neither you nor I nor any other man or woman will labor and obey because we have to, but because we have learned

the lesson which Christ taught, that happiness lies alone in service, in giving to the world that which God gave us. To hold up that vision, the vision of what we may be if we try, the vision of what God wishes and expects us to be, is the mission of the church.

And which among us will refuse to believe that Abraham Lincoln, like Stephen, saw his Master in the sky?

We are beginning to understand, at the dawning of the twentieth century, that there is still a higher, more Christian conception of government to come, and that our Declaration was but a step toward it.

No superficial glance at the civilization of the Protestant nations might lead us to think so. Ah, we have paid a price, a terrible price, for freedom, for the liberation of the individual subject. Until individual responsibility begins to be felt, excesses are the inevitable result of liberty. And so we behold hypocrisy, selfishness, ruthless competition — as terrible contrasts between luxury and misery as in Mark Antony's day. Should we, for that reason, go back to leading strings? Can we if we would? A little thought should convince us, in the words of an able modern writer on philosophy, that the liberation of the individual cannot be revoked, that it has forever destroyed the power of mere authority and tradition to carry conviction. We cannot go back to the Middle Ages; to do so would be to deteriorate and degenerate. We must go on. We have definitely transferred our authority to the conscience of man, and there it must remain for better or worse. We must and do believe that God dwells there. Nay, that God *is* that conscience, for God is a Spirit.

Let us look again at this civilization by which we are surrounded, and try if we cannot see, in increasing numbers, new men emerging, imbued with a new idea of God, new men and women the keynote of whose characters *is* individual responsibility. Such men and women are the ideal units of the government to come. Yes, somehow, in some way we do not quite grasp, the conviction is being brought home to us that our own incarnation means something: we feel faint stirrings that grow stronger, cosmic memories of forgotten injunctions and resolutions. God is a Spirit; and man, through that Spirit, divine.

Our spiritual vision is growing clearer. We are beginning to perceive that charity does not consist in dispensing largesse after making a fortune at the expense of one's fellow men: that there is something still wrong in a government that permits it. It is gradually becoming plain to us, after two thousand years, that human bodies and souls rotting in tenements are more valuable than all the forests on all the hills; that government, Christian government, has something to do with these.

We shall embody, in government, those sublime words of the Master, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' And the government of the future will care for its little children. We are beginning to do it. Here, as everywhere, Christianity and reason go hand in hand, for the child becomes the man who either preys on humanity and fills the prisons and robs his fellows, or else grows into a useful healthy citizen. It is nothing less than sheer folly as well as inhuman cruelty to let the children sleep in crowded, hot rooms, reeking with diseases, and run wild throughout the long summer, learning vice in the city streets. And we still have slavery — economic slavery — but as much a problem of government and a Christian concern as that which confronted us in 1861. The Christian man or woman who has worked in politics or sociology

does not need to read the publication of commissions in Pittsburg or Chicago, or the revelation of a fire in a shirt-waist factory in New York, to realize this.

Who freed the Negro slaves? The Negroes? Or rather, what freed them? The Spirit of Christ freed them, the Spirit of Christ in the soul of Wilberforce, of Mrs. Stowe, of Lincoln, in millions of people who had nothing but sorrow and suffering to gain by the struggle. Is not this a wonderful thing, and does it not contradict and confound the wise, the cynical, the materialist? The Negroes, they said, — and say still, — were not ready for freedom, emancipation. Who is ready for it? Who is ready for responsibility, the only thing that develops us in this world, until it is thrust upon him? And then, somehow, he works it out.

There is another side to Christianity, a no less vital and important side for us moderns, which I must touch upon before I close.

I have laid stress upon the simplicity of government of those early Christian communities. One reason that has been assigned by many writers to account for the willing adoption of the brotherhood of man was the belief in the imminent coming of the Messiah. I am convinced that this reason, although often used to support another argument, is a true one. What our age needs, and what it has lacked, is the conviction of immortality.

Here we come again, I think, upon another element in the same problem I referred to before — the necessity of instilling faith into children in a way that cannot be shaken by any apparent contradictions in the knowledge they acquire in after life. The idea of immortality, plainly, was put before those first Christians in such manner that they could understand and grasp and believe it. And out of that belief they acted. Let me be personal for an instant, for I have gone through a process characteristic of thousands of men and women of to-day. I arrived at a conviction of immortality, — a Christian conviction, I believe, — but I had first to rid my mind of the imagery of the eschatology presented to me as a child; and, what is quite as important, of the obsession that my Christianity depended on it.

That eschatology given me in childhood was precisely the one preached to the Jewish peasant, the Greek, the Roman slave and freedman of the first century. Whenever I thought of it, I looked forward with terror to the last day, and the lurid light of the judgment scene was vividly pictured in my mind, the dead starting from their graves, the wicked on one side, the blest on the other.

As I grew older, the change that occurred in me was somewhat similar to that which went on in the world, as the years passed, and the Messiah did not come. So my own belief in the imminence of the Judgment Day gradually faded, and there was no other presentation put forward to take its place. I was not a Jewish Christian of the first century, but an American of the nineteenth. I had not in my blood, or instilled into me from my earliest recollections, the messianic idea, preached by the prophets of my nation for more than a thousand years. And in this messianic idea, by the way, were both patriotism and religion. Think of how the pious Jew must have dwelt upon the conception! Israel, in spite of the miseries of the past, in spite of oppression, defeats, captivity, persecution, would one day, through her God, come to her own; would rise triumphant and dominant over other peoples by means of her Messiah, who was to judge her, purge and emancipate her. And this Messiah must be a King himself, a

descendant of the royal line of David. Think of the power of that idea upon one to whom, by race and environment, it might appeal!

Nor was I a Gentile, slave or freedman of the great Roman Empire, who might take fire from contact with a personality like Paul's or those of the early apostles, when told that this wonderful idea had been broadened so as to include me. The Messiah had indeed come, but not in the manner that men had looked for him. Therefore he must come again, and in that manner. The effect of that conception on the Christian, Jew, or Gentile of the age was, for reasons which we now clearly perceive, tremendous.

While I am on the subject I might go further and say that, as a younger man, Oriental imagery had no attractions for me. I neither understood it, nor sympathized with it temperamentally. The Christian faith was presented to me largely in terms of the Oriental imagination. Not being an Oriental Jew, I had no interest in Jerusalem any more than in Mecca. Naturally the idea of a new Jerusalem, which must have struck the ancient Oriental mind with force, did not appeal to me as a modern American.

What was the effect? A long period of indifference, until these mysterious thought-currents of which I have spoken began to act upon me, as they are acting upon other men, thought-currents which lead one to believe that this age is comparable to other quickening epochs in history: to the time when the German monk arose to discover that he was thinking what Germany was thinking, and England was thinking. I began to read. I tried to put myself in the place of the ancient Jew, of the Roman slave and freedman; and then, and not until then, did I see something of the revelation the words and life and resurrection of Christ must have been for such a man. I saw that the Christian religion was far different from what I had supposed. I freed it from the hard shell of its ancient terminology, and made it live for me in the twentieth century. I saw that it was capable of being presented, in the language of our time, to the ironworker of Pittsburg as well as to the fisherman of Galilee. I saw what I had not seen before, that it was not necessary to treat the modern ironworker, any more than the ancient fisherman, as a superstitious being who must approach his God through rites, observances, intermediaries, and sacrifices.

Truths are eternal, — the expressions of them may change from age to age. If my own circle of acquaintances presents any indication of the times, I should say that thousands and thousands of men and women to-day who had lost their belief in immortality are regaining it, and some who never had it are acquiring it. As the meaning of life becomes clearer, as the habit of right thinking more general, men are beginning to conceive of immortality itself in terms of service. All is service, here and hereafter. All is development. It is a dazzling, an awful idea, until we begin to get used to it, and to learn to conform our lives to it. The peace of God passes understanding, because it is not static. And once having found the secret, who would lose it? 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many.' Good and faithful servant! There, then, is our doctrine of immortality, hidden in the parable of the talents. Service, development! That is the secret. And, if reward be service, higher service, who would not labor for it?

Immortality was not only a conviction of Jesus Christ, but the more one reflects upon his life, the more immortality would seem to be the supreme conclusion to be drawn from it. He

taught us the meaning of this life, pointed clearly to a future of further service. And is the developed soul, gained at such cost here, to be wasted in the universe?

Christ lives. Not only, as some would say, in the influence of his life and teachings upon men, but in a truer, more positive and vital way. Christianity is unaccountable otherwise, and stops dismayed at that terrible cry on the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Ah, do not insist upon the exact manner of that resurrection! Let men believe it as they will, for to believe it is to act upon it, and to act upon it is to bring upon earth the reign of that Kingdom which is God's own government for mankind, in all its fellowship and simplicity.

Lines which we once thought diverging, and then parallel, are now seen to be drawing together to a focus of dazzling brilliancy. There are signs all about us that science and history, government and the church, — the fellowship of Christians upon earth, — are drawing nearer and nearer together and to Christ. Psychology is doing an inestimable service for religion in tending to bring it into harmony with modern life and conceptions. Let us believe firmly that a time is coming, nay, is now at hand, when the church of Christ shall no longer be separated from our lives; when the condition of the Middle Ages shall be restored in a higher, nobler, truer form; when the religion of the risen Christ, freed from idolatry and superstition, shall find its true abiding-place in the heart of man, reign there in its supreme Authority, and permeate all the departments of life. God is no longer King only of the tribes of Israel, or ruler of a flat terrestrial expanse. God is a Spirit. He is the spirit of a million spheres, the spirit of mankind and of the Universe. 'But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.'

UNDER THE MULBERRIES

A TALE OF THE ISLAND OF POROS

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

Where ancient olives silver the rich plain
Ringed in their fence of aloes, . . .
— R. Rodd.

I

A great pine grew among the mulberry trees near the wooden gate. The little house with its green shutters stood well back in the courtyard, away from the street and the shore. The sun, filtering through the vine leaves over the porch, made bright patches on the ground just outside the open door, where old Stamo sat, slowly drinking his morning coffee before the heat of the day began. It was good

coffee too, not a concoction of dried figs and ground corn, for Stamo was a man of property, as property goes in the islands. He was a big old man, with blue eyes under bushy white eyebrows, and a pale skin. His hair was still plentiful, and for his age his back was wonderfully straight. He wore the cross-over vest and baggy dark-blue cotton breeches of the older islanders. His eyes followed his wife as she moved about the courtyard, watering her pots of sweet basil and carnations before the sun should rise too high. She was thin, and brown-skinned. but had evidently been a handsome woman in her youth, having the broad low brow, straight nose and finely chiseled nostrils of the classic type, which are met with so much oftener in the islands than on the mainland.

'Moska,' he began slowly, as she passed close to him, 'Moska, do you know that I never closed an eye all night?'

She paused, balancing her water-jar on the broken shaft of an old marble column that served as a stand for a multitude of small flower-pots.

'And why? Are you not well, perhaps?'

Stamo snorted contemptuously.

'Yes, you had better ask why. If you want to know, you had better ask your daughter why she spent the whole night crying and twisting about and sobbing on the other side of the wall, instead of saying her prayers and going off to sleep like a sensible maid.'

'And no wonder after the way you shouted at her last evening. Viola has always had a will of her own, you know it, and yesterday you never even let the poor child tell you what she wanted.'

'In my time a young girl never lifted her eyes from the ground when her father spoke to her: now they not only look up, but they must speak as well! I have no need to hear what she wants. I know it quite well and she can go on wanting. She will do just what I say, remember that. But you can tell her, at the same time, that I will have no crying at nights, or going about with red eyes and closed lips in the daytime.'

'Stamo, you want the loaf whole and the dog satisfied, and you cannot have it.'

'That is idle talk. Now hark you, wife, you must make the girl listen to reason; you women are better at talking.'

Moska poured all the water out of her jar upon a large 'Hibiscus Japonica,' blossoming into brilliant scarlet in the old battered petroleum tin into which it had been transplanted. Then she brought her jar, to refill it at the large red earthen one which stood against the wall of the house.

'You are a strange man, Stamo; all her life long you have spoiled the child, letting her have her way in all things, afraid lest the wind blow too hard, or the rain fall on her, and now you would marry her to a man she cannot bear.'

'And where pray will she find better? Will you tell me? Young, handsome, strong, a good son, and a good worker; yes, one of the best in the island. His father may not have much to leave him when he closes his eyes. It is not the old man's fault if he fell on evil days. I do not think of the money: what I know is that as God has not given us a son, I would rather Mantho worked in my vineyard and among my olive trees after me, than any man I know. A good lad, too: counts his words like a girl, and sweet-spoken and gentle.'

'But since she does not like him,' persisted his wife.

'Bah! leave me in peace with your foolish talk.'

Stamo pushed aside his coffee-cup

and began pacing up and down the courtyard, his large hands crossed behind his back playing nervously with his short string of smooth brown beads.

'I have no patience with all this new rubbish. Who asked my mother, or yours, or yourself either, if they liked forsooth the husbands that were chosen for them? Who asked their opinion? And did they fare badly? I ask you did they fare badly? And I tell you plainly, once for all, my daughter is not going to set up her own silly brain against mine either, while I live. What are we reduced to when we must waste our time listening to what a maid will and will not. Fine doings indeed! That will be the feet rising to strike the head as my father used to say.'

Just then a girl came to the house door and stood looking out into the courtyard. The morning breeze made her blue cotton gown flutter a little, and stirred the little black curls at the back of her neck. She stood very quietly, her arms hanging and her hands empty. Her face showed traces of recent tears, and she would never be as handsome as her mother must have been, but she had the real velvety Greek eyes, and the rich coloring of a pomegranate flower.

Her father stopped short in his pacing and looked at her.

'Well,' he said roughly, after a pause, 'well, are you speechless to-day?'

'Good-morning, my father.'

A sort of inarticulate grunt was all the answer to her greeting, and the pacing was resumed.

'Come here,' he said at last.

The girl advanced and stood before him.

'Has the night put a little sense into your brain?' Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued, 'Your mother here says I do not let you say what you want. It strikes me I have let you say it too often. But let that be. Just tell us now, who is this man you saw at your aunt's house, and imagined you could choose for a husband; perhaps your mother will believe then what folly it was sending you to Piræus, and filling your narrow head with town notions. Come, speak, since I permit it. Who is he?'

'He is no town man, but an islander, a sailor in the Navy.'

'That is to say?'

'Niko Mandelli, the son of Andoni who died, and of Kyra Panayota.'

'A fine bridegroom, truly! who tried all trades and succeeded in none.'

'He is a sailor, I told you, my father.'

'Because he cannot get away from the Navy, and because he has to work there whether he will or no. I know him. A man who was left with three sisters when his father died, and who could never earn enough to feed them, much less put aside a dowry for them; with the result that two of them, over thirty, are unmarried to this day, and if the youngest married, and his mother has a piece of bread to eat and a mattress to lie on, it is no thanks to him, but to his uncle, her brother Anastasi. The old woman takes in other folks' washing, and this fine son of hers, instead of helping in any way, comes and takes what he can from her whenever he is free. A fine bridegroom! His father over again!'

'His father is dead.'

'Does that make him any better?'

The old man kicked aside the stool which was before him, and began once more pacing up and down. Then after a pause, —

'Even were he other than he is, do you think I mean to give you to a sailor, a man who is now here, and now there, and who would never be in his house to look after you, when I have closed my eyes? Put that out of your head.'

'Niko said he would soon be promoted and earn more, and then, through the deputy who knew his father, he could manage to be ordered here to the Naval School, and stay with us always.'

'He is very good! And if you please will you do me the favor to tell me how you know all this? Decent maidens do not look up when a strange young man speaks.'

'He said it to my uncle, and my uncle told me.'

'I always knew your uncle had about as much brain as a cock, but I never thought even he would talk of marriage to a maid, before her parents knew of it.'

'My uncle knows many things and reads many newspapers, and he says now in our time women must choose for themselves.'

The old man laughed aloud.

'Truly a fine jest! and the next thing will be perhaps that after a maid has found her bridegroom all alone, she will come and tell her parents that the matter is settled. But I am a fool to waste my words. Put all this nonsense out of your head at once. Even if I would give you to Niko Mandelli, which I never will, I could not. I have spoken long ago to Mantho's father, to old Photi, and he is willing.'

'That does not matter, Stamo,' put in his wife, 'they have not been engaged by the priest, nor exchanged rings; you could change your mind if you liked.'

'Stamo, the son of Theophani the miller, does *not* change his mind,' shouted the old man angrily; 'moreover all the village knows it. Are we so many that what is known to two houses can be hidden from all the rest? You must gather yourself together a little, my girl. It is ended now, the running up the hillsides for thyme or cyclamen or *koumara*, or sitting idle under the olive trees. You are a grown maiden now, and must stay at home and help your mother to prepare your dower-clothes.'

'But Mantho is slow-witted, he never opens his lips, and I do not like him,' said Viola, her eyes filling again.

'He is a good lad, and a good son, and he can work if he cannot talk. That is enough words. You will take the man I choose for you, like or no like; yes, and sing a little song into the bargain.'

The girl lifted her eyes and looked her father full in the face.

'I will marry no man if it be not my will also; even before the priest I will say no!'

'Silence,' shouted her father. 'How dare you lift your voice up before me?'

He raised his hand as though to strike her, but his wife seized hold of his arm. He wrenched it free, and catching hold of Viola by the shoulder twisted her round.

'Listen to me. What I say I mean. You will marry Mantho if you marry at all. For the sake of my name, and what they will say in the island, I will not marry you to any man by force. But if you do marry, it shall be to the man I have chosen. Otherwise you die a maid. I have said. It is finished.'

He released his grasp of the girl so suddenly that she swayed and caught hold of the vine-trunk to save herself from falling. Then, with a scowl on his face, he crossed over to where the great pine grew among the mulberry trees, pulled open the wooden gate and went out.

Viola turned round and went indoors, her mother following with the empty jar in her hand.

In the house both shutters and panes were wide open, admitting the fragrance of the lemon-blossom and the strong fresh brine from the sea, also other varied village odors less easily

definable. An old four-post bed with quaintly twisted columns, probably a relic of Venetian days in the island, stood in one corner, and the girl seated herself on this, letting her feet swing backwards and forwards.

'My father may say, and he may shout, nevertheless I will marry whom I will, and no other. If he be Stamo son of Theophani, I am Viola the daughter of Stamo, and my will is as strong as his. Mother, say, have I not always done as I would?'

Moska sighed, foreseeing trouble.

'But you must not anger your father, my child.'

'No,' said Viola, 'I will not. It makes much noise, and it serves no purpose.'

Viola remembered Mantho from the time she was a tiny maid of four or five years old. Her father would often in those days hoist her on his shoulder and carry her with him when he went to work on the mainland, in his olive grove and lemon orchard.

Old Photi's land adjoined theirs, and his son Mantho, a tall, awkward, silent lad, was always by his side.

He would leave off work at sunset, a little before his father, and returning to the tiny three-roomed hut, would light the fire, tidy up the place, and cook their bean soup or their boiled herbs as handily as any woman, singing the while to himself all the island songs he had ever heard. Song came to him far more naturally than speech, and his voice had that peculiar vibration in it which brings at the same time pure delight and also sweet pain to the hearer.

For some days, however, after the storm of the explanation there was a period of calm. Few words were exchanged between Viola and her father, and when sometimes after dark a few bars of a love-song were heard outside the house, old Stamo would smile complacently, as though consenting to the courtship of an accepted lover.

Nevertheless, a whisper ran round the village that the marriage of Photi's Mantho and Stamo's Viola was not so much an accomplished fact as it had been considered. Whence the rumor sprang no one knew, nor from which side the reluctance arose, but it was generally attributed to Viola.

II

It was full moon and old Stamo had been sitting after supper with his wife under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees. When they came indoors there was no light in the house, for the moonlight was streaming through the open shutters, and Moska was too good a housewife to waste good oil where it was not needed. Viola was leaning against the window, her eyes fixed on the shimmering reflection of the moon on the sea, but her arched eyebrows were drawn into a straight line, and her lips tightly closed.

Suddenly, while her father's hand was on the door of the sleeping-room beyond, and her mother had just taken out the sprigs of myrtle that closed the mouth of the large water-jar in order to fill a smaller one for the night, a man's voice arose out of the shadow of the neighboring houses.

Not a very powerful voice, perhaps, though an old Frenchman who came to the island some years later, and who had heard all the wonderful singers of his day, told Mantho that had he only studied he might have been a great tenor, and have sung not only in Athens, but in Italy where the public is so hard to please, in Paris where good singing is understood, and in London where great sums are paid to listen to it. But it was too late then. It was a voice young, warm, and resonant; what the older Italians meant when

they talked of 'il bel canto.' A voice, and above all a way of bringing forth, which produced the impression that not only had the singer himself composed the song he was singing, but that it faithfully expressed his feeling, or passion, of the moment. A voice that embodied all the joy and all the sadness of life, but stripped it of all sordidness or brutality. A voice that made every nerve vibrate even of the least music-loving, that was at one and the same time a spiritual joy and a physical caress.

Viola took a step back into the room as though to leave the window, when it first arose; but after the first notes she stood quite still and went no farther.

The old people came closer and peered out, but no figure was visible in the moonlight, though every object and every shadow was as sharply defined as at noon. Two or three of the smaller houses on the right jutted out into the road, and it was easy to be hidden from view behind them.

The song was a simple island love-song which they all knew well and had heard often: but it had a plaintive sound that seemed new to them.

The long sweet notes rose and fell, ending almost in a sigh.

When it was over, Stamo looked at his daughter.

'Well, my lass,' he said, 'I do not think there are many maidens who can say they are so sweetly courted.'

'He sings well,' said Viola, 'but it is no courtship, that a lad should sing a song on a summer night, when the moon is high.'

'Patience,' laughed her father, 'the rest will come.'

The next afternoon, as there were no lemons left in the house, Viola told her mother she would cross over to the orchard and bring some back with her.

'Take a bundle of clothes with you also,' said Moska; 'we wash on Monday, and it will be that less to carry.'

For through the lemon trees ran a little stream coming down from the hills; and as it never dried up even in summer, the women always took their linen there to wash. So Viola tied a white kerchief over her hair, snatched up the bundle, and before opening the wooden gate stopped a moment, where the great pine grew among the mulberry trees, to pick some of the purple berries into a leaf, for refreshment on the way.

One of Louka's boats was just starting for the mainland, so, bestowing the last of her mulberries on Nasso, one of the ragged lads always hanging about the quay, Viola jumped into it, finding herself with six other passengers, to say nothing of a mule.

Once on the other side she paid her five *lepta*, and crossed the shady beach, and the olive-planted slope that led to a narrow lane beyond.

Viola walked more slowly along this lane, as though she were beginning to feel the weight of her bundle. On both sides were garden walls overshadowed by lemon and other fruit trees, and here and there little white houses with their covered terraces, and rows of orange-colored pumpkins spread out to dry on the terrace ledges. Toward the end of the lane she lifted the latch of a high wooden gate and passed into the orchard. A narrow path between two rows of tall cypresses led to the fruit trees. Oleanders and jasmine grew in tangled masses of pink and white and yellow against the dark straight trunks. The lemon trees were giving well this year, and clusters of light yellow hung thick under the shining leaves. Here and there were dotted a few smaller mandarin trees, and at the farthest end was the silver gray of the olives. Beyond a hedge of aloes was another strip of land planted with

a few trees, and at one corner a very small white house.

Viola deposited her bundle in a little outhouse where the fodder was kept, and then, going to one of the heaviest-laden lemon trees, she stood looking up at the fruit. Under the shade of a giant walnut tree a mule was turning round and round at the pump-well, and Viola could hear the monotonous creaking of the primitive wooden wheel.

A young man was opening channels in the soft earth for the water to flow into the ditches dug round the roots of the trees. He turned at the sound of Viola's footsteps, started, and throwing down his mattock, came up to where she stood.

He was of middle height, brown-eyed, with a slight dark moustache that left the lips free. His features were not in any way remarkable, but were well-finished. In motion he was rather graceful, but when in repose he had awkward restless movements of his hands, and now and then a little nervous shake of the head.

'Welcome,' he said; and then after a moment, as she did not speak, 'your father has not been here to-day; he is well?'

'Yes, quite well, but he has gone for two days to Piræus.'

'For the plough, perhaps?'

'Yes, so he said.'

There was a pause. Mantho clasped and unclasped his hands, and balanced himself first on one foot, and then on the other, looking all the time at Viola.

'Is there anything you wish?' he asked at last.

'My mother has no lemons; I came to get some.'

'Shall I pick you a few?'

'Yes, if you will.'

He pulled seven or eight of the yellowest fruit off the laden branches and looked at her inquiringly.

'Add a few more, that I may not have to be coming again to-morrow.'

When he had made a little pile on the ground of fifteen or so, she said, —

'Thank you, that is enough.'

'How will you carry them?'

She looked about her vaguely.

'True, I forgot to bring my *tagari*.'

'Wait, I will bring one.'

He ran to the back of the orchard, struggled through a gap in the hedge, and crossing the strip of land to the little house, returned almost at once bringing a brightly striped tagari in his hand. In this he placed the lemons, covering them with a few of their leaves.

'There is still room; shall I lay a few figs at the top?'

'It is not worth while,' said the girl; 'we have still a few left from this morning, and we are only two souls in the house, now that my father is away.'

She took the tagari from his hand, and he waited. Then as she made no movement to go, —

'It is heavy for you, perhaps?' he asked.

'Bah, it is nothing; I could carry ten times as much.'

She took a few steps toward the entrance, then turned suddenly, and, with decision in her voice, said, —

'Mantho, my father told me that he has spoken to yours, that they have agreed between them — that they — that we — '

'Yes,' said the man, with a little quiver of his eyelids, 'I know.'

Viola hesitated a moment and then continued, —

'I must speak to you of this'; but as he looked up at her she went on hurriedly, 'yes, I know — you will say perhaps it is not seemly that I should come here, and speak to you on this matter alone; I do not know — perhaps you are right, but I must do it; there is no one else. My father has been

very angry with me, and I have suffered much for many days now.'

'You must not suffer. What angered your father? I thought he was always good to you. He loves you well.'

'He loves me well while I am ready to say, "Yes, Lord!" to his every will. But if I be not ready, then he swears things must happen as he orders, and if I suffer it matters not, for a maid's will is of no account.'

'What does he order?'

'That I marry you.'

The man turned pale under his sunburn.

'And you?'

'I do not wish it; no.'

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the slow continuous creaking of the wooden wheel and the buzz of the insects in the trees. Then Viola resumed, —

'You must not think evil in your mind. It is not that you are poor, or that I do not know you are good — but, I cannot be married to you.'

Mantho pressed one hand tightly against the other and cleared his throat once or twice.

'If you do not wish it, it must not be,' he said slowly. 'You must tell your father you cannot do it.'

'Do you think I have not told him? But he will not listen. For two days we talked, and at the end he was terribly angry. And now I am afraid of him. You cannot tell how afraid I am! He took me by the shoulder, so hard — I nearly fell.'

The man's face darkened; he took a step forward.

'These things must not be. No one must make you afraid. Your father must understand that you cannot do as he wills — that you would suffer. Cannot your mother speak to him?'

'She has spoken; he will not listen to her any more than to me. It is finished, he says, all the island knows it, and he will not change. And if he forces me, what can I, a poor maid, do? Can I shame you and myself and say no before the priest? I told him I would do even that, but I think I would rather die.'

'Hush — it shall not be, I tell you. I will speak to him myself, I will tell him that you cannot —'

'For God's name, no! He would kill me if he knew I had come here and spoken to you myself on the matter.'

'But then —'

'Nay, listen. There is but one way. You are good, Mantho, you have always had a good heart, you will not refuse to help me, and some day the Holy Virgin will send you a bride a thousand times better than I am.'

'But since you will not let me speak to him.'

'Not as you meant to, no. But you must speak to him, Mantho, and I will bless you always — you must tell him —'

'What must I tell him?'

'That *you* will not marry *me*.'

His face hardened.

'That is impossible. I do not tell such lies. Moreover, it would be an insult. My father has given his word.'

'Mantho, I beg of you. You can say your father had not asked you. That you are a man grown, and have your own will. That you do not wish to marry yet.'

'Your father would be terribly angered, and justly.'

'At first, yes, but it would pass with time, and you could see him less often perhaps. While I — Oh, Mantho, will you not help me?'

'Not in this way; I cannot.'

'I see; your words are idle words. You say at first you would not have me suffer, and when I ask your help, you fear my father's anger too much. You would rather it fell upon me!'

'*That* you must not say.'

'Why not, since it is true? Well, I will go now. It is late. I was foolish to think you would help me — men have always great words — but they are only words.'

'Stay; you wish me to tell your father that I refuse to marry you?'

'Since you will not do it, why do you ask again?'

For a few moments the man stood quite still, his hands tightly clenched, his brows knit. The creaking of the wooden wheel went on monotonously and unceasingly. He had worked accompanied by this sound nearly all his life long, and had never noticed it any more than the chirp of the tettix; now it seemed to him that the noise was maddening.

Suddenly he looked her full in the eyes.

'Will you tell me one thing? Is it that you do not wish to be married, or — you have been away from the island — you may have seen others, with more learning, with better ways than ours. Is it perhaps that there is some one for whom your heart has spoken, and to whom your father will not give you?'

Viola looked at him in astonishment; she had never yet heard so long a speech from Mantho.

'My father will not give me now,' she answered, 'but perhaps, who knows, later on, when Niko comes here —'

'Ah! And he loves you, this man?'

'It seems so to me.'

'Then why does he not come at once, like an honest lad, and ask you from your father?'

'No, no, not yet, I do not wish him to come yet. I do not wish to seem that it is I who refuse to marry you. My father is terrible when he is angry with me, or when things do not come as he likes. Only to think of him makes me afraid.'

'Be not afraid then. I will say what you wish.'

'Oh, Mantho, I thank you. I always knew you were good, but —'

'Hush, I am not good; only you must not suffer or be afraid. These things must not be. Now go. It is late. And your mother will wonder.'

'Good-night, Mantho.'

'Good-night. Sleep well — and be not afraid.'

III

Viola was right in describing her father as terrible when things did not happen as he liked. To the suggestion that she had thrown out the night of the serenade, that though old Photi was so pleased about this marriage, his son might not be as willing, he had never even given a second thought. So that now the young man's quiet announcement that he had not yet thought of marriage, that he thanked Kyr Stamo for preferring him, but that without intending any disrespect to his daughter, he meant to go on living alone, with his father, came upon the old man like a bolt from the blue. The scene with Mantho was terrible. Two hired men who were working in the vineyard the day it happened, witnessed it from a distance, and even heard part of the old man's furious invectives.

Stamo never for a moment dreamed that this unheard-of refusal of Mantho's to fulfill the engagement entered into by his father, could in any way be connected with what he considered Viola's foolish talk of some days ago. On the contrary he was convinced that notwithstanding all she said then, she must be feeling the insult offered to her by Mantho very deeply, and attributed all her entreaties in his favor to the weak mercy of an exceptionally tender heart. He fulfilled his threats to the letter, and Mantho gained nothing but excuses or evasive answers wherever he applied for work. The re-

sult was that the poor lad saw absolute starvation before him and consequently his father, unless he decided to leave the island and seek for work elsewhere.

It must be confessed that he had never foreseen this extreme result of his sacrifice, and that it was with a heavy heart and bitter thoughts that he decided to tell his father that he must leave him.

It was three days later, while the old man was loosening the earth round the roots of his olive trees, that Mantho told him very gently that there was no work for him anywhere on the island, and that he thought of going to Kalamata in the Peloponnesus, where he had been told that there was much work to be had, on account of the many strong men and lads who had emigrated from there to America.

His father said very little. That Greece was a small country and that the lad could not at worst be more than two days' journey away, meant nothing to the old peasant. To him Poros was his country, just as to his ancestors in the old days each man's city represented the whole of the fatherland.

Viola knew that Mantho had left, but that was all. The only one from whom she might have heard news of him was his father, and she never went across to the mainland now. Stamo, content with the vengeance he had taken for the insult offered him, never mentioned Mantho's name, and if he regretted the clever willing worker, who had always been so prompt to forestall any disaster to the trees or vines, so ready to obey, or to suggest as the case might be, he never said so.

Viola spent more time indoors than formerly, only going to the fountain for water, or now and then with Maroussa and Youla as far as the narrow beach outside the Naval School to see the sailors being exercised. She tried to understand the sharp orders given, the marching and counter-marching, and often told her companions how much finer Niko would look when he got his stripe than most of the under-officers who put the untrained recruits through their paces. She even persuaded Youla one day when they were alone together, to stop with her on pretence of asking for a glass of water at the door of the little tumble-down house where Niko's old mother and two sisters lived.

They found an unkempt, frowsy-looking old woman, busy with her daughter at the wash-tub in the yard. She stopped just long enough in the midst of a noisy altercation with the younger woman, to fill a small gourd, telling them they might drink out of that. They left after putting it to their lips, but they could hear the old woman shrieking and wrangling violently, long after they had left the house behind them.

Viola often wondered why, though nearly a year had passed since her return from Piræus, nothing further had ever been heard of Niko; but the wonder remained in a way impersonal, and the silence carried no sting with it. Sitting idle under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees, she would strive to keep her thoughts fixed on the young sailor as she remembered him, with his ready laugh, his trim figure, and the curious narrowing and softening of his eyes when he spoke to her. But all these memories, which at first had been so vividly present that she had only to close her eyes to see his face again, were getting faint and elusive. The image was dim, and sometimes after many days it was with a start that she remembered Niko again. This made her angry every time it happened. She did not consciously accuse herself of fickleness. Self-analysis is not the rule in Poros, but it made her vaguely dissatisfied, irritable, and

liable to bursts of ill-temper, which even her quiet, easy-going mother found it hard to endure. The poor sorely-tried creature was convinced that her girl was pining for the absent, careless, sailor lover she had talked about so much, and she was even mustering up the necessary courage for another appeal to her husband in their behalf. So that her bewilderment was as great as her relief at the fashion in which Viola received some news that Maroussa told them one evening, when she came to borrow an egg for her grandmother. It was after dark, and none could be bought at that hour, it being firmly believed in Poros that hens will not lay again if their eggs are sold after sunset.

There had been a letter from Metro in Athens, Maroussa said, and among other things he mentioned having seen Niko Mandelli, the sailor from Poros, walking out last Sunday afternoon with his young bride, the daughter of a rich iron-founder in Piræus, whose dowry it was said was over fifteen thousand drachmas. Maroussa added that his mother, to whom Niko had written the news, begging her to keep his marriage a secret for the present, was nevertheless boasting all over the village of her son's great good-fortune.

Viola listened in silence till, catching sight of her mother's anxious, almost agonized look fixed on her, she suddenly burst into an irresistible fit of laughter, and threw her arms round her.

'My poor old *manoula!* Do you think I am going to weep or faint or die? See, there is not the least little tear. We shall find plenty better than Niko Mandelli, and never shall I give him another thought, as sure as my name is Viola.'

And when Moska, stroking her hand, asked tremulously, 'Are you perhaps showing courage, my daughter, that I should not be uneasy? Surely you must have had a shock. Will you not lie down on the big bed, while I get you a little orange-flower water?' she refused laughingly, adding, —

'I am well, quite well, manoula; you shall be tortured no more, and hear no more angry words.'

She kept her promise, and was gentle, and smiled often, though sometimes she still sat buried in thought under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees.

IV

About two years after Mantho's departure, toward Easter, old Ghika, the miller, sent an ambassadress — as the habit is in Poros — to ask for Viola in marriage for his son Panayi. The girl prepared again for battle with her father, as the proposed bridegroom, though an undersized, sickly-looking youth, was reckoned to be not only doing well as a joiner in Piræus, but to have expectations in the future, — Ghika, his father, being well known as a miser, and likely to have much put by. Strange to say, there was no battle, nor even a skirmish. Stamo contented himself by quietly stating one evening to his wife and daughter that he had told Kyra Krinio, the ambassadress in question, that he was much honored, but having one daughter only, he could not consent to her living away from the island. Stranger still, for in Poros women are not often listened to, and rarely if ever consulted, he turned to Viola, asking, —

'Did I not say well?'

'Very well, my father,' she answered, deeply relieved at this easy solution of the difficulty she had dreaded.

Then old Photi fell ill; nothing very serious at first, just a little marsh fever that he neglected; but one day he was found faint and shivering at the foot

of an olive tree, having lain there some hours with no strength to drag himself as far as the little house. Moska, returning from the fountain, told Viola that Kyr Vangheli, the schoolmaster, had sent a letter to Mantho to tell him he must come to his father, if only for a few days. Then a few days later someone said that Photi was much better, and that when Mantho arrived he had found his father up and about; but this was again contradicted, and others said that the old man had been in time to send word to his son not to trouble, so that he was not coming at all.

The truth was that Mantho had arrived quite early one morning, and finding his father better, but not up, had remained for two days shut up in their little house with him, so that it was only on the third day that he came across to the island.

In fact, Viola was the first to see him.

She had been sitting under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees, and her mother, who had just gone out, had left the wooden gate open, so that Viola sat watching the sea and the few passers-by.

It was some time after sunset, and the bats were circling above in the darkening sky.

Viola looked up suddenly and saw Mantho looking at her. It seemed to her for a moment as though she had been expecting him all day.

She rose and walked toward him.

'Welcome, Mantho. I did not know for certain that you had returned. Come in.'

He followed her, and as she stopped to close the gate, she added, —

'How is your father? How did you find him?'

'I thank you, he is better. He had neglected himself, but I gave him quinine and kept him warm, and to-morrow or the day after he will be up, and out in the sun.'

'That is well. And have you found good work there, where you stay?'

'There is plenty of work for all at Kalamata.'

'And is it a fine country?'

'It is not an ugly place, and the people are good, but it is not the island.'

Viola looked down, and was silent for a moment; then: 'And how came you in the neighborhood this evening?'

'I came,' said Mantho, quietly, 'that I might see you. Also I heard your father was at Sotiro's, and as I leave Poros again in two days, I came near the house, with the hope that perhaps I might speak a word with you, and learn whether you are content, and whether no one makes you suffer.'

'Did you come for that alone?' asked Viola, looking away at the sea.

'For that alone, yes. For what else should I come?'

'I thought perhaps that as you heard I was still free, and that few had asked for me, you might have come to try whether I were more willing now than two years ago. Moreover, I am still Stamo's daughter, and the oil-years have been good.'

She looked up curiously as she spoke, to see how he would take her words. It was so dark she could scarcely distinguish his face, but she could hear him breathing heavily.

When he spoke his voice sounded far-off and toneless.

'You know well that you have lied, that no such thought could come to me. Listen. I go, and shall not return, but you must hear first what I have to say. As I stand here and as God hears me, never have I given a thought to your father's riches. If I had wished, I could have said naught and he would have given you to me; but because you did not wish to marry me, I lied to your father, and took back my father's given word. They said bad things of me, but I let them say. Then I went

away from the island, because, since you were afraid, it could not be otherwise: but I left the old man all alone, and he has but me. I worked for my bread, a stranger in strange parts. I could not know if any day that dawned I might not hear that you were wed. God knows what I suffered, but I swear before Him now, that you shall become a stranger to me. Never again shall you say what you have said to-day. They were unjust words. I go, that I may not say worse.'

He turned away and strove to open the gate, but his fingers were limp and trembling, and he could not do it.

All at once Viola rose and stood before him.

'Yes, they were unjust words, they were evil words, but you must forget them. You must not go. I do not know why I said them. I was mad, I think. You said yourself that they were lies. Mantho, you must not go, you must never go. I will not let you go.' And as he still strove with the latch and gave her never a word, or a look, 'Listen,' she said, 'I told you two years ago that I did not wish to marry you, did I not?'

'Let me go,' he muttered harshly, 'all that is over.'

'It is over, yes; you say well, it is over. I did not know then what I wished. I thought of the other man, but when you went away and at night there was silence round the house, and I heard your songs no more, then I struck my head in despair and knew I was a fool. When they told me he was married I was glad, and to-day when I saw you, there was joy in my heart. So, indeed, I cannot think why I said the evil words that angered you. Mantho, Mantho!' for he had opened the gate, 'you must not go, oh, you must not go!'

'Why should I stay? To-morrow you will send me away again: you will say once more that it is your will. It is better I should go. You have tortured me too long.'

She turned away and sank down on the little bench hiding her face in her hands, and swaying to and fro.

'Oh, Christ!' she cried, 'Christ and Holy Virgin, have I not suffered also, and now he will not believe me. Oh, my God, if he leaves me I shall be always alone and there will be no one to love me, no one, no one.'

Her words ended in sobs.

It was quite dark now. Mantho closed the gate softly and came near her.

'There will always be one,' he said; and then he stooped over her and touched her wet cheek tenderly.

'Let me tell you,' he whispered, 'he is poor, the one who loves you, but he is not old, and his arms are strong to work for you and to hold you. He is not very learned in letters, and he does not know very much of the outside world. He cannot tell his secret pain as other lovers do, but he can sing it like a bird in the woods. He has not learned to bow and make fine speeches as the Franks do, but he can love well in the old-fashioned Greek way.'

Then he put his arms round her, and they stood together under the great pine that grew among the mulberry trees.

INSANITY AND NON-RESTRAINT

BY CHARLES WHITNEY PAGE

[For centuries tradition has firmly held that the 'evil spirits' of the insane must be exorcised by various methods of restraint. Our ancestors prevented the insane from injuring society, and thought their duty done. In modern times, the methods employed have grown milder with the advance of humanitarianism, but the principles involved have undergone little radical change, and legislation concerning the treatment of the insane has, until recently, concerned itself more with the safety of the persons of the wardens and of the property of the state than with the cure of the patients themselves. The restraints by means of which institutions seek to render insane people comparatively harmless are three in number: 1. Mechanical appliances. 2. Solitary confinement. 3. The chemical restraint of drugs. Singly or in combination, these methods are still very generally employed. In institutional work throughout the United States a determined effort is now on foot to solve the terrible problem of insanity without weapons other than those of kindness, wisdom, and unlimited patience. Already in Scotland, the employment of restraint of any kind in the care of the insane is prohibited by law, while in England restraint is strongly discountenanced. In America, New York and Kentucky have adopted advanced legislation on the subject, Massachusetts is following more conservatively in their wake, while much interesting experimentation is going on in other parts of the country.

— The Editors.]

Public sentiment requires that the insane in hospitals shall, so far as possible, be restored to normal health; and that patients, of both acute and chronic classes, shall be provided with substantial comforts, shall be protected from abuse and unnecessary hardships, and shall enjoy a reasonable degree of freedom. It is well known that the insane were subjected to shocking treatment in earlier times; and no doubt insane patients, in hospitals set apart for their proper care and treatment, still suffer much at times from the hands of those employed to nurse and watch over them. Such abuse cannot be wholly suppressed until the old system of coercion, with its severe discipline and its mechanical appliances ready to substantiate threats, is eradicated from hospitals for the insane, and practical compassion, with gentle arts and persuasive measures, is adopted by the entire management, nurses, and medical officials, as the ruling principle in managing the patients.

Strict rules, admonishing nurses and attendants to avoid abuse of patients, abolishing instruments for mechanical restraint, and increasing the wages of the employees, are commendable steps in the right direction; yet such measures fall short of protecting troublesome, unreasonable patients under the absolute control of thoughtless, dictatorial attendants, and dependent for comfort upon what abridged rights and restricted freedom they can obtain from employees. Where the ward-management of turbulent patients is left largely to the discretion of attendants who have had no practical experience in controlling the insane without threats and mechanical restraint, these attendants naturally assume that patients must be held in such a state of subjugation that they will promptly obey any command. Their ignorant and undisciplined inclination incites them to bully the patients, and to compel them to obey unnecessary orders, simply by way of testing their docility.

Too often some of the rougher class of attendants will deliberately attack a new patient in order to show him who is master. One motive for such cruelties is the desire to impress the patient early with a fear of consequences should he report to medical officials instances of abuse which he, or other patients, may have suffered. When patients who have been badly treated by employees suppress the facts and refuse to answer questions, intimidation is the most probable explanation. The pitiless attendant who is cautious enough to fear detection, and possibly discharge, can usually irritate and provoke the patient into resistance or attack; and when the patient has actually struck the first blow, his fate is sealed. Under the plea of self-defense the attendant can safely pommel his innocent victim.

Public opinion is occasionally fanned into indignation by published reports of hospital abuses. At such times an investigation of the reported death or serious injury of some insane patient may be ordered by the governor or legislature, and as an outcome, some employee may be censured and discharged; but more frequently the final report will minimize the outrage because the situation, as represented by interested hospital parties, was one of great peril to the employee. In the findings, the sad results of such 'hospital accidents' are always regretted, but are deemed unavoidable so far as the investigators are able to judge. Such official investigations are almost always superficial, and the verdict serves little purpose beyond softening the process of closing the incident.

Happily such hospital conditions are now exceptional, but without doubt a minor phase of ward-despotism does exist, not infrequently, in some wards of most hospitals for the insane. Too often attendants order patients about in rough terms, even with profanity, manifest a degree of impatience most exasperating to nervous invalids, and threaten them with removal to back wards, seclusion rooms, or with straitjackets, unless they respond instantly when addressed by the ward 'dictator.' The great majority of patients submit to such treatment — some meekly, some sullenly; but occasionally some irritable or semi-demented person will continuously ignore the commands of the churlish overseer. Louder and more terrible menaces follow, until the baffled petty autocrat, intent upon maintaining his idea of discipline, strikes or seizes the 'rebellious subject,' who may then unexpectedly show fight, and, in consequence, some one will be injured, usually the poor patient.

And yet, the attendants who inflict such discomfort and misery have some defense for their conduct. The hasty arbitrary measures enforced by the average state hospital ward-attendant may represent his best judgment and be the measure of the meagre or erroneous instruction he has received, as well as of the faulty character he is developing through inadequate instruction and incompetent guidance. To insure the proper treatment of the insane in large hospitals, the individual members of the nursing staff should be trained to understand the propriety and the importance of controlling patients by gentle persuasive measures. Their sympathies for the patient should be awakened and cultivated. They should be inducted into the practice of leading patients by suggestion, deliberation, conscious mental power and the advantages of position. They should take professional pride in winning mental victories over the turbulent insane, and should deplore the subjugation of confused and terrified insane men and women by brute force and straitjackets.

The humane management of the in-

sane in conformity with the most modern ideas has come to be designated as the 'non-restraint' system. The term does not characterize the whole scheme but suggests it, because strait-jackets, wristlets, and bed-harnesses are the obvious and tangible insignia of the repressive methods too commonly enforced. Moreover, the pacific arts involved in the proper treatment of the insane cannot be successfully inculcated and enforced unless mechanical restraint be altogether discarded. Non-restraint in its literal, narrow sense may be made the rule of an institution without bettering the treatment of the patients. Processes more painful and more dangerous than wearing the camisole, can be employed by tyrannical attendants to frighten and intimidate defenseless inmates.

Doubtless a patient will occasionally betray critical symptoms which seem to necessitate mechanical restraint; and the use of such restraint may result in no injury, mental or physical, to that particular patient. Could the treatment of such a case be entirely dissociated from all other cases in the minds of the physicians and nurses, the use of straps and jackets might be regarded as unobjectionable. But in institutions for the custody of the insane, the general welfare of the whole body of inmates depends very much upon the morale of the nursing staff; and the demoralizing effects upon its members of making exceptions to the 'non-restraint' rule are so pernicious and wide-reaching, that yielding to the use of mechanical restraint with occasional patients would sacrifice the best interests of a multitude of other cases having equal claims on the management for protection from unnecessary restraint and ignominy. The superintendent who fancies that he is controlling the use of mechanical restraint in the hospital where he directs affairs, when he reserves to himself the power to decide whether or not mechanical restraint shall be used in any given case, does not see himself as others see him. Even the nurses understand the situation better than he does. They clearly realize that it is they who inspire the judgment of their superior.

Sometimes, for instance, the superintendent receives a telephone report from nurses that some patient is desperately suicidal or dangerously maniacal, with a request that permission for restraint be granted. He dares not decide against their evident wishes under such circumstances, for the urgency of the appeal seems to show that the nurses are physically incapable of further effort. Unless he has previously established the 'non-restraint' treatment as the undeviating working practice in his hospital, the executive chief is mentally and morally helpless.

Amid all these precautions, however, it must be remembered that if humane methods are to prevail in hospitals for the insane, nurses must be allowed to take some risks with bad patients, and this they cannot be expected to do without the approval of the superintendent. They must act for him in such work, and he must be ever ready to support and defend all subordinates who conscientiously and intelligently endeavor to manage the insane without restraint or other harsh measures.

The outlines of a desperate case and some of the methods employed to change the patient's mental habit will suggest the dangers involved, and the necessity for deviating from hospital routine in caring for such cases.

A seventeen-year old girl from the West Indies drifted into a state institution. She had occasional epileptic attacks with some hysterical indications, and suicidal impulses persistently recurred. While the convulsions were infrequent, for days at a time she would appear morose, nervous, and irritable.

During such spells she sometimes made vicious attacks on nurses, and unless closely watched would endeavor to strangle herself by twisting articles of clothing, twine, or strips of cloth about her neck. She often packed rags, paper, and small articles in her mouth, nose, and throat; and so stealthy were her movements that nurses in the room with her sometimes became aware of her suicidal attempt only when her face became dusky as the result of obstructed respiration.

This case gave the doctors and nurses an endless amount of trouble and anxiety. They feared the girl would kill herself unless her hands were restrained by mechanical appliances. But she was so unusually supple that she could squirm out of any ordinary restraining apparatus. Finally, a special bed-harness was devised, from which she could not escape. After several months of such confinement she was removed, by official orders, to another institution, where the 'non-restraint' system of treating patients had been adopted.

The nurse who conducted the transfer said the change was made because at the first institution they 'could do nothing with the patient.' When asked if mechanical restraint had been employed, she replied, 'Yes, she has been allowed out of it only two hours each day.' In the second institution this patient remained three or more years, and was at no time subjected to mechanical or chemical restraint. Such a record was possible only as the result of concerted work by the superintendent, the assistant physician, and the nurses. Naturally, the most difficult part fell to the lot of the nurses. They were given to understand that the case was certain to test 'non-restraint' nursing, and their best efforts were enlisted. The nurse in charge became devotedly interested, and in her personal attentions to the case she became vigilance personified. She possessed unusual tact, was fertile in devising expedients, and fathomed human motives with facility. She quickly discerned that vanity was the patient's distinctive characteristic, and with this clue she proceeded to reclaim this uneducated but cunning epileptic. The girl was praised and flattered upon all possible occasions, and constant efforts were made to give her pleasure and to encourage her self-esteem. All conspired to pay her special attention. She was provided with pretty dresses, decorated with ribbons, and scented with perfume. When nurses went out for a day they usually brought her some present, such as candy, fruit, cheap rings, beads, etc. They secured special articles of food for her, and invited her to share their extra lunches and little feasts, and all made a pet of her. The ward physicians aided in these plans by giving her special prominence and complimenting her good appearance. They would accept from her reports concerning other patients which had been suggested by the nurses.

To encourage her self-esteem, nurses often requested her to watch some troublesome patient, and found they could depend upon her good conduct and fidelity when her usefulness was thus magnified. They gave her the use of a drawer with a private lock in the linen-room, and permitted her to wear the key on a tape around her neck. They often requested her to keep their small personal belongings, and never was such confidence misplaced, although she would pilfer from nurses in other wards without hesitation.

She was frequently taken out of doors for special walks, to the storeroom for ward-supplies or personal knick-knacks and to the greenhouse for flowers. As her general conduct improved she was taken to the general

dining-room for meals and to the weekly dance. On such occasions she was decked out with especial care, and often wore by permission a nurse's watch or other jewelry. To arouse her from her morbid broodings, the nurse sometimes gave her the ward key and requested her to visit other wards to convey a message or receive a report. This was done at times when the nurse had so little confidence in the patient that a previous arrangement was made with the other nurse to put night-locks on outside doors and to watch the patient carefully. Gradually under such influences her despondent periods became less frequent and less prolonged, and in time she actually enjoyed limited parole outside the hospital wards.

After several years spent under such friendly and stimulating associations she was again officially transferred to another institution.

Room for acute cases was urgently needed in the hospital, and because of her epileptic infirmity she was this time taken to an asylum for chronic cases. But the asylum management continued the methods employed in the second institution. She was constantly under kind, judicious watch. She was provided with toys, amusing games, attractive pictures, bright-colored ornaments, etc. As a rule she responded to such pleasant surroundings in a satisfactory manner, but on several occasions while in the last institution she almost succeeded in committing suicide. Eventually, however, her improvement was so pronounced that the state authorities deemed it prudent and justifiable to deport her to her native island, where her brother lived and was to take charge of her.

The special attention given this case was costly to the state and burdensome upon officials and nurses, and yet the money was well expended and the personal efforts were well directed. Of the many nurses who freely gave to this afflicted child the service of mind and heart which riches cannot command, none ever regretted her contribution or failed to reap her reward. The moral effect of such a triumph over serious mental conditions was well worth the state's financial investment, if only for the good it accomplished in the two institutions which faithfully endeavored to discharge their moral obligations to a thankless alien.

Occasionally a medical superintendent who believes in the use of mechanical restraint, at least for exceptionally hard cases, will cite an affray with an insane patient, stating conditions which actually confronted the attendants, and will request a solution of the situation from some advocate of non-restraint. Such superintendents misapprehend the theory. Probably nothing short of some form of restraint or seclusion would meet instantly all the requirements of the case as delineated. The correct and the better method had been too long neglected. Rational treatment should have been applied to the case weeks, months, possibly years, before such a violent culmination of threats and neglect. The cure for such troubles consists in educating nurses and attendants to become true nurses, with a thoroughly humane conception of their duties.

The superintendent who seriously desires to avoid the use of mechanical restraint will have not only to forbid it, but to keep a careful watch over the nurses, particularly in those wards where there are new and troublesome cases. Especially should he investigate personally every instance of violence between nurses and patients, and keep a record of his findings.

The superintendent should in all possible ways adopt plans which will facilitate the successful working of the policy of non-restraint. The over-

crowding of wards, especially those appropriated to the care of noisy and fractious patients, should be avoided. He may not be able to regulate admissions to the institution, but overcrowding interferes so seriously with skillful nursing that he should register his protest when conditions prevent the best work.

The proper classification of all patients likely to cause trouble is a great aid to 'non-restraint' methods. Not that all patients inclined to be disorderly should be herded in back wards; irritable patients react upon each other and should be frequently changed from ward to ward, that they may form new companionships and avoid tiresome associations. In making such changes, personal antipathies between patients, or patients and certain nurses, should receive consideration. But nurses should not be permitted to force such changes where it is evident that they are chiefly concerned to rid themselves of the care of troublesome patients. Convalescence, with some patients, may be retarded if they are not transferred from a noisy to a quiet ward before the excitement has wholly subsided. Such transfer from back to front ward, and then from front to back, repeated several times, is often the correct way to stimulate them to exercise self-control.

Seclusion may be necessary at times, but it should be remembered that prolonged seclusion is bad practice. The shorter the period of seclusion, as a rule, the better the effect upon the disturbed patient. Noisy, destructive patients are seldom improved by solitary confinement. Exercise out of doors to the point of physical fatigue, with a competent guard of nurses, is a much better form of isolation from other patients, and a practical way of treating such cases. Ample facilities for prolonged warm baths must be provided. When the temperature of the water is maintained a degree or two below blood heat there is little risk of heart failure. Persistent destruction of clothing is fostered, not cured, by the use of ill-fitting canvas dresses. Better provide material having bright colors and striking figures — something that will appeal to what vestige of pride may exist — that will attract the eye, and, possibly, alter the purpose of the patient.

Daily out-of-door exercise for all able-bodied patients should be insisted upon whenever the weather is suitable; and all patients who are physically able to work should be urged to engage in some form of labor, at least a part of each day. Let those who object to physical exertion accompany those willing to labor, even if at first they simply stand around and watch the busy workers. The influence of a good example is suggestive, frequently inducing idlers to participate in useful employment. Patients who work faithfully and diligently should receive some reward. Occasionally, a small sum of money regularly paid as a gratuity will secure their good-will and stimulate their exertions. Special diet, extra clothing, tobacco, occasional excursions, may be profitably granted as inducements to the continued rendering of efficient service. Compelling patients to work should be strictly forbidden, as serious conflicts have resulted frequently through attempts on the part of attendants or nurses to force patients to serve them at ward-duty or in the performance of some disagreeable task. Inducing patients to work, or to conduct themselves properly, through gifts, rewards, or favors, is a prominent feature in the 'non-restraint' system. Head-nurses over all wards where there are restive and contrary patients should be liberally supplied at all times with extra food, fruit, candy, or pictures, for use in distracting the attention of excited patients, and in estab-

lishing friendly relations with patients who are suspicious.

Nervous, restive patients should be assigned to large roomy wards whenever possible, so that they may roam about freely, and greet new acquaintances, and vent their explosive energy while aimlessly tramping about the long wards. Cramped accommodations and restricted movements are as irritating to the insane as to any of the healthiest of us, and should be avoided except when exhaustion is likely to supervene upon too prolonged physical exertion. Noisy, talkative persons should be taken into the fields and woods to correct their unpleasant habits, not consigned to out-of-the-way dark rooms. The more close the restrictions, as a cell or strait-jacket, the more intense the irritation, fear, and suffering; consequently the more persistent the noise and the louder the shouting. As a result of natural laws, it is to be expected that painful mental tension incident to extreme limitations of space or motion will gradually relax, to be succeeded by a sense of relief and quiet, as the restrictions are mitigated and gradually transformed into a state of freedom.

There are good reasons why it is advisable to open hospitals for the insane to the public often and fully. When public inspection or visiting days occur frequently, the nurses are stimulated to keep their wards in a presentable condition, as they know that the general appearance of the halls and rooms, as well as the dress of the patients, will fall under critical observation. This constant anticipation keeps both nurses and patients more active and more cheerful than would the dead level of hospital routine. The patients' hopes are awakened and their spirits are elevated by coming into such close contact with people of the outside world. When public visiting days occur twice weekly, as in some institutions, and a large number of strangers pass through the wards each open day, the patients become so accustomed to the spectacle that they regard the visitors with comparatively little curiosity, maintaining a good degree of dignity, and seldom exhibiting undue excitement.

Properly conducted hospitals for the insane no longer afford such grotesque and shocking spectacles as, according to Pepys and Hogarth, were on exhibition in old 'Bedlam.' No doubt many persons at the present day are prompted by curiosity to visit hospitals for the insane, but the tables are practically turned in hospitals where frequent ward-visiting is the rule: there the parading visitors provide the exhibition. Their evident timidity and unconscious stupidity often interest the patients, who quietly note and enjoy the passing show and subsequently criticize or analyze it with jest and merriment.

Hospital life is necessarily monotonous, and liberal diversion is the rational antidote with which to counteract its bad effects. Amusements varying in character should be provided at short and regular intervals for the entertainment and mental relaxation of the patients. Anything which agreeably enlists and engrosses the attention fulfills the requirements. Music and dancing can always be depended upon to produce satisfactory results.

A general dining-room can be utilized to add variety to the patients' daily life, to change the drift of morbid thoughts and inclinations, and to introduce normal conditions as fully as possible into hospital methods. Both men and women patients should be accommodated in the same dining-room, their tables being separated by a wide passageway through the centre of the hall. No eatables should be placed upon the tables until all have been seated; food can then be distributed

from rubber-tired cars in the centre aisle, or served from sideboards against the walls, by selected patients acting as waiters, one waiter to each table. The meals should be so planned that the food can be served in a number of courses, the more table etiquette the better, allowing fully one hour for dinner, and forty-five minutes for breakfast and supper. In such dining-rooms haste is objectionable, and from five hundred to fifteen hundred patients can be managed and properly fed with ease and quietness. The time that patients thus spend at table and in going from and returning to their wards will amount to at least three hours a day. An orchestra should furnish music at all meals.

Only those who have had experience with such an arrangement of meals can appreciate the power this method of serving has in promoting the self-respect of the individual patients and in tranquilizing ward conditions throughout the whole hospital. The aim and purpose of such dining-room practice should be to cultivate good table manners, to occupy the patients' time agreeably, to increase the self-respect and self-control of the patients by adopting the dining-room customs of large crowds of normal people. Incidentally, the plan allows ample time for the serving of quiet meals to attendants and nurses, usually in one section of the same room. It also removes from the living wards objectionable odors and annoying housekeeping duties, and, last to be considered, it is decidedly economical as regards waste, service, and cost for food.

The music is an important, probably an essential, feature. Many patients listen with pleasure, and all are affected. Without music there would be more noise, more loud talking, and some patients would find it difficult to repress an inclination to lecture the officials or others present, and to make statements leading to rejoinders and disputes. With attractively arranged tables surrounded by plants and flowers, and with patients neatly dressed, entertained by good music, little more is required to make the general dining-room the acknowledged social centre of the establishment, from which will emanate good influences to tone and characterize the whole institution.

In the brief compass of this article I can do no more than suggest the methods which in more than one intelligently managed institution have completely displaced the crude system of restraint. Already it is possible to foresee the time when every form of restraining device, and even the desire to employ one, will vanish in the wake of all the other relics of medical mediævalism now happily consigned to oblivion.

THE POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

BY SOLOMON BULKLEY GRIFFIN

WRITING to the Marquis de Lafayette from Monticello in 1823, at the age of eighty years, — after 'fifty years of trial and trouble in the various grades of my country's service,' as is said in another letter, — Thomas Jefferson set forth this differentiation: 'For in truth, the parties of Whig and Tory are those of Nature. They exist in all countries, whether called by these names, or by those of Aristocrat and Democrat, Côté Droit and Côté Gauche, Ultras and Radicals, Serviles and Liberals. The sickly, weakly, timid man fears the people, and is a Tory by nature. The healthy, strong, and bold cherishes them, and is formed a Whig by nature.'

The essential truth of such a cleavage in the body politic is always to be seen, though at times the line of demarcation becomes blurred and indistinct. Party beliefs and practices shade into each other until distinctive qualities, representative of real differences, are hard to find. Not infrequently of late in the United States it has been remarked that it would take an expert to discover any really essential difference as to policies between the Republicans and the Democrats, so fast have the Republicans been taking up things that were yesterday termed the heresies of the radical democracy, led by William J. Bryan. 'If the sickly, weakly, timid man fears the people,' and 'the healthy, strong, and bold cherishes them' — then health and strength and bravery have become pretty well diffused through the body politic, and the general disposition to cherish the people is the surely not undesirable consequence.

It is to this pass that we have come in this country, a pass where the popular temper is insistent that the political parties shall legislate and direct, to the end that the welfare of every man shall be the chief consideration of those who exercise the power of government as it is applied through the legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments. In its last analysis, this is not something to be feared, but to be welcomed and directed with the largest measure of wisdom it is possible to command. It is evolution, and not revolution. In the view of those who believe that the cure for the evils of democracy is the injection of more democracy, we are facing an opportunity for better conservation of popular government. Such is the faith that has been moving over state after state, and affecting in a vital way the fortunes of parties and of men. Of course there is plenty of opportunity to challenge the methods that are being employed, and to fear the effect of too great a departure from representative government. It is true that a national temper such as we have described invites the activity of demagogues: we see that as a matter of fact; but the situation also appeals to the thoughtful sense of all who love the republic and would serve

it to the full measure of the opportunity which their generation offers.

Such a sentiment among the people demands clear thinking. There is too much of vague emotion, a readiness to run hither and yon, with the best of intentions but to no purpose in the way of wise progress. A majority of us are in favor of the Ten Commandments, but the sensible do not care to make of our reform purposes 'an iridescent dream,' a business disaster, or a bloody contention. The determination to command a larger recognition of democracy or republicanism, as you may choose to call it; to insist that those in power shall be not only honest and efficient, but regardful always of the public as against the special interest; that the average citizen shall not be forgotten, but remembered, and his rights safeguarded, 'to the end that this shall be a government of the people, for the people, and by the people' — this is the issue which to-day, whether clearly understood or not, is affecting the mass of American voters.

It has been the province of these recent years to focus popular feeling on this point. So a great step has been taken. In the absence of acute national problems, such as slavery, the Civil War, and reconstruction, — internal ills that demanded diagnosis and treatment, to the exclusion of questions less commanding and urgent, — the individual units that compose our indestructible union of states have been thrown back upon problems of democracy of a vital and yet not spectacular sort. The questions that stir us belong still to our political household, but the demand is for the intelligent heroism of peace — for constructive statesmanship not set in the midst of the glamour that war yields. There is opportunity for fervor and devotion, but passion and ill-will need not attend. Animosities will be a handicap and not a help. In a spirit of soberness, in candor and high purpose, it remains to welcome the intensity of our popular awakening, and to consider how we can make the operations of government sure, just, and remedial, as the need calls for.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup of Chicago says that 'the world, politically, is trying to catch up with the world's radically changed economical conditions.' To his mind, 'the formative period is approaching. Next year's presidential election will, I believe, be the last one on the old lines, and the settlement of the future will not come through the law, but through the court of public opinion.' This means a demand for broad and well-considered political leadership. The ship of state must not be permitted to drift, but it must be guided. There is call for the qualities of Seneca's pilot. The two political parties are to a degree responsive to the existing political situation, and I have been asked to consider the relation which Woodrow Wilson may come to occupy toward these problems of the republic.

He offers a study of special, and indeed novel, interest: the spectacle of a teacher — a brilliant student and expounder of American history — and college president, thrown into the turmoil of politics, in the one state of the Union perhaps best calculated to test his leadership and to strain his theories. If ever any man were confronted with the bald realities of our existing political life, it has been the Governor of New Jersey. Complicated conditions, political and personal, confronted him. He has had to 'play the game' with men who have made politics their trade. The ends of government, whether good or bad, do not achieve themselves; and not even the advantage of a democracy is self-acting, like the ebb and flow of the tides. The easy assumption of some,

that all right is on one side and all evil on the other, fails lamentably when first-hand knowledge of actual conditions has been achieved. Good men have need of a knowledge of the operation of political forces. Selfishness and the corrupt influences it can muster are alert to win advantage over the common interest, less vigilantly guarded, and ready to employ, now one party and then the other, if not both at once.

Governor Wilson has had something to learn, and it need not surprise those who understand politics that he has found some things to discard in discharging his immediate task. The sum of Governor Wilson's achievements, and the extent and character of these modifications of once-cherished opinions, are important as bearing upon his possible future as a leader of the Democratic party. It is to be added that no set of men have been more interested observers of his advent and record than the practical politicians, — from the men who expect the prizes of politics to those who have been trained to help the other fellows get them, — the leaders and their followers, the generals and the army, under whichever party banner they have marched.

The depth and individuality of Woodrow Wilson's democracy were strikingly shown in his effort to place Princeton University upon a new footing. After the president had recast the curriculum of study, and had introduced the more intimate method of instruction known as the preceptorial system, he found that the result, while showing notable improvement, fell short of what he wanted. He investigated and concluded that the social organization of college life was out of joint. At Princeton there are a dozen or more 'upper-class clubs.' Election to these clubs is by vote of the existing members. The clubs have handsome properties, and are much like the ordinary city club of a social character. As only about one half of the two upper classes can receive admission, elections to membership are coveted, especially to those clubs that are regarded as particularly desirable. Those juniors and seniors not elected to the clubs are in a way side-tracked, so far as the good things of the social life of college are concerned. As the freshmen and sophomores hope to 'make' a club eventually, they are apt to shape their college career with this end in view. There is thus a doubly disintegrating force at work, between those who have 'arrived' and those who have not arrived, in the two upper classes; and horizontally between the upper and lower classes, the latter shunning all intimacy with the former for fear of incurring the odium of currying favor in the matter of club elections.

President Wilson put it in this way: There are two gates to the privileges and enjoyments that college confers. One gate the faculty controls, in requiring all candidates for admission to pass the entrance examinations. The other gate is privately and secretly controlled by the memberships of the two upper classes. What Dr. Wilson thought should be a common good was lodged in the control of private hands. He resolved upon the dissolution of the clubs, or their transformation into residential units (rather unhappily called 'quads'), where all four classes in convenient numbers — say, eighty or one hundred in each group — should live and board upon an equality in externals (like West Point), but with no pressure otherwise exerted than by their own free choice.

This attempt to give the ancient College of New Jersey — whose commencement Washington and the Continental Congress attended in 1783 — a new baptism of democracy was suggestive

and bold. The historic environment was in itself provocative of thought regarding the essentials of American democracy. That President Wilson's effort eventually failed was because he did not give proper emphasis to two considerations — that he was appealing to a democratic spirit not to be fully aroused at the first challenge, and assailing with startling abruptness entrenched traditions and conditions; and that he was antagonizing vested interests certain to be quick to respond in opposition. Some associated with him as supporters of his programme believed that the impetuosity of attack might have been mitigated in favor of more deliberate and conciliatory methods of approach. There was need of a more extended process of education along the lines of his desire, and perhaps this had not been sufficiently considered, or else was not deliberately enough pursued. Other supporters of Dr. Wilson hold that the defeat of the plan was due far more to the private interests of the club alumni, who liked the type of college life which the club symbolized, rather than the one which seemed to them too strenuous. But the earnestness of the democracy involved in the movement, or its fundamental character, will not be denied.

The episode had its importance in helping to define Dr. Wilson to the people of New Jersey. Though of a purely educational character, by a natural transition the contention reached over into the field of politics, and helped to make him governor of New Jersey. It accredited him to those who had been seeking an effective democratic leadership, it won for him an enthusiastic following among the graduates of Princeton in the state campaign following, and contributed much to his hold upon popular favor. Doubtless it led to the deepening of his democratic leanings, and it taught him that an established order will not capitulate and consent to reorganization upon the first assault, however determined and brilliant that may be. Evidences of a disposition to weigh obstacles more thoroughly, and to deal with them with a better understanding of the inertia involved, have been sufficiently manifest during the administration of Governor Wilson to lend plausibility to the supposition that much was learned from that university experience. But there has been no diminution of his initiative in the new field of labor. He continues to puzzle and to disturb those to whom the old political order had been agreeable, and in cases subservient.

As a candidate for governor, Woodrow Wilson offered a new type of leadership and of oratory that will be understood by any who heard him speak at the inauguration of President Garfield of Williams College. He was the conspicuous man among the outside college presidents and other speakers on that occasion, not by power of assertion, — Governor Guild was in Williamstown at that time, — but because of intellectual dominance that seemed unconscious of itself. There was a natural mastery, singularly impressive, and leaving a lasting memory. His ability to present the issues of a campaign and to interpret them to the clear understanding of the common man was promptly established. His audiences were ready to be taught, and the dash, power, and certainty with which he handled them surprised the politicians and the public. He was at home on the stump from the start, and whatever fears his friends may have entertained lest he might be too academic, were set at rest. The training of the teacher was found to be not too refined for the hustings, — the first night exhibited him as politically a success.

It was, except for Wilson's leader-

ship, much the sort of campaign in the beginning that New Jersey had been accustomed to. James Smith, Jr., formerly United States Senator, who had hitherto spent money freely for election purposes, was active as of old, and no doubt as generous. His contribution has been placed by the newspapers at $50,000; but it is of significance in this connection that checks were sent to Woodrow Wilson, drawn by friends and admirers, whose total, running into four figures, he turned over to the state committee. Friends of Governor Wilson say that he asked before the nomination especially if Mr. Smith was to be a candidate for senator, and was assured that nothing of the kind was to be anticipated. At that time Mr. Smith deemed his health a doubtful factor. Men expert in the ways and wiles of politics are convinced that Mr. Smith did not expect to secure the Legislature last year, but thinking that Wilson might be elected governor, proposed to try for the United States senatorship in 1913. When the former Senator found that the Legislature had gone democratic, he told Governor Wilson that he had changed his mind about the Senate, that his health seemed firmer, and that he was ready for life in Washington. This is the point at which Governor Wilson is charged with ingratitude, — and it is also the place where his long-entertained conception of leadership found voice and point.

In an essay on 'Democracy in the United States,' Woodrow Wilson has written: 'The only way we can preserve our nationality in its integrity and its old-time originative force in the face of growth and imported change is by concentrating it; by putting leaders forward, vested with abundant authority in the conception and execution of policy. There is plenty of the old vitality in our national character to tell, if we will but give it leave. Give it leave, and it will the more impress and mould those who come to us from abroad. I believe that we have not made enough of leadership.' During the campaign, when Dr. Wilson was asked point-blank whom he should regard as party leader in case of success, he said, 'Myself,' and such position he assumed in standing by Martine, the choice of the party primary for senator. It does not undermine the broadly democratic quality of that decision that a veteran in the United States Senate has spoken of the man so selected as 'a preposterous senator.' Such as he is, the party had named him, and to ignore him would have been political perfidy. The choice was between Smith and the party's pronouncement.

Governor Wilson's assumption of leadership was not arbitrary, but deliberate, and indorsed by the people of his state. This ideal has inspired his executive work, and the sincerity of his purpose in employing it impresses New Jersey newspaper men of long experience, and so affords a certification that some public characters have lacked after observation at close range. He welcomed the fifty thousand majority which election night brought, as mandatory acceptance of the sentiment voiced in speeches delivered in every one of the twenty-one counties of the state: that if the people chose him governor he would take it to mean that he was also chosen their leader.

His policy had been outlined with an emphasis not to be mistaken. It was that legislation must be divorced from the control of interests which had for many years dictated the movements of the Legislature and the great majority of office-holders in New Jersey. In his inaugural address the Governor gave further and more positive utterance to his determination to stand by his platform pledges along this line. This

brought him the antagonism of the political machines under control of the utility companies, and the encounter made the 1911 session of the Legislature of unprecedented interest. The Governor found it necessary to call for conferences of the members of the Senate and Assembly, detailing to them at length and with all the earnestness at his command his situation and the duty imposed upon him by that fifty thousand majority.

As a result of this appeal he was enabled to push through the Legislature some comprehensive and effective laws affecting political and economic conditions in the state. Among these acts were the Public Utilities Commission bill, which meant something; the new Corrupt Practices act, with real teeth in it; the new Election law, which practically revolutionized the election and included the blanket ballot; an Employers' Liability law, which provides something like proper compensation for injured and disabled working-men; and an act providing for the commission form of government in municipalities.

These were the essential features of the legislative session. They were not secured without a vast amount of effort, but Governor Wilson brought to the task prodigious energy, the trained intelligence of his scholarship, ability to handle men, and a ruthless disregard of old political conditions which had controlled the state. In the process of this achievement were sown seeds of an antagonism whose wide reach practical politicians will best understand. All this, after having routed James Smith, Jr., who previous to the autumn election of 1910 was the acknowledged head of the Democratic party. A long-time newspaper man, writing of these political changes in his state, comments: 'In the nine months in which Woodrow Wilson has been governor of New Jersey, he has caused a practical revolution, not only in political and economic legislation, but in that great moving factor, public sentiment.' It is evident that the political evolution of our college president moved rapidly while the Legislature was in session.

Then Governor Wilson was forced to renew his fight before the people in the effort to secure the election of a legislature pledged to the retention of the laws he managed to get through, and to the support of his further leadership along lines he deems to be for the popular advantage. The resulting vengeance of the defied James Smith, Jr., which enabled the Republicans to win seats in the Legislature in Essex county, and so to control the Legislature, constituted an incident striking enough to figure in the modern novel which deals so frequently with politics. It was a happening grateful to all the old-time regulars in party work, but they ignored the fact that the Governor did not speak for the ticket in that county because of a situation there that was manifest to the wayfaring man. It is idle to claim that the incident, illustrative as it is of the enemies Governor Wilson has made, brought about any change in the commission the people had given him to exercise leadership in their behalf, or that it in any wise operated to check him as a presidential possibility. The Democratic Governor promptly called on the Republicans in the incoming Legislature to make good their platform pledges, and to coöperate 'in reforms planned in the interest of the whole state which we are all sworn to serve.'

It is impossible to gain even a cursory knowledge of the political situation in New Jersey without being made to feel that the realm of government and its control has been invaded by one intent on serious business. There has followed bewilderment among the politicians. In their view a worse

than 'Charles the Baptist' — so the New York politicians called Governor Hughes — has arisen, who must be suppressed. Hitherto-powerful politicians would like to see Governor Wilson in some way dismissed as a figure quite out of place — a literary fellow engaged in disseminating impracticable and fantastic notions regarding public affairs and their oversight. They are sure he cannot last as a political force, and they insist that he is not to be trusted. In this light Governor Wilson's own view of the work he has undertaken to do possesses an interest more than local. He says, —

'Our representative institutions have lost their purity and their reality because of the intervention of political machines between the people and those who should be their representatives, an intervention which began to have its full sinister effect when great business interests began to make use of those machines to control legislation in their own behoof. Such an alliance was not particularly formidable until the business interests which made up one side of the partnership became themselves colossal, and began to throw the control of industry and commerce into a comparatively few hands. Formidable enough because of their mere size and resources, those interests became the most formidable power in modern society when they consummated that alliance. The long dominance of these interests in our economic life and in the control of our politics has, of course, produced results in our law and in our economic organization, in the development and control of our national resources and in many other ways, many of which are highly inimical to economic freedom and individual privilege. These results must be studied, and what is wrong about them must be rectified. My function is to put what brains I have at the service of the people, whose life these things dominate; to find out what is going on, to speak of what I find, clearly and without fear — if possible without passion or prejudice; and to coöperate in carrying out such remedies as may prove practicable.'

No scholar in politics ever invited a more stressful experience, or entered more boldly upon the practice of his doctrine, or seemed more ready to go whither it led. This apostle of leadership expounds a radicalism that is disturbing many in the East, but meets with a warm welcome in the West. Its purpose Governor Wilson defines: —

'The main object of what we are attempting, both in state and nation, is to establish a close connection, a very sensitive connection, between the people and their governments, both in the states and in the nation, in order that we may restore in such wise as will satisfy us the liberty and the opportunity in whose interests our governments were conceived.'

Excellent this in the way of general exposition, but what of definite policies? This is the point of decision where the country waits for more light and a clear pointing out of the way by which the bespoken restoration can be brought about. It begins to be apprehended that the 'progressives' in both of our political parties have been oratorical to a degree calculated soon to bring them under the pressure of a general demand for more exact programmes of constructive statesmanship — for we are a practical people.

It will be seen that in facing the responsibilities of the plan of leadership which Governor Wilson laid down, he was forced to abandon the ancient theory that the duty of a governor is simply to recommend legislation, leaving it to the Legislature to carry it out. Governor Hughes took much the same road, and when he saw that things were at a deadlock, he went out to the

public, aroused public opinion by an aggressive campaign, and directed such a force of public opinion upon the legislators that they were compelled to create the public-service commissions needed to carry out the will of the public. It is the policy that most forceful and reforming governors have had to follow to a greater or less extent.

Perhaps it was at this point that Governor Wilson began to take new views of the initiative, referendum, and recall. A good deal of his work might be classed under the head of emergency measures. He has been in the school of the actual, in contrast to his long attendance upon the school theoretical. He seems to be in search after fundamental doctrines in democracy. To an interviewer he has said, 'Did not Jefferson and Adams, and, most of all, Washington himself, exert, and intentionally exert, an immense influence on legislation? Is not that the true American ideal?' One who is close to the Governor of New Jersey writes, 'I understand that Woodrow Wilson regards the new methods as extraordinary — intended "to recover popular government" when temporarily lost or obscured by machine machination, but not as a regular everyday substitute for representative government.' It will be remembered that he has pronounced against the recall for judges. It is also to be observed that he has never declared for the initiative and referendum as a part of the federal system of government. He has left it as a state measure, to be employed when the representative system seems to fail to supply the people with just the instrument needed to effect their purpose.

Such is the man, and such the extent of his departures from views of representative government long insisted on in the class-room. The people are this year to fix his place in handling the problems of the republic. Supreme opportunity for service ought not to be given to any merely ambitious disturber of an established order, come to be overladen with the weight of privileges acquired by men selfishly vigilant at points where the mass of citizens have been inattentive to their birthright. The problems of our time are not different from those of all time. We need to consider what the catchwords of 'the interests,' the 'progressives,' and all the rest of the current cant of our politics — too often flung about by politicians in search of power — stand for, and not to permit them to become mere phrases embodying vague anathema. There ought to be a clearly-formulated vision of perfected democracy, and a leader with sound sense and the courage to follow it. He should be virile, and qualified as an administrator.

George Harvey acclaims Woodrow Wilson as 'one who, if he had lived in the days of Jefferson and Madison, would have rivaled the one as a champion of the people, and would have equaled the other in comprehensive and lucid expression of fundamental law.' Henry Watterson 'cannot think of Woodrow Wilson without recalling Samuel Tilden. How much alike they seem as doctrinaire Democrats; as faithful, courageous party leaders; as practical and preëminent officials; how much they think alike, and talk alike, and write alike.'

There is bossism and leadership. Leadership there must be, and when perverted it becomes bossism and is execrated. The two very often enter into a twilight zone where it is difficult for the people to tell one from the other. But the popular scent is keen enough in the long run to differentiate sensibly, so that the hue and cry that follows is less often mistaken than might be feared. Once the trail is taken, bossism is pretty certain to get

its deserts, though the process may be protracted at times. The people just now are in pursuit of bosses and 'predatory interests' — and so on. This hunt is getting on the nerve of honest business during the winnowing process that Mr. Taft's administration has undertaken, — which is temporarily disturbing, but likely to be productive of good in clarifying our financial situation and rectifying some of its abuses. The need for national leadership of the right sort — wide-visioned, persistent, dowered with patience as well as with courage — is growingly manifest.

Samuel J. Tilden had the sense of leadership — and he achieved it with a minimum of advertising. Less personal advantage came to him than is often the case, but he was gifted in patriotism and philosophy, and seemed content with the outcome. One whose first independent vote for president was cast for Mr. Tilden conceives that a brief summary of his achievements for the democracy and the country has particular pertinence to this period, and is worthy of the serious attention of Woodrow Wilson and of others. John Bigelow, Governor Tilden's life-long friend, whose serene age invites envy in the midst of present fret and fever, has written, —

'He planned the campaign, he secured the requisite legislation, he bore much the largest share of the expense, and, finally, he led the storming party which drove Tweed and his predatory associates to prison or into exile. He purified the judiciary of the city and state of New York by procuring the adoption of measures which resulted in the removal of one judge by impeachment and of two judges by resignation. He induced the Democratic convention of 1874 to declare, in no uncertain tone, for a sound currency, when not a single state convention of either party had yet ventured to take a stand against the financial delusions begotten of the war, which for years had been sapping the credit of the country. It was at his instance that the Democratic party of New York, in the same convention, pronounced against third-term presidents, and effectively strengthened the exposed entrenchments which the country, for eighty years and more, had been erecting against the insidious encroachments of dynasticism. During his career as governor, Mr. Tilden applied the principles of the political school in which he had been educated to the new questions which time, war, and national affluence had made paramount. He overthrew the Canal ring which had become ascendant in all departments of state government. He dispersed the lobby which infested the legislative bodies. He introduced a practical reform in the civil service, and elevated the standard of official morality.'

Mr. Tilden was strong in intellect, in poise, in the enlightenment of his democracy, and in the determined pursuit of reforms that were essential to sound popular government. He was sure-footed, but not reactionary. He practiced wise leadership, and he clung to certain enduring principles. It will be a happy consummation if the Democratic party is led in 1912 to secure a candidate of the Tilden type and stature.

THE AMERICAN MIRACLE

BY MARY ANTIN

I

By the time we joined my father, he had surveyed many avenues of approach toward the coveted citadel of fortune. One of these, heretofore untried, he now proposed to essay, armed with new courage, and cheered on by the presence of his family. In partnership with an energetic little man who had an English chapter in his history, he prepared to set up a refreshment booth on Crescent Beach. But while he was completing arrangements at the beach we remained in town, where we enjoyed the educational advantages of a thickly populated neighborhood, namely, Wall Street, in the West End of Boston.

Anybody who knows Boston knows that the West and North ends are the wrong ends of that city. They form the tenement district, or, in the newer phrase, the slums of Boston. Anybody who is acquainted with the slums of any American metropolis knows that that is the quarter where poor immigrants foregather, to live, for the most part, as unkempt, half-washed, toiling, unaspiring foreigners; picturesque in the eyes of social missionaries, the despair of boards of health, the hope of ward politicians, the touchstone of American democracy. The well-versed metropolitan knows the slums as a sort of house of detention for poor aliens, where they live on probation till they can show a certificate of good citizenship.

He may know all this and yet not guess how Wall Street, in the West End, appears in the eyes of a little immigrant from Polotzk. What would the sophisticated sightseer say about Union Place, off Wall Street, where my new home waited for me? He would say that it is no place at all, but a short box of an alley. Two rows of three-story tenements are its walls, a stingy strip of sky is its lid, a littered pavement is the floor, and a narrow mouth its exit.

But I saw a very different picture on my introduction to Union Place. I saw two imposing rows of brick buildings, loftier than any dwelling I had ever lived in. Brick was even on the ground for me to tread on, instead of common earth, or boards. Many friendly windows stood open, filled with uncovered heads of women and children. I thought the people were interested in us, which was very neighborly. I looked up to the topmost row of windows, and my eyes were filled with the May blue of an American sky!

In our days of affluence in Russia, we had been accustomed to upholstered parlors, embroidered linen, silver spoons and candlesticks, goblets of gold, kitchen shelves shining with copper and brass. We had feather-beds heaped half-way to the ceiling; we had clothes-presses dusky with velvet and silk and fine woolen. The three small rooms into which my father now ushered us, up one flight of stairs, contained only the necessary beds, with lean mattresses; a few wooden chairs;

a table or two; a mysterious iron structure, which later turned out to be a stove; a couple of unornamental kerosene lamps; and a scanty array of cooking utensils and crockery. And yet we were all impressed with our new home and its furniture. It was not only because we had just passed through our seven lean years, cooking in earthen vessels, eating black bread on holidays, and wearing cotton; it was chiefly because these wooden chairs and tin pans were American chairs and pans that they shone glorious in our eyes.

Our initiation into American ways began with the first step on the new soil. My father found occasion to instruct or correct us even on the way from the pier to Wall Street, which journey we made crowded together in a rickety cab. He told us not to lean out of the windows, not to point, and explained the word 'greenhorn.' We did not want to be greenhorns, and gave the strictest attention to my father's instructions. I do not know when my parents found opportunity to review together the history of Polotzk in the three years past, for we children had no patience for the subject: my mother's narrative was constantly interrupted by irrelevant questions, interjections, and explanations.

The first meal was an object lesson of much variety. My father produced several kinds of food, ready to eat, without any cooking, from little tin cans that had printing all over them. He attempted to introduce us to a queer, slippery kind of fruit, which he called 'banana,' but had to give it up for the time being. After the meal, he had better luck with a curious piece of furniture on runners, which he called 'rocking chair.' There were five of us newcomers, and we found five different ways of getting into the American vehicle of perpetual motion, and as many ways of getting out of it.

In our flat we did not think of such a thing as storing the coal in the bathtub. There was no bathtub. So in the evening of the first day my father conducted us to the public baths. As we moved along in a little procession, I was delighted with the illumination of the streets. So many lamps, and they burned until morning, my father said, and so people did not need to carry lanterns. In America, then, everything was free, as we had heard in Russia. Light was free; the streets were as bright as a synagogue on a holy-day. Music was free; we had been serenaded, to our gaping delight, by a brass band of many pieces, soon after our installation on Union Place.

Education was free. That subject my father had written about repeatedly, as comprising his chief hope for us children, the essence of American opportunity, the treasure that no thief could touch, not even misfortune or poverty. It was the one thing that he was able to promise us when he sent for us, surer, safer than bread or shelter. On our second day I was thrilled with the realization of what this freedom of education meant. A little girl from across the alley came and offered to conduct us to school. My father was out, but we five between us had a few words of English by this time. We knew the word school. We understood. This child, who had never seen us till yesterday, who could not pronounce our names, who was not much better dressed than we, was able to offer us the freedom of the schools of Boston! No application made, no questions asked, no examinations, rulings, exclusions; no machinations, no fees. The doors stood open for every one of us. The smallest child could show us the way.

This incident impressed me more than anything I had heard in advance of the freedom of education in America.

It was a concrete proof — almost the thing itself. One had to experience it to understand it.

It was a great disappointment to be told by my father that we were not to enter upon our school career at once. It was too near the end of the term, he said, and we were going to move to Crescent Beach in a week or so. We had to wait until the opening of the schools in September. What a loss of precious time — from May till September!

Not that the time was really lost. Even the interval on Union Place was crowded with lessons and experiences. We had to visit the stores and be dressed from head to foot in American clothing; we had to conquer the mysteries of the iron stove, the washboard, and the speaking-tube; we had to learn to trade with the fruit-peddler through the window, and not to be afraid of the policeman; and, above all, we had to learn English.

The kind people who assisted us in these important matters form a group by themselves in the gallery of my friends. If I had never seen them from those early days till now, I should still have remembered them with gratitude. When I enumerate the long list of my American teachers, I must begin with those who came to us on Union Place and taught us our first steps. To my mother, in her perplexity over the cook-stove, the woman who showed her how to make the fire was an angel of deliverance. A fairy godmother to us children was she who led us to a wonderful country called 'up town,' where, in a dazzlingly beautiful palace called a 'department store,' we exchanged our hateful home-made European costumes, which pointed us out as 'greenhorns' to the children on the street, for real American machine-made garments, and issued forth glorified in each others' eyes.

With our despised immigrant clothing we shed also our impossible Hebrew names. A committee of our friends, several years ahead of us in American experience, put their heads together and concocted American names for us all. Those of our real names that had no pleasing American equivalents they ruthlessly discarded, content if they retained the initials. My mother, possessing a name that was untranslatable, was punished with the undignified nickname of Annie. Fetchke, Joseph, and Edle Dvereh issued as Frieda, Joseph, and Dora, respectively. As for poor me, I was simply cheated. My Hebrew name being Maryashe in full, — Mashke for short, — Russianized into Marya (Mar-ya), my friends said it would hold good in English as *Mary;* which was very disappointing, as I longed to possess a really strange-sounding American name like the others.

I am forgetting the consolation I had, in this matter of names, from the use of my surname, which I have had no occasion to mention until now. My father, I found on my arrival, was *Mr. Antin* on the slightest provocation, and not, as in Polotzk, on state occasions alone. And so I was *Mary Antin,* and I felt very important to answer to such a dignified title. It was just like America that even plain people should wear their surnames on week-days.

As a family we were so diligent under instruction, so adaptable, and so clever in hiding our deficiencies, that when we made the journey to Crescent Beach, in the wake of our small wagon-load of household goods, my father had very little occasion to admonish us on the way, and I am sure he was not ashamed of us. So much we had achieved toward our Americanization during the two weeks that had passed since our landing.

II

Crescent Beach is a name that is printed in very small type on the maps of the environs of Boston, but a life-size strip of sand curves from Winthrop to Lynn; and that is historic ground in the annals of my family. The place is now a popular resort for holiday crowds, and is famous under its new name of Revere Beach. When the re-united Antins made their stand there, however, there were no boulevards, no stately bath-houses, no hotels, no gaudy amusement places, no illuminations, no showmen, no tawdry rabble. There was only the bright clean sweep of sand, the summer sea, and the summer sky. At high tide the whole Atlantic rushed in, tossing the seaweeds in his mane; at low tide he rushed out, growling and gnashing his granite teeth. Between tides a baby might play on the beach, digging with pebbles and shells, till it lay asleep on the sand. The whole sun shone by day, troops of stars by night, and the great moon in its season.

Into this grand cycle of the seaside day I came to live and learn and play. A few people came with me, as I have already intimated; but the main thing was that *I* came to live on the edge of the sea — I, who had spent my life inland, believing that the great waters of the world were spread out before me in the Dvina. My idea of the human world had grown enormously during the long journey; my idea of the earth had expanded with every day at sea; my idea of the world outside the earth now budded and swelled during my prolonged experience of the wide and unobstructed heavens.

Not that I got any inkling of the conception of a multiple world. I had had no lessons in cosmogony, and I had no spontaneous revelation of the true position of the earth in the universe. For me, as for my fathers, the sun set and rose, and I did not feel the earth rushing through space. But I lay stretched out in the sun, my eyes level with the sea, till I seemed to be absorbed bodily by the very materials of the world around me; till I could not feel my hand as separate from the warm sand in which it was buried. Or I crouched on the beach at full moon, wondering, wondering, between the two splendors of the sky and the sea. I ran out to meet the incoming storm, my face full in the wind, my being a-tingle with an awful delight to the tips of my fog-matted locks flying behind; and stood clinging to some stake or upturned boat, shaken by the roar and rumble of the waves. So clinging, I pretended that I was in danger, and was deliciously frightened; I held on with both hands, and shook my head, exulting in the tumult around me, equally ready to laugh or sob. Or else I sat, on the stillest days, with my back to the sea, not looking at all, but just listening to the rustle of the waves on the sand; not thinking at all, but just breathing with the sea.

My father's little partner, Mr. Wilner, had a large family of boys, girls, twins, and everything else in the way of children. There were no fewer than twelve little Wilners, some of whom were splendid playfellows. Together we romped on the beach, or disported ourselves like mermen and mermaids in the surf, the while our respective fathers dispensed cold lemonade, hot peanuts, and pink popcorn, and piled up our respective fortunes, nickel by nickel, penny by penny.

I was very proud of my connection with the public life of the beach. I admired greatly our shining soda fountain, the rows of sparkling glasses, the pyramids of oranges, the sausage chains, the neat white counter, and the bright array of tin spoons. It seemed to me

that none of the other refreshment stands on the beach were half so attractive as ours. I thought my father looked very well in a long white apron and shirt sleeves. He dished out ice cream with enthusiasm, so I supposed he was getting rich. It never occurred to me to compare his present occupation with the position of a rabbi, for which he had been originally destined; or if I thought about it, I was just as well content, for by this time I had by heart my father's saying, 'America is not Polotzk.' All occupations were respectable, all men were equal, in America.

If I admired the soda fountain and the sausage chains, I almost worshiped the partner, Mr. Wilner. I was content to stand for an hour at a time watching him make potato chips. In his cook's cap and apron, with a ladle in his hand and a smile on his face, he moved about with the greatest agility, whisking his raw materials out of nowhere, dipping into his bubbling kettle with a flourish, and bringing forth the finished product with a caper. Such potato chips were not to be had anywhere else on Crescent Beach. Thin as tissue paper, crisp as dry snow, and salt as the sea — such thirst-producing, lemonade-selling, nickel-bringing potato chips only Mr. Wilner could make. On holidays, when dozens of family parties came out by every train from town, he could hardly keep up with the demand for his potato chips. And with a waiting crowd around him our partner was at his best. He was as voluble as he was skillful, and as witty as he was voluble; at least so I guessed from the laughter that frequently drowned his voice. I could not understand his jokes, but if I could get near enough to watch his lips, and his smile, and his merry eyes, I was happy. That any one could talk so fast, and in English, was marvel enough, but that this prodigy should belong to *our* establishment was a fact to thrill me. I had never seen anything like Mr. Wilner, except a wedding jester; but then *he* spoke common Yiddish. So proud was I of the talent and good taste displayed at our stand, that if my father beckoned to me in the crowd, and sent me on an errand, I hoped the people noticed that I, too, was connected with the establishment.

And all this splendor and glory and distinction came to a sudden end. There was some sort of trouble about a license — some fee or fine — there was a storm in the night that damaged the soda fountain and other fixtures — there was talk and consultation between the houses of Antin and Wilner — and the promising partnership was dissolved. No more would the merry partner gather the crowd on the beach; no more would a dozen Wilners gambol like mermen and mermaids in the surf. And the less numerous tribe of Antin must also say farewell to the jolly seaside life; for men in such humble business as my father's carry their families, along with their other earthly goods, wherever they go, after the manner of the gypsies. We had driven a feeble stake into the sand. The jealous Atlantic, in conspiracy with the Sunday law, had torn it out. We must seek our luck elsewhere.

In Polotzk we had supposed that 'America' was practically synonymous with 'Boston.' When we landed in Boston, the horizon was pushed back, and we annexed Crescent Beach. And now, espying other lands of promise, we took possession of the province of Chelsea, in the name of our necessity.

In Chelsea, as in Boston, we made our stand in the wrong end of the town. Arlington Street was inhabited by poor Jews, poor Negroes, and a sprinkling of poor Irish. The side streets leading from it were occupied by more poor

Jews and Negroes. It was a proper locality for a man without capital to do business. My father rented a tenement with a store in the basement; he put in a few barrels of flour and sugar, a few boxes of crackers, a few gallons of kerosene, an assortment of soap of the 'save-the-coupon' brands; in the cellar, a few barrels of potatoes, and a pyramid of kindling wood; in the show case, an alluring display of penny candy. He put out his sign, with a gilt-lettered warning, 'Strictly Cash,' and proceeded to give credit indiscriminately. That was the regular way to do business on Arlington Street. My father in his three years' apprenticeship, had learned the tricks of many trades: he knew when and how to 'bluff.' The legend 'Strictly Cash' was a protection against notoriously irresponsible customers; while none of the 'good' customers, who had a record for paying regularly on Saturday, hesitated to enter the store with empty purses.

If my father knew the tricks of the trade, my mother could be counted on to throw all her talent and tact into the business. Of course she had no English yet; but as she could perform the acts of weighing, measuring, and mental computation of fractions mechanically, she was able to give her whole attention to the dark mysteries of the language, as intercourse with her customers gave her opportunity. In this she made such rapid progress that she soon lost all sense of disadvantage, and conducted herself behind the counter very much as if she were back in her old store in Polotzk. It was far more cosy than Polotzk, — at least so it seemed to me, — for behind the store was the kitchen, where she did her cooking and washing, in the intervals of slack trade. Arlington Street customers were used to waiting while the storekeeper salted the soup or rescued a loaf from the oven.

Once more Fortune favored my family with a thin little smile, and my father, in reply to a friendly inquiry, would say, 'One makes a living,' with a shrug of the shoulders that added, 'but nothing to boast of.' It was characteristic of my attitude toward bread-and-butter matters, that this contented me, and I felt free to devote myself to the conquest of my new world.

I was exceedingly pleased with all I saw. My early letters to my Russian friends were filled with boastful descriptions of the glories of my new country. No native citizen of Chelsea took such pride and delight in its institutions as I did. It required no fife-and-drum corps, no Fourth of July procession, to set me tingling with patriotism. Even the common agents and instruments of municipal life, such as the letter-carrier or the fire-engine, I regarded with a measure of respect. I know what I thought of people who said that Chelsea was a very small, dull, unaspiring town, with no discernible excuse for a separate name or existence.

The apex of my civic pride and personal contentment was reached on the bright September morning when I entered the public school. That day I must always remember, even if I live to be so old that I cannot tell my name. To most people their first day at school is a memorable occasion. In my case the importance of the day was a hundred times magnified, on account of the years I had waited, the road I had come, and the conscious ambitions I entertained.

Who were my companions on my first day at school? Whose hand was in mine, as I stood, overcome with awe, by the teacher's desk, and whispered my name as my father prompted? Was it Fetchke's steady, capable hand? Was it her loyal heart that throbbed, beat for beat, with mine, as it had

throbbed through all our childish adventures? Fetchke's heart did throb that day, but not with my emotions. My heart pulsed with joy and pride and ambition; in her heart longing fought with abnegation. For I was led to the schoolroom, with its sunshine, and its singing, and the teacher's cheery smile; while she was led to the workshop, with its foul air, care-lined faces, and the foreman's stern command. Our going to school was the fulfillment of my father's best promises to us, and Fetchke's share was to fashion and fit the frocks in which the baby sister and I made our first appearance in a public school-room.

I remember to this day the gray pattern of the calico, so affectionately did I regard it as it hung upon the wall — my consecration robe awaiting the beatific day. And Fetchke, I am sure, remembers it, too, so longingly did she regard it as the crisp, starchy breadths of it slid between her fingers. But whatever were her longings, she said nothing of them; she bent over the sewing machine, humming an Old-World melody. And when the momentous day arrived, and the little sister and I stood up to be arrayed, it was Fetchke herself who patted and smoothed my stiff new calico; who made me turn round and round, to see that I was perfect; who stooped to pull out a disfiguring basting thread. If there was anything in her heart besides sisterly love and pride and goodwill, as we parted that morning, it was a sense of loss and a woman's acquiescence in her fate; for we had been close friends, and now our ways would lie apart. Longing she felt, but no envy. She did not grudge me what she was denied. Until that morning we had been children together, but now, at the fiat of her destiny, she became a woman, with all a woman's cares; whilst I, so little younger than she, was bidden to dance at the May festival of untroubled childhood.

Why such a difference in our lots? Because she was she, and I was I. Fetchke's domestic instincts, her good health and docility, had made her from childhood the support of every tottering domestic situation. As formerly she had played nurse and housemother to us younger children, so now, when my father's utmost efforts failed to win bread and shelter for us all, she had to turn bread-winner also. My father intended no injustice toward any of his children. Fetchke was the eldest, the strongest, and the only one of legal age to be put to work. When he could not give all his children equal opportunities, he divided the world between them in accordance with the laws of the country and the compulsion of his circumstances.

III

Father himself conducted me to school, with my brother and little sister. He would not have delegated that mission to the President of the United States. He had awaited the day with impatience equal to mine, and the visions he saw as he hurried us over the sun-flecked pavements transcended all my dreams.

Almost his first act on landing on American soil, three years before, had been his application for naturalization. He had taken the remaining steps in the process with eager promptness, and at the earliest moment allowed by the law, he became a citizen of the United States. It is true that he had left home in search of bread for his hungry family, but he went blessing the necessity that drove him to America. The boasted freedom of the New World meant to him far more than the right to reside, travel, and work wherever he pleased: it meant the freedom

to speak his thoughts, to throw off the shackles of superstition, to test his own fate, unhindered by political or religious tyranny. He was only a young man when he landed — thirty-two — and most of his life he had been held in leading strings. He was hungry for his untasted manhood.

Three years passed in sordid struggle and disappointment. He was not prepared to make a living even in America, where the day-laborer eats wheat instead of rye. Apparently the American flag could not protect him against the pursuing Nemesis of his limitations; he must expiate the sins of his fathers who slept across the seas. He had been endowed at birth with a poor constitution, a nervous, restless temperament, and an abundance of hindering prejudices. In his boyhood his body was starved that his mind might be stuffed with useless learning. In his youth this dearly-got learning was sold, and the price was the bread and salt which he had not been trained to earn for himself. Under the wedding canopy he was bound for life to a girl whose features were still strange to him; and he was bidden to multiply himself, that sacred learning might be perpetuated in his sons, to the glory of the God of his fathers.

All this while he had been led about as a creature without a will, a chattel, an instrument. In his maturity he awoke, and found himself poor in health, poor in purse, poor in useful knowledge, and hampered on all sides. At the first nod of opportunity he broke away from his prison, and strove to atone for his wasted youth by a life of useful labor; while at the same time he sought to enlighten the gloom of his narrow scholarship by freely partaking of modern ideas. But his utmost endeavor still left him far from his goal. In business, nothing prospered with him. Some fault of hand or mind or temperament led him to failure where other men found success. Wherever the blame for his disabilities be placed, he reaped their bitter fruit. 'Give me bread!' he cried to America. 'What will you do to earn it?' the challenge came back. And he found that he was master of no art, of no trade; that even his precious learning was of no avail, because he had only the most antiquated methods of communicating it.

So in his primary quest he had failed. There was left him the compensation of intellectual freedom. That he sought to realize in every possible way. He had very little opportunity to prosecute his education, which, in truth, had never been begun. His struggle for a bare living left him no time to take advantage of the public evening school; but he lost nothing of what was to be learned through reading, through attendance at public meetings, through exercising the rights of citizenship. Even here he was hindered by a natural inability to acquire the English language. In time, indeed, he learned to read, to follow a conversation or lecture; but he never learned to write correctly, and his pronunciation remains extremely foreign to this day.

If education, culture, the higher life, were shining things to be worshiped from afar, he had still a means left whereby he could draw one step nearer to them. He could send his children to school, to learn all those things that he knew by fame to be desirable. The common school, at least, perhaps high school; for one or two, even college! His children should be students, and fill his house with books and intellectual company; and thus he would walk by proxy in the Elysian fields of liberal learning. As for the children themselves, he knew no surer way to their advancement and happiness.

So it was with a heart full of longing and hope that my father led us to

school on that first day. He took long strides in his eagerness, the rest of us running and hopping to keep up.

At last the four of us stood around the teacher's desk; and my father, in his impossible English, gave us over in her charge, with some broken word of his hopes for us that his swelling heart could no longer contain. I venture to say that Miss Nixon was struck by something uncommon in the group we made, something outside of Semitic features and the abashed manner of the alien. My little sister was as pretty as a doll, with her clear pink-and-white face, short golden curls, and eyes like blue violets, when you caught them looking up. My brother might have been a girl, too, with his cherubic contour of face, rich red color, glossy black hair, and fine eyebrows. Whatever secret fears were in his heart, remembering his former teachers, who had taught with the rod, he stood up straight and uncringing before the American teacher, his cap respectfully doffed. Next to him stood a starved-looking girl with eyes ready to pop out, and short dark curls that would not have made much of a wig for a Jewish bride.

All three children carried themselves rather better than the common run of 'green' pupils that were brought to Miss Nixon. But the figure that challenged attention to the group was the tall, straight father, with his earnest face and fine forehead, nervous hands eloquent in gesture, and a voice full of feeling. This foreigner, who brought his children to school as if it were an act of consecration, who regarded the teacher of the primer class with reverence, who spoke of visions, like a man inspired, in a common schoolroom, was not like other aliens, who brought their children in dull obedience to the law; was not like the native fathers, who brought their unmanageable boys, glad to be relieved of their care. I think Miss Nixon guessed what my father's best English could not convey. I think she divined that by the simple act of delivering our school certificates to her he took possession of America.

IV

I was not a bit too large for my little chair and desk in the baby class at school, but my mind, of course, was too mature by six or seven years for the work. So as soon as I could understand what the teacher said in class, I was advanced to the second grade. This was within a week after Miss Nixon took me in hand. But I do not mean to give my dear teacher all the credit for my rapid progress, or even half the credit. On behalf of my race and my family, I shall divide it with her. I was Jew enough to have an aptitude for language in general, and to bend my mind earnestly to my task; I was Antin enough to read each lesson with my heart, which gave me an inkling of what was coming next, and so carried me along by leaps and bounds. As for the teacher, she could best explain what theory she followed in teaching us foreigners to read. I can only describe the method, which was so simple that I wish holiness could be taught in the same way.

There were about half a dozen of us beginners in English, in age from six to fifteen. Miss Nixon made a special class of us, and aided us so skillfully and earnestly in our endeavors to 'see-a-cat,' and 'hear-a-dog,' and 'look-at the-hen,' that we turned over page after page of the ravishing history, eager to find out how the common world looked, smelt, and tasted in the strange speech. The teacher knew just when to let us help each other out with a word in our own tongue,—it happened that we were all Jews,—and

so, working all together, we actually covered more ground in a lesson than the native classes, composed entirely of the little tots.

But we stuck — stuck fast — at the definite article; and sometimes the lesson resolved itself into a species of lingual gymnastics, in which we all looked as if we meant to bite off our tongues. Miss Nixon was pretty, and she must have looked well with her white teeth showing in the act; but at the time I was too solemnly occupied to admire her looks. I did take great pleasure in her smile of approval, whenever I pronounced well; and her patience and perseverance in struggling with us over that thick little word are becoming to her even now, after fifteen years. It is not her fault if any of us to-day give a buzzing sound to the dreadful English *th*.

Whenever the teachers did anything special to help me over my private difficulties, my gratitude went out to them, silently. It meant so much to me that they halted the lesson to give me a lift, that I needs must love them for it. Dear Miss Carrol, of the second grade, would be amazed to hear what small things I remember, all because I was so impressed at the time with her readiness and sweetness in taking notice of my difficulties.

Says Miss Carrol, looking straight at me, 'If Johnnie has three marbles, and Charlie has twice as many, how many marbles has Charlie?'

I raise my hand for permission to speak. 'Teacher, I don't know vhat is tvice.'

Teacher beckons me to her, and whispers in my ear the meaning of the strange word, and I am able to write the sum correctly. It's all in the day's work with her; with me, it is a special act of kindness and efficiency.

She whom I found in the next grade became so dear a friend that I can hardly name her with the rest, though I mention none of them lightly. Her approval was always dear to me, first because she was Teacher, and afterwards, as long as she lived, because she was my Miss Dillingham. Great was my grief, therefore, when, shortly after my admission to her class, I incurred discipline, for the first, and next to the last, time in my school career.

The class was repeating in chorus the Lord's Prayer, heads bowed on desks. I was doing my best to keep up by the sound; my mind could not go beyond the word 'hallowed,' for which I had not found the meaning. In the middle of the prayer the Jewish boy across the aisle trod on my foot to get my attention. 'You must not say that,' he admonished in a solemn whisper. 'It's Christian.' I whispered back that it was n't, and went on, to the 'Amen.' I did not know but what he was right, but the name of Christ was not in the prayer, and I was bound to do everything that the class did. If I had any Jewish scruples, they were lagging away behind my interest in school affairs.

But all Miss Dillingham saw was that two of her pupils whispered during morning prayer, and she must discipline them. So I was degraded from the honor row to the lowest row, and it was many a day before I forgave that young missionary; it was not enough for my vengeance that he suffered punishment with me. Teacher, of course, heard us both defend ourselves, but there was a time and a place for religious arguments, and she meant to help us remember that point.

If I was eager and diligent, my teachers did not sleep. As fast as my knowledge of English allowed, they advanced me from grade to grade, without reference to the usual schedule of promotions. My father was right when he often said, in discussing my prospects, that ability would be promptly

recognized in the public schools. Rapid as was my progress, on account of the advantages with which I started, some of the other 'green' pupils were not far behind me: within a grade or two, by the end of the year. My brother, whose whole childhood had been one hideous nightmare, what with the stupid rebbe, the cruel whip, and the general repression of life in the Pale, surprised my father by the progress he made under intelligent, sympathetic guidance. Indeed, he soon had a reputation in the school that the American boys envied; and all through the school course he more than held his own with pupils of his age. So much for the right and wrong way of doing things.

There is a record of my early progress in English much better than my recollections, however accurate and definite these may be. I have several reasons for introducing it here. First, it shows what the Russian Jew can do with an adopted language; next, it proves that vigilance of our public-school teachers of which I spoke; and last, I am proud of it! That is an unnecessary confession, but I could not be satisfied to insert the record here, with my vanity unavowed.

This is the document, copied from an educational journal, a tattered copy of which lies in my lap as I write — treasured for fifteen years, you see, by my vanity.

Editor *Primary Education:* —

This is the uncorrected paper of a Russian child twelve years old, who had studied English only four months. She had never, until September, been to school even in her own country and has heard English spoken *only* at school. I shall be glad if the paper of my pupil and the above explanation may appear in your paper.

M. S. Dillingham.

Chelsea, Mass.

SNOW

Snow is frozen moisture which comes from the clouds.

Now the snow is coming down in feather-flakes, which makes nice snow-balls. But there is still one kind of snow more. This kind of snow is called snow-crystals, for it comes down in little curly balls. These snow crystals are n't quiet as good for snow-balls as feather-flakes, for they (the snow-crystals) are dry: so they can't keep together as feather-flakes do.

The snow is dear to some children for they like sleighing.

As I said at the top — the snow comes from the clouds.

Now the trees are bare, no flowers are to see in the fields and gardens, (we all know why) and the whole world seems like asleep without the happy birds songs which left us till spring. But the snow which drove away all these pretty and happy things, try (as I think) not to make us at all unhappy; they covered up the branches of the trees, the fields, the gardens and houses, and the whole world looks like dressed in a beautiful white — instead of green — dress, with the sky looking down on it with a pale face.

And so the people can find some joy in it, too, without the happy summer.

Mary Antin.

And now that it stands there, with *her* name over it, I am ashamed of my flippant talk about vanity. More to me than all the praise I could hope to win by the conquest of fifty languages, is the association of this dear friend with my earliest efforts at writing; and it pleases me to remember that to her I owe my very first appearance in print. Vanity is the least part of it, when I remember how she called me to her desk, one day after school was out, and showed me my composition — my own words, that I had written out of my

own head — printed out, clear black and white, with my name at the end! Nothing so wonderful had ever happened to me before. My whole consciousness was suddenly transformed. I suppose that was the moment when I became a writer. I always loved to write, — I wrote letters whenever I had an excuse, — but it had never occurred to me to sit down and write my thoughts for no person in particular, merely to put the world on paper. But now, as I read my own words, in a delicious confusion, the idea was born. I stared at my name: MARY ANTIN. Was that really I? The printed characters composing it seemed strange to me all of a sudden. If that was my name, and those were the words out of my own head, what relation did it all have to *me*, who was alone there with Miss Dillingham, and the printed page between us? Why, it meant that I could write again, and see my writing printed, and — and give it to people to read! I could write many, many things: I could write a book! The idea was so huge, so bewildering, that my mind scarcely could accommodate it.

I never heard of any one who was so watched and coaxed, so passed along from hand to helping hand, as was I. I always had friends. They sprang up everywhere, as if they had stood waiting for me to come. So here was my teacher, the moment she saw that I could give a good paraphrase of her talk on 'Snow,' bent on finding out what more I could do. One day she asked me if I had ever written poetry. I had not, but I went home and tried. I believe it was more Snow, and I know it was wretched. Wretched it was; worse, a great deal, than reams of poetry that is written by children about whom there is no fuss made. But Miss Dillingham was not discouraged. She saw that I had no idea of metre, so she proceeded to teach me. We repeated miles of poetry together, smooth lines that sang themselves, mostly out of Longfellow. Then I would go home and write — oh, about the snow in our back yard! — but when Miss Dillingham came to read my verses, they limped, and they lagged, and they dragged, and there was no tune that would fit them.

At last came the moment of illumination: I saw where my trouble lay. I had supposed that my lines matched when they had an equal number of syllables, taking no account of accent. Now I knew better: now I could write poetry! The everlasting snow melted at last, and the mud-puddles dried in the spring sun, and the grass on the common was green, and still I wrote poetry! Again I wish I had some example of my springtime rhapsodies: the veriest rubbish of the sort that ever a child perpetrated. Lizzie McDee, who had red hair and freckles, and a Sunday-school manner on weekdays, and was below me in the class, did a great deal better. We used to compare verses; and while I do not remember that I ever had the grace to own that she was the better poet, I do know that I secretly wondered why the teachers did not invite her to stay after school and study poetry, while they took so much pains with me. But so it was always with me: somebody did something for me all the time.

About the middle of the year I was promoted to the grammar school. Then it was that I walked on air. For I said to myself that I was a *student* now, in earnest, not merely a school girl learning to spell and cipher. I was going to learn out-of-the-way things, things that had nothing to do with ordinary life — things to *know*. When I walked home afternoons, with the great big geography book under my arm, it seemed to me that the earth was conscious of my step. Sometimes I carried

home half the books in my desk, not because I should need them, but because I loved to hold them; and also because I loved to be seen carrying books. It was a badge of scholarship, and I was proud of it. I remembered the days in Vitebsk when I used to watch my cousin Hirshel start for school in the morning, every thread of his student's uniform, every worn copy-book in his satchel, glorified in my envious eyes. And now I was myself as he; aye, greater than he: for I knew English, and I could write poetry.

The public school has done its best for us foreigners, and for the country, when it has made us into good Americans. I am glad it is mine to tell how the miracle was wrought in one case. You should be glad to hear of it, you born Americans; for it is the story of the growth of your country; of the flocking of your brothers and sisters from the far ends of the earth to the flag you love; of the recruiting of your armies of workers, thinkers, and leaders. And you will be glad to hear of it, my comrades in adoption; for it is a rehearsal of your own experience, the thrill and wonder of which your own hearts have felt.

How long would you say, wise reader, it takes to make an American? By the middle of my second year in school I had reached the sixth grade. When, after the Christmas holidays, we began to study the life of Washington, running through a summary of the Revolution, and the early days of the Republic, it seemed to me that all my reading and study had been idle until then. The reader, the arithmetic, the song-book, that had so fascinated me until now, turned suddenly into sober exercise books, tools wherewith to hew a way to the source of inspiration. When the teacher read to us out of a big book with many bookmarks in it, I sat rigid with attention in my little chair, my hands tightly clasped on the edge of my desk; and I painfully held my breath, to prevent sighs of disappointment escaping, as I saw the teacher skip the parts between bookmarks. When the class read, and it came my turn, my voice shook and the book trembled in my hands. I could not pronounce the name of George Washington without a pause. Never had I prayed, never had I chanted the songs of David, never had I called upon the Most Holy, in such utter reverence and worship as I pronounced the simple sentences of my child's story of the patriot. I gazed with adoration at the portraits of George and Martha Washington, till I could see them with my eyes shut. And whereas formerly my self-consciousness had bordered on conceit, and I thought myself an uncommon person, parading my school-books through the streets, and swelling with pride when a teacher detained me in conversation, now I grew humble all at once, seeing how insignificant I was beside the Great.

As I read about the noble boy who would not tell a lie to save himself from punishment, I was for the first time truly repentant of my sins. Formerly I had fasted and prayed and made sacrifice on the Day of Atonement, but it was more than half play, in mimicry of my elders. I had no real horror of sin, and I knew so many ways of escaping punishment. I am sure my relatives, my neighbors, my teachers in Polotzk — all my world, in fact — strove together, by example and precept, to teach me goodness. Saintliness had a new incarnation in about every third person I knew. I did respect the saints, but I could not help seeing that most of them were a little bit stupid, and that mischief was much more fun than piety. Goodness, as I had known it, was respectable, but not necessarily admirable. The people I

really admired, like my Uncle Solomon, and Cousin Rachel, were those who preached the least and laughed the most. My sister Fetchke was perfectly good, but she did not think the less of me because I played tricks. What I loved in my friends was not inimitable. One could be downright good if one really wanted to. One could be learned if one had books and teachers. One could sing funny songs, and tell anecdotes, if one traveled about and picked up such things, like one's uncles and cousins. But a human being strictly good, perfectly wise, and unfailingly valiant, all at the same time, I had never heard or dreamed of. This wonderful George Washington was as inimitable as he was irreproachable. Even if I had never, never told a lie, I could not compare myself to George Washington; for I was not brave — I was afraid to go out when snow-balls whizzed — and I could never be the First President of the United States.

So I was forced to revise my own estimate of myself. But the twin of my newborn humility, paradoxical as it may seem, was a sense of dignity I had never known before. For if I found that I was a person of small consequence, I discovered at the same time that I was more nobly related than I had ever supposed. I had relatives and friends who were notable people by the old standards, — I had never been ashamed of my family, — but this George Washington who died long before I was born was like a king in greatness, and he and I were Fellow Citizens. There was a great deal about Fellow Citizens in the patriotic literature we read at this time; and I knew from my father how he was a Citizen, through the process of naturalization, and how I also was a Citizen, by virtue of my relation to him. Undoubtedly I was a Fellow Citizen, and George Washington was another. I was thrilled when I realized what sudden greatness had fallen on me; and at the same time I was sobered, as with a sense of responsibility. I strove to conduct myself as befitted a Fellow Citizen.

Before books came into my life, I was given to star-gazing and day-dreaming. When books were given me, I fell upon them as a glutton pounces on his meat, after a period of enforced starvation. I lived with my nose in a book, and took no notice of the alternations of the sun and stars. But now, after the advent of George Washington and the American Revolution, I began to dream again. I strayed on the common after school instead of hurrying home to read. I hung on fence-rails, my pet book forgotten under my arm, and gazed off to the February sunset, and beyond, and beyond. I was no longer the central figure of my dreams: the dry weeds in the lane crackled beneath the tread of Heroes.

What more could America give a child? Ah, much more! As I read how the patriots planned the Revolution, and the women gave their sons to die in battle, and the heroes led to victory, and the rejoicing people set up the Republic, it dawned on me gradually what was meant by *my country*. The people all desiring noble things, and striving for them together, defying their oppressors, giving their lives for each other — all this it was that made *my country*. It was not a thing that I *understood;* I could not go home and tell Fetchke about it, as I told her other things I learned at school. But I knew one could say 'my country' and *feel* it, as one felt 'God' or 'myself.' My teacher, my schoolmates, Miss Dillingham, George Washington himself, could not mean more than I when they said *my country*, after I had once felt it. For the Country was for all the Citizens, and *I was a Citizen.* And when we stood up to sing 'Amer-

ica,' I shouted the words with all my might. I was in very earnest proclaiming to the world my love for my new-found country.

'I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.'

Boston Harbor, Crescent Beach, Chelsea Square — all was hallowed ground to me. As the day approached when the school was to hold exercises in honor of Washington's Birthday, the halls resounded at all hours with the strains of patriotic songs; and I, who was a model of the attentive pupil, more than once lost my place in the lesson, as I strained to hear, through closed doors, some neighboring class rehearsing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' If the doors happened to open, and the chorus broke out unveiled, —

'Oh say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?' —

delicious tremors ran up and down my spine, and I was faint with suppressed enthusiasm.

Where had been my country until now? What flag had I loved? what heroes had I worshiped? Even the very names of these things had been unknown to me. Well I knew that Polotzk was not my country. It was *Goluth* — exile. On many occasions in the year we prayed to God to lead us out of exile. The beautiful Passover service closed with the words, 'Next year, may we be in Jerusalem.' Still, on childish lips, those words were no conscious aspiration; we repeated the Hebrew syllables after our elders, but without their hope and longing. Not that any child among us was too young to feel in his own flesh the lash of the oppressor. We knew what it was to be Jews in exile, from the spiteful treatment we suffered at the hands of the smallest urchin who crossed himself; and thence we knew that Israel had good reason to pray for deliverance. Still, the story of the Exodus was not history to me in the sense that the story of the American Revolution was. It was more like a glorious myth, a belief in which had the effect of cutting me off from the actual world by linking me with a world of phantoms. Those moments of exaltation which the contemplation of the Biblical past afforded us, allowing us to call ourselves the children of princes, served but to tinge with a more poignant sense of disinheritance the long humdrum stretches of our life. In very truth we were a people without a country. Surrounded by mocking foes and detractors, it was difficult for me to realize the persons of my people's heroes or the events in which they moved. Except in moments of abstraction from the world around me, I scarcely understood that Jerusalem was an actual spot on the earth, where once the Kings of the Bible, real people, like my neighbors in Polotzk, ruled in puissant majesty. For the conditions of our civil life did not permit us to cultivate a spirit of nationalism. The freedom of worship that was grudgingly granted within the narrow limits of the Pale by no means included the right to set up openly any ideal of a Hebrew State, any hero other than the Czar. What we children picked up of our ancient political history was confused with the miraculous story of the Creation, with the supernatural legends and hazy associations of Bible lore. As to our future, we Jews in Polotzk had no national expectations; only as individuals we dreamed of America, as of a place of refuge. If Fetchke and I sang, with my father, first making sure of our audience, 'Zion, Zion, Holy Zion, not forever is it lost,' we did not really picture to ourselves Judæa restored.

So it came to pass that we did not know what *my country* could mean to a

man. And as we had no country, so we had no flag to love. It was by no far-fetched symbolism that the banner of the House of Romanoff became the emblem of our latter-day bondage in our eyes. Even a child would know how to hate the flag that we were forced, on pain of severe penalties, to hoist above our housetops, in celebration of the advent of one of our oppressors. And as it was with country and flag, so it was with heroes of war. We hated the uniform of the soldier, to the last brass button. On the person of a Gentile, it was the symbol of tyranny; on the person of a Jew, it was the emblem of shame.

So a little Jewish girl in Polotzk was apt to grow up hungry-minded and empty-hearted; and if, still in her outreaching youth, she was set down in a land of outspoken patriotism, she was likely to love her new country with a great love, and to embrace its heroes in a great worship. Naturalization, with us Russian Jews, may mean more than the adoption of the immigrant by America: it may mean the adoption of America by the immigrant.

[In the February number, Mary Antin will continue the story of her American experiences. — THE EDITORS.]

FOR A JANUARY BIRTHDAY

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

WHY count the evanescent years?
  Such empty pastime palls.
What quality of eld inheres
  In linkèd numerals?
Away with mathematick fears!

Come prove the good old adage true: —
  The more shall make more merry.
If every year be gay, and new,
  And young as January, —
Better a many than a few.

Methought I saw a robin's wing
  Among the budding trees!
What need of chilly lingering
  Mid wintry reveries,
When life is at the edge of spring?

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

X

AFFAIRS OF STATE

STILL feeling rather a puppet in the hands of fate, Philip reached No. 88 Grosvenor Square, the corner house, about twenty minutes after the hour appointed. But as the great Proconsul really must be at the House of Lords by a quarter to four, luncheon had already begun.

'I notice, Philip,' said S. of P., who had arranged with the Woolsack to address his fellow peers in support of the Daylight-Saving Bill that afternoon, 'that you hardly realize how important and how valuable time is to all of us. I said half-past one distinctly in my note.'

The unfortunate young man apologized very humbly and politely to the great Proconsul.

Considering what an Odyssey his life had been that morning, the young fellow made a very decent luncheon. Just the wing of a woodcock, and a bit off the breast, a few slices of York ham, a jam-puff or so, a bite of cheese and an imperial pint of bitter ale out of a presentation silver tankard bearing the arms of 'Ch: Ch:' Blind instinct seemed to tell the young man that he must keep up his strength, because there was a dull sensation behind the chocolate waistcoat, knitted for him by his mother, which clearly suggested that trouble was looming in the middle distance. Port wine, green chartreuse, a big cigar, and black coffee all played their manly parts. Yes, with the help of the gods, he might be able to keep up his end all right; although he was by no means sure that he liked that concentrated governing-classes look in the eye of the good old mater.

The after-luncheon conference in the library, however, was most impressive. The Governing Classes were distinctly fortissimo; and in spite of his ample sustenance, Mr. Philip felt rather meagre in the presence of this deep reverence for the established order, and so much of that which is best in the public and private life of these islands.

Lord Rocklaw, subject to certain contingencies, was prepared to accept other contingencies in respect of Adela. The first Baron was admirably clear and statesmanlike in his *aperçu* of the most interesting position which had been evolved by the higher diplomacy.

'Sometime in October, at dear Saint George's,' thought the good old mater.

The heir to the barony was silent, dismal, and undone. He had hesitated about a second green chartreuse; he wished now that he had obeyed the inward monitor. There was a sense of vacuum behind the knitted chocolate waistcoat that was really the devil.

'It is like this, you know — ' The young man floundered and came down rather awkwardly at fence Number One. 'Adela and I — well, fact is, we have n't — '

The Governing Classes showed great patience.

'We have n't sort of — you know — '

'I am afraid we don't, my boy,' said

S. of P., with the blandness that goes so well with conscious power.

'The end of October is such a *good* time, especially if there is to be an autumn session,' said Mother.

'Yes, I dare say,' said the young man, 'but fact is, Adela and I have never quite hit it off from the start.'

The Governing Classes, with lowered eyelids, looked across the chaste expanse of Messrs. Maple's carpet at one another. The pause was rather trying. Yes, it was an awful pity about that second green chartreuse.

At last S. of P. was sorry.

The rejoinder may look a little inadequate. But it was n't really. Eton and Balliol, 'distinguished public service,' terms of intimacy with his Majesty's late government, are capable of considerable chest-resonance on the domestic hearth. It was already clear that the higher statesmanship might have to be tempered with a little benevolent autocracy.

'Warlock is really most liberal — that is, of course, for an Irish peerage.'

'*Most* liberal, Wally,' the Suffolk Colthurst chimed.

'Is n't October rather soon, mater?' said Mr. Philip, beginning to shape like a tailor at fence Number Two.

'The sooner the better we think.'

'I agree with you, Agatha.'

'Oh, but — ' said the unfortunate heir.

The Governing Classes were to be butted no buts, however.

'Philip,' said the good old mater, 'your father has been at the trouble to draw up an announcement for the *Morning Post.* It will be shown to Lord Warlock this evening, and with his sanction it will be sent to the editor by the first post to-morrow.'

'I don't think I should trouble, mater, if I were you,' said the unhappy young man.

Now, that really was rather ineffectual, and sounded quite as much so as it appears.

'The sooner the announcement is made, the better I think,' said Father. 'Adela is a charming girl; you are a very lucky fellow; and you are to be envied. Philip, my dear boy, with all my heart I congratulate you.'

S. of P. stepped briskly off Messrs. Maple's best hearthrug and shook the heir to the barony warmly by the hand.

'Kiss me, dear Philip.' And Mother offered the blond bland frontispiece.

No seaworthy excuse can be put forward for dear Philip's refusal to kiss his mother. Not a refusal exactly; but he burked the issue by asking to be allowed to read the announcement which his father had taken the trouble to draw up for the *Morning Post.*

A very little research discovered the interesting document on the first baron's writing table.

Mr. Philip read the announcement as duly set forth in the rather illegible paternal hand. He then sighed heavily; and then it was that the Green Chartreuse really behaved so well. The young man folded the announcement carefully and placed it in his cigar-case.

'Well, if you prefer to send it yourself — so long as it *is* sent, my dear boy.'

'I hope you won't forget all about it, Philip,' said Mother.

'But I am not going to send it,' said the young man, all simplicity and politeness.

There was great credit due to the Green Chartreuse.

Both parents were a little aghast.

Why was n't dear Philip going to send it?

Dear Philip thought it was premature.

The Governing Classes almost achieved the tragic note. Warlock would not take kindly to delay, said Father, in deep tones. Was it kind to

dear Adela? asked the third person at the conference.

'I shall be glad to hear the grounds of your objection,' said S. of P.

It was merely that they did n't seem quite to hit it off. Adela was an awfully nice girl; the fault was his entirely; but still he did n't quite feel as if he wanted to marry her — yet.

In this charming passage in the aria, the Suffolk Colthurst fluted tremulously. So *sweet* a girl as Adela, so *good* a family, such *excellent* connections —

The great Proconsul was much surprised, in his deepest, richest baritone.

But there it was! said the pot-valiant Green Chartreuse.

Nevertheless, the Governing Classes seemed hardly able to concede that it was there. They were dining that evening in Mount Street to meet Warlock's sister, Dumbarton's sixth duchess. Had n't dear Philip better return the sheet of note-paper to his father, since he hardly appeared to realize its importance.

The young man rose slowly to his feet to confront the Governing Classes.

'Fact is, you know,' said he, 'I have n't asked her yet; and if I did ask her, I'm pretty certain she would n't have me. Not that I blame her, of course.'

'Philip, you must listen to me,' said the Proconsul impressively. 'Lady Adela will, I am sure, be quite willing to identify herself with the wishes of her father. My dear boy, allow me to express the hope that you, as the future head of your family, will show yourself in every respect worthy of a girl so charming.'

The firmness of the Powers was rather awkward. From their point of view they were right, no doubt. The clear and obvious duty of Philip was to marry Adela and further consolidate the fortunes of a newly-risen family.

Was n't it rather selfish to do otherwise?

Has a chap a right to be selfish, even when his life's happiness is at stake? Depends on the sort of chap you are, said the Green Chartreuse. Personally, we consider, said the Green Chartreuse, you will be the 'absolute it' in the fool class if you allow your people to queer your pitch for you on the score of Family. Adela is a cat, and you know it; Mary Caspar is a nailer, and you know that too; you have no need to be ambitious; you will have quite as much money and quite as much position as is good for any young fellow. If you don't want to make a clean sweep of all the prizes in the Juggins Department, you will pull up your socks, my son, and answer in the negative in a quiet, firm, and manly voice.

Here it was, however, that Destiny, who seemed to hold a watching brief for the defendant, played a very useful card for the Green Chartreuse. S. of P. consulted his private timepiece, and raised his well-brushed white eyebrows in dismay. A quarter past three already and he made a point of never missing prayers if he had to keep an appointment with the Woolsack. In the circumstances there was only one thing to be done, and that was to move that the Conference stand adjourned.

'Come to lunch on Sunday, Philip, and in the meantime the announcement had better be kept out of the papers.'

We hope, my lords and gentlemen, you concur with us, that it was a decidedly useful card that the old fox, Destiny, had played for the Green Chartreuse.

XI

LICENTIOUS BEHAVIOR OF THE GREEN CHARTREUSE

The heir to the barony was a superficial young man, — it is idle to pretend that he was n't, — yet in his slow-witted way he had a habit of turning things

over in his mind. If he married Adela, it would please his parents immensely; it would advance him in the world undoubtedly; people would say, here is a young man wiser than we thought, — see how well he has married. But there was no shirking the fact that if he married Adela, he was bound to be miserable for the rest of his days.

Weak, disgraceful thoughts, Shelmerdine, quoth the Twin Brethren, Eton and Christ Church. It was not on *our* playing fields you learned to be so puerile. No girl in London makes a more distinguished appearance in black velvet. You will shoot at Highcliff. With what grace and charm will the seventh *married* daughter preside over that dear little house in Grosvenor Street on the left going to the park, which your admirable parents have promised her admirable parent to take for you on a lease, in order that you may both be near them.

Shelmerdine, we don't know when we have been so ashamed of an alumnus of ours. If you have n't enough character, sir, to tackle the very ordinary job of driving a young woman on the curb, — as every young woman ought to be driven for her soul's welfare at the beginning, — you are a miserable shirker, sir, and unworthy of the most liberal nurture that money can procure.

In that event, sir, we wash our hands of you; and you are free to form an alliance with this underbred Bohemian, — it is not our custom to mince our language when our emotions are deeply stirred, — bring down the gray hairs of your admirable parents in sorrow to the grave — your portrait receive the freedom of the gutter press — you will never be asked to shoot at Highcliff — you will bring tragedy into your own life and into the life of others — in fact, sir, and in a word — One understood these infernal safety-razors were guaranteed not to cut gashes in one's neck!

Little recked Cinderella of the reason why the heir to the barony had to appear at tea-time on Friday done up in court-plaister. He was also strangely pensive and embarrassed. She was as cheerful and charming as usual; and she had just been engaged to create the title rôle in Mr. Wingrove's brilliant new play at the Millennium, that was to be produced in the middle of Lent. But poor Philip was far from being himself. Still he insisted on walking home with Mary to Bedford Crescent, when it did n't really seem in the least necessary.

However, by the time they had reached the Strand, that romantic thoroughfare, the murder was pretty well out. It really came out as they stood on the edge of the curb opposite Charing Cross, waiting for the moment in which they might commit their frail lives to the maelstrom of mechanically-propelled vehicles, with a sporting chance of being able to boast of it to their grand children.

'Fact is, old girl,' the heir to the barony gripped Mary firmly by the arm to see that she did n't step off the curb too soon — 'fact is, old girl, I want a pal. Will you be a pal to me?'

'Why of course I will, Philip,' said Mary, as they walked arm in arm into the jaws of a Barnes and Hammersmith 'bus.

'A pal for life, I mean, old girl.'

By the time they had got to the opposite curb, Mary was quivering. And the color in her face surmounted the natural pallor of her profession.

'Oh, but, Philip —'

'You will, old girl!'

'I don't think that Granny — besides — !'

'Besides what, old girl?'

The knitted chocolate waistcoat was beginning to be grievously assaulted.

'It would n't do — for you I mean — although it is sweet of you to have asked me, Philip.'

'It's whether it would do for you, old girl. I'm not much of a chap, I know, but I should begin to pick up a bit, I'm sure I should, if I had got a real pal like you to pull my socks up for me.'

'It is n't because I don't like you, Philip,' said Mary, so nicely that the owner of the knitted chocolate waistcoat wanted to clasp her to it in one of London's most important thoroughfares. 'It is because I do.'

'I'll risk it, anyway.'

'But I don't think you should — really. Your people, you know. And I'm sure that Granny —'

'Oh, but this is our affair, old girl. I've thought it all out; and if a chap wants a wife I don't see that anybody has a right to meddle. It's askin' a lot, I know — your career and all that — but I've enough for two, and you would n't have to sing and dance to three thousand people when you were feeling so cheap you did n't know how.'

Mary was troubled by this importunity as a girl as nice as she was was bound to be. She had already grown to like this sombre and rather heavy young man; she felt by no means incapable of being a father, a mother, a brother and a sister to him, or any equally near relation whose function it would be to pull his socks up for him. But she was also a very sensible and unselfish girl, — which is the least you expect in a heroine, — also a very clear-sighted and shrewd young woman; and when she said that Granny would never, she really meant what she said, and a great deal more than she did say.

All the same she was very proud and happy as she turned up Bedford Street, with the hand of Philip still gripping her arm very tightly, although in this haven there was not a solitary Barnes and Hammersmith 'bus to warrant a continuance of such a course of behavior.

The heir to the barony, in our humble judgment, was about the luckiest young fellow in London just then, to be walking up Bedford Street with a girl as good as gold in his possession. Very nearly, but not quite in his possession. He had come at his fence so boldly; it was an inspiration to have taken off just where he did in the welter of Barnes and Hammersmith omnibuses in front of Charing Cross; his solid, manly British qualities had shone out suddenly so clear and free, that where another might have hesitated and come a purler, this sportsman had gone straight at the obstacle and very nearly come home a winner. Very nearly captured the queen of beauty, but not quite, although she was feeling very proud and happy because of the honor done to her, — and it *is* an honor, O you young ladies of Newnham and Girton, the highest that can be paid to you; so please to remember it, my dears, when you turn down your thumbs to the next undesirable, — and she blushed so charmingly all the way up the street that it was a pity there were not more lamps in Long Acre by which you could have seen her.

Their feet swayed together in a delightful rhythm in their radiant progress; spats by Grant and Cockburn and Mr. Moykppf's most superior handstitched Russia leather, and eight-and-eleven-penny Walk-easies made by the gross at Kettering, which had no spats upon 'em. Yes, it was a lovely walk in the dark amid the purlieus of Long Acre. Several times they lost their way and did n't try very hard to find it. And then suddenly, from out of the distant mirk, where the time-spirit was keeping its grim eye upon 'em, the hour was told from Saint Martin's Church.

One — two — three — four — five six — seven! — the excited heart of the Principal Girl counted each stroke. Cinderella must fly. She would only just have time to drink her Oxo, and to get into her rags — which were not rags at all really — and fix her war-paint, if the great British Public was not to receive one of the severest disappointments in its annals.

'Well, think about it, old girl — although I don't mean to take "No." I've made up my mind to that.'

They were on Granny's doorstep now. And there let us leave them without waiting to see what happened.

Did something happen?

We decline to gratify idle curiosity upon the subject.

The really important thing that did happen, before Cinderella slipped her latch-key in the door, was that Mr. Philip reaffirmed his manly determination not to take 'No' for an answer, and that he would come and interview Granny after she had had her siesta on the afternoon of the Sabbath day.

XII

THE PROCONSULAR TOUCH

It had been a crowded and glorious week for the Green Chartreuse, but it was not until the Sabbath day that it had really to embrace the crisis of its fate. Mary had not said Yes, and she had not said No, but she had seemed to imply that Granny might prove obdurate. Then there was also that little obstacle in Grosvenor Square to negotiate. Yes, taking one fact with another, it was perfectly clear to the Twin Brethren that Sunday promised to be a rather important day in the calendar.

The heir to the barony did not go to church on the morning of the fateful day, although perhaps it would have been wise to have done so. He read *The Referee* instead, in order to collect a few ideas as to his general bearing in the convention to be held after luncheon in the library at No. 88 Grosvenor Square.

The Governing Classes were decidedly *ff*. Not a day later than the third week in October, Warlock thought, otherwise it would play the dickens with his shooting.

'Egypt would be such a *nice* place in which to spend the honeymoon,' said Mother.

Little recked the Powers, however, of the Homeric struggle that was being waged within the precincts of the immaculate braided morning coat that sat so perfectly upon the manly form of Mr. Philip.

Do, if you Dare, said the Twin Brethren.

Don't be a Cur, said the Green Chartreuse.

And as no young man likes to be thought a Cur by a boon companion, the miserable, yet half-exultant heir gathered his forces for the conflict.

'There's something, father, I'd like to say,' said he, as he performed the superfluous action of tucking the end of his handkerchief still further up his shirt sleeve.

Perfect frankness was invited.

'I would like to say,' said the young man, 'before we go any further, that I don't feel that I can marry Adela.'

The timepiece with the silvery tones had the only speaking part for the space of ninety seconds. And then outspoke Mother.

'Phil-ipp!'

'Can't — possibly — mater.'

'Phil-ipp!'

And all this time the benevolent autocrat, who had put on his eyeglasses and taken them off again and then put them on again, was trying to recapture the touch of a great proconsul who had

started out in life with a Balliol scholarship.

'Of course, my dear boy, you must use your own discretion.' The proconsular eyelids conveyed a delicate suggestion to the Suffolk Colthurst that after all the *suaviter in modo* cannot be surpassed in the hands of an acknowledged master. 'But, as Warlock knows already, we shall be very happy to make Lady Adela welcome in the family.'

'Oh yes, of course, but you see —'

Neither parent appeared to see, unfortunately, so that the poor Green Chartreuse grew desperate.

'So you see, I've kind of proposed to another girl.'

The Proconsul took off his eyeglasses and buttoned his coat; the Colthurst of Suffolk manipulated her third and fourth chins into a condition of majestically eloquent inarticulation. The silver timepiece alone was moved to make an observation, and that, of course, was quite irrelevant.

'Her name is Mary Caspar, and she is an absolute nailer,' said the heir to the barony.

'A pantomime performer, I believe,' said Mother, who, like every member of her family, had an almost uncanny memory for names.

'An absolute nailer,' said Mr. Philip.

Three weeks ago the young man had taken to Jaeger underclothing, but even that hardly seemed able to cope with the thermometer.

'It is n't quite fixed up definite. She seems to think there are things against it, but I'm goin' to talk it over this afternoon with her old grandmother.'

'Who, pray, is her grandmother?' inquired Mother.

'Her name is Mrs. Cathcart, and she lives at 10 Bedford Gardens.'

'I will call upon her,' said Mother, somewhat ostentatiously making a note of the address.

'Philip,' said the Great Proconsul, 'you must listen to me. I am afraid this is all very improper. A man of your age, my dear boy, ought to know that in these days they give swingeing damages for breach. This must go no further, you understand; and the best thing we can hope for is that the young woman's grandmother is as sensible as we have a right to expect an old woman and a grandmother to be.'

But then, as the young fellow explained with pardonable circumlocution, he was in deadly earnest and meant it all the time.

Fortiter in re, as classical scholars do not require to be told, is the natural corollary of *suaviter in modo*. Spasmodic trumpetings were emitted freely by the Great Proconsul. The Colthurst of Suffolk also had recourse to the clarion note. It was really a scene of great majesty and power, and it lasted until hard upon tea-time. The behavior of the heir was subversive of all that there was left to subvert in the Cosmos, since the wicked Welsh Chancellor's deadly missiles had knocked Mars and Jupiter and several other leading planets clean out of their orbits.

What would people say, said Mother.

Swingeing damages these days, and rightly, reaffirmed the Great Proconsul.

She was n't that sort of girl at all, said Philip the manful. He had had to make all the running. Father and Mother must n't misjudge her. And they must forgive him if he seemed to have lost his head a bit, but it was all for the best he was sure. Never been able to hit it off with Adela; had n't any tastes in common. It would be better so.

'Don't be ridiculous, Phil-ipp,' said Mother upon G sharp.

Was it conceivable that the Eldest Son was without a sense of moral responsibility? blandly inquired the Ex-Resident of Barataria North-West.

'I hope the grandmother of the Person is a woman of the world,' said Mother. 'To-morrow I will call upon her.'

And then the heir to the barony spoke like a very nice young chap. He sincerely hoped his excellent parents would not blame him more than they felt obliged. He had thought it all out in the watches of the night; it would be all for the best, she was such an absolute dear; he would be awfully pleased to trot her round for inspection; and was there really any reason why a man rising thirty with a private income should not marry a nice girl?

But then, said Mother, dearest Adela is a girl in a thousand.

And please don't forget, said Father, the Proconsul, you are the future head of a recently ennobled Family.

If only he could Abdicate! murmured the wretched Green Chartreuse.

Neither Father nor Mother heard it, fortunately.

And then in tones of solemn music, the silver-tongued timepiece chimed the hour of half-past four.

'By Jove,' said the heir to the barony with a sigh of relief. 'How awfully late!' And rising to his full height from Messrs. Maple's choice upholstery, he dispensed a cloud of sweet and gentle and perfectly sincere apology.

He did not desire to bring a moment of pain to his excellent parents. He was sure it would be all for the best if only he could persuade her to have him — he had not persuaded her yet, worse luck! But in spite of this charming urbanity, Mother took no leave of him; Father had 'a damned disinheriting countenance' as he escaped through the door of the library.

A pretty mess you have made of things, you fool! snarled the Twin Brethren, as Mr. Jennings showed him over the doormat and whistled up a taxi.

XIII

A TIGHT PLACE

The Green Chartreuse was able to break its journey at Romano's, as it passed that home of wassail en route to Bedford Gardens. And having done so, it was able to answer back a bit, but only in a very minor key just now, my lords and gentlemen.

The dear girl let Philip in herself, because it was Jane's afternoon out. Was n't she very tired after the two performances of yesterday? Not a bit. But was n't he a bit below the weather? No? She thought he looked so, rather. Merely because he had been lunching with his people, was it? Very wrong to make a joke of such a filial action, particularly as Grosvenor Square on a Sunday is thought to be the home of the serious.

Granny was sitting very upright in the cosy corner, and looking very stately in her smartest cap with real lace on it that had been worn by Siddons. An approximation of the grand manner when she shook hands. The weather not cold perhaps for the season of the year, but when one was turned four and eighty one's vitality was perhaps a little less than formerly.

Miss Mary brought in the tea, looking frightfully demure.

Grandmamma herself had a preference for Chayney tea. She hoped Mr. Shelmerdine did not object to Chayney tea. If he did, there was whiskey and soda, which some gentlemen preferred. John Philip Kemble always preferred it; likewise John, his father; and she had heard that this preference was shared by Edmund Kean, who was her godpapa, — and the silver mug he gave her at her christening was upon the chiffonier.

Had Mr. Shelmerdine heard that the Lane was going to double Mary's

salary, and desired her to sign a contract for a term of five years?

'Two hundred a week, Mr. Shelmerdine. A fabulous sum. Why, I don't think that Garrick —'

'Not a penny more than she deserves, ma'am,' averred the heir to the barony.

'Mr. Shelmerdine, it is enough to make Edmund Kean turn in his grave. A preposterous sum for a girl of very ordinary ability, without any true histrionic genius. Why, I don't think that Siddons in the heyday of her power —'

'Why of course she did n't, you jealous old Granny. And if I were a woman of genius like you are and she was, I should n't be getting it either, and signing contracts. Don't you agree, Philip?'

And Miss Mary fixed the young man with her glorious gray eye, and said to him quite distinctly by the Marconi system, 'Say yes in your heartiest voice, like a dear boy.'

So of course the young fellow had to say 'Yes' when he meant 'No.'

It is unkind to make comparisons, but tea and cake in Bedford Gardens, thought Mr. Philip, is a far more interesting function than a four-course luncheon farther west. And yet the young man had by no means a great appetite just now. It was the crisis of his fate. Had Mary told Grandmamma? And what would Grandmamma say, if told she had been? For men and gods, these were all-important questions.

Certainly the old thing in the real lace that had been worn by Siddons, was very *grande dame* indeed. Diction clear-cut, lively, and forcible; not a single English actor worthy of the name in the present generation, and she had n't seen the foreign ones; in fact, the race had perished with Mr. Macready who had often taken her to Gad's Hill to drink tea with Mr. Dickens.

'But what about Sir Henry Irving, Granny?' said Mary, covertly twitching her charming left eyelid at the heir.

'Pretty well for an amateur, my dear; but better fitted to play the hind leg of a dragon than the Prince of Denmark.'

'Oh, how terribly severe!' said Mary, so demurely that the Morning Coat had an overpowering desire to clasp her to its Braided Bosom.

'Good at melodrama no doubt, my dear,' said Granny, 'in the Surrey theatres; but to my mind wholly unfitted to carry on the great tradition of Edmund Kean and John Kemble.'

It is by no means clear that the Braided Morning Coat was able to enjoy Grandmamma's caustic criticism of the present hopelessly inferior histrionic age as much as it might have done, because there was that sinking sensation somewhere about the third button which somehow seemed to suggest that it was going to be its turn presently. And although a very ordinary sort of coat, which put forth no special claim to be endowed with the gift of prophecy, in this it was undoubtedly correct.

When at last its turn came it seemed to arrive rather suddenly. It was when the Chayney tea and the cake and bread and butter, having ceased to have attractions, were removed by Mary, still acting as deputy of Jane, the parlor-maid.

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble, 'I am given to understand that you have been good enough to make my granddaughter a proposal of marriage.'

'I hope you don't mind, ma'am,' murmured the Braided Morning Coat, whose diction, however, although that of Eton and Ch: Ch: was for the time being, at any rate, nothing like so distinguished as that of Grandmamma.

'I may say at once, Mr. Shelmerdine,'

said the Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble, 'that I am sensible of the honor that has been paid to my granddaughter. Further, I may say that she also is sensible of the honor that has been paid to her, as every right-minded girl should be, even when, as in this case, she is unfortunately unable to accept it.'

That unhappy feeling was coming over Mr. Philip that afflicted him on the occasions when he called at the Foreign Office to look up the friends of his boyhood. It is magnificent, and it has to do with war.

'I regret, Mr. Shelmerdine, that I cannot give my consent. You are a personable and mannerly young man — I am old enough to speak with freedom, and even if I were not, I have always been accustomed to use it. You have considerable private means, I am informed by my granddaughter, who has an independent mind, yet one which is in no sense mercenary, and I think it is probable that you will make an excellent husband for a young woman in your own sphere of life; but to be quite frank with you, Mr. Shelmerdine, I do not feel that I can give my consent to the Match.'

The Braided Morning Coat was cast down not a little.

Still Grandmamma knew how to temper firmness of character with kindness and consideration; and that, of course, the world has a right to look for in majestic old ladies who have played Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble.

'My granddaughter, Mr. Shelmerdine, comes of a very old theatrical stock. One of her forebears — a great-great-great-grandfather of my own — played in Shakespeare's own company. Without impropriety, I think I am entitled to say that her standing in her profession is likely to be one of eminence.'

Braided Morning Coat hardly needed that assurance.

'In the circumstances, Mr. Shelmerdine, perhaps I am entitled to ask what is your own profession?'

This question was a little too complex for the Braided Morning Coat to be able to answer offhand. Still the worthy garment struggled manfully and did its best.

Four years in the Guards, but at a loose end at present. Had thought of going into Parliament.

Lady Macbeth agreed that the ablest young men in the country made rather a point of finding their way into Parliament, and long might it be so — but unfortunately this particular able young man was not in Parliament yet.

'If it will help things, ma'am,' said the Braided Morning Coat, 'I will see about it at once.'

It was spoken like a man of spirit and an English gentleman, which after all is just what you expect of a Braided Morning Coat and Spats by Grant and Cockburn; but Grandmamma, confessing to reluctance, was bound to say that although this spirited conduct might help things a little, she was afraid that it would not help them sufficiently.

Braided Morning Coat was awfully sorry. So was Grandmamma, sincerely sorry; such a mannerly and personable young man; same school as John Philip Kemble, though not the same college; but it appeared to her, speaking with all reserve, and an ample sense of responsibility, that Mr. Shelmerdine's status in his profession, whatever his profession might be, — and she was not so clear on that point as she would like to be, — was due to the fact that he was the eldest son of his father.

Braided Morning Coat confessed frankly that it might be so, although he was not without pecuniary resources of

his own. There was a small property in Cheshire which had come to him recently through his Aunt Tabitha, and was let on a five years' lease to the financial adviser of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

'I learn from my granddaughter, Mr. Shelmerdine, that your father is a Peer.'

Braided Morning Coat humbly made that damaging admission.

'And that you inherit?'

Braided Morning Coat, beginning to feel very low and miserable, pleaded guilty to this also.

'All this to my mind, Mr. Shelmerdine, constitutes an insuperable barrier.'

Diction beautifully clear and mellow. How can it be otherwise with the Kean and Kemble tradition!

'Let me make myself quite understood, Mr. Shelmerdine. It hardly seems right to my mind, that an old theatrical family should form an alliance with a comparatively recent peerage. I believe, Mr. Shelmerdine, comparatively recent is not in excess of the facts. Jane, my parlor-maid, has looked it up in Debrett, as my eyesight is not of the best. Created 1904, I believe, — to the best of my recollection, — during Mr. Vandeleur's second administration.'

The answer was in the affirmative.

'Your father is a man of great distinction, I understand, a great proconsul, who has rendered invaluable service to the Empire. All that I have heard about him redounds to his honor, but I cannot think he would give his sanction to this proposed alliance. I may say that I should not, if I were he.'

Braided Morning Coat was awfully sorry.

'The fact is, Mr. Shelmerdine, I am strongly opposed to this modern craze for contracting matrimonial alliances between the theatrical profession and the peerage. To my mind, they are two entirely alien institutions. They both have their personal traditions and their private status of which they have a right to be jealous; but it seems to me, and I am sure I voice the opinion of John Philip Kemble, were he not in his grave, that this unfortunate custom, which has lately come into vogue, lowers the dignity of both those institutions, is demoralizing in itself, and tends to diminish the respect in which either is held by the Public.'

Braided Morning Coat felt that 'Hear, Hear!' would have been appropriate to this beautifully delivered oration. But it had not the spirit now to say 'Hear, Hear' to anything. Its fond but presumptuous hopes lay shattered in a thousand pieces.

'The Public expects certain things of you, Mr. Shelmerdine, as a future hereditary legislator and the future head of a distinguished family. As a woman of extended public experience, let me give you this piece of advice, which was given to me by Mr. Macready: Never disappoint the Public, and the Public will never disappoint you. You have your duties to fulfill — to yourself, to your family, and to your country. I do not say that my granddaughter would be incapable of helping you to fulfill them, because a member of an old theatrical family, in my judgment, Mr. Shelmerdine, is unworthy of the great traditions in which she has been bred if she cannot adorn any position to which it may please Providence to call her. But at the same time, I recognize that public opinion looks to you to form an alliance elsewhere. I am sure it will be a great disappointment to everybody and a great grief to your excellent parents, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, but who I am sure must be very worthy as well as very distinguished people, to have a son who in every way is so agreeable, if you persist in this de-

sire to form an alliance with my granddaughter.'

Braided Morning Coat, for all the compliments paid to it, which it had every reason to think sincere, began to feel as chastened as if it had been knocked down and run over by a Barnes and Hammersmith omnibus. Long before Grandmamma had said her say, the unlucky garment had n't a kick left in it.

Where was Mary? Somehow it did not seem to be playing quite fair to leave him all this time to the tender mercies of Grandmamma. Full of mischief like the rest of 'em, thought the Braided Morning Coat. She knows all the time we are gettin' it terrific; but instead of standin' by us like a man and a brother, she retires to the basement to help cook peel the potatoes for supper.

'I hope, ma'am,' said the miserable varlet, 'you'll be able to reconsider your decision.'

'I am afraid I must ask you to find a reason for that course.'

'Well, ma'am, it's hardly my fault that I may have to be a peer.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine, I quite accept that statement.'

In the neck again, you silly blighter, snarled the Twin Brethren.

'I'd abdicate if I could, but I can't, ma'am, accordin' to the rules of the country. My Governor says —'

'Mr. Shelmerdine, I fully appreciate the insurmountable nature of the barrier.'

'I shall have enough to keep a wife, ma'am, but if you feel that I ought to go into Parliament, I shall be only too pleased to see about it at once.'

Lady Macbeth appreciated the honorable nature of the proposal, which intensified her great regret. But even a seat in Parliament could not gloss over the fact that he was the son of his father.

Suddenly the front-door bell pealed loudly down in the basement and reverberated throughout the house. A casual caller — perhaps Grandmamma's old friend, Sir Squire, who called to see her most Sundays when he was in London.

The Braided Morning Coat winged a pious apostrophe to its private, particular gods.

Alas! the luckless garment was a trifle premature in its hymn of thanksgiving.

(To be continued.)

THE TIPPAH PHILHARMONIC

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

As indicated by its name, the Philharmonic Society was originally a musical organization, but in time it became also literary and social in its purpose. Both men and women belong to this club, which meets every other Tuesday evening, at the house of a member.

Tippah comes nearer to being without class distinctions than any other place, outside of romantic fiction. There are two races living side by side, but there are not two classes. Nearly all the white people are descended from the original settlers, members of good old Virginia and Carolina families. There has been no immigration from the North, and the few strangers who have drifted in from neighboring states have always established a claim to recognition by the older residents, and complete identification with them has soon followed. After the War, everybody was poor; and no one, except the lawyers, doctors, and farmers, knew how to earn a living. It was therefore natural for a man to turn his hand to anything that offered itself, without a moment's consideration whether it was an occupation suited to his social position. There was no apology, no explanation. Men in whose veins flowed the blood of all the Howards — to use a grandiloquent Southern phrase — thought no shame of measuring calico behind a counter, of managing a livery-stable, or of following the plough. Life-insurance has never been regarded with favor in Tippah, and many widows found themselves penniless after the War or the Fever. Penniless, but not helpless, for they lost no time in resorting to one or another of the three methods by which it was considered proper for a woman to support herself. They 'took in sewing,' or they kept boarders, or they taught music or elementary English in the schools.

This taking up of any form of work, by the men, 'calling nothing common or unclean,' has kept the village clear from snobbishness, but it has also checked the development of a healthy ambition in the younger generation. A boy growing up with the knowledge that it will be considered right and fitting for him to leave school at fourteen and begin polishing apples and sweeping the floor in a small grocery store, — kept, perhaps, by his uncle, who is one of the *Virginia* Thorntons, you understand, not a Georgia Thornton, — is likely to have no aspiration for a college education or a professional career. This indifference would be fatal if it were general. Fortunately, many, though not a majority, of the boys leave Tippah as soon as they can wring from their mothers an unwilling consent, and go to Memphis, the nearest large town, looking for a 'job' that promises promotion. In Tippah it is an affectation to speak of a situation, or a position. Everybody, from the Chief Justice of the United States to the colored barber who shaves the Tippah males every day but Sunday, has a 'job.'

The Philo, as it is commonly called, is composed chiefly of middle-aged or elderly people. Young folks are not

supposed to care for anything but dancing and flirting; and, furthermore, the presence of young girls would be discouraged, as they might hear something not quite suited to their tender innocence. On one occasion Mrs. Erasmus Jones recited 'Locksley Hall' as her contribution to the evening's entertainment, and Mrs. Dudley was deeply chagrined that Lucy happened to be with her, and heard such an 'improper' poem.

The young married people do not belong to the Philo, because they never go anywhere. The transformation wrought in a Tippah girl by marriage is complete, and rather curious. Up to her wedding-day she appears thoroughly frivolous, without a thought except for her own pleasure; after marriage all she cares for is her husband, her housekeeping, and her babies. To marry Tom, to live in a four-room house, on seventy-five dollars a month, to have a new baby every two years, to exchange little patterns with her friends, to cook Tom's favorite dishes, to make 'something out of nothing' for the house, to grow flowers and vegetables in her little two-acre lot, to keep Tom away from the Blind Tiger — such, for every girl in Tippah, are the absorbing interests of the first ten or fifteen years of married life. Later, when the children are out of the way, she may find time for something else, such as embroidery, or music, or the Philo, or the Missionary Society, or even a course of reading, — though this last would always be a subject for apology.

On a certain evening early in June Mrs. Vernon is entertaining the Philo. The guests arrive about half-past eight, and are received in Mrs. Vernon's big square parlor, which is furnished exactly like every other parlor in Tippah, with two long sofas, two arm-chairs, and eight smaller chairs, of beautiful design, constructed of mahogany and upholstered in black horsehair. In the centre of the room is a marble-topped table bearing handsome copies of Shakespeare and the Bible, whose freshness testifies the distant respect with which such good literature is treated; although it may be taken for granted that Mrs. Vernon, like every other woman in Tippah, has another Bible in her room, which she reads every night as regularly as she looks under the bed before retiring. In Tippah it is most indelicate to speak of 'going to bed' — 'retire' is the proper word.

The Vernon parlor, though following a fixed rule in furniture and arrangement, has one crowning distinction: it possesses the finest piano in the town, a new Steinway. Tippah is proud of that piano, proud even of Mrs. Vernon's extravagance in selling a half-section of land to the Michigan Lumber Company, in order to get the money to buy it.

Mrs. Carter arrives under the protection of Sally and Tom Pritchard.

'If you'll let those children sit out on the porch until the Philo meeting is over,' she says to Mrs. Vernon, indicating her daughter and Tom, 'they'll be ready to take me home.'

'Why certainly,' answers Mrs. Vernon; 'and Tom, won't you make yourself useful by fetching some more chairs into the parlor? Just get the dining-room chairs — no, not that one, it's broken.'

She bustles about, making everybody comfortable, and by nine o'clock the whole company is assembled, and Dr. Courtenay, the president of the Philo, rises to announce the programme. Parliamentary law is ignored, but Dr. Courtenay needs no gavel to call the meeting to order. Tippah pays him the tribute of silent attention, as it pays him every other homage it can offer.

'Ladies and gentlemen, my dear friends,' he says, 'we are to have the pleasure of listening to some real poetry to-night, by a Southern poet whom we delight to honor. Mrs. Ambler has kindly consented to read some selections from a poet whom the North admires and the South loves — Sidney Lanier.'

Mrs. Ambler is old, but her lovely contralto voice has retained the fresh and thrilling cadence of her youth, while her feeling for the poetry informs every word with life.

Every one is listening, except Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Vernon, who, unseen in a corner, are indulging in a little private entertainment of their own. Mrs. Carter has in her possession a letter which Jim, the darkey sexton at St. Faith's, has just received from his son in Memphis, and which he has brought her to read.

'He said he could "read readin' writin', but he could n't read writin' writin,"' she explains. 'Here's the letter.'

And Mrs. Vernon reads: —

'DERE POPPER, — I got a job in a calf A kep by Borrasso and Boggiano at 222 Choctaw strete. thair is find aitalyan cukin. Pleze sen me 2 dollurs. I wants ter git maried on thirsty, an I dont git my pay til satdy nite. I will cloas wid bes respex to enkwirin frens.

'yores truely
'LITTLE JIM.'

After half an hour of patriotic devotion to Sidney Lanier, the company turns expectantly to Dr. Courtenay, who announces that Miss Agnes Harris will give them some music. She is only seventeen, and is not a member of the Philo, but she is received with open arms, when, for love of Dr. Courtenay, she deigns to play at its meetings.

She is a genius, this girl. Her supreme gift of music is a compensation for everything she has missed. An orphan, nearly blind, cut off in large measure from the pleasures of youth, she lives in a world into which no one else in Tippah has ever penetrated. Perhaps no one but Dr. Courtenay knows that such a world exists, and even he, as he is well aware, can never hope to enter therein. 'The morning stars sang together when Agnes was born,' he would say; and he loves and spoils her, and denies himself the necessities of life, to give her trips to Memphis or to New Orleans, to hear music. From time to time she has had teachers, although never for more than a few months in all, and has amazed them by playing through without mistake the longest, most intricate and intellectual compositions, after hearing them once. Her memory is infallible; she remembers every piece of music that she has ever heard, and she can play on any instrument that she has ever touched.

Measured by Tippah standards, she is not beautiful. Her big hands are matched by big feet, which she has the vanity to conceal by long skirts, over which she is always stumbling. Her expression is never light-hearted and gay, like Sally's or Lucy's; a big, brooding calm lies in her face, varied by a wistful, questioning, but not unhappy gaze, as though some prescience of the early and tragic death awaiting her had exalted, not troubled, her spirit. Her slate-colored eyes are dull and heavy; she walks uncertainly, even in the quiet streets of Tippah; but to her the Heavens are opened.

This evening, at Mrs. Vernon's, Agnes is unusually gracious. 'I do love to get hold of this piano,' she says in her deep, rather husky voice; and she sits down and plays.

Tippah responds to the touch of genius. These men and women listen-

ing to a solemn performance of the majestic music of John Sebastian Bach are dignified, ennobled, transfigured. For the moment, they stand on holy ground.

After the strain of rapt attention to a very long fugue, each member of the company calls for some favorite, and Agnes plays everything, from variations of 'The Maiden's Prayer' up to the 'Sonata Pathétique.' Then she improvises, tells stories on the piano, — sad stories, funny stories; she plays pranks; she caricatures her friends, to their faces, and they like it. Sally Carter, who, with Tom Pritchard, has come in from the porch to listen, exclaims, —

'If that does n't sound just like Mother on the back porch beating up a cake, and talking to Aunt Charity!'

'And there's a mocking-bird in that old mulberry tree,' adds Tom.

'And now there's a thunder-storm coming up,' cries Mrs. Ambler, as some big bass chords boom out.

'Oh, *shucks!*' cries Agnes, banging her hands down on the keys, — she always seemed to strike twenty at once, — 'this is too silly for any use. Listen and I'll play you all something I heard last week in Memphis. It's about rain. I don't know what it is, for I could n't read the programme, and Mrs. Carroll, who took me to the concert, had n't her glasses. We were two blind old ladies,' — Agnes's infrequent laugh rang out, — 'but one of us had ears.'

Then she gave them the 'Rain-drop' Prelude, while Dr. Courtenay — the 'atheist' — hoped that Chopin was leaning out from 'the gold bar of Heaven' to listen.

Every one is startled at finding that Agnes has been playing for nearly two hours. She jumps up and helps Sally pass the light refreshments which Mrs. Vernon has placed on the beautiful old silver trays that are among her most treasured heirlooms. Delicate sandwiches, wafers thin as paper, cake that would tempt a fasting hermit to renounce his vows, with long glasses of iced tea or lemonade, are the simple dainties offered, and they are consumed with the unaffected pleasure in good things to eat which Southerners never think it worth while to conceal. In an informal way arrangements are made for the next meeting, and the little company disperses.

ROME AND THE ORIENT

BY JESSE BENEDICT CARTER

I

THOSE who have lived for any length of time in the city of Rome are familiar with that psychological phenomenon which a residence there is almost sure to produce in each receptive and responsive individual; that sense of the continuity of history, that breaking away of partition walls, that rendering futile our most cherished chronological subdivisions. We talk much of the Eternal City. In these days of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Italian unity almost every orator uses the phrase. This is as it should be, for in the presence of the miracle of united Italy we are reminded of eternal power, and there is something beautifully human and patriotically disproportionate in the celebration of fifty years in the history of eternity and in a gigantic national monument on the Capitoline.

But we are more apt to use the phrase than to consider its meaning, and few of us ever ask ourselves wherein the eternity of Rome consists. It does not consist in a physical eternity, for Rome was not without beginning and she shall surely not be without end. It is rather a philosophical eternity. It is eternity as Kant has taught it to us, the eternity of timelessness. It is the timelessness of Rome, rather than the actual extent of time, which makes the eternal, and this timelessness shows itself in nothing more clearly than in Rome's eternal youth. She who to-day might well be an old lady with her three thousand winters, is only the incorporation of young Italy, this modern young woman, with her head full of socialistic theories and her garments ornamented with the gridiron pattern of tramways.

When we speak of ancient Rome, we must remember that Rome was just as young then as she is now. Those who work in that period always posit this youth in her beginnings, but as they study her story they fall into a very natural confusion, and as they trace the growth of her ideas and see them growing old, they are apt to think of the whole of Rome as old, although it is only that small portion of the community which has ideas, which ever grows old. There was probably almost as much youth in the time of Marcus Aurelius, when the world to him was old and weary, as there was in the time of Cato the Elder. It is, however, the continuity of Rome's history which has made her such a favorite historical study.

She is like some famous woodland glade that every artist paints; she is like some problem in bridge-building, at which every engineer tries his hand. Thus, in the days when history consisted of wars and battles, men studied Rome as the great manual of military experience; and when our conception of history advanced so as to include governmental problems, it was Rome that was the great text-book in the history of legislation. In very recent days we have suffered a reaction from the formality of the classical school of history, and we have entered upon the orgies of

realism. Starting out from a half-digested theory that because antiquity in some respects resembled the present, therefore it must have been exactly like the present, we have reached marvelous and strange results. Yet this presupposes that history repeats itself. We can of course never prove that it does not; but we can assert that it does not, with all the intensity of the faith that is in us. We are not squirrels going round in a cage, and could we see any complex epoch in the past as well as we can any period in the present, we should see the difference; and where the eye of the mind fails we have the right to see by the eye of faith.

Thus we must not think of Rome as a unique text-book for the training of human experience. It is not an infallible guide to be consulted in every crisis of our modern day. There are essential differences between past conditions in Rome, and our present estate; and to emphasize these differences would be a much more profitable task than to harp forever upon the resemblances. It is not a popular method, and never can be. The human race, especially the less cultured members of it, take an extraordinary satisfaction in being told that there is nothing new under the sun. Perhaps they feel that it lessens their responsibility to know what there is under the sun. The only trouble is, that alas, there are under the sun a great many new things.

The western world to-day finds itself confronted by two great problems, one internal, one external: an internal problem of the immediate present, an external problem of the immediate future. The internal problem is the question of the classes versus the masses, individualism versus socialism, and the various attempts at compromise. The external problem is what we call the 'Oriental' problem, and Orientals, doubtless, the 'Occidental' problem.

Rome's attempt to solve the socialistic problem, her real failure and her apparent success, is a fascinating theme, but one which does not concern us here. But the story of Rome's relations to the Orient forms, to my mind, an even more interesting theme, and this we are to discuss; and the fact that we shall come to what is in the main a negative conclusion only adds to the interest, because it sets us free from the experience of others and gives a fair field and no favor in the making of our own solution.

We are all of us aware that the Romans are descended from an Italic, that is, one of the branches of the Aryan or Indo-European, stock. The Aryan stock as a whole is not considered as occidental. Certain branches — for example, the Indian and the Persian — are classed as oriental. In fact, to-day, we consider the truly western nations to be descended from only three of the various branches of this stock, the Italic, the Celtic, and the Teutonic. The Slavic stock and the Greek stock really represent a compromise between the East and the West. Thus, so far as we can tell, our Italic people started out as almost pure westerners. Nor do they seem to have been much affected by those primitive peoples whom they must have found inhabiting Italy before them. Thus there settled throughout Italy the groups in which we are interested, living on the hilltops where Rome was afterwards to be. There they built their primitive earth-walls and wooden stockades, and unconsciously awaited developments.

These developments came in an extraordinary way. There arrived, namely, on the western coast of Tuscany, at Veii, Tarquinii, and higher up at Orbetello, and still higher up at Volaterræ, bands of seafaring men who had come across the Mediterranean from Asia Minor, and before that had come

out of Babylon. These men landed, and came into relations with the peoples settled there, so that by degrees they united with them, and the product of their union was the Etruscan race. As this mixed race grew more numerous, they moved slowly inland in two directions: northeastwards over the Apennines to Felsina (Bologna) and so into the valley of the Po; and southeastwards toward Volsinii (Orvieto) and Falerii, and so to Rome, and beyond Rome to Tusculum which still bears their name, and so on into Campania. They were unquestionably an oriental people: their appearance, their history, so far as we know it, and their character, at once sensuous and virile, bear out this statement. Modern historians have tended to underestimate their influence upon the Roman people, but the simple facts are these. Before they came, Rome was in a semi-barbarous condition: her religion was merely an advanced form of animism, and her organization was just passing out of the tribal state. When the Etruscans left her, she was possessed of an organization, and, what was far more important, of a patriotic instinct. She was sufficiently raised from the level of semi-barbarism so that Greek things were able to appeal to her. Nations cannot do these things for themselves in such a short time; there was no one there except the Etruscans, and therefore they did it.

But our evidence is positive as well as negative. We have the clear proof that the city of Rome, as a city, was founded by the Etruscans, and we have the cult and the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus.

At first sight it is difficult to accustom ourselves to these ideas. We are willing to give Greece credit for Rome's artistic and literary inspiration, but we cling fast to the idea that Rome's organization, her idea of the state, must have been entirely her own product. Yet we feel this because we fail to realize the essential quality of Rome. Rome is, and always has been, and always will be, not a mass of material things, but a spiritual entity manifesting itself in ability to subdue all things unto itself, and possessed of unlimited powers of acquisition and equally unlimited powers of adaptation; the capacity to receive from all sides and to permeate all that it touched with the essential qualities of its own individuality. Not things, but spirit; not invention, but appropriation: this is Rome.

Thus the Etruscans came and went, and though they covered Rome for a time, her own essential elements grew up through them. They left behind them a certain number of their own people, a stone wall of defense, a temple and a trinity of gods on the Capitoline; they left a knowledge of surveying and certain architectural principles; they left the *haruspicina*, a method of consulting the liver of the sacrifices in time of peril and prodigy; and then they disappeared. They seem to have given to Rome something which they did not possess themselves, a miracle repeated every day in the gifts which parents often bestow upon their children. Patriotic Rome was born, and the people who had cared hitherto merely for physical reproduction and material aggrandizement were now looking beyond, and beginning to be possessed of a purpose, the purpose of the Roman state. How surprised these Etruscans would have been, — had their eyes not been holden, and had they been enabled to look ahead at what were to be the results of their teaching, — to see the Rome which they were inspiring, for six hundred years the centre of the western world's political unity, and then for a thousand years the centre of the western world's religious life.

This is our first step therefore in fixing Rome's relation to the Orient; and what is our net result? Etruria has done two things for Rome. She has brought her, first, this ideal of patriotism. It was a gift which Etruria did not herself possess, and which may therefore have been called forth in Rome by very contrast and self-assertion. The second thing that she did was to give to Rome the outward form of organization, those titles and insignia for which the Romans themselves always gave credit to Etruria. But these were merely external things, devoid of the power of psychological contagion.

The Orient had therefore come to Rome without her knowing it, and with equal unconsciousness Rome had conquered. In this case, at least, no progress had been made toward a permanent influence. The great world-ideal of the synthesis of East and West was no nearer its solution. The sky had been cleared of Etruria, all save one little cloud of the size of a man's hand: that was the science of the inspection of the liver, the haruspicina. This cloud was to continue and to grow and to encourage Rome's superstition, and to be joined by later increments, and thus eventually to produce that great flood of oriental influence of which we shall treat later.

II

Meantime Rome was left alone in the gentle spiritual guardianship of Greece. We are all familiar with the brave story of Rome's wars at home and abroad, of her settlements of social difficulties in her own midst, and of her warfare against her neighbors, which continued until by degrees she became possessed of the whole of the peninsula of Italy. The fifth and the fourth century before Christ are characterized by only one thing which in any way partook of the Orient. This was the influence of Greece in religious matters, especially through the Sibylline books. In a sense Greece represents the equipoise of Occident and Orient. We shall see later of what incalculable value this equipoise was. Greece could consult oracles, and receive information from the gods without being superstitiously terrified thereby. The gods had always walked with men, and therefore there was nothing fearful or embarrassing in knowing their will. To the Romans, however, to whom the gods had always been unknown, it was a fearful thing to receive their messages. But what the Romans at first feared became, by virtue of this very terror, a source of morbid fascination, so that the Sibylline oracles, combined with the Etruscan haruspicina, were constantly sowing the seeds of superstition.

As yet, however, Rome had had no further direct contact with the East. But when at the beginning of the third century she became mistress of the peninsula of Italy, she found herself involved in the general struggle for the possession of the Mediterranean, and this struggle in its turn brought her into contact with the people of Carthage. The Carthaginians were Orientals of the purest type, yet Rome's contact with them brought practically no results, so far as the approximation of East and West is concerned. Even when Carthage itself was eventually conquered, and when the Punic libraries fell into Rome's hands, and the world had its unique chance for the preservation of Punic literature, Rome gave the books to the petty potentates of Africa, all except one, a treatise on farming, which she caused to be carefully translated.

Thus once again Rome escaped the issue, and aside from the failure to solve the great cultural problem, his-

tory has lost this Punic literature. But though the Carthaginians had no effect on Rome, the war with Carthage brought Rome into contact with the East in a very curious way. In the stress of the war, Rome, terrified by extraordinary prodigies in the city itself, and unable to dislodge Hannibal from southern Italy, even after he had been defeated, caused the Sibylline books to be consulted. The oracles commanded the introduction of the cult of the goddess Cybele of Pessinus in Phrygia. Accordingly, a Roman ship was sent to Phrygia, and the sacred stone, the symbol of the goddess, was brought to Ostia. There it was received by the matrons of Rome, carried in triumph to the temple of victory on the Palatine, and worshiped therein, until such time as the goddess's own temple was ready for her.

It was Greek influence which brought Cybele into Rome, but the goddess herself was absolutely an Oriental. Her coming marks an epoch in Rome's relations with the Orient, though at first Roman citizens stood more or less aloof.

Hitherto the Orient had failed to come to Rome, and now it began to be Rome's turn to go to the Orient. It was the fortunes of her eastern conquests which took her there during the second century, the wars with Antiochus and with Macedonia, and during the last century of the Republic the war with Mithridates. The effect of these campaigns was twofold, and in each of these two effects ancient conditions were entirely different from modern ones. In the first place, the campaigns had the result of taking vast numbers of Romans and Italians into the East, of bringing them into contact with the eastern civilizations, and of keeping them there for prolonged periods of time, so that the eastern environment became habitual to them. The individual grew accustomed to certain surroundings so that he was positively uncomfortable without them. This was the first effect; the second was even more important. Success in war meant the taking of prisoners, and such prisoners meant slaves brought to Rome. Nothing is more misleading than to explain ancient slavery by means of modern conditions. By and large, slaves were by no means the dregs of society. In many cases, they, especially these eastern slaves, represented the knowledge and the scientific and technical skill of the times. Very many of the wise men who came out of the East came out in chains and lived the life of the servant.

Thus two distinct influences were brought into Rome, a demand for oriental luxury, and the actual presence of intellectual Orientals. These two influences had entirely different effects. The influence of oriental luxury is easily exaggerated. It was, after all, only a part of the increasingly central position of Rome, by which she became the natural point of exchange for the world's commodities. Such luxuries indicate no real *rapprochement*, any more than the drinking of Chinese tea gives insight into the Chinese character, or the love of curry interprets India.

But the presence of Asiatic slaves was an entirely different matter. Their influence was permeative and continuous. They possessed the oriental qualities of perseverance and continuity in the things to which they had been accustomed. They did not change with their changed environment. During the second century before Christ we begin to see the effects of these influences. Eastern prophets, especially the Chaldeans, began to pour over Italy. Here, as always, old Cato sounds the note of warning, forbidding his bailiff to consult Chaldeans and Haruspices. In fact, the Chaldean matter became

so serious that in B. C. 139 an edict was promulgated by which the Chaldeans were ordered to leave Rome and Italy within ten days. Then, too, the influence of Cybele, the Great Mother, was constantly felt more and more, and men left Rome to make pilgrimages to Pessinus.

It is a strange thought, that Rome, which was to be the Mecca of the western world, should now go eastwards on her pilgrimages. Such pilgrims grew more and more common. Even men of position joined their ranks, as, for example, Marius. Then, too, in B. C. 101, Roman citizens began to enter the eunuch priesthood of Cybele, and in B. C. 100 we have the extraordinary story of Battaces, the High Priest of Cybele, who came to Rome from Pessinus, and received such a tumultuous ovation that a Roman official thought it his duty to interfere, and dragged him away from the speaker's platform. As it turned out, this was the best thing that could have happened to Battaces, for the official died very suddenly the day after, — and Rome knew why, — and when Battaces left he was escorted to the gates by a great procession of men and women.

During the last two centuries of the Republic, it is very difficult to estimate the depth and power of oriental influence. It might seem easy to overestimate it, and we might say, as it is so easy to say, that only the upper classes, and not the rank and file of the common people, were affected by it. Hortensius might introduce the Asiatic style into his oratory, Marius might go to Pessinus, Sulla might have a favorite Chaldean, but these were only the fads and fancies of the ruling classes. The rest of the world went on its way demurely. There is, however, an argument to show that this is not true, and that the Orient was present in Rome's midst and throughout the whole body of her people. It is a psychological change which, so far as I can tell, cannot be accounted for in any other way.

Before the time of the Punic wars, if you had spoken to a Roman about his soul, if you had made to him any reference to his individual responsibility, he could not have understood you, for the simple reason that the individual did not consciously exist. Each unit was so wrapped up in the bundle of life that it existed only in its relation to those about it. A man's whole moral responsibility was toward society in its divisions of *curia*, *gens*, and *familia*. There was no individuality, even in what is to us most personal, namely religious thought. A man did not choose his gods. He was born into them, as he was into the members of his own family. His self was his *Genius*, if he were a man; his *Juno*, if he were a woman. But even Genius and Juno were simply the two phases of reproduction, — the procreative phase in the Genius, the conceptive phase in the Juno. In other words, as an individual he existed only in his animal functions. And when he died and went over into the majority, the same thing occurred again, for there he joined the 'good gods,' the *Di Manes*, the bloodless flitting shades, seeking the one thing, the blood, which was to give them consciousness again, but which they would deign to accept only at the hands of those who were their descendants, and who were thus carrying on the race.

What a vastly different state of affairs from what we have at the close of the Republic and the beginning of the Empire! Then, men were so terrified by their sense of personal guilt and so afraid of the punishment which was to come, that Lucretius writes his wonderful poem against religion and superstition. And even though Lucretius is himself of an intensely religious

nature, and destroys only to build up again, the existence of his poem is ample testimony to the terror of the superstition of the day. Finally, at the beginning of the Empire we have the spectacle of the whole Roman world engaged in seeking personal salvation, either in philosophy or in one of the oriental cults.

This is a complete revulsion in psychological attitude. We can see several elements in Rome's history which might well have assisted the development of this state of affairs. Great prosperity made possible great private fortunes. These fortunes in their turn made self-indulgence possible. Out of the excesses of this self-indulgence there might well spring up a sense of individuality. Nature often brings purity out of filth, and water-lilies float on scum. Thus perchance he who was doing what he could to lose his soul might in this way find it. Then, too, the wear and tear of the nervous system doubtless produced in many cases a neurotic condition, and thus we might define as symptoms of neurasthenia the sense of oppression, the awaiting of misfortune, the sense of guilt, and the fear of punishment. But all the world could not indulge itself, and for every rich man there were a thousand beggars. Nor was neurasthenia a universal complaint. The vast majority of men had no chance at self-indulgence, and therefore could not suffer its penalties. And yet it is the bottom of society quite as much as the top that we see at the beginning of the Empire responding to the cry of individual need.

Yet this idea of individual need was characteristic of all that came out of the Orient; even as it is to-day, when the Buddhistic doctrine of Nirvana is only an attempt to rid the individual of the burden of himself.

Thus it would seem that in the last two centuries of the Republic the influence of the Orient on the psychological and religious views of the individual must have been much greater than we commonly suppose.

III

Thus we come to the Augustan age. So far as an individual can stem the flood which is overwhelming a nation, Augustus stood opposed to the Orient. It would almost seem as if his choice of Apollo, which has frequently troubled historians, might be explained in this connection. Rome must have something to which the imagination can respond, and this is Apollo, who is orthodox Greek, and far removed from the hordes of Syria and Phrygia. We are all of us aware that Augustus was the regulator of that formal religion which was destined to be one of the greatest forces in keeping the Empire bound together — the worship of the Emperor. Yet see how strongly he fights here against the oriental touch. That the dead are gods is orthodox Roman religion: they are the Di Manes, the *Divi Manes*. Thus Julius becomes *Divus Julius*, and except for the accent on one of the Di Manes, the process is devoid of heresy. With the living it was more difficult. Yet even here it was possible to graft the new concept upon the old tree. In orthodox Roman religion every man was, as we have seen above, possessed of a divine parallel, his *Genius*, who was the recipient of worship at the hands of the individual with whom he was connected. Thus, while the living emperor could not with propriety be worshiped, the Genius of the emperor was a fit and proper subject of adoration; and even in the later period when the worship was avowedly directed toward the Emperor himself rather than toward his Genius, a respect for the past, and the memory of the Genius concept, caused at least a

thin veil of adjectives to be placed between the worshiper and the object of his worship.

Thus we start forth upon our study of the Empire. The three centuries from Augustus to Constantine were the period in which the Orient was to come to a synthesis with the Occident more nearly than it has at any period since. The whole Roman world was now acquainted with the Orient, and to a certain extent interested in it. There was, to be sure, a great deal that the Orient possessed in which Rome took relatively little interest. The science of the Orient, the only real science which the world then contained, was matter of relative indifference to the Romans. Rome had always discouraged such things because they seemed to have no apparent practical value. There was no persecution or expression of open hostility to these ideas, which might have resulted in encouraging them, but only, most deadly attitude of all, sublime superior indifference. Other things were of so much greater importance, and these other things were growing very rapidly to be the 'cure of souls.' The growth of superstition which had been going on steadily during the last two centuries of the Republic was now having its effect. The oriental idea of the relative insignificance of this present life had become almost instinctive in the west. The accent was now laid upon the life to come. Not only was human life short, but the world itself was coming to an end.

It is false to assert that these ideas came into the world through Christianity. They were of course implicit in her doctrines, but they were also abundantly present outside of her. They were the common property of all the spiritual life of the period.

These conceptions, coupled with a sense of sin and of personal responsibility, caused men to be interested exclusively in the salvation of their own souls. But now a very extraordinary thing happened, for Greece stepped in and put up a shielding arm in the attempt to ward off this oriental attack. And here we must say a word about Greece. We think of her as a western nation, and so, perhaps, she was at first, in purely physiological descent. But every turn of the spade is showing us to-day how stupendously the Orient affected her. And yet, for all that, we are conscious of her western elements too. The fact is that Greece was so infinitely superior to any existing race, that we instinctively feel our separation from her. But this sense of our own inferiority, this feeling that we can understand Rome but that we can never understand Greece, is simply owing to the fact that the synthesis of East and West, the internal equipoise, was effected in her. This is the explanation of her art, an explanation which is, after all, only putting the mystery one step further back. And this is also the explanation of her ethical life. This is why her great ethical teachers strove to turn men from the error of their ways, not by conversion, not by affecting the will, for the will was good, but by bringing men to knowledge. 'To know the truth is to do it,' is an axiom false in modern life, but which may well have been true in ancient Greece. And so Greece stepped forward to help Rome, and this help took the form of salvation by knowledge, salvation by the understanding of philosophical truth.

We meet with it throughout the first two centuries of the Empire, in a Seneca, a Marcus Aurelius, an Epictetus. But if that had been the extent of the help which Greece offered, there would have been nothing especially remarkable about it; for such men have been with us in all ages of the world. The remarkable thing, however, which now

happened, was the adoption of these philosophical principles at one of those moments, which come at long intervals in this world of ours, when those who have determine to share with those who have not. Sometimes it is knowledge that is given, sometimes spiritual help, sometimes food and lodging; but whether it be a Dio Chrysostom and the bands of wandering Cynic philosophers, or whether it be St. Francis and his Brethren, or whether it be General Booth and the Salvation Army, it all goes back to the same universal principle. Few of us have any adequate conception of the extraordinary extent of the labors of these philosophic missionaries who now went forth in the name of Greece. Even Lucian, who saw the comedy of life as no man has ever seen it, has a sort of concealed admiration for these people. We feel that they occupied a warm place in that large and empty heart of the satirist.

There is something infinitely pathetic in this carrying of philosophy to the masses. In the process, philosophy had to be popularized and cheapened. Anecdotes had to usurp the place of philosophic expression. Miracles of healing were necessary to attract and hold the audience. And when it was all over, the auditors could scarcely have carried away less had they been listening to a modern sermon.

Sometimes it seems as if this arm which Greece raised in defense really served to beckon on the forces of the Orient. And they came, — Isis and Osiris from Egypt, Cybele and Attis from Phrygia, Mithras from Persia, and all the host of the Syrian gods. Many of these gods had taken root in Italy before the close of the Republic, Cybele as far back as the time of the second Punic war, Isis in the time of Sulla, and Mithras when Pompey conquered the Cilician pirates. They came from all parts of the Orient, and they lived side by side in Rome in almost perfect peace. But the most extraordinary thing was that the atmosphere which they had themselves created began in its turn to influence them, so that they began to resemble one another; but instead of the contagion of evil we have the contagion of spiritual ideas. Thus the Taurobolium of the Great Mother, the bath of blood which the worshiper received, standing in a pit, under a grating upon which a bull was slain, was at first merely the primitive communion of god and man, whereby man 'ate the god,' and thus the god entered into him carnally, and he became 'full of god,' in this case full of the strength of the bull. Soon, however, a more spiritual conception drove the older view into the background, and the blood became the blood of purification. When a man descended into the pit, he died and went down into the grave and was buried, but by the shedding of blood he was purified and born into newness of life. He came forth 'born again into eternity.'

In the cult of Mithras, the spiritual element was even more pronounced. Mithras was not simply the god of physical light as contrasted with darkness. It was he who brought light and purity into men's minds, who drove away evil thoughts and temptations, and filled the spirit of man with a divine light. It was he who taught men the love of truth, and the great truth of the brotherhood of man.

The climax and the triumph of the Orient was reached at the end of the third century, during the reign of Diocletian, when, in the midst of an orientalized court, Diocletian openly acknowledged Mithras as the source of his power. Elagabalus may have worshiped Elagabal, Aurelian may have delighted to honor the Sungod of Palmyra, but, after all, these gods were either themselves a form of Jupiter or

Jupiter stood above them. But now Mithras becomes officially the patron god of the Roman empire.

IV

This was the state of affairs in A. D. 300. Now look ahead three hundred years, to the year 600. So far as the city of Rome and the western world were concerned, the Orient had almost entirely disappeared. The Occident already possessed a religious life of its own, and was soon to acquire an independent political organization. These two developments are in reality one; they are both of them inseparably connected with the rise and growth of western Christianity. Let us see in slightly more detail how this development occurred.

We have seen how, during the first three centuries of the Empire, Rome had become thoroughly oriental, and we have also seen that the greatest orientalizing influences were the spiritual and religious conceptions of the day. It was a period in which religion signified very much in men's lives. The religious need was very great, and the religious supply was almost exclusively from the Orient. Christianity itself was no exception to this rule. It, too, was in the first stages apparently only another oriental religion.

Salvation was of the Jews. The Founder of Christianity had himself declared it thus to the woman of Samaria. But soon others than Jews became interested in the movement, and the question arose for decision: Salvation is of the Jews, but is it for the Jews only or is it for Gentiles as well? It was Paul, the Apostle, who answered that question, and all the history of western civilization waited on his answer.

It is the fashion of our day to speak slightingly of Paul. Men often speak of him as if he had distorted the teachings of the Founder, and had 'ruined' Christianity. The attempt is sometimes made to eliminate him and his theories from our conception of Christianity. We cannot discuss these things here, for fortunately our task is that of the historian, and not of the theologian. But this much the historian must say in behalf of historical justice. We have doubtless the right to disapprove of Paul's interpretation and to try to eliminate it from our modern Christianity, but we have no right to allow our disapproval to take the form of belittling the man Paul. He it was who translated Oriental Christianity into terms of the Occident. It is of small account whether we approve of his attitude or not, but it is of great importance that we realize that the existence of the western world, the preservation of occidental civilization, depended upon the occidentalizing of Christianity. In things religious Rome had entirely submitted to the Orient. It was Paul who saved western civilization by transmuting an oriental worship into terms of Roman law. This he could and did do because he was more essentially Roman than Hebrew. In these days of sympathy with the Orient, and desire to come into relations of mutual understanding with her, we may for a moment regret that Paul in a sense inserted the edge of the wedge which was to cleave East and West asunder, and to hold them so for two milleniums; but we should not forget how the West has worked out her own salvation, and by progress in self-government has brought individual freedom into existence. Only the West alone, unhampered by the East, could have obtained this precious result.

In a very real sense, the Epistle to the Romans may be considered as the Magna Charta of western civilization. Christianity thus explained was no longer an oriental mystery; it was a

definite legal statement, wholly consonant with the Roman instinct for law and formalism. It was upon this foundation that the western world was to be built. We cannot enter in any detail into the lives and the works of those who did actually build upon this foundation. Tertullian claims his place as the father of Latin Christianity. By him the powerful influence of the Romans' own language was given to the expression of religious ideas whose original medium had been Greek.

But it was Constantine who did a still greater work, not by confessing Christianity — for, after all, his personal religious influence was almost null — but by the founding of Constantinople. The new capital saved the old capital. Constantinople was the scapegoat for the sins of Rome. Upon the new city were laid all the new fashions, all the orientalizing tendencies, and Rome, relieved, neglected, could fall asleep and dream her old dreams until she awakened in the terror of the Visigothic capture.

Alaric's siege of Rome and Augustine's *City of God* are two parallel expressions of the birth of the new western world. Rome's privacy was invaded; she was brought face to face with that fresh Teutonic stock, of which in one form or another she was never again to rid herself. She was to receive them all, Visigoths, Vandals, Ostrogoths, Lombards, and finally Franks, with whom she was to accomplish her destiny of the Holy Roman Empire. But with Alaric alone the picture is not complete. It was not merely temporal power which was to be the ultimate portion of Rome. This power was to have a spiritual background, a background wider and deeper than the foreground. Western Christianity was to be a larger thing than the accepted religion of Rome.

Paul might extend Christianity to the Gentiles; but his Gentiles and even his barbarians were either present or prospective members of the great Roman Empire. His Christianity was that of a Roman; it was the spiritual parallel of the political and territorial aggrandizement of Trajan, which was to follow. But with Augustine all this was different. The old Roman empire was falling into ruins; the Holy Roman Empire had not yet dawned. For him Christianity was a larger thing than Rome. It was a universal religion. It was that far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves; it was the *City of God*, whose foundations are on the holy mountains.

Thus the western world was ushered into its 'Middle Ages.' A Benedict was yet to come, who was to preserve the material things of ancient culture; a Gregory was yet to come who was to prepare the way for Rome's autonomy, and for the preservation in a new form of the institutions of the old Roman Empire.

Thus the Orient had come to Rome, and Rome had taken her to her bosom, and then had cast her forth again, and relegated her to the Eastern Empire with its centre at Constantinople. Thus Western Europe went forth to defend herself against the Orient at Châlons and at Tours, and to work out that extraordinary governmental progress which seems to be reaching its climax in these latter days.

Once again the oriental problem is upon us, but it comes in a new sense, and Rome has nothing to teach us, except that we see that her failure was in a sense a gain, and in so far a success. It was well that the western world was separated from the East.

Is this separation still desirable today? Are East and West still incommensurable?

THE VANITY OF ROMANCE

BY MARGARET LYNN

On the whole I thought I did not care for a husband. It seemed a more desirable thing, even at a distant view, to leave the chances of life open. There was a finality about a husband that seemed to do away with other possibilities, and define inalterably the road of the future.

And that road of the future — what a way it was! No one could tell yet where it might go, or what might happen on it. Sometimes I could hardly wait to see, and sometimes I was glad to wait, and in the meantime wonder and wonder, and plan and plan. But the trouble is, one cannot read about any kind of life or hear of any kind of experience without wanting to try it. Everything in the world seems worth doing, for a while at least. That makes it a most irksome limitation to be only one person. Had I been five, four others and myself, we could amongst us have compassed everything worth while. But to be only one person, hampered by sex-conventions besides — it is a pitifully meagre fate. That is why I early decided against matrimony as a career. It did n't seem to offer either excitement or celebrity, and at the same time it seemed to close the doors to all other experiences. I considered the matter once and settled it. Who had ever heard of a person celebrated as a successful *wife?* Nor could a married person be a heroine; in my reading, at least, there was no precedent for it. That is the same as saying that my stories were not very modern. So far as I knew, married people just lived and kept house — the last thing in the world to do.

But this point settled, the choice of all the world lay before me. Daily I dreamed; I called it making up stories. At night after I went to bed, in long afternoons in the orchard, behind my geography at school, I composed my never-ending tales. In them I walked a path of splendor. Romance marked my way. For they were always about the great things the future was to bring me. It is a rich time, before your fancy is hampered by any knowledge of practical conditions or probabilities, and is guided by desire and that alone. Sometimes I was to be a poet, sometimes a novelist or singer or scholar, sometimes rich, and beautiful beyond even Tennyson's telling, sometimes a heroine with fine deeds to my credit, anon a mere philanthropist, modestly earning untold gratitude — but always I was to be great and celebrated, somehow, somewhere. The fact that I was unmusical, unpoetical, unscholarly, unbeautiful, and not clever, was a matter of present grief, but it in no wise curbed my imagination. I was to be different in the future. For each career chosen, I elaborately planned out every item, with a care and precision worthy of a novelist. Little Ellie herself could not outdo me in faithful detail — only I put in no lover as yet, and I could see no point in Ellie and her foolish swan's nest.

The constant element in all these variables was success, glorified success, the admiration of all observers, and

the astonishment and humble approval of my family. They were the ones it seemed most worth while to impress. To be sure, there were scattered seasons when family authority or lack of appreciation irked me, and I decided to get even by being merely a humble, devoted, dutiful soul, whose merit was discovered when it was too late, to the poignant regret of her unappreciative friends. I dwelt more on the poignant regret than on the devotion and duty.

The too open respectability of our family record seemed to preclude mystery or romance, and at times drove me to the luscious fancy that I was adopted! Some one — the Queen of England preferably — might come up our drive almost any day to claim me and take me away to my true sphere. I would be very gracious and really affectionate in taking leave of my humble foster-family, and send them a thousand dollars by return mail. Of course, when the next day I had decided to become a novelist and make a large fortune by my own absolutely unaided efforts, I was rather glad the Queen had not come for me. But for the moment, whatever dream lay in my small mind was as real as reality, and I went to sleep nightly wondering when things were going to begin to happen. Sometimes they seemed unbearably slow.

There was one great day in my mental history. Up to that time I had thought quiet and some degree of solitude necessary for the carrying on of my stories. I could do it at school, when I ought to be studying, but the chance was better on the road to and from school, when I lagged behind the other children, or out in the orchard under the Red June tree, or on long drives with the grown-ups, when they talked away and paid no attention to me. The best time was after I was in bed and Maldy had taken the light away and told me to go straight to sleep. To go straight to sleep was rank waste; sleeping was the very last thing to consider doing, unless one were sure of dreaming. But sleep-dreams were very unsatisfactory, because one forgot them, or they broke off at the wrong point, or were too illogical to be probable, even to my mind. It was better to make one's self stay awake as long as possible. What I did was to turn my face to the window, where a maple tree made a lattice for the stars to shine through, snuggle down and begin on my story where I had left off last — unless some reading or happening of the day set me on a new trail.

But on the Great Day, I learned something. In our well-disciplined, Calvinistic family, the working theory was that duty was the moral bread of life, and that no child was too small to have duties in proportion, and to be required to do them. It was a most irksome theory. The Stern Lawgiver stalked unwelcome among us younglings and hampered us at undesired moments. But as for me, I wore her shackles lightly after this important day when, called at a most exciting moment of a story to finish some shirked towel-hemming, I discovered that I could carry on my absorbing fiction while my reluctant hands were toiling prosaically. What did it matter if my hands were in Iowa and my needle was sticky, and if my thread knotted and became embarrassingly grimy? My real me was far away, doing tremendous things. No wonder it was a great day. From that time on, neither the presence of people, nor occupation to which I should have been giving my mind, hindered me from weaving my airy fabric of the things to be desired. The moment current matters ceased to be interesting, I was off on the path of the experiences I hoped would come to pass.

The effect of this on my practical education was disastrous. No future heroine ever brought on herself more present obloquy and reprimand. How can one remember what she was sent to the cellar for, when she is enjoying a vision of herself receiving the plaudits and roses of thousands, on the opera stage? How can she remember which are young pansy plants and which are weeds, when she is planning what she would do if she found a robber in her room in the night? How can she take care to make little stitches and keep the right distance from the edge and not pucker, when she is at the very critical moment of saving a train, like Kate Shelley, about whom poems had been written in the newspapers?

In such a scheme of life virtue was less a thing to be yearned for than was fame. Any one could be good — if not, why was every one told to be good? — or at least one could be good when one could not be anything else. Still, I was not sure that I ought to fabricate my stories on Sunday: it seemed too worldly an amusement, although the long church service did furnish an enticing opportunity. Then I thought of a way: I would make the story fit the occasion. So on Sundays, in the meagre-looking, white-plastered, little prairie church, while the dim old minister was preaching away into his whiskers, I saw myself as a missionary in heathen lands, as the pious subject of a little Sunday-school book, as a faithful little mother to my orphaned brothers and sisters. That idea would have interested John and Mary. Well, it is something to covet goodness even on Sundays. Sometimes the impulse comes less often than once a week.

Then I wanted a companion in this absorbing inner life, or else I wanted to show off my inventive ability, I don't know which. Anyway, I tried to induct little Mary into my own joys. But Mary did not prove worthy. She wanted everything accounted for on a practical basis. She was so unimaginative as to ask where the old gentleman was coming from who was going to leave me a million dollars, or where were the signs of the artistic talent by which I was to leap to sudden fame. No one could tell a confidential ambition to such incredulous ears. I gave her up.

Then I tried Henry, in one of his more pliant moods. There was no questioning his imagination. He followed me promptly, he suggested new details, we found a place for him in the scheme and moved hand in hand to fame; the structure grew nobly. But alas for the rarity of masculine faithfulness under the sun! That very night, with the story warm in our minds, Henry crassly, insensately, referred to it before the whole family. And then, when idly questioned, he, as if insensible to the delicate exotic quality of the thing he was handling and the intimate nature of the revelation, told it, jocularly crediting the whole thing to me. No conduct could have been baser, more uncomradelike. To this hour I hope he will be punished for it. Could I have passed away at that moment, with all those surreptitiously smiling ones about me, I should willingly have foregone all the coming true of all the dreams. But it taught me a bitter lesson. There is a point beyond which no man can go. You may trust your friends with your money or your past, but with your ambitions and your dreams, no one.

After that, like the pampered soul in the *Palace of Art*, I held my solemn mirth alone. Like the same soul, I sucked dry the orange of experience. I sampled all phases of life that looked interesting, from being cast away on a desert island, where I out-crusoed Crusoe in prodigies of timely ingenuity,

to conducting a temperance campaign and convincing besotted but reasonable thousands that they should hate the bowl. There were no unhappy limits to possibility. I never had to look wistfully over the confining fence at an experience that I had blindly failed to choose. If any experience looked desirable, I promptly appropriated it, at least until I had worn the details of it trite. Then I easily changed to another. No wonder I hesitated to limit my roving fancy to any such fixed condition as matrimony.

As for the trifling factor that preceded or brought about the married state, that, or he, was quite negligible. No lover rode across the mirror of my inventions. That was the one thing that belonged strictly to a book, though everything else was transferable. I had not seen one in real life, nor yet conceived of one outside of print. Indeed I had not paid much attention to that element, even in fiction. Pure love-stories were carefully excluded from our reading, so far as might be, and romantic affection I had found a rather vague feature in the stories I had read. I was used, of course, to having heroes and heroines want to get married, just as they wanted money or an inheritance, or the punishment of their enemies. There were only two objects in a story, so far as I had observed. One was that the hero should get what he wanted, whatever that might be; and the other that the villain should be adequately and satisfactorily punished. If the hero wanted to get married, — as I summed up the yearnings of the lover's passion, — why, let him. I could follow the story of his impassioned strivings with faithful sympathy, since it was all in the story; though why Ivanhoe, for example, was possessed with a desire to settle down uneventfully with Rowena, when he could have gone on and had further exciting adventures, I really could n't see. But the concrete rewards of love seemed to be as definite an objective point as taking a castle or fighting in a tournament, and I was for success for the right man, whatever he might want.

We had tried, it is true, to work this element into the inventions of our endless games, but without much success. Mary was quite too small and too practical to take the rôle of heroine, and I was too unadaptable. I always insisted on the same form of proposal: 'Will you be mine?' Henry and John acknowledged that to be an orthodox form, but they thought something should be left to individual taste and personality. So the game always broke up at this point, and we entered on house-keeping relations in the playhouse, without benefit of clergy.

Our vagueness on the subject of the divine passion was only natural, after all. Scott is no instructor in such a matter, and even Dickens lacks definition. He scants his love-scenes shamefully, any one will acknowledge. Practical sources of romantic information were few. We had never seen a wedding. Wedding-cards came from the east sometimes, and we handled them curiously, as the sign of something very remote, both in circumstance and in idea. But the actual committing of matrimony lay outside of our knowledge. We regarded it as the thing that happened in a story after all the real excitement was over, and there was nothing more to expect. If we could have seen a live pair of lovers in actual operation, that department of life might have been illuminated for us. But all the grown-up people we knew were already sorted out into married couples, and ordinary married couples bore little trace now of past romantic excitement in their accomplishment of matrimony. They might have been born married, so

far as we could tell. Our father and mother, for instance, — they seemed distinctly fond of each other, and yet we could n't conceive of a time when they did n't have us. And we certainly would have been an impediment to courtship. Such was the status of romance with me until a certain June afternoon that marked a new emotional epoch.

I had just finished the Legree section of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* for the third time. The last comfortable shiver had died away up my spine, and, still lying under the box-elder tree, with my elbows in the grass and my chin in my hands, I was wondering what to do next. It was then that I happened to see Ellen.

There are vivid moments in one's acquaintance with people, even with members of one's own family, when their characters are suddenly illuminated with new light. So, as I say, I saw Ellen. I dropped my idly waving toes in the grass and sat up, to bring my mind to an earnest contemplation of something I had never seen in her before. Ellen was my oldest sister. For two years she had been back east in boarding-school, and she had now returned, a young lady, and I was adjusting myself to her as a new element in the family. At this moment she sat on the side of the hammock, and a Young Man stood in front of her. Young men, I had begun to notice, had become rather frequent occurrences at our house of late, and they always fell to Ellen to entertain. As I idly watched them, I became aware of the thing that made me sit up.

To begin with, it broke upon me for the first time that Ellen was pretty. Even to the unprepossessed eye of a younger sister, that was now apparent. It had never occurred to me before, for a very simple and logical reason. There had been nothing in my reading to suggest that beauty was anything less than an absolute quality. A young lady was absolutely beautiful and fit to figure in a novel, like Rowena and Rebecca, or she was not beautiful and no heroine at all. Now it dawned on me that there were degrees of beauty and that Ellen had one of them, if not more.

This afternoon she wore a pretty pink dress, one that had come from the east with her, and had an airiness and ruffliness unknown to my useful frocks. She sat with her knees crossed, — *I* was not allowed to do that, — and the attitude brought the tip of a shiny slipper into view, especially when she gave a little push to set the hammock in motion. Her chin was tilted a bit sidewise. Anon she looked up at the young man and then dropped her eyelashes and looked at the rosette on her slipper, and gave a little kick — at least if I had done it, it would have been a kick, if ever so little — that set her ruffles fluttering. When the wind blew her fluffy hair about her face she let it stay for a moment and then put it back, not too securely, with an airy motion that brought her bare elbow into view for a slow minute. No wonder I looked at her. When she combed my hair in the morning, a process entered upon with reluctance on both sides, she did n't tip her chin or flutter her eyelashes or look up with a sudden half-smile. A truth abruptly took my breath away: *Ellen was coquetting.*

I had not dreamed of such a literary possibility as this within my own family. I slowly pushed myself backward until I reached the box-elder for support, and contemplatively gathered up my knees under my chin. At a bound Ellen had passed from being a mere member of the family, with a big sister's unwarranted assumption of authority and troublesome notions as to my deportment, to the dignity of a young lady, and one who could make

a young man look like *that*. My gaze wandered to the veranda where my father and mother were sitting. Their attitude and manner indicated distinctly amicable relations, but they certainly differed from those of Ellen and the young man. It slowly came to me that possibly there was something very enjoyable in this situation of Ellen's. Maybe there was more in the whole matter than I had supposed.

Presently, as no new phenomena seemed to promise at the hammock, I arose and walked meditatively to the house. I slipped into Ellen's room, she being safely engaged for the moment, and looked at myself in her glass, the glass of young-ladyhood. I did n't need its evidence to tell me that I was not beautiful, but what I was looking for was not actuality but promise. With the aid of Ellen's grown-up hairpins I secured my hair on top of my head — my poor, straight, slippery hair that lost so many hair-ribbons. The result certainly was an improvement. Ellen's perfectly beautiful summer hat, all drooping and pink and flowery, lay on the bed. I put it on. Then I looked about me, and a drawer partly open beckoned. Vanity lay within it, in the shape of a lacy, fluffy boa-thing, which I promptly clapped about my undeniably skinny neck. Then I looked in the glass again, with optimistic eye and hopeful forecast of the years. Even I, unbiased though generously sympathetic, thought I saw a far-away promise. Perhaps when I was a young lady! — who could tell?

That night I introduced an entirely novel element into my story: a — lover. I wish I could write it in small type. He was a very nebulous creation at first, and even my own attitude and action wanted definition. The whole relation was tentative, awaiting fuller information. And that information was not so easy to come by as one might suppose. I kept a careful eye on Ellen. But Ellen never seemed to go beyond the most elementary conduct. She did n't do anything but look sidewise and upwise and downwise and say little saucy things that left a heavy burden of response on the young men. I cast about for further illustrations, but no one in sight was in a position to furnish them. I wanted a real love-scene, rich in detail and lavish in phrase.

I fell back on novels, where one ought to be able to learn anything about life. But it was surprising how they had slighted the love-scenes. Jane Austen was so modest in her shy syncopating of them; and Scott never seemed to have time for them, because he had to hurry off to start another fight; and Thackeray gave only little samples, expecting you to know the rest; and *Jane Eyre* was too intellectual for me. As for the mild juvenile books given us by relatives, they confined themselves to didactic issues, with a bare hint of future romance thrown in at the end as a sort of apology for previous dullness. Our reading was entirely too well-guarded. Why had no one introduced us to the current Chambers or Hichens of the time, whoever he was? Family discipline, even personal honor, will not stand everything. I looked at the shelves of the Forbidden Books once too often, and then I fell. The Forbidden Books make a whole chapter, which cannot be given here. They proved my tree of good and evil — and indifferent. But I learned why they were forbidden and I learned other things. Chiefly I learned what I wanted to know.

So far as may lie in the ten-year-old, I applied it. The romance throve apace. I soon passed Ellen, wondering why she contented herself with her pointless, incipient affairs when she might have a real, full-flavored one.

Mere amusement was a slight object. I sighed for dramatic results. Never had the resources about me seemed so limited.

But at last arrived the real chance, the opportunity of the seeker for romance. There came out of the east a young lady cousin to visit, and then presently a young man she was engaged to marry, obligingly invited to spend a few days at the Plantation. To be married was a small thing, but to be engaged — that *was* romantic. I should have preferred to have them just at the point of getting engaged, but this would do. All the small imagination of me sat up, to watch. Something crept through the atmosphere of the house, a mingled amusement and sympathy, and an alertness to guard against surprises and awkward situations.

For me, I forgot my own affair in my excitement over this. Think of having a novel brought and put down under your very nose! Ellen faded into unimportance. My own admirer held to a thread of existence, but an attenuated one. When I really found out new details, I could revive him. Frequently chidden though I was, politeness was almost beyond possibility. I wanted to stare and strain my ears to listen. Unless under strict orders, I hung always in the near distance, shy but eager. If I could only see them when there was no one around! There must be interesting moments that were practically lost to the world.

Then, beyond my wildest hopes, a chance came. I was up in the biggest Maiden's Blush tree, eating an apple, when I saw them coming. I always called them the lovers to myself. I can't tell what an element it put into life, to know that at any hour of the day I might walk into one of the everyday rooms of the house, never so hallowed before, and find a pair of lovers. At this moment they were — well, I won't say what they were doing, but at the time I noted it as an item. It was what I had searched for in Miss Austen and failed to find. But that was not all. They came right up to the tree, not like normal people to look for apples, but to sit down in the soft branchy grass, *right* beneath me. There never was a more awkward or more delightful situation. Of course I knew I should go away, but what could I do? I leave it to any one if I was to blame. There was no moment from the time they came in sight when I could have made my presence known without mortification on both sides. It seemed to be distinctly the part of a lady to keep still when she was up a tree, and it would embarrass the people below to know she was there. Anyway, I am not telling even now, and I should not if I were asked, what they said — still less what they *did*.

But there were drawbacks in the situation. No one need think I was enjoying it in full comfort, in spite of the dramatic intensity of the moment. They came upon me just as I was changing my position in the tree, and the Samothracian Niké herself is not more tired than I was before I had a chance to move. I held my unfinished apple in one hand. I dared not eat it, I had no pocket, and for the moment no lap. With my other hand I had to cling to a branch above my head. There was room for only one foot in the crotch where I was supporting myself, and of course I could not change.

How would you like to cling with one hand to a branch of an apple-tree, while you listened to the platitudes of affection — addressed to some one else? Would it give you any thrills to learn the real evincements of passion, while your right foot was being pinched in a crotch and your other hung at large, heavy and unsupported, and

your thumb was being slowly paralyzed as it clutched the slippery core of an apple? Would n't such unfitting circumstances affect any one's sympathetic appreciation?

Anyway, it was apparent to me now that I had overestimated the literary and dramatic value of such a scene as was going on below me. The language was far below my expectations. I could think of better myself. There was a good deal of repetition of phrasing and what I took for lack of originality. In fact, as my arm began to ache, I thought it all sounded rather silly — the worse the ache, the more foolish the dialogue. I had n't thought much of 'ownest own,' even when I found it in *Maud*, and I thought less of it when I heard it said. As for the action — well, I was a little like Jane Austen myself. I looked the other way most of the time. I should n't have cared to be either of them. The whole situation had evidently been distinctly overrated.

They seemed to have been there a week. My arm ached, my thumb was tired, my foot was cramped, my other foot was numb — I almost wanted to cry. Things below me were getting duller and duller. I was wondering how it would do to get down deliberately and walk away in a dignified manner. Then, all at once, everything happened. Henry and a bumble-bee precipitated the tragic result.

The bumble-bee nearly destroyed my already doubtful poise by buzzing viciously around my head. Then he lighted on the rapidly-browning surface of my apple and remained there in ominous quiet, approaching his fuzzy black-and-yellow self steadily nearer the tip of my thumb. I watched him in awful fear. When he touched my thumb I should scream, I knew. While this horror was pending, Henry appeared on the scene, at the other end of the vista enclosed by apple-trees. He saw me on my perch, but not the absorbed lovers beneath, and emitted a shrill brotherly 'Hi!' by way of salutation. At the very same moment the bee reached out a scraggly leg for a feeler, secured footing, and deliberately drew himself over on my thumb. I did scream — who could have helped it? Moreover I flung the apple and slid precipitately and recklessly from the tree, landing at the very feet of the lovers, who had sprung up at Henry's call. There, a mass of aches and jar and mortification, I remained a moment. They looked at me, I looked at their feet; Henry, a happy outsider, looked at us all. Then I rose and walked away. But you know how your back feels when you are walking away.

If it had not been for Henry, the affair would not have mattered, for I know the lovers would not have mentioned it. But Henry, again to his sex's shame, told. First, he followed me to the house, pestering me all the way with questions and surmises and deridings. I took refuge in *hauteur*. There is nothing else to do when one seems to be in the wrong. If I had gratified Henry's masculine curiosity, he would probably have entered into league with me, and there, except for the lasting effects of disillusionment, the matter might have ended. But my haughty silence drove him into virtuous indignation at my breach of hospitality, and for the honor of the family he mentioned the occurrence to *Them*. Then followed a series of mentionings. Everybody mentioned it to me. My mother mentioned it reluctantly, my father jocularly, a visiting grandparent solemnly, Ellen with spicy indignation. She thought that I ought to apologize, but my mother said no. I don't know where the lovers spent the rest of the afternoon, for no one saw them again until supper-time. I did n't think I

wanted any supper, but I was sent for and brought in, with lagging steps and painful shame on my brow. I think the shame was chiefly for a lost ideal, however, for I certainly was in the tree first. But everybody talked about Mark Twain all through the meal.

That night I said a reluctant but irrevocable farewell to the attenuated lover. He was very passionate and woe-begone, and *he* did credit to his kind by using beautiful language. He might have used more, but I went to sleep in the midst of it. The next morning, while weeding the verbena-bed, I entered on a new career as a rancher in the far west. I would run a large ranch — with great profit — all alone, and I would have about thirty men, and boss them all myself.

LITERARY CENTENNIALS

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL

It is always a welcome pleasure to learn that somebody special was born a hundred years ago. There is saving grace in a century, we have come to feel. Once in a hundred years enchanted villages rise from depths of earth to the light; for a hundred years a sleeping princess must repose before the kiss of the marrying prince. We should be perversely blind to analogy if, after a hundred years, we failed to peer among the dusty treasures of 'olde bokes,' to find, if only for a day, a forgotten beauty waked out of trance; for where is magic more likely to be?

And a literary centennial is a relief to our latent bookishness, our sneaking fondness for an occasional backward glance at familiar things. We may cease for a bit to toe the mark of the current literary issue and remember a little at our leisure, with the complacence of recognition, the cherished things which we are in the habit of knowing. Yes, let us be thankful for the world's growing leniency, which allows us to be antiquated if we will be antiquated enough, and grants an old subject to be all very well if only it be old a century.

For each of us at home, in his own library, is in some odd way old-fashioned. Indeed, that we have once loved a book gives it a reflected sacredness in our secret predilection, for there is involved in a refusal to forget former tastes an appropriate loyalty, just as Sir Roger de Coverley never changed the cut of his clothes after his memorable affair with the Widow. For these things have entered our experience with favor, and we owe them at least a pleasant thought and a lucky word as we pass them by in the walks of later years.

Nor is the relapse to retrospect a treason to the alert forwardness of modern habit. Still we may choose the front seat in the car and watch the road ahead, may steadily scan the sky to know as soon as others if a new planet swims within our ken. But we shall judge only the more shrewdly of the procession of progress if we can recap-

ture a little in off hours the critical naïveté of old times before we grew so wondrous wise.

There is the chance, of course, that we may find shrunken some favorite bit of the dear old world of fiction that used to loom large with the largeness of discovery. For other things than years have lost size since the time-machine began to accelerate its revolving pace. 'He that hath never seen a river, the first he seeth he taketh it to be an ocean.' There are strange disappointments of aftersight. We have to be careful of our oceans nowadays, lest there should turn out to be only five.

Such faint-hearted scruple may perhaps hold a few lagging from the pleasant society of the Dickens centennial reunion. What if some jovial old comrade should have grown to look amazingly like a clown? What if those gentle young ladies should be really unable to bleed after a good pricking? What if that grand hurly-burly of clamoring excitement should no longer rush us on, pale and tense, to know the worst? It would be a pity if the laugh should ring loud with more mirth than it is master of, if the tear should drop bigger than the molecular composition of a tear allows, if the caricatures should strain at their insistence so that we 'could not miss 'em.'

We are advisedly reluctant perhaps to disturb with a too critical invasion the recollection of good things once found perfect. We are grown staid and crabbed, to be sure, and correspondingly hard to please. The dear old ways of romance, revisited, seem often homeless and inhuman ways. Nor is the rumble and racket of words still a charmed incantation. There used to be a great line of poetry:—

> Hear Icenian, Catieuclanian! Hear Coritanian, Trinobant!

Just who these high beings were, I always dreaded to learn, lest the spell should break, though I knew them worshipful to be so called. But now I care not for them. I would just as lief hear about Goody Blake and Harry Gill, or George and Sarah Green. Day now dawns on Norham's castled steep unheeded, and Brian the Hermit's curses rouse no answering shudder in my blood.

And it is perhaps with justice that the Dickens doubters depose to a growing fastidiousness. We no longer fancy the quintain type of humor; we would rather not cry upon compulsion; we like an author to take our subtlety somewhat for granted. A worse confession is behind, for we concern ourselves about a mere correctness of style. We want a sentence to be etymologically a sentence, words to say what they mean; and we are even become sticklers for grammar. We deserve to be disappointed, and so sometimes we are.

But the free-handed old novelists with whose memory these passing years are busy, knew a reality firm and potent to outweigh more faults than we shall ever have wit to find. Yes, a hundred years ago, more or less, was a promising time to come into the world; and if the corner of the century has anything to do with endowment, we may have every confidence in the babies of the present. At least of the world of letters Stevenson was nearly right, that

> The dearest friends are the oldest friends,
> And the new are just on trial.

We may neglect them in our conscientious curiosity for modern miniatures, vignettes, novelettes, storiettes, but when we want them, they are there, known by our more tolerant comprehension, which is life's gift, though richer and livelier, perhaps, for excellences which we used not to suspect.

And to distrust Dickens is surely the

cowardice of little faith. To-day we are wiser than once to know what strength is worth, — that robust sympathy so much warmer than good taste that excess matters little; spirits so buoyant that their maintenance is a reasonable and exalted service; the easy control of the seething world whose vulgarity no longer shocks our hardened public; the sustained vitality of the definite and lighted vision. And we understand even better why Thackeray loved to praise the work of his more copious and popular rival, why he found him 'how much the best of all.'

To Thackeray, of Victorian novelists always most modern, we have grown happily closer in the freedom of current reminiscence. The personal Thackeray, kindly man of the world, has touched us almost with the charm of a new acquaintance, — the grown-up boy who could never see a boy without wanting to give him a sovereign; the chivalrous editor, unparalleled to-day, who withdrew from the management of the *Cornhill Magazine* because he could not bear to reject the manuscripts of women contributors. And in the novelist, keen, but human and tender, we now look in vain for the insufferable cynic who had the elfish trick of spoiling a story, — who chose in cold blood to turn out a 'novel without a hero,' who preferred a Lady Castlewood unreasonable, inconsistent, and jealous, a silly Amelia, an irresponsible Pendennis, — when they might more easily have been capital specimens of their kind. We acknowledge too with a more wholesome respect the artist Thackeray, the master strong and light of touch, moderate of effect, careless with the sufficiency of genius which has no need of emphasis or of trick vocabulary. Him we had almost missed in earlier days.

The fuller field of vision is natural to mature sight, for our early impatient taste is freely impressionistic. It is sensitive to color and shade, to atmosphere and light; it vibrates to the wave of the passionate and the momentous, but recoils from the unsparing observation of motive which is the touchstone of the critic, ignores with careless indifference the repose and reserve of good form, the tranquil exactness and level sincerity which are the life of essential prose, rejects frankly whatever is coldly classical or so unpretentious as to seem trivial to questing ardor. For fresh young eyes cannot afford to notice small things near at hand, so many lovely scenes at a distance are waiting to be hailed.

With Browning we shall have this year no old reserves to discard or enthusiasms to correct, still less a sense of retrocession to a past mode of thought; for the Browning domination, grown with the slowness of the higher organism to maturity, is still an inherent part of modern life, charged with an elemental force which lies too far below the surface to be disturbed by the flux of fashion. Except for a few sporadic protests, there has not been time even for a reaction. For we are still learning Browning, confident to find more of his 'stuff for strength' within the most heady and protuberant outpourings. His virile genius has traceably modified our personal consciousness, has wrought a prophet's revelation for the infinite consequence of each blind moral choice, the potential worth of each grotesque fragment of humanity, its utter difference from all its fellows. The centennial comes too close for a readjustment of public opinion, for the formation of a more serene cult; but it may open the way. Shall we, with Mr. Santayana, judge Browning the pioneer Vandal of verse-disintegration, snapping his fingers at form with a superfluity of naughtiness; or with M. Jusserand, 'sans comparaison l'âme la

plus haute et la plus forte que compte la poésie anglaise depuis Shakespeare'? There may be something new to be said about Browning yet.

Edward FitzGerald used to complain that in the company of one special friend his spirit was rebuked to a rather uncomfortable oppression, reduced to a somewhat overmastering meekness. I fancy he would have felt the same with Browning. We are sure to value most choicely an intimacy with a high genius, but are quite as glad to see again those old comrades, worthy of our steady affection, whom we can hail unabashed by too profound a reverence. In bookland, too, we are sometimes more at ease with lesser folk. A proved mind there was here and there, pure and large, but too complaisant to contemporary taste to be passed on by it to the next age, save as the author of a single book or perhaps of two. Shy folks there were, who kept their privacy too far apart from the onward movement of the time to go forward in the centre of the current. And if we find these too, at the century's touch, better and bigger than we guessed, the pleasure of our meeting has the added flavor of a gratified vanity that we had the gift to know them. So has it been with the translator of Omar, himself.

Three years ago the centennial unburied from beneath the weight of the *Rubaiyat's* terrible popularity, and restored to our fellowship, that savant, hermit, musician, gypsy, artist, fisherman, friend, Edward FitzGerald. No doubt he would shrink from our prying, even as in his lifetime he constantly laughed at his own 'fine parts' and 'great works,' concealed his little adventures in print with the shyness of inverted pride, and withheld from the eyes of a peering future the intimate relics of his personality. More retiring than Kipling's muskrat, Chuchundra, who could never make up his mind to run into the middle of the room, he guarded with careful pains the freedom of his 'invisibility,' fled even from the friends for whom he hankered, if he must risk for them 'the sight of a new face in polite circles.' Yet it is easy to understand the hearty remembrance in which he was held by the famous friends who could not beguile him from his obscurity: Spedding, Laurence, Frederick and Alfred Tennyson, Carlyle, and Thackeray. And perhaps we can better appreciate his quality today, when the fine old connoisseur has so nearly given place to the less pleasant person, the scholar. For FitzGerald seems to have relished more ripely than others all things clean and rare under the sun and the light of his own whimsical fancy; to have pictured them with a sight poetic and humorous at once, a delightful trick of odd analogy. Which was dearest, we wonder, Persian poetry or the 'Old Sea,' the friendly sands, the turnips in their rows, the captain of his herring-lugger, the sweet field winds, the exhibits of the National Gallery for which he would now and then dodge up to London, 'the merry old writers of more manly times,' or the achievements of his immortal friends with which, as he grew in years, his anxious ambition was never satisfied? But FitzGerald should never have grown old, for his early blitheness was the truth of him. 'Such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it.'

Mrs. Gaskell too has been well-nigh eclipsed by the fame of her greatest work. But if we took, from the birthday of two years ago, impulse for a less sluggish acceptance, we have found her after her hundred years a more various person than the author of *Cranford*. We may have laughed at the occasional trace of an obsolete pattern in the diverse old tales, — the insufferable beauty of an ill-starred heroine, a sol-

emn regard for the ubiquitous moral which often beguiles to an overgrown simplicity, a voice too audibly raised in the plaint of a pathos too searching, and the bent common to most women novelists of the middle century to put the story through every vicissitude of ruthless woe. But the least of her once famous novels has the promise of a firmer touch, a wiser control, and the more competent tenderness which knows in kindly laughter the ease and healing of sorrow.

Looking beyond *Cranford*, we are almost startled, as if come suddenly upon new fields unseen before in a familiar country. There is, even in the forgotten stories, an emotional suggestiveness for apt environment, singular among Victorian novelists, — for the thrill of pure color under the sky, the winging changes of sun and shadow in a world of shifting light and touching air, — all in a kindled phraseology sometimes curiously relapsing to the prim fineries of the old-time manner. But despite her quick eye for natural aspects Mrs. Gaskell, like her contemporaries, cared immeasurably more for the human. Hers it was to detect with a perpetual zest all little realities of character in a world where small things are more full of meaning than large. We have known them in *Cranford*, with its minature gentilities understood to be world-wide conventions, its faded dreams and album-pressed remembrances. But we feel them only less appealing in the simple purity of *Cousin Phillis*, in the poignant social passion of *Mary Barton*, in the overwrought but rending pathos of *Sylvia's Lovers*, or below the equal poise of *North and South*, written at a time when few but the indifferent to labor troubles were calm. We find perhaps better than *Cranford* in the comfortable economy of *Wives and Daughters*, its hearty folk not too precisely typed or tagged, by no means exempt from sorrow's waste or folly's price, but supported by a humorous reserve of astute common sense. Elizabeth Bennet would have loved to know Molly Gibson. More liberal praise than that would be hard to find for Molly, or for *Wives and Daughters*. And two years ago I, for one, had never heard of *Wives and Daughters*.

All thanks to the centennials. They have made miracles more real for us than the magic lore of the fairy tales. For what less than a miracle happens ever when 'fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,' and a new season begins for life, once harvested and stored, come out to leaf and bloom again under the sun? The associations of a literary centennial are not to be put aside, when it is past, to lie unhandled for a hundred years. They leave a reality quickened, a personal contact renewed with things noble and precious, found alive and undying, to be a more actual presence and a richer heritage. In the fairy tale, when the day is over, the suddenly awakened castle turns again to stone, the little village sinks with its ephemeral bustle once more to the depths of the ground. But the beauty of old books remains with us, unblemished, like the exquisite bodies of martyrs found instinct with life and sweet savor after the lapse of centuries. The centennial has been not a memorial only, but a renaissance.

IN THE FREE WARD

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I

When I was a wee child
A-singing in the sun,
Came the knell, like a leper's bell,
Of the Fateful One.

In his mouth was hunger,
In his hand was want,
There I shook beneath his look,
Bled beneath his vaunt:

'I am lord of bodies,
I am lord of souls,
I am lord of half the horde
That die between the poles.

'I laugh at all the teachers
That have not taught of me.
I make the rules for all their schools —
My name is Poverty.

'I laugh at all the nations
That have no thought of me:
For still their laws of me are cause —
My name is Poverty.'

When I was a wee child
A-singing in the sun,
Came a knell, like a leper's bell:
'T was the Fateful One.

II

My little soul I never saw,
Nor can I count its days;
I do not know its wondrous law
And yet I know its ways.

O it is young as morning-hours —
And old as is the night;
O it has growth of budding flowers —
Yet tastes my body's blight.

And it is silent and apart,
And far and fair and still,
Yet ever beats within my heart,
And cries within my will.

And it is light and bright and strange,
And sees life far away;
Yet far with near can interchange
And dwell within the day.

My soul has died a thousand deaths,
And yet it does not die,
My soul has broke a thousand faiths,
And yet it cannot lie;

My soul — there's naught can make it less;
My soul — there's naught can mar;
Yet here it weeps with loneliness
Within its lonely star.

My soul — not any dark can bind,
Nor hinder any hand,
Yet here it weeps — long blind, long blind —
And cannot understand.

III

How long I've lain below the Christ
That hangs upon the wall,
His suffering o'er my suffering:
Was his indeed for all?

Ah me, the weary, weary hours
  So slowly by us file,
And not yet has the sad Christ learned —
  As I have learned — to smile.

IV

Four gray walls, four gray walls,
  One green window-space;
Four gray walls — high up on one
  The crucifix has place.

Four gray walls, four gray walls,
  Ere the eye can trace,
Past the high-hung crucifix,
  The window's green leaf-lace.

Four gray walls, four gray walls —
O the four-square grayness palls
  Of my prison-space!
Dying Christ be thankèd for
  One green window's grace.

V

Little Sister Rose-Marie,
Chosen bride to Christ she'll be.
  Child — she says she sees her path,
  Mild — has felt God-Father's wrath,
Vows her life forth joyfully
(Visioned unreality).

Hearken, Sister Rose-Marie:
Chosen bride to pain I be;
  But I never saw his face,
  And I never chose my place,
Nor the vow that wedded me
(O unseen reality).

WHAT OF LIBERAL EDUCATION?

BY DAVID SNEDDEN

Is liberal education losing in power to attract youth? This is alleged in many quarters. In college and secondary school, the studies which wear a vocational aspect are being preferred, we are told, to those that minister to the larger ideals of life. Education toward practical achievement is being sought by an increasing number of students, while the numbers of those seeking in the humanities the elevating influences which a higher civilization needs do not increase proportionately. The advocates of an effective vocational education are not infrequently embarrassed by the charge that they are promoting the decay of much that makes for kindled ideal, sympathetic insight and personal culture. They have not always the hardihood to suggest that perhaps the waning of interest in liberal education may be occasioned largely by lack of adaptation in its own instruments and methods. May it not be possible that the demand for the essentials of liberal education is no less strong than formerly, but that ancient ways of meeting it no longer suffice?

Clearly, better foundations are needed for liberal education in school and college. Professors and teachers of the liberal arts still reflect in a measure the ideals and methods of the cloister and of the leisured world in which their calling found its aristocratic and exclusive origins. Quite naturally, they are usually strong in their faiths, and resentful of scrutiny into the social validity of their purposes; and it would be surprising if, under the circumstances, they proved themselves able to evaluate in any fundamental way the effectiveness of their means and methods in promoting culture and social worth under modern democratic conditions.

Schoolmen — teachers of the liberal arts in school and college — can be credited with a fine devotion to the study of those fields of knowledge in which their scholarly interests lie; but, with rare exceptions, they have not been students of teaching. They have mastered subject-matter, the means of education, — but not pedagogy, the art of effectively applying the means. They have not yet evolved a satisfactory philosophy of liberal education to supersede the store of educational dogmas, psychological misconceptions, and cultural mysticisms which they inherited.

Yet our schools and colleges are thronged as never before by those seeking or sent to seek higher education. Over a million boys and girls, under no legal compulsion, now pursue the traditional types of liberal learning in public secondary schools in America; and the men and women in the colleges are to be numbered by hundreds of thousands. But much of the work done in these institutions is without clear purpose, and is therefore largely futile as regards the finer ends of liberal education.

Efficiency in education, as elsewhere in the regions of conscious effort, involves on the one hand a fairly clear conception of goals to be reached, and on the other a degree of certitude as to

the probable functioning of the means and methods employed. Our institutions devoted to liberal education are not able to apply to themselves tests of efficiency along these lines; they have no acceptable formulations of their purposes; and equally (and partly as a consequence) they have no sufficient evidence as to the efficacy of the procedures which they use. These schools receive the picked personalities of the community, from the standpoint both of natural inheritance and of social surroundings. Intelligent men and women naturally expect the schools to enhance in marked degree the civic and cultural possibilities of these young people. Neither parents nor public are satisfied with the results. In spite of the large attendance in school and college, faculties allege that there is a waning of interest in intellectual pursuits. Students are perfunctory in their devotion to serious studies, except to those appealing to practical motives. Vocational education seems often to have the stronger claims on attention and interest. Because of the greater efficiency of its procedures it may, indeed, tend to attract students at an age when, for them, a further liberal education, if effective, would be preferable.

Vocational education is capable, at best, of making only partial and somewhat incidental contributions to liberal education, no matter how we conceive the latter. A democracy surely needs liberal education, widely developed, as something distinct from vocational capacity. The lawyer can be given, somehow, interests in music and art quite unconnected with his vocation; the farmer may have his tastes for literature, sociology, or astronomy; and the machinist may touch with some appreciation, in his leisure hours, such remote fields as the plant-world, or the interior decoration of a home.

May we not, in fact, still find it desirable to defend, in a degree, liberal education in terms of its differences from vocational education; not indeed in disparagement of the latter, as the cloistered schoolman has done, but as furnishing the vital complementary factors to it? Man, to be of use to himself, and to society, must be a producer of utilities of some sort; and it is folly to disparage this function, or to deny its importance in any sane scheme of education. But man is also a consumer; he is a user of the endlessly varied output of the labor and inspiration of others. To produce little and consume much is a characteristic of parasitical forms of life; but to produce well and consume badly gives us, in the human sphere, narrow, illiberal, self-limiting, and ultimately self-destroying individualities. The modern world insists on specialization in productive activities as the key-note to efficiency; but it must learn to insist equally on the democratization and universalizing of fine consuming capacities as a condition of maintaining the larger forms of social life. One of the vices almost always inherent in certain forms of social aristocracy, is the artificial specialization of some consuming functions.

Are there not revealed in the distinctions here presented the clues to the methods and functions of liberal education? Man stands in a two-fold relationship to the world; he is a producer of utilities, and also a consumer. As producer, he writes books, or constructs machines, or produces wheat, or builds houses, or heals the sick, or conveys travelers; and for any of these activities he can be trained. As consumer, however, he is inspired by books, served by machines, nourished by bread, sheltered by houses, healed by physicians, and carried by railways; and for the wise and profitable exercise of these activities he can also be

trained. He specializes in production; but manufacture, and printing, and steam enable him to universalize in consumption. What we call the social inheritance — knowledge, ideals, institutions, inventions, all capitalized in more or less permanent forms — is at the disposal of any qualified user. In a world of specialized producers, each person sufficiently trained in utilization has for his enjoyment and service endless stores of science, of art, of religious ideals, of political capacity, and of economic resources.

The world needs able producers, and education to that end will never be amiss; but it also needs, as a condition of social well-being, consumers who can utilize material and spiritual products to their own advantage, and also to the advantage of those who are of high grade among producers. Do I buy inferior newspapers, when better are available? I not only injure myself, but I lend my influence to lowering the standards of newspaper production. Does one prefer cheap and ephemeral fiction to the standard writings of the great masters? Not only does he fail to realize his own best good, but he becomes measurably responsible for the failure of other potential great masters to reach the stage of high creative work. Do we, as a people, reward with our approval and patronage unscientific medical attendance, conscienceless political service, and life-impairing industrial activity? We pay, as a rule, our own penalty; but society is also permanently the loser in scientific medicine, in political honesty, and in genuinely efficient industry.

Is not the essence of liberal education to be found in the conception of man as a user? Is it possible to call a man liberally educated, who, as a user, habitually makes inferior choices from the fields of art, literature, religion, applied science, convivial association, political leadership, and travel? Fortunately, we no longer hold the older notion that culture is inseparable from certain specialized forms of appreciation, such as ability to read Greek, speak French, recite sonnets, or discuss the latest fiction; and we are slowly learning to conceive it as something deeper than the mere possession of etiquette and a set of conventions.

The liberally educated man of the twentieth century will not be the member of a narrow cult. From many quarters will it prove possible, as a famous university president has told us, to derive the training and experience which make for liberal education; and it is futile to expect that all liberally educated men shall exhibit powers of appreciation in the same fields. Life is short, and the world of ideals, knowledge, and specialized service grows constantly larger. If all men read, we are under obligation to seek to produce better standards of reading; but this does not mean that we shall bar from the ranks of the liberally educated, on this account alone, the man who has no Latin; nor he who, perchance, may not have read Browning; nor even one who frankly confesses a general distaste for classical literature.

Perhaps, in the more democratic society of the future, we shall find more satisfactory universal tests of liberal education in those regions of activity where large numbers have social contact. To-day we all buy and use pictures — in newspaper, magazine, moving-picture show, bill-board exhibition, and, less commonly, in art gallery and in the household; how much of liberal education for this purpose can a more purposive system of school training give us? We are all users of the output of the modern loom; according to the character of the demand, this output may be prevailingly flimsy, inartistic, unhygienic, and the product of shop

conditions which promote poverty, ill health, and low morals. Will not right ideas of liberal education insist on elevating these conditions, and socializing this form of consumption? Again, that field of social activity which we term politics has evolved a form of specialized service for which compensation is given as in other fields. Voting means simply collective employment of this specialized service toward the performance of particular functions. In a democracy, it has seemed desirable to allow large numbers to share, directly or indirectly, in the employment of public servants. The essence of general civic education is to produce good employers of civic workers, that is, persons who will have a fairly clear conception of the task to be done, and who will know how to choose efficient and honest employees. From this standpoint, shall we continue to be able to call a man liberally educated for the conditions of modern life who manifests incapacity and professes indifference in exercising his social responsibility in the joint purchase of expert political service?

Now, if the conception of liberal education here put forth is valid, it is necessary that we realize how far the methods of modern academic training are alien to it. Not so much, perhaps, is this true in professed purpose as in methods and results. A careful examination of the pedagogic practice (largely traditional and customary, of course, rather than consciously purposive) of secondary school and college of liberal arts will show the persistence of methods derived rather from an ancient vocational education, and ill serving the purposes of liberal learning.

At bottom, it would seem that popular objection to so-called liberal education rests largely on a widespread, though seldom articulate, conviction that it is not liberalizing. Does the study of the historic 'humanities,' as carried on in a modern atmosphere, produce the 'humane' man, — the man who, as in the olden view, saw profoundly, thought deeply, sympathized widely, and became a blessed source of high ideals, correct thinking, and benign sentiment? Are our high-school graduates liberally educated to utilize and thereby to improve service in the making of books, the preaching of sermons, the nurture of children, the policing of cities, the administration of charity, and the presentation of plays? Is the organized training of the average college of liberal arts (not the college life, since often, by chance or design, this is unquestionably liberalizing) such as to produce high-grade appreciation and effective powers of utilization in the fields of citizenship, art, social intercourse, religion?

It seems highly probable that, because of the prevailing haziness of thinking regarding the valid and practicable ends of liberal education, there is ineffective organization of means. What, for example, has the obligatory study of algebra and geometry on the part of ninety-five per cent of the more than half million high-school girls in America to do with their liberal education? Some seventy per cent, probably, of all boys and girls in our public high schools are constantly studying Latin, that ancient and extolled instrument of liberal education; but, as commonly studied, by grammatical methods, and without persistent interest, what part does it play, except in rare instances, in the liberal education of American youth? These subjects, it will be said, are prescribed merely as the preliminary instruments of a later liberal education; but what is this? Are the instruments ever actually used, and with what effect? Does such education, in truth, 'function'? where, and to what extent?

Again, the large purposes of science-teaching, enunciated at intervals since the days of Spencer and Huxley, are acceptable and admirable from the standpoint of liberal education; but in spite of laboratories and innumerable courses in college and secondary school, do not these purposes still remain largely unrealized? What, after all, for the average youth, has the prevailing study of physics, of chemistry, and of biology to do with liberal education? The methods currently employed are those of formal vocational education; high school and college teachers organize their work as if their sole business were to prepare forthcoming specialists in teaching, medicine, and engineering. Once in a generation each institution may get a real teacher of science from the standpoint of inspiration, insight, culture — in a word, liberal education; but the rank and file are technicians only. The popular verdict is that science, pure or applied, is not yet in practice a feature of liberal education.

The same criticism applies to other subjects. Our secondary schools and colleges multiply courses in history. We all feel, vaguely, that in history, if anywhere, should be found valuable means of liberal education. But scientific methods, an insufficient pedagogy, and a prevailing lack of social insight (perhaps better called sociological insight) have contributed to the sterilization of this subject as a soil for the growth of ideals, sentiments, and useful social knowledge.

Obviously, we need a revision of the philosophy and methods of liberal education. Surely, no one can contend that in a world growing daily richer in all kinds of resources, — spiritual, intellectual, æsthetic, material, — and in specialized service, we do not need education towards wise utilization on a high social plane. The democratic and universal character of this education must be assured. Let it not be forgotten that extra-school agencies, and these often of an irresponsible sort, are always active in leading the consumer toward anything but the finer forms of utilization. The Sunday newspaper and the cheap magazine become the literature of the majority; the billboard, vaudeville, and moving-picture show give to the people not only romance, but art as well; the convivial association of the drinking place is substituted for more refined and restrained intercourse; and advertising, which now costs annually far more than the total outlay for all forms of organized education, incessantly fashions tastes and standards in the use of clothing, ornament, food, and habitation, as well as in literature, music, and political service.

Many of the foregoing agencies are good; but they are seldom capable of producing from within themselves the higher standards, and they often fail to lend themselves to the wider social purposes needed by the age in which we live. The school is the one institution under more or less of public control, which is charged, in so far as it deliberately ministers to liberal education, with responsibility for the elevation and diffusion of higher standards of appreciation and utilization. A purposive programme to this end is a present educational need. When it shall be evolved, it seems probable that, in comparison with it, our pitiful drills in algebra, Latin, text-book physics, ancient history, elementary logic, and English composition, will make a poor exhibition as supposed means of genuine liberal education.

How can such a programme be formulated? It seems to the writer that the first condition is a statement of the aims of liberal education in terms of demonstrable utilities, — a statement

which shall consist neither of mere descriptions of means and subjects of study, nor of vague and perhaps mystical generalizations. 'Culture,' 'mental training,' 'æsthetic appreciation,' 'the scientific spirit,' are all too uncertain, too complex, and perhaps, in their general aspects, too impracticable of realization, to serve usefully as formulated goals of educational effort; and, on the other hand, subjects of study, the so-called liberal arts, as condensed, formalized, and desiccated by the schoolmaster, in text-book and manual, are rarely, in themselves, utilities, but merely instruments or means. It may be desirable that a high-school girl should be induced or compelled to study algebra, but surely this should not be for the sake of the algebra itself; and it is educational faith and dogma, not certitude and science, which now declare that out of such study she will emerge keener of mind, stronger in self-control, or elevated in useful ideals. As found in practice today, liberal education directs its efforts toward mastery of certain subjects; these are certainly only means to further ends, which are either not yet defined or rest largely on a basis of tradition and mysticism.

But modern education should prove equal to the task of discovering and formulating, as educational ends, a large variety of interests, forms of appreciation, and powers of utilization, all having worth to the individual and to society. Having found valid and attainable aims, it could then develop ways and means of realizing them.

A few examples may indicate what is here meant. In the study of music, proficiency in execution can be attained by but few; but fine appreciation should be possible to many. Might not a programme of music-teaching in secondary schools be devised with the latter end only in view? It is doubtful if we yet have any tested methods for this purpose; but these would follow a definition of such purpose. Again, suppose it were made a controlling end of certain civic education in the high school to produce a fairly definite attitude toward, and comprehension of, the problems of the joint employment of public servants: namely, voting. What kind of a pedagogic programme could be devised to that end? To take another example, what could a college do if it sought to evoke by educational means, not the scientific attitude in general, which is at best a questionable possibility, but a constructively scientific attitude toward the modern reporting and publication of alleged news? Or if a high school were to seek to elevate the consuming capacities of its students in the field of the drama, would its faculty provide for an analytical study of Shakespearean plays, or would it strive to evoke fairly good results through amateur playwrights and actors from within the student body itself? Again, how shall we give to the youth who is to be a future householder, taste in the choice of material surroundings — by the study of formal drawing and physics, or by the exercise of the constructive interests of the amateur furniture-maker and interior decorator — the work of the manual-training shops?

The second condition governing the formulation of a more vital programme of liberal education, as defined above, would seem to require a lessening of the aloofness of such education, as now carried on. An ancient type of spiritual-mindedness was clearly characterized by its contempt for worldly things, its insistence on the all-importance of things beyond this earth; our so-called liberal education preserves even yet some cloistral aspects, in its distrust of worldly things, its shrinking from too close contact with act-

ualities of the present. Perhaps this attitude was desirable when culture of any considerable degree was necessarily the product, as well as the possession, of an exclusive and leisure class; and, just as the modern world is richer, in all probability, for the monastic detachment of the churches which permitted the ripening of certain social tendencies, so, possibly, an exclusive ancient culture has fertilized modern life. But what is here called liberal education ought not only to be democratic and popular: it is, in forms good or bad, actually that to-day. The school may ignore its responsibilities; other less disinterested agencies will continue actively at work. All people in modern society are being subjected to never-ceasing influences which debase or improve their consuming capacities.

A system of liberal education which maintains old traditions of intellectual or social aloofness cannot serve well under modern conditions. Our academic studies are, on this ground, open to criticism. Many of them are organized and presented too much with reference to their 'pure' aspects — that is, without regard to their applications in contemporary life and activity. As a consequence, they fail to 'function' in life, social and individual, as it is now lived; that is, the results in terms of ideals and knowledge in action, namely, in 'works,' are not realized.

Can we not devise a system of liberal education which shall find its foundations in the best things of the here and now? Literature and art are all about us; science and faith offer their daily contributions; history is in the making to-day; industry pours forth its wares; and children, no less than adults, are sharing in the dynamic activities of contemporary social life. Not in the things of the past, but in those of the present, should liberal education find its beginnings as well as its results. Fortified by the resources, interest, and insight thus obtained, it can be made to embrace areas of culture and power which are relatively remote and abstract.

Cannot our teachers of the liberal arts, while holding their high ideals and conserving their refined interests and tastes, yet keep themselves in vital contact with the world of people and of things in which their real work is to be accomplished? Is any other course open to the supporters of a liberal education which shall meet modern requirements of pedagogy on the one hand, and of democratic society on the other?

WITH A DIFFERENCE

BY E. NESBIT

ADVENTURES are to the adventurous. Which, I suppose, means, if it means anything, that you get what you expect; that if you keep your eyes open, you will probably see what you are looking out for; and that, in a general way, Life will give you what you ask of her, if only you ask long enough and plainly enough. At the same time the prayer to life must be the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed — the motion of that hidden fire, and so on. Though to all prayers the answer usually comes 'with a difference.'

It is usual to suppose that the fires of chivalry which are the beacons of adventure burn best on the altar of a soul enshrined in a fine temple. That, in fact, your born adventurer is a handsome dashing blade, the sort that men stand by and women turn to look after in the street. This, though a good general rule, has exceptions. The young man whom you are now to see topping the steep hill cut in the chalk of the downs, lacked almost all the physical attributes which we are accustomed to ascribe to the heroes of adventure. He was neither conspicuously tall nor noticeably handsome. His hair was a little too long, and the shabby knapsack that bent his narrow shoulders bulged with more things than a hero, the favorite of fortune, would ever have found need for. To the hero for whom agreeable and exciting adventures lurk in every hedge and by every wayside, a rough blanket, a kettle, and half a dozen pet books would merely be in the way; but to this young man, a clerk taking his holiday in the cheapest possible fashion by a long tramp across the sunny Southern counties, they were necessities. His mouth and his hands were the mouth and the hands of a dreamer, but nothing else in him betrayed his kinship to the brotherhood of the Romantics, save the eyes that questioned the face of the world as a dog's eyes question the face of his master. And these contradicted all the rest of him. From these, if you ever noticed anything and had any sort of skill in that most useful arithmetical act called putting two and two together, you might have deduced all those characteristics so resolutely denied by his general appearance.

As his feet felt the relief of the downward slope, he drew himself up, shifted a little the straps of the bloated knapsack and stepped forward more briskly. Behind him lay the long curved miles of dusty road that had held for him nothing but dust and dreams, before him the straight white ribbon of road that might hold so many things. The mighty rounded shoulders of the downs lay close against a very blue sky; white clouds sailed across that sky, and their shadows sailed across the valley where a light wind stirred the infrequent trees and dappled the face of the yellow standing corn. The young man drew a long breath of pleasure. A little farmhouse, gray and yellowed with lichen, nestled in the hollow of the hill; the blue smoke curled lightly from its chimneys; in its garden one saw little hints of red and yellow and the blind-

ing, dazzling gleam of something unexplained near the back door. The road swerved and brought him nearer. The red and yellow turned to hollyhocks and sunflowers, and the diamond dazzlement was just a tin bucket hanging on the palings by the back door. He smelt the wood-smoke as other people smell roses.

'Is n't it good?' he asked himself; 'is n't it the real right thing?' And a pang of pleasure came to him at the thought of the man who should own that house, should come home to it from his good clean field-work, through the glad little garden, to find in its sombre orderly kitchen some one waiting to whom he was the light of the eyes. In his thought, he, of course, was the man who should come home. The one who should be waiting was the one he had never met, never would meet. The thought of London rushed at him, London with the dusty ledgers and the gritty pavements, with submissive miserable people caught in its horrible machinery, whirled round and round, day by day, in a dreadful rush where nothing was, nor ever could be, worth while; and almost instantly he forbade himself the thought, and said slowly to himself again, 'the one I shall never meet.'

'But I will meet her,' he said suddenly and aloud, and set his teeth. After that the talk was just a dream of the ways he would travel till he should meet the one who would make everything worth while.

Life must have been listening when he spoke aloud, for within the hour he met her. She was riding a bicycle, steadily but slowly, for she came up the hill as he came down, and as they passed they looked at each other, and though he almost stopped, the moment was over almost before it had begun. She had a white dress, and a red rose at her breast.

'Why is n't it mediæval times?' he asked himself, 'when a knight would have to ask a fair lady what service he could render?'

And he was sorry, because the girl on the bicycle had just such eyes as she might have who should make everything worth while.

Then suddenly he turned and shouted after her.

'Hi!' he called unromantically, and turned and ran up the hill with a sudden sense that something not himself had taken the bit in its teeth.

'I can at least ask her the way,' he told himself, 'then I shall hear her voice.'

But she had not heard his. She had turned into a side road that led, grassy and untrodden, toward the white cliff of an old quarry. And here she dismounted, for the road was rough and stony. The thing that had taken the bit between its teeth dragged him after her. He would not shout again, he would catch her up. But the bicycle had shot ahead before she dismounted, and the distance between them lessened very slowly. Rounding the corner to a smoother surface, she remounted, and he felt that she was leaving him so that he should never see her again, and again he shouted; and this time she heard, started, swerved, and then before his eyes, with a hundred yards of track still between them, the bicycle staggered, recovered itself, tripped itself up in a cart-rut, and fell clattering to the ground, where it and its rider lay still in the sunshine.

'My God!' he said, 'that's my doing!' and he ran. You know the thought that clung to him as he ran, making his feet feel heavy as one's feet feel in nightmares.

As he drew near he saw that she and the bicycle lay in a heap, the glitter of metal and the white of her dress dazzling together. And when he was quite

close he perceived that the bicycle had fallen on her, that her dress was caught in the pedal, that her eyes were shut, and that there was blood on her forehead.

'My God!' he said again, and set his hand to the bicycle. He could not get it away from her except by cutting the hem of her skirt. So he cut it and lifted the clattering thing away and laid it on its side.

'Are you hurt?' he said, and 'Oh, do speak!'

But she did not speak.

He looked round for water. There is no water on the south downs except the dew-ponds, and there was no dew-pond here. So he tumbled everything out of his knapsack, the tin kettle and the blanket and *Lavengro* and *The Shropshire Lad* and *The Open Road* and the things to eat in their sordid paper wrappings. Among the litter he found the soldier's water-bottle of cold tea, soaked a handkerchief — his last clean one — in that, and bathed her forehead. The cut was only a very little one, but still her eyes were closed and her lips very pale, like faded pink rose-leaves.

The sun shone down in careless splendor. There was no least shadow anywhere to which he could move her, even if he could have moved her, and even if he had not felt that he dared not move her. So he propped the bicycle up in a cart-rut close to her head and spread his blanket over it and so made a patch of shadow about her. Then he put more cold tea on her forehead, and took her hands which were very cold and rubbed them between his own, and wished that his hands had not been dirty with the dust of the road. And he looked at her, learning every line of her face by heart. 'For even if she is dead,' he said, 'she is so like the one who would have made everything worth while.'

Her hair was loosened by the fall, and he had taken away the hat that her fall had twisted awry, so that her pale face lay in her hair as in a dark nest, her brows were curved beautifully and he knew that the hidden eyes were gray.

He thought of going back to the farm for help, but it was two or three miles back. How could he leave her alone, insensible? Suppose tramps passed that way? He knelt in the dust, holding her hands. And with all his strength of will, all the force of his soul, he called to her to come back — not to be dead — to be alive and unhurt and happy as she had been so little a time before, when in passing on the road, with a red rose at her breast, their eyes had met.

And at last it came to him that she was dead, and that all that could make his life worth while had come to him only to brush him with the cold wings of an inexorable retreat. She had never moved since her fall, and that seemed now a very long time ago. He laid her hands down, and they lay like hands of old carved ivory.

He put his hand very gently and reverently under her breast, and he could feel no least lightest heart-beat. Then he put his hand under her head and raised it a little. It fell heavily sideways, and the brown-stained handkerchief dropped off. Then he did what he will always repent but never regret. He bent his face nearer and nearer till at last his lips touched her forehead, her cold cheek, and, in the end, those pale soft lips of hers.

And, at that touch, her own lips stirred against his, which drew back guiltily. He saw the gray of those eyes that had been hidden. They looked straight into his, appealing, afraid, yet with what he took to be recognition.

'Dearest?' she said, and then the gray eyes closed again.

Be sure that now he did not kneel

idly. Trembling, incredulous, yet thrilled in every fibre by the magic of the dream come true, he fetched his tin cup and poured a little of the tea into it and held it to her lips.. She drank. Then he bathed her face again, and did for her all such office as common sense could dictate or love invent. For it was love. Do not doubt it. He never doubted that here was the one woman, his woman, and the touch of her lips on his had told him that for her he was the world's one man.

And presently, under his clumsy ministrations, she sat up, put back her hair and laughed rather weakly.

'I think I could walk now,' she said. 'How stupid of me to fall off, and to faint like that!'

He helped her to stand up.

'I live close here,' she said, no more; words were plainly difficult to her.

'If you'll take my arm,' he said softly, and she took it. But she walked very unsteadily and he had to put his arm round her as they went, and now and again her face brushed his shoulder.

Round the curve of the hill they came to a little house, just such another as the farm where the sunflowers and the holly-hocks were. They went up through the garden where the bees hummed and the mignonette smelt sweet, his arm still round her, and the joy of life in his blood singing the magic splendid song of love and youth, and heaven that stoops to earth, and impossible dreams come true. The song rang in his ears so that when, at the porch, she spoke, he heard only her voice and not her words.

She sank from his arm to the seat on the porch-side and spoke again.

'Thank you,' she said, 'I'm all right now.'

Through the open door he saw the hall with a tall clock and a stuffed owl in a glass case and a fox's brush and a rack of whips and sticks. He looked at these till she closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the honeysuckle. And then his eyes took her again, loving every curve of chin and hands and shoulders and tired head.

'I will go back and fetch your bicycle,' he said at last; not meaning at all to say that, and yet glad of the least little service still left to do for her.

'Oh, but one of the men shall go,' she said, 'I want you to come in. I shall be quite all right in a minute. I can't let you go like this.'

So he stood waiting, still worshiping her with his eyes, till she looked up into his and said ever so frankly and kindly, —

'You must come in. I know my husband will want to thank you.'

So then he knew for whom had been her word and her lips in that moment on the borderland between the conscious and the unconscious, and how, though Life gives what we demand of her, she gives it ever with a difference. He got away. And he fetched her bicycle and stood it up against the gate of the garden where the mignonette and the honeysuckle smelt so sweet. The sun was still shining in careless splendor, and the rose she had worn lay withered on the threshold. And she had gone into her house now. And the door was shut.

INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, AND RECALL

BY JONATHAN BOURNE, JR.

INTELLIGENT and profitable discussion of practical problems of social or governmental improvement must include full recognition and due consideration of the forces controlling human action. Society and government are purely organizations of human beings, and their limitations and possibilities are measured by the average of individual development. The desideratum is to give the greatest freedom to beneficial influences, and to restrain all tendencies toward evil influences. Successful and permanent government must rest primarily on recognition of the rights of men and the absolute sovereignty of the people. Upon these principles is built the superstructure of our Republic. Their maintenance and perpetuation measure the life of the Republic. These policies, therefore, stand for the rights and liberties of the people, and for the power and majesty of the government as against the enemies of both.

Delegated government exists where the public servant owes his nomination and election to known individuals, — political bosses, caucus, convention and legislative managers, or campaign contributors, — thus establishing personal obligations and accountability, resulting in service for selfish interests. Popular government exists where the public servant is under obligation to and solely accountable to the composite citizen, individual unknown. This necessarily results in public service for the general welfare, and not for any selfish interest, the public servant realizing that otherwise he must be recalled, or will certainly fail of reëlection.

Because society and government should be based upon a full recognition of the elemental forces controlling human action, I urge the reader's careful attention to my analysis of these forces. I assert that either impulse or deduction, followed by conviction, controls all human action. If the individual be confronted with the necessity for immediate action, then impulse arising from emotion, such as love, hatred, anger, sympathy, sentiment, or appetite, is the determining force. But when the individual has days, weeks, or months to consider his course, then deduction, followed by conviction, is the determining force. Without conviction, there will be no action.

Individual action should be guided by reason, but is frequently emotional. Community action, as in an election, must be based upon conviction resulting from analysis and deduction.

I assert that self-interest is the force controlling every future or postponed action of the individual — not necessarily always selfish interest, for sometimes the individual is satisfied with his participation in the improved general welfare incident to the action. Generally, however, the individual's action, when unrestrained, is governed by his own selfish and personal interest.

No two people in the world are exactly alike; consequently each individual has a different point of view or idea as

to what constitutes his own particular personal or selfish interest. Where individuals act collectively or as a community, — as they must under the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, — an infinite number of different forces are set in motion, most of them selfish, each struggling for supremacy, but all different because of the difference in the personal equations of the different individuals constituting the community. Because of their difference, friction is created — each different selfish interest attacks the others because of its difference. No one selfish interest is powerful enough to overcome all the others; they must wear each other away until general welfare, according to the views of the majority acting, is substituted for the individual selfish interest.

If all the individual units of society were alike, then selfishness would dominate not only the individual but the community action as well. But so long as no two people are alike, just so long will selfishness dominate the individual if permitted to act independently, while general welfare must control all community action; for if the individual cannot secure the gratification of his own selfish desire, then he must rest satisfied with the improved general welfare in which he, as one of the units of the community, is a proportional participant.

This logic applies to a community or a class. Under the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall there can be no class or community action against the general welfare of the citizens constituting the zone of action. The individual, through realization of the impossibility of securing special legislation for himself and against the general welfare of the community, soon ceases his efforts for special privilege and contents himself with efforts for improved general welfare. Thus the individual, class, and community develop along lines of general welfare rather than along lines of selfish interest.

In further refutation of the unwarranted fear of hasty or unwise community action, I assert that no individual will ever vote for, or willingly assent to a change, unless satisfied that that change will directly benefit him individually, or that the action will bring improved general welfare to the community, in which event he is satisfied with proportional participation incident to that improvement. In other words, community action determines the average of individual interests, and secures the greatest good for the greatest number, which is the desideratum of organized society.

Hence I again assert that because of the forces controlling all human action the people cannot under the Initiative enact legislation against general welfare or in favor of any selfish interest, nor will they select any public servant who, in their opinion, will be dominated by any selfish interest. Though I grant they may make a mistake in selecting public servants, I assert that they will not make the same mistake twice in the same individual; that is, under an efficient direct primary law and corrupt practices act, the people will not renominate an individual who has failed to serve faithfully the community he represents.

I have demonstrated that under the Initiative and Referendum the people cannot legislate against the general welfare, and by the same logic I assert that under the Recall the people will never recall a public servant, judicial or otherwise, who serves the general welfare.

To elucidate the subject, I shall give a few concrete illustrations. Suppose that in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants where there are four thousand voters, a private corporation owns

the water system and charges exorbitant rates for the service. The self-interests of probably twenty thousand of the inhabitants would require municipal ownership of the water system as a means of improving the service and reducing the cost, but the self-interests of perhaps five thousand of the inhabitants require continuation of private ownership, because these individuals are either stockholders in the company, employees of the company, recipients of business patronage from the company, or political beneficiaries of the system of private ownership. These few individual self-interests — under the existing system of convention, nomination, and legislation through a city council — are able, through control of the press and the manipulation of nominations and municipal legislation, to prevent or delay the efforts of the vast majority to change the system to one of public ownership.

Under the Initiative, which would permit direct legislation on the subject, this question could be submitted to a vote of all the qualified electors. Applying the principle I have fully stated in the foregoing paragraphs, when this question came up for determination by the voters there would be conflict between the self-interests of the individuals, but during the campaign preliminary to the election the subject would be discussed and considered in all its bearings. Each individual would make his own deductions as to his own self-interest and the general welfare of the community, with the result that selfish interest would be worn away and the greatest good for the greatest number secured. Unless a majority of the voters were convinced that public ownership would be to their interest, the proposal for public ownership would be defeated.

I hear opponents of popular government asserting that the people might be misled and act unwisely on a question of this kind, and I reply that they are the best judges of their own self-interest and have a right as sovereign citizens to determine the policies of their government. They will, at least, act honestly, which cannot always be said for city councils influenced by the power of a public-service corporation and protected by the silence or active defense of a subsidized press.

At this place in my discussion of the practical operation of popular government I deem it appropriate to explain that this article is designed primarily as an answer to an article by Representative Samuel W. McCall, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1911. It is my endeavor, however, to make this article complete in itself, and I shall refer to Mr. McCall's article only so far as is necessary in order to correct a few errors into which he has apparently fallen.

The failure of Mr. McCall to comprehend the practical operation of the Initiative and Referendum is illustrated by his reference to the Columbia River fisheries legislation as a case in which the system worked unsatisfactorily. Evidently without knowing he was doing so, he cited an unquestionable instance of the elimination of selfishness and the substitution of general welfare. The case referred to was the submission of two Columbia River fishery bills to the people of Oregon in 1908. The rival fishing-interests — the gill-net fishermen on the lower river, and the fish-wheel operators on the upper river — had conducted their work so effectively as to threaten ruin of the industry by destruction of the fish before they could reach the natural spawning grounds. Almost every two years the rival fishing interests had carried their fight to the State legislature, and the legislature failed to enact any adequate legislation for the protection of

the natural supply of fish. The State was maintaining hatcheries for the artificial propagation of salmon, but notwithstanding the maintenance of this work the fish-supply was steadily diminishing.

Believing that they could promote their own selfish interests and eliminate their rivals by resort to the Initiative, the fish-wheel operators of the upper river proposed a bill practically prohibiting gill-net fishing on the lower river, and the gill-net fishermen proposed a bill prohibiting fish-wheel operations on the upper river. These two measures, each initiated by selfish interests, were submitted to a vote of the people. During the campaign the rival interests presented their arguments, not only through the publicity pamphlet, but through the newspapers and by circular letters. The people of the State gave the matter careful consideration, and, believing that the general welfare required that the fish themselves be protected from extermination, they adopted both bills.

The people having temporarily terminated fishing on the Columbia River, the legislature, which had theretofore failed to do its duty, responded to the popular will and enacted a law which permits fishing within reasonable regulations, but provides opportunity for the fish during closed seasons to reach their natural spawning grounds. I thank Mr. McCall for calling attention to this instance in which the composite citizen, acting under the Initiative, eliminated selfish interests and substituted general welfare.

Similar results are accomplished through the Referendum. Selfish interests are frequently able to influence the individual members of a legislature to such an extent as to secure enactment of laws granting special privileges. On the other hand, there have been innumerable instances in which members of legislatures introduced bills attacking the business interests of large corporations, for the purpose of compelling such corporations to pay for the abandonment or defeat of such bills. In the one case, selfish interests were able to buy legislation for their own benefit and against general welfare; while in the other case corrupt legislators had power to blackmail corporations. Such transactions are impossible where the Referendum is in force, for the people have power to defeat grants of special privileges against general welfare; and if a corporation is unjustly attacked by a blackmailing bill, it can refuse to pay tribute and appeal directly to the people under the Referendum, with full assurance that the people will not give their approval to legislation of that character. I believe every observer of legislative controversies involving the general welfare of state or city will agree that selfish interest frequently dominates individual action, whereas if community action had been possible, the result would have been advantageous to general welfare.

The Initiative affords any citizen who has evolved a solution of a governmental problem an opportunity for demonstration of its merits. Under a system of delegated legislation only, his ideas could be, and quite likely would be, referred to some committee where further action would be prevented through the influence of selfish interest. Where the Initiative exists, he can present his ideas in the definite form of a proposed bill if eight per cent of the legal voters consider it worthy of consideration and sign a petition for its submission to a popular vote.

The system encourages every citizen, however humble his position, to study the problems of government, city and state, and to submit whatever solution he may evolve for the con-

sideration and approval of others. The study of the measures and arguments printed in the publicity pamphlet is of immense educational value. The system not only encourages the development of each individual, but tends to elevate the entire electorate to the plane of those who are most advanced. How different from the system so generally in force which tends to discourage and suppress the individual!

Speaking of the Initiative and Referendum, Mr. McCall says that, 'In effect, they propose the substitution of direct for representative government, the establishment of the direct action of the people, not merely in selecting their agents, but in framing and executing their laws.' And again, 'It is now proposed to abandon the discovery of modern times' (government by the people, acting not in person, but by representatives chosen by themselves).

In view of the clear declaration of our Initiative and Referendum amendment, that 'the legislative authority of the state shall be vested in a legislative assembly, but the people reserve to themselves power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution, and to enact or reject the same at the polls,' my inclination at first was to believe that the writer did not intend to convey the idea that representative government had been 'abandoned' and direct government 'substituted' therefor; but this liberal construction of his language became impossible when I read the following in the same connection: —

'Is it for the interest of the individual members of our Society to have the great mass of us pass upon the intricate details of legislation, to execute our laws, and to administer justice between man and man? That I believe to be in substance the question raised by the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall, as they are now practically applied in at least one of the states of the Union, the example of which is held up as a model to the other states.'

I deny unequivocally that in effect or in substance we in Oregon have abandoned representative government, or that the mass of the people pass upon the intricate details of legislation, execute the laws, or administer justice between man and man. Let us consider the facts. At the last general election the people of Oregon voted upon thirty-two measures. Of these measures, eleven were constitutional amendments, of which four were adopted and seven rejected. Of the twenty-one bills submitted to the people only five were enacted, and sixteen rejected. The result of the direct vote was nine measures adopted. The Oregon legislature held a forty-day session last January, considered seven hundred and twenty-five bills and two hundred and thirty-five resolutions or memorials. Two hundred and seventy-five of the bills were enacted. Evidently the extent of substitution of direct legislation is indicated by the ratio of nine to two hundred and seventy-five. This is not exactly 'abandonment' of the representative system. Of the relative merits of the two systems I shall say more later, but leave that subject for the present in order to continue the denial of statements quoted above.

I deny that the people of Oregon have executed the laws except through their duly chosen public servants. If the statement quoted is intended to apply to the Recall, I reply by saying that there has been no exercise of the Recall against any state, district, or county officer, though there was talk of recalling a circuit judge. I have no doubt that administrative officers have been influenced to some extent by the fact that they are subject to recall. That is one purpose of the Recall. Experience with public officers from one ocean to the

other justifies the belief that some of them will be influenced by the wishes of the men to whom they owe their positions and to whom they are accountable at the end of their terms. Under the former system of machine domination we learned that public officers were frequently influenced by the wishes of the political bosses, regardless of the interests and wishes of the people. If they were influenced by the desires of men who put them into office under the old system, quite likely they are influenced by the wishes of the composite citizen, who gives them their positions under the new. The difference is that individual, selfish interest wielded the influence under the old system, while under the new system the public officer knows that the people as a whole desire only a square deal and seek no special privileges.

I deny that the mass of the people have been called upon to administer justice between man and man. Our courts have proceeded with their work as quietly and as deliberately as ever, though possibly with less delay. It would be impossible for the people of Oregon to administer justice between man and man in any case, for though they have the power to recall a judge, they have no power to change the decision he has rendered.

Mr. McCall says that 'the prevailing fault of legislative bodies is political cowardice,' and that 'the mania of the times is too much legislation and the tendency to regulate everybody and everything by artificial enactment.'

Conclusive evidence that has been uncovered in numerous legislative investigations satisfies the people of the country that venality as well as cowardice is one of the faults of legislators. Neither venality nor cowardice can be charged against the voters of a commonwealth except in those instances in which public affairs are so dominated by political bosses that the voter has no opportunity of exercising the right of selection of candidates.

As I have explained on previous occasions, the wholesale bartering of votes in Adams County, Ohio, and Danville, Illinois, may be accounted for by the fact that for years the voters had been accustomed to mark their ballots for one of two candidates, each chosen for them by the operators of the political machine. Having learned by experience that their votes were ineffective to overcome public evils, they decided that they might as well profit by the few dollars that they could secure for their votes, especially since the character of the public service would not be changed thereby. Whenever relieved from the domination of political machines and given opportunity to express an effective choice, the voters of any state will be guilty of neither venality nor cowardice, but will go to the polls and honestly express their opinions upon the questions submitted, and upon their preference as between candidates.

As I have already shown, the last Oregon legislature enacted two hundred and seventy-five laws, while the people under the Initiative and Referendum adopted nine measures. If too much legislation constitutes a mania, as Mr. McCall says, then the evil must be charged to legislatures, and not to the system of direct legislation.

On the whole, laws enacted by the people are more carefully prepared, more widely discussed, and more thoroughly considered than are the acts of a legislature. A bill or proposed constitutional amendment submitted under the Initiative must be filed with the Secretary of State not less than four months before the election. Prior to that time the measure secures publicity through the fact that it must be circulated for the signatures of eight

per cent of the voters. After the bills have been filed, the promoters and opponents thereof may file arguments for or against. It is made the duty of the Secretary of State to have a full copy of the title and text of each measure, together with the arguments for and against, printed in a pamphlet, a copy of which must be mailed to every registered voter not less than fifty-five days prior to election. The title of a bill appears in the publicity pamphlet exactly as it will appear upon the ballot. In this way the voter secures the best possible information regarding the provisions of the bills, their merits or defects, and the reason why they should or should not be enacted.

No such opportunity for the study of measures is afforded members of a legislature. The Oregon legislature, for instance, is in session only forty days, and members secure printed copies of the bills introduced no sooner than the end of the first week. Very frequently important bills are introduced about the middle of the session and the members have copies of these before them for not more than twenty days. Amendments are frequent, and sometimes these are made as late as the day on which the bill is passed, so that legislators frequently vote upon bills without knowing their real effect.

We had a conclusive demonstration of this in the Oregon legislature of 1903, when the legislature repealed a statute which allowed every householder a tax-exemption of household goods to the value of three hundred dollars. After the legislature adjourned, members were astonished to learn that they had repealed such a law, and, at a special session, called within a year, this statute was reënacted by an overwhelming vote. Not even Mr. McCall will contend that legislation such as this could be ignorantly passed under the Initiative and Referendum. Four months of discussion will, beyond peradventure, disclose any serious fault or defect in any proposed statute submitted under the Initiative.

Some honest opponents of direct legislation base their opposition partly on the fact that a measure submitted under the Initiative is not susceptible of amendment after it has been filed in the office of the Secretary of State. Instead of being cause for criticism, this is one of the strongest reasons for commendation, for we have learned by experience that one of the most common methods by which vicious legislation is secured is to introduce a harmless or a beneficial bill and let it secure a favorable report from a legislative committee, but with a slight amendment inserted therein which entirely changes its character or effect in some important particular and thereby serves some selfish interest. When it is known that a bill must be enacted or rejected exactly as drawn, the framers of the measure will spend weeks and months in studying the subject and writing the bill in order to have it free from unsatisfactory features.

In actual practice in Oregon almost every proposed bill is submitted to a considerable number of men for criticism and suggestions before its final form is determined upon. The original draft undergoes many amendments, and these are more carefully considered than would be the case if the bill were before a legislature. Knowing that the bill will be subjected to the closest scrutiny of all the people for four months, the framers of the bill, desiring its passage, naturally endeavor to remove every reasonable objection, to make all its provisions perfectly clear, and especially to remove every indication of bad faith. A bill to which there are many serious objections would stand little chance of adoption by a popular vote. When thus drawn and

submitted, a bill is in the best possible form, and there is no possibility of its being made the instrument for the enactment of what are commonly called 'jokers.'

I do not contend that a bill thus drawn will be perfect, for no human work is perfect, but I do assert that it will be much better drawn than the great majority of bills presented to a legislature; and, if adopted, it will be an improvement upon legislation theretofore in force on the same subject. The people of a state will never vote against their own interests, hence they will never vote to adopt a law unless it proposes a change for the improvement of the general welfare. Previous to the last election, each voter had fifty-five days in which to consider thirty-two measures, which, with the arguments for and against, were laid before him in convenient printed form. This gave him an average of nearly two days for the consideration of each measure. Assuming that many of the bills introduced in one House never appear in the other, each member of the Oregon legislature was called upon to consider about five hundred bills in forty days, or over twelve each day, besides being compelled to consider many resolutions, motions, and questions of a political character. I assert that the individual voters of the state, in the quiet of their own homes in the evening, could better consider and decide upon an average of one bill in two days than the members of the legislature, amid the hurry and strife and personal feeling incident to a legislative session, could consider and decide upon an average of twelve bills a day.

It is frequently asserted that the voter in Oregon is required to pass upon thirty-two measures in the few minutes he occupies the booth on election day. Such is not the case. He has several weeks in which to determine how he will vote, and merely takes a few minutes in which to mark his ballot.

In his discussion of the Recall, particularly as applied to judges, Mr. McCall has reiterated a prevailing error as to the practical operation of that feature of popular government. Evidently he has been misled by accepting as true certain statements contained in the President's veto message of the Arizona statehood bill. He says, for instance, that, when the Recall is invoked, the man whom the people have elected to an office is permitted either to resign in five days or to defend himself in two hundred words upon proceedings to throw him out in disgrace. This statement is incorrect in two particulars. He may neither resign nor defend himself, but may quietly continue in office until his successor has been elected. He has three alternatives: either to resign, to stand for reëlection, or to continue in office and await passively the outcome of the recall proceedings. If he chooses to defend himself, he is not limited to a defense of two hundred words. The two-hundred-word limit is merely upon the length of statement he may make to be printed upon the official ballot. This is merely a summary of his defense. He is at liberty to make such other defense before the people as he may desire.

Moreover the Arizona constitution, to which Mr. McCall refers, requires that the legislature shall provide for the payment of the campaign expenses of any officer attacked under the Recall. The man or men who attack an officer under the Recall must pay the expense of their campaign. The man in office has not only the advantage of his official record, the prestige of his office, the desire of the American voter to give every incumbent of an office a square deal, but he has the further very material advantage of payment

of his campaign expenses out of the public treasury. Any officer who is not able to make out a case in his own defense with all these advantages is very probably a fit subject for recall proceedings.

Mr. McCall further states that it would be a matter of no difficulty for the defeated candidate to initiate a recall and practically have the election over again. I challenge the citation of any instance in which experience has demonstrated that this criticism is justified. Experience in politics everywhere has demonstrated that the people admire a 'good loser.' They have contempt for the man who, after he has been beaten in a fair fight refuses to quit.

The recall amendment provides that a recall petition shall not be circulated against any officer until he has actually held his office six months, except that a petition for recall of a member of the legislature may be filed five days after the legislature meets. Since a successful candidate takes office two months after election, and it would ordinarily require a month to circulate a recall petition, it is plain that there would be at least nine months for the subsidence of any personal feeling engendered during a campaign. Obviously a recall as to members of the legislature must be operative while the legislature is in session, to be effective.

Thus assured of an opportunity to demonstrate the character of service he will render, no public servant need fear recall proceedings growing out of the campaign for his election, unless his election was secured by dishonest means. Of course, in such a case, a recall might be filed immediately after the expiration of the six months. This would be brought, not so much by the defeated candidate or his friends, as by citizens in general, whose right it is to have every election conducted fairly and honestly.

The assumption that a recall proceeding is an imposition upon a public officer is not founded on good reason. An individual has no personal right to public office, though some few, who, under delegated government, have bought their offices, may think they have. The office belongs to the people, and they are entitled to have it filled by whomsoever they please. Every employer in private life reserves the right to discharge his employee whenever the service rendered is unsatisfactory.

The same principle should apply to the electorate in the employment of a public servant. In fact, this right would be a matter of understanding and contract where a citizen seeks and accepts a public office with the knowledge that the Recall is one of the laws of his state.

Mr. McCall asserts that where the Recall is in force, 'the judge, in order to feel secure in his office, would have to consult the popular omens rather than the sources of the law.' Upon the same reasoning, where the convention system exists with a boss in control, the judge, in order to feel secure in his office, would consult the wishes of the boss rather than the sources of the law. There is this difference in favor of the influence of the Recall — popular influence would be exerted in behalf of the welfare of the majority, whereas the influence of the political boss is exerted in behalf of the interests of a very small minority, which is generally himself or a campaign contributor.

Some people express the fear that the rights of a minority will be disregarded by the tyranny of the majority. They are really most concerned for the perpetuation of special and unjust privileges for the small minority. Neither

election nor appointment to a legislative, executive, or judicial office carries coincident personal or official infallibility.

There is very little weight to argument based upon allusion to the democracy of Athens, or to the experience of other ancient nations which made more or less progress toward a popular form of government. In the last two thousand years conditions have greatly changed. Electricity and steam, the telegraph, telephone, railroad, and steamboat have established media of instantaneous intercommunication of ideas, and rapid coöperation of action in the individual units of society.

In less than a decade the people of Oregon have voted upon sixty-four measures. Surely, if the Initiative and Referendum is a destructive system, as its enemies allege, there would be abundant evidence thereof in the recent history of that state; and it should not be difficult for any citizen to produce conclusive and absolutely convincing evidence to that effect. No one has done so or can do so.

Both reason and experience demonstrate the practicability and importance of the Initiative and Referendum. My analysis of the forces controlling all human action, as set forth in the early paragraphs of this article, proves the impossibility of a community voting against the general welfare. Any person interested in the subject will observe by a study of results in Oregon that this has been demonstrated in that state.[1]

[1 A list of the measures which have been submitted to the people of Oregon in the last four elections, together with the number of votes recorded in each case, will be found at the end of this issue of the *Atlantic*, pages 143, 144. — The Editors.]

THE WAYFARING WOMAN

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Just when, for the first time, I was fearing lest some day the wizard-light might fade from my hill-tops, because I had climbed them so often; lest some day people's eyelids might cease to be doors flashing upon mystery, because I had seen so many secrets; and lest, sadder still, I might wake up some morning and find that my comrade-soul had forgotten to pipe me on to the new adventure of the new morning, — just when I was fearing these things, I bought a pair of rubber boots!

They are real boots, real as all masculine things are real. They have straps, a new thing to me in footgear. They are deep and cavernous, so that I sink to the knee, and in them I am armored like a man, but yet a woman. Whimsical symbol, perhaps, my new-bought rubber boots, of adjustment to a man's free-hearted adventuring. If I am to tramp alone, let me be valiantly shod like a man, though a woman at heart, for is not all the world mine for the walking it? Who knows what new fun may be abroad for me now, in my rubber boots? I was made for

life's out-of-doors. I am a woman who wishes to walk this earth in all weathers, and indeed I have walked it in many, plucking by my homely hill-paths thoughts that are wayside flowers along a subtler way.

I have gazed at my circling hills in many changing lights. I have seen them on a moon-flooded summer evening lie shoulder to shoulder asleep about the broad valley pastures, while the tree-shadows wavered black against white farmhouses, asleep, too; and nothing made any noise except the brook beneath my wayside bridge, and that, a merry brown human brook by day, went singing in the moon an elfin chant it had forgotten that it knew. I have seen my hills deepest blue at the sky-line, and below all ablaze, beneath the racing white clouds of October, when more than at any other time the winding roads bewitch my feet, and every blackberry thicket and slope and fence-row is flaunting its banners in my eyes; yet I cannot stop to gaze, for the air is of so keen a blueness; I must walk, run, fly, because of the urgency of October in my toes.

But in the spring one's step slackens, and one stops to loiter and look at the green willows that twist with the wavering course of the swift muddy river; at the rosy mist on the maple-boughs, at sunny blue wings that flash against bare branches. In the spring the most insistent walker must pause by an arbutus bank. Last year's leaves upon it are still rimmed with frost and snow, and one's fingers grow red, poking beneath for treasure. But what largess of arbutus our humblest wayside banks hereabouts can yield, arbutus great-petaled, deep-pink, setting free what prisoned fragrance!

I have tramped my climbing roads in winter-time, too, on those days of winter when the mercury sinks to the zero point, when the snow crunches loud beneath my heels, and the sun hangs high and cold, and the spangle glistens on crusted fields. But heretofore there have been days of winter when I have felt myself held within doors, days of slush and ooze, when the sky broods low, and the air is blind with great wet flakes; yet these were the very days when the gypsy wind came rattling the window-sash and piping of new wonders of grayness and of whiteness out there upon the hills.

I who have packed my wanderer's wallet with the gentle secrets of summer nights, of springtime hillsides, and wintry sunshine, I who have always tramped to the call of a lonely road, should I turn craven stay-at-home when life's wild weather draws my feet hillward through grim slush and sleet? Are there not new secrets waiting on the stormy hills? I am not afraid! I have put on rubber boots.

In all this countryside I am the only woman who walks. Highroads and by-paths and woodways are mine alone, for here solitude is safe and cheery for the woman who goes uncompanioned. I pass by unmolested, but not unhailed. Happily, I have reached the age when men greet me with level comrade eyes, and pass me merrily the time of day; at least the genial old codgers of our region do. The men of my home-hamlet of Littleville are a bit proud of my pedestrian prowess, and if they meet me wandering far will draw rein to twinkle down and rally me: 'Guess you're lost this time sure, ain't you?'

The strangers I meet rarely pass me in churlish silence. I have had a man, never before seen, bend down from his high seat, his face all one pucker of concern, while he shouted to me in a high windy voice, 'Hi, there, you're losing a hat-pin!' His overspread relief as I adjusted it was but one instance of the intimacy ruling within the sweeping circle of hills that rim Little-

ville like a cup. We are no strangers here, we comrades of the road.

Yet in my walking I must often pay the penalty of being unique, of being an anomaly in country conventions. They are kind, our rural men-folk, but I think the kindest, passing me, make a swift comparison between me and their kitchen-keeping women. In this inarticulate comparison there is a boyish flash of sympathy that I should find the out-of-doors the same jolly thing men do; but more, there is distrust of one who obviously enjoys the zest of her own feet as much as their wives enjoy jogging through life beside a comfortable husband behind a comfortable horse. Possibly the thoughts of rural men-folk are not so different from the thoughts of all other men-folk when they pass the woman who walks.

Whatever the mental comment attached to the gaze, the eyes that meet mine are quite as often astounded as amused. If this is evident even when I trudge in flooding sunshine, astonishment becomes irrepressible when I am seen abroad in snow and sleet. 'By gosh! pretty hard walking you got, ain't you?'

Foot-fast in slush, I pipe back, 'But I like it. I have on rubber boots!'

Such the accost from vehicles not facing in my direction; but when a horse that goes my way is drawn up, and I decline the proffered seat; knee-deep in slush, refuse to get in! then the driver's face expresses such commiseration as I never expected to feel applied to my inoffensive person. Plainly I see that it is not my drabbled shirts he is sorry for, it is my addled wits. Walking country roads in ill weather has taught me exactly how a lunatic must feel. It is said that the crazy have a certain look in the eye; of experience I can affirm that so also have those who gaze upon the crazy.

For the passing instant, as I meet that profound pity in mild, masculine orbs, I do doubt my own sanity, and wonder if perhaps this glorious freedom of the wild, wet weather is quite the sensible thing it seemed when I set out; for it is the look in other people's eyes that gives us our own spiritual orientation. Lunacy is a purely relative term. There are places where women may walk and hardly be glanced at for so doing, just as, perhaps, within his own cage-walls, the Bedlamite may seem to himself a normal human being. Also, perhaps, the lunatics, like me, have their silent chuckle; knowing, like me, that they have their inward fun, although the numskull sane can't see it. I hope so, for I would fain think some sunny thought of the poor brain-sick folk.

It is not given to my friends of the highway, sensible men-creatures on wheels, any more than to their wives, snug at home in dry domestic shoes, to know the joy of my walk through the swift, wet snowflakes. On and up I go, never meaning to go home by the same way I have come. What lover of the road ever does that?

The clinging snow has enfolded all things. Every tree stands with white, shrouded branches. The berry thickets are softly furred with white. The dusky gray aisles of the roadside woods die to blackness in the near distance. The little brooks go tinkling beneath a thatch of snow bristling with high grass blades. There is almost no color. Even the bronze of oak leaves is veiled by white mist. The world is all white and gray, and in the distance faintly blue. The fast-falling snow blurs all familiar outlines strangely, so that I hardly believe those dreamy roofs down there belong to humdrum Littleville.

There is strange, muffled silence. I am half afraid of the woods; they have grown unearthly, so that I start at the eerie thud of the snow that drops

from the branches. Gray-white, silent mystery, — and I should never have known or seen it, had I not laughed at life's wild weather, and trudged forth to it in rubber boots, all alone.

Yet, whatever the shy comradeship of wayside groves, of busy secret streams and homely fields, always the human aspect of the road engages the woman who tramps with joy at the heart. In summer and winter, as I go, I pass the brown milk-wagons, plodding, monotonous, starting forth from all the circling farms and converging to the milk station. The drivers have always dull or far-away faces, for it is always the same road, the same rattling cans at their backs, the same shaggy, jogging flanks before them.

Almost always, somewhere on my journey, I meet the rural mail-man. The bobbing yellow dome of his narrow wagon is always easily descried in the distance. The mail-man knows my tramp-habits well, and the smile from his little blinking pane never fails me. Another familiar vehicle is the school carryall, which nowadays picks up all the human contents of one of our district schools and carries them down to Littleville for instruction. The school wagon is driven by a jovial grandsire, and it is always crowded to overflowing with small, merry people who hail me. I rarely meet any folk on foot, although occasionally a leggined huntsman slips noiselessly across the road from one grove to another, while a hound sniffs to right and left of his path.

The farm-homes for the walker by the way have each the spell of some new story. There beside that wind-rocked cupola is some curious mechanism. For what purpose? To lift water to a roof-tank? To catch the lightning? To send afloat an airship? Crude, clumsy aspirant, a farm-boy's dream!

I pass by a porch that abuts close upon the road. A door flings open and a man and a woman come out, too temper-tossed to heed me. The woman's face is set in impotent hate, the man's mouth is wried with cursing; and the faces are not young, nor the graven bitterness a mere passing blight. Man and wife! Yet they loved once, I suppose, and went driving gayly back from the parson's, his arm about her ribboned waist, and posies flaunting in her hat and in her cheeks — once!

It is given to us who trudge by in the road beyond the doors to pity often, but to envy rarely. It is in the nature of things that we cannot envy, for those things we might covet are precisely those that came spilling out of door and window to bless us, so that presently we are bowing our heads and saying our bit of a grace for them, as being also ours. Gentle old world, so constituted that a home can lock its door, if it will, upon its sorrow, but can never hide its joy! I pass another ragged farmhouse, and here the children in their home-made little duds are trooping in from school. Again an open doorway, and in it a mother wiping red hands upon her apron. The closing door shuts off sharply the shrill voices that tell of the day's events; but I have seen and heard, and therefore I, too, possess.

At still another window-pane there is a bobbing baby-face. Such a crowing, chuckling joy as is a year-old baby! What home could ever hide him under a bushel? Strange mystery, that gives, withholds, inscrutably, the heart's desire of all of us, and yet ordains for us who trudge a snow-cold path, that there shall be, even until we grow gray of soul and feeble-footed, forever along our way, until the end, always behind the panes we pass, the bobbing baby-faces! Other women's babies? Does it make so much difference whose they are, so long as they are sweet?

Another happiness it is ordained no woman shall keep unto herself. The

peace of a woman's mouth when a good man loves her, that is another of the things nothing can conceal, for sorrow may be leaden and secret at the heart, but joy will always out and abroad. That is one of the things we know, we wayfaring women.

Walks end with the dipping of the day. The winter dusk steals very early over all the snowy whiteness. I have to peer to see Littleville's clustered roofs down there in the river-valley. Before I turn to wade back down the drifted hill-road to the ruddy little home that lends me harborage for the night, I stand still to look about me, through the whirling flakes. See all around me hills I have not yet climbed! Think of the untried roads that lead to them! What secret wizardry of new woods, what elfin tinkle of new brooks, what new farm-doors, glimpsing upon human mystery! Hills and the road for me, on and on! Just around the turn what wonders wait, shall ever wait, for my rubber boots and me!

CAVIARE ON PRINCIPLE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

One can usually either begin or end with Mr. Chesterton, though one can seldom do both. 'It is simpler to eat caviare on impulse than to eat grape-nuts on principle,' he says, in one of his intervals of pure lucidity. I should like to make a Chestertonian transposition, and pronounce that it is better (I do not say simpler) to eat caviare on principle than to eat grape-nuts on impulse. The fact is that the modern fad for simplicity has ceased to be merely ridiculous; it has become dangerous. May not some of us lift our voices against it?

I have no right, I suppose, to ally, in my own mind, socialists and vegetarians. But I nearly always find, when I ask a vegetarian if he is a socialist, or a socialist if he is a vegetarian, that the answer is in the affirmative. I am sure that they, on their side, confuse snobs with meat-eaters. One could forgive them, were they more bitterly logical. For my own part, I should be quite willing to go the length of all Hinduism and say that rice itself has a soul. I can even see myself joining a 'movement' for giving the vote to violets and disfranchising orchids. This, however, is not their desire. They do not wish to make even the ox a citizen — only a brother; and I have never discovered that vegetarians — even when they were 'hygienic,' not 'sentimental,' ones — were anxious to reproduce the history of the rice-fed peoples. But let their logic take care of itself. My point is really that socialists and vegetarians are banded together to fight for the simplifying of life. Socialism, of course, organizes as furiously as Capital itself; and I leave it to any one if a nut-cutlet is not complicated to the point of mendacity. But ostensibly both sects are on the side of Procrustes against human vagaries. Both would surely consider caviare immoral; either

because no one ought to eat it, or because every one cannot. It does not much matter, I fancy, which point you make against the dried roe of the sturgeon. My own plea for caviare rests precisely on the fact that it is not, and cannot be, thrust into every one's mouth. It is not simple, no. The only really 'simple' food-stuff is manna. Imagine, for example, calling anything simple that has to be shot out of a cannon by way of preparation. In point of fact, very few people eat caviare save on impulse, — otherwise, they find it too nasty. But it is an impulse worthy of being dogmatized; of becoming a principle.

Simplicity is an acquired taste. Mankind, left free, instinctively complicates life. The hardest command to follow has always been that which bids us take no thought for the morrow. Perhaps that is what Mr. Chesterton means when he talks of the difficulty of eating grape-nuts on principle. The real drawback to 'the simple life' is that it is not simple. If you are living it, you positively can do nothing else. There is not time. For the simple life demands virtually that there shall be no specialization. The *Hausfrau* who is living the simple life must, after all, sweep, scour, wash, and mend. She must also cook; from that, even Battle Creek cannot save her. She may dream sternly of Margaret Fuller, who read Plato while she pared apples; but in her secret heart she knows that either Plato or the apples suffered. And from what point of view is it simpler to have a maid-of-all-work than to indulge one's self in liveried lackeys? Not, obviously, for the mistress; and it is surely simpler to be an adequate second footman than to be an adequate *bonne-à-tout-faire*. We should really simplify life by having more servants rather than fewer; more luxury instead of less. The smoothest machinery is the most complicated; and which of us wants to sink the Mauretania and go back to Robert Fulton's steamboat? One would think that the decision would be made naturally for one by one's income. But it is the triumph of the new paradox that this is not so. Thousands of people seem to be infected with the idea that by doing more themselves they bestow leisure on others; that by wearing shabby clothes they somehow make it possible for others to dress better — though they thus admit tacitly that leisure and elegance are not evil things. Or perhaps — though Heaven forbid they should be right! — they merely think that by refusing nightingales' tongues, they make every one more content with porridge. Let us be gallant about the porridge that we must eat; but let us never forget that there are better things to eat than porridge.

> And all time past, was it all for this?
> Times unforgotten, and treasures of things?

What is the use of throwing great museums open to the people, if you tell them at the same time that to possess the contents of the museums would not make a private person happier? Why should there be *cordons bleus* in the world, if we ought to live on bread and milk? Above all, why have we praised, through the centuries, all the slow processes, the tardy consummations, of perfection, if raw material, either in art or life, is really best? I recall at this instant a friend of mine who expresses her democracy in her footwear. Her frocks are as charming as money can induce Paquin to make them; but if her frocks are an insult to the poor, her boots are an insult to the rich. I have seen her walk to a garden-party, in real lace, and out at heel. She fancied, I think, that her inadequate boots obliterated the deplorable social distinction between herself and her cook. In point of fact, her cook would not have conde-

scended to them; would not have considered herself a 'lady' if she had.

I have other friends who feel strongly the ignominy of personal service: who agree with many ignorant young women that it is more dignified to be a bullied, insulted, underpaid shop-girl with a rhinestone sunburst, than a well-paid, highly-respected parlor-maid in a uniform. Accordingly, they conscientiously deprive themselves of the parlor-maid, and spend her wages in trying to get a vote for the shop-girl. I do not understand their distinctions in liberty, or their definition of degradation. The parlor-maid at least can choose the mistress, but the shop-girl cannot choose the floor-walker.

I am, myself, essentially an undomestic woman, and I dislike the parlor-maid's tasks to the point of feeling excessive irritation at having, occasionally, in this mad world, to perform them. But, seriously speaking, apart from the temperamental quirk, I would don her clothes and follow officially her career, rather than that parlor-maids in uniforms should pass wholly from the world. It is as if these people said, 'Since those who are parlor-maids themselves cannot very well employ parlor-maids, then let no one have a parlor-maid.' Their factitious altruism, with all its peril, might be forgiven them; but the misguided creatures (who are human beings and egotists, after all, and as such must 'save their face') go on to say that it is really much nicer not to have parlor-maids. And that lie is unpardonable, for it strikes at the root of human experience. Parlor-maids would never have become a convention if they had not been found desirable.

Are we really, at this late day, going to be duped by the mid-century fallacy of 'plain living and high thinking'? Even if Shakespeare at New Place teaches us nothing, we cannot fail to be impressed by the memory of Thoreau, stealing home from Lake Walden by dark, to provide himself secretly with better fare than the woods afforded. As if, indeed, any one who had tried plain living did not know that high thinking was done, if at all, in spite of it! 'The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense,' as Shakespeare long since said. Let us open our own front doors, polish our own shoes, dust our own bibelots, and make messes on a chafing-dish when the cook is out; and let us do it gallantly. But let us not pretend that it is more civilized to do these things ourselves than to have them skillfully done for us. The prince in disguise makes the most charming beggar in the world, no doubt; but that is because — as all fairy-tales from the beginning of time have taught us — the prince wears his rags as if they were purple. And, to do that, he not only must once have worn purple, but must never forget the purple that he has worn. And to the argument that all cannot wear purple, I can, as I say, only reply that that seems to me to be no reason why all should wear rags.

Until every one is too good to be a parlor-maid, let us open our own doors, if we must, — provided we do it according to the great tradition of door-opening; but how can we do it according to the great tradition if we abolish parlor-maids and dry up the fount of the great tradition? And, whatever the simplifiers say, there is no doubt that, as yet, there are, to one person who is too good for door-opening, ten persons who are by no means good enough for it. I have never been able to imagine just how the sound of the Last Trump is going to shiver the aristocracy of earth into the democracy of Heaven. To be sure, it is not my affair. But at least one can have, this side the grave, little patience with the

altruism of the Procrusteans. They merely wish to make each of us an incompetent Jack-at-all-trades. And one had thought the German universities, if they had done nothing else, had blown that bubble!

A friend of mine asked me the other day if I did not feel degraded to be at the mercy of servants; humiliated by knowing that they could perform domestic tasks better than I, and could take advantage of that fact. I confess it had never occurred to me. If my cook felt degraded by being unable to talk French, I should think her a silly snob. Are we not all, economically, at one another's mercy? Of what does enthusiastic living of the 'simple' life make us independent, save of a few hard-learned and precious lessons of taste? The successful housewife is the one who has succeeded in imitating perfectly several trained servants. But the criterion is still the trained servant. The distinguished beggar is the one who wears his rags as if they were purple. But, to appreciate him, we must know the look of purple rightly worn. The admirable vegetarian eats his shredded wheat as if it were caviare. But where would be the beauty of his performance were not someone, somewhere, eating caviare as if it were shredded wheat?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE INCOMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

It would be delightful to be able to write good letters, but I think it would be more delightful to be able to receive them. We hear a great deal nowadays of the lost art of good letter-writing, but we hear nothing at all of the equally rare art of good letter-receiving. To inspire a person to write the letters of a Carlyle, one must be an Emerson; to be able to receive — or understand — the letters of a Robert Browning, one must be an Elizabeth Barrett. In almost any 'Life and Letters' one learns to estimate pretty correctly the interest of even the most casual note by glancing at the name of the person addressed.

The good writer needs something more than a passively good reader: he must feel a vivid consciousness of the personality he is addressing, — a certainty of understanding, of sympathy and interest, — a general responsiveness to his own point of view. Surely we can all divide our friends into groups of those who are easy to write to, and those who are difficult. I trust that I am not the only person of my acquaintance who frequently finds herself creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to a desk piled high with unanswered letters, and instead of reducing that ominous white drift which threatens to snow its victim under, takes pen in hand and writes a perfectly gratuitous and unnecessary letter to the one friend in the world to whom no letter is owing.

What is it that makes your letters to Mary labored and artificial, while your eager pen — when addressing Margaret — seems possessed by some spiritual 'control,' as it scrawls the spontaneous and fluent phrases which only you

could write, and which you could write only to Margaret? Mary may be no less dear to you, no less appreciative of you, than Margaret, but substitute her name for that of the more sympathetic correspondent 'and the pain that is all but a pleasure will change to the pleasure that 's all but pain.'

Of course I am not so rash as to say that there is never an occasional letter-writing genius whose literary productions possess the dual quality of mercy, and bless him that gives and him that receives. Paul could not have been vividly aware of the composite personalities of the Corinthians and the Galatians he was addressing, yet we — who are not even Thessalonians — read his Epistles to them with pleasure and profit.

But, generally speaking, there is scarcely any relation in life requiring a more complete *rapport* and understanding than that which should exist between correspondents. In conversation there are many aids to establishing the electric current of sympathy, — the voice, the smile, the expression of the face, all serve to quicken the connecting spark, — but in correspondence all these are lacking. The writer sits biting his — or, more generally, her — pen-handle while she stares into vacancy and tries to conjure up the absent individuality and address it in terms which, without facial or vocal assistance, shall successfully reveal her own *ego*. With jaw set into lines of perfunctory epistolary intercourse, she seems sternly to apostrophize her invisible friend: 'Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,' I'll write to thee.

If persons who complain of receiving stupid letters would only realize that the blame rests largely with them, and not with the writer! I believe a dull person's letters to a clever friend would be better worth reading than the other half of the correspondence. For some reason a pen-holder (I mean the human holder of a pen) is abnormally sensitive to contagion from the unseen person with whom he wishes to get into communication. Perhaps steel is a conductor of psychic influences; at all events, it is a comforting thought that when I write you a stupid letter it is your fault, and when you write me a delightful one it is my virtue.

Those of us who are not 'elegant correspondents,' should derive consolation from the thought that the quality of the letters we receive depends upon our receptivity. The art of appreciation thus becomes an integral part of the art of creation, and we, as silent partners, play an important part in English letters.

And so we find that a 'complete letter-writer' is incomplete unless he have a complete letter-reader worthy of his inky steel. Most of them have not, and that is why the great majority of letters are more blessed to send than to receive; but it is the fault of those of us who expect to be stimulated without having ourselves given forth stimulus. The fountain-pen — the very *Fons Bandusiæ* of letter-writers,

Unde loquaces Lymphæ desiliunt —

will run dry if we do not enliven its black stream with a little of the red blood of understanding, of humorous appreciation and human sympathy.

ON THE MATTER OF WRITING

I WRITE. I do not write particularly well, and I make no pretensions whatever to being able to spell. But the fact remains that I do write. I do not say it with any especial pride, neither do I say it deprecatingly. I merely make a statement, as a printer might say, I print, or a plumber, I plumb. The world at large is not aware that

Ann Smith, let us say, though this is not my name, writes. I feel sure that the world could be brave about it even if it knew, but it does not, and it is therefore eliminated from the present discussion. Certain of my friends, however, are aware of the fact, and it is of their attitude in the matter that I wish to speak. They seem to think that there is something peculiar — either sacred, or disgraceful, I am at a loss to determine which — in the matter of writing. They appear anxious, yet fearful, to speak to me about it. They come to more intimate friends of mine, and say, 'Does Miss Ann Smith mind my speaking to her about her writing?' Or perhaps some lady — it is usually a lady, often a rather elderly one, and generally one residing in a certain large New England city — bolder than the rest, will approach me and say, 'I do not know whether I should speak of it or not, Miss Smith, but I liked that last story of yours.' Whereat I reply with modestly dropped eyelids, 'I am so glad *you* liked it,' or something suitable of the kind; while all the time my heart is crying out, 'But, my dear lady, why in Heaven's name should n't you speak of it! Do you think I am ashamed of my calling? On the contrary, if what I have produced has given any one pleasure, I am proud of it.'

Or perhaps again, some lady says in a half whisper, 'I hear you *write*, Miss Smith.' And when I answer quite audibly and cheerfully, 'Yes, I write,' perhaps adding, 'but not very well,' as a sop to modesty, and then proceed to tell her joyously how I write and why and when, being always glad to talk about what I am interested in, and glad to have others tell me of their work, whether it is the growing of cabbages, or the crowning of kings, she looks at me strangely, and I realize all at once that I have over-stepped the bounds of good taste. I have, it seems, dragged my golden art in the dust of publicity, I have been brazen enough to speak of it.

I have pondered over this attitude of strained breathlessness in regard to the profession of letters, and have come to the conclusion that it is due to the fact that these people hold art enshrined. They not only spell it with a capital, they illuminate and decorate it with fat cupids holding scrolls over its head. They would hang it upon the wall where one might gaze upon it, but never, never, speak of it. They regard it as so deep and sacred a thing that its followers should not be able to mention it without shedding tears. I feel that they would have been better pleased with me if, when they said, 'You write, Miss Smith?' I had been unable to suppress my emotion when I answered, 'Yes, I write.' That would have shown how deep my art went with me. But, instead of tears, I burst into laughter, and am disgraced.

But why this attitude toward writing? I imagine that one does in this world what one can do, or what one hopes one can do, whether it be cobbling shoes, writing a sonnet, or washing clothes. Does a cobbler burst into tears when he is asked if he mends shoes? Frankly, I have never seen one do it. Does one creep apologetically up to a fat darky bending over a washtub and whisper in a scared tone, 'Madam, do you wash clothes?' And does she weep when she replies? No, she probably answers, 'Yes, I washes when I gits ready, but I 'se got all right now dat I kin 'tend to.' After which she flings back her head, scrubs up and down on her wash-board to the accompaniment of 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' or, 'Lead me to the water,' and you are more apt to be the one to weep.

Then why should writers be debarred from the same simple attitude

toward their work? I do not know that I speak for all, — I know nothing about really great authors, — but I think I speak for a large number of the followers of the trade, when I say that they like to talk about their work, one great reason being that writing is a lonely profession. If you write, as a rule you must do it to yourself; or if you do attempt it in company, you or the company are apt to be sorry. Therefore when the writing is done, and a sympathetic listener offers, the writer is glad to wipe out some of the lonely hours with a little conversation. So, if you know an author, don't be too breathless about his calling, treat him like a human being. Let him talk a little, and do not be shocked if he manages to keep the tears back when he tells you about his last short story. Only of course be tactful. Do not say, as an eager acquaintance once said to me, 'Oh, I do think it is so interesting to write, it must be just fascinating when your manuscripts come back!' I discovered afterwards that she meant proofs instead of manuscripts, but the mistake of just that single word made me, who am usually so garrulous about my trade, feel for the time being that I really did not care ever to speak of it again.

So I repeat, let the poor author talk, but be tactful.

OVERWORKING THE MIND

My grandmother was a notable housekeeper; that is to say, she did a great many things that were unnecessary. The forbiddingly neat parlor was perhaps harmless, but hardly so much could be said for those wonderful biscuits and preserves that made Grandmother's suppers seem, as I look back on them now, like a device for reinforcing nature's test for the fittest. If we survived, it was because our mothers, representing the moral law, met and resisted nature's plan. But it is not so much the results Grandmother achieved as the methods by which she worked, that are pointing my latter-day moral. She did most of her own work, and there never was another such woman for skillful planning. If she went to the cellar for potatoes she carried down as much as two empty fruit-cans and the coal-scuttle, and in coming up, her pan of potatoes rode on top of a few sticks of wood or whatever else Grandmother was going to want for her morning's enterprise. In making cake she never allowed herself to walk from the kitchen table to the pantry more than twice. Her washing of dishes was a marvel of studied simplicity. When my chubby little uncle was helping her one day, she protested against his needless journeys between the dining-room and the kitchen, and told him to think out his work so that his head could save his heels. Little Uncle Tom stopped his busy trotting long enough to gaze meditatively at his feet and to say with conviction, 'But I don't want my head to save my heels. I'd rather use my heels. I need to have my head for something else.' Yes, it is true, Uncle Tom is now a professor of philosophy.

All this consideration of house-keeping tactics was suggested to me to-day not by our incompetent maid, who does indeed never waste her brain-power, but by our physician, who brought over his latest article for us to see. He keeps up with the times; his article shows how the mind should serve the body, and goes rather specifically into the method of application. By treating us thus subtly through literature he expects, no doubt, to keep us healthy during his impending vacation. But I feel Uncle Tom's prejudice against using my head to save my heels. The doctor has outlined for me, before this,

a scheme for going to sleep, so wearing that I am sure I should prefer to sit up all night rather than to use it, for more than one night's sleep would be needed to restore my jaded mind after the operation of this device.

My sister Matilda had to take a year off from her teaching after a summer vacation spent in applying self-control. Perhaps I should say that she and I do not agree on the subject; but my theory is that if she had complained, in an outspoken and human fashion, when she first felt tired, the doctor would have given her some medicine and made her take a little vacation, and she would have been ready for her normal career of overwork. But she told herself there was nothing the matter except her attitude, and she silently worked on her attitude so hard that at last, when she grew no better and was persuaded to go to the doctor, she spoke of her troubles with an intensity gained during weeks of repression; and of course he thought her morbid and set her off on a new branch of the optimistic treatment. If she had not worn her mind out, she could have been cured in six weeks by ordinary measures. But Matilda does n't agree with me, and the self-control evident in her face now is enough to make one sigh.

This cheerfulness that we are told to assume before untoward circumstances paralyzes real humor; its fatuity deadens us when ill-temper might wake us up. Most of us can be far funnier when we are setting forth our annoyances than when we adopt the tone of Mrs. Wiggs. And Mrs. Wiggs was at least spontaneous and uncalculating in her application of soul to situation. These ordered minds, never letting an impulse get beyond them — they are the kind that put an undue strain upon companionship. They are the kind that lay brain-power at the service of legs and stomachs, when the legs and stomachs would be all the better for being kept in their places and made to attend to their own affairs and to the service of their superiors as well.

There are several injudicious ways of making the best of things. One of them is illustrated by the humble young curate, pictured long ago in *Punch*, who protested when the bishop, his host, expressed doubts of an egg the curate was eating, 'Oh, no, my lord; I assure you some parts of it are excellent.' Fancy looking on the bright side of a bad egg! The effort was surely less ingratiating than the curate supposed. Indeed this habit of seeing good in everything may become the most unendurable of virtues, — as distressing as grim patience, which is a common and effective method of wearing out the mind. I like to remember the old lady who said, when a friend reminded her that she had had little trouble in her life, 'Yes, but I've made the most of what I have had.' She chose more wisely than the people who come exhausted out of their victories over circumstance. Wounds of the spirit are glorious only when the battle has been mighty. The philosophy that tells us to use our minds in smoothing life's daily friction, offers us a future as wan as Matilda's smile of cheer.

INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, AND RECALL

A LIST OF THE MEASURES SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON IN THE LAST FOUR ELECTIONS. *See* MR. BOURNE'S ARTICLE ON PAGE 122 OF THIS NUMBER.

	YES.	NO.
1904.		
Direct primary law with direct selection of United States Senator [1]	56,205	16,354
Local-option liquor law [1]	43,316	40,198
1906.		
Omnibus appropriation bill, State institutions [2]	43,918	26,758
Equal-suffrage constitutional amendment [1]	36,902	47,075
Local-option bill proposed by liquor people [1]	35,297	45,144
Bill for purchase by State of Barlow toll road [1]	31,525	44,527
Amendment requiring Referendum on any act calling constitutional convention [1]	47,661	18,751
Amendment giving cities sole power to amend their charters [1]	52,567	19,852
Legislature authorized to fix pay of State printer [1]	63,749	9,571
Initiative and Referendum to apply to all local, special, and municipal laws [1]	47,678	16,735
Bill prohibiting free passes on railroads [1]	57,281	16,779
Gross-earnings tax on sleeping, refrigerator, and oil car companies [1]	69,635	6,441
Gross-earnings tax on express, telephone, and telegraph companies [1]	70,872	6,360
1908.		
Amendment increasing pay of legislators from $120 to $400 per session [3]	19,691	68,892
Amendment permitting location of State institutions at places other than the capital [3]	41,971	40,868
Amendment reorganizing system of courts and increasing supreme judges from three to five [3]	30,243	50,591
Amendment changing general election from June to November [3]	65,728	18,590
Bill giving sheriffs control of county prisoners [2]	60,443	30,033
Railroads required to give public officials free passes [2]	28,856	59,406
Bill appropriating $100,000 for armories [2]	33,507	54,848
Bill increasing fixed appropriation for State University from $47,500 to $125,000 annually [2]	44,115	40,535
Equal-suffrage amendment [1]	36,858	58,670
Fishery bill proposed by fish-wheel operators [1]	46,582	40,720
Fishery bill proposed by gill-net operators [1]	56,130	30,280
Amendment giving cities control of liquor selling, pool rooms, theatres, etc., subject to local-option law [1]	39,442	52,346
Modified form of single-tax amendment [1]	32,066	60,871
Recall power on public officials [1]	58,381	31,002
Bill instructing legislators to vote for people's choice for United States Senators [1]	69,668	21,162
Amendment authorizing proportional-representation law [1]	48,868	34,128
Corrupt-practices act governing elections [1]	54,042	31,301
Amendment requiring indictment to be by grand jury [1]	52,214	28,487
Bill creating Hood River County [1]	43,948	26,778
1910.		
Amendment permitting female taxpayers to vote [1]	35,270	59,065
Act establishing branch insane asylum in eastern Oregon [3]	50,134	41,504

[1] Submitted under the Initiative.

[2] Submitted under the Referendum upon legislative act.

[3] Submitted to the people by the legislature.

A LIST OF MEASURES SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON (*Concluded*).

	YES.	NO.
1910.		
Act calling convention to revise State constitution [3]	23,143	59,974
Amendment providing separate district for election of each State senator and representative [3]	24,000	54,252
Amendment repealing requirement that all taxes shall be equal and uniform [3]	37,619	40,172
Amendment permitting organized districts to vote bonds for construction of railroads by such districts [3]	32,844	46,070
Amendment authorizing collection of State and county taxes on separate classes of property [3]	31,629	41,692
Act requiring Baker County to pay $1,000 a year to circuit judge in addition to his State salary [2]	13,161	71,503
Bill creating Nesmith County from parts of Lane and Douglas [1]	22,866	60,951
Bill to establish a State normal school at Monmouth [1]	50,191	40,044
Bill creating Otis County from parts of Harney, Malheur, and Grant [1]	17,426	62,016
Bill annexing part of Clackamas County to Multnomah [1]	16,250	69,002
Bill creating Williams County from parts of Lane and Douglas [1]	14,508	64,090
Amendment permitting people of each county to regulate taxation for county purposes and abolishing poll taxes [1]	44,171	42,127
Amendment giving cities and towns exclusive power to regulate liquor traffic within their limits [1]	53,321	50,779
Bill for protection of laborers in hazardous employment, fixing employers' liability, etc. [1]	56,258	33,943
Bill creating Orchard County from part of Umatilla [1]	15,664	62,712
Bill creating Clark County from part of Grant [1]	15,613	61,704
Bill to establish State normal school at Weston [1]	40,898	46,201
Bill to annex part of Washington County to Multnomah [1]	14,047	68,221
Bill to establish State normal school at Ashland [1]	38,473	48,655
Amendment prohibiting liquor traffic [1]	43,540	61,221
Bill prohibiting sale of liquor, providing for search for liquors, and regulating shipments of same [1]	42,651	63,564
Bill creating board to draft employers' liability law for submission to legislature [1]	32,224	51,719
Bill prohibiting taking of fish in Rogue River except with hook and line [1]	49,712	33,397
Bill creating Deschutes County out of part of Crook [1]	17,592	60,486
Bill for general law under which new counties may be created or boundaries changed [1]	37,129	42,327
Amendment permitting counties to vote bonds for permanent road improvement [1]	51,275	32,906
Bill permitting voters in direct primaries to express choice for President and Vice President, to select delegates to national conventions, and nominate candidates for presidential electors [1]	43,353	41,624
Bill creating board of people's inspectors of government, providing for reports of board in Official State Gazette to be mailed to all registered voters bi-monthly [1]	29,955	52,538
Amendment extending Initiative and Referendum, making terms of members of legislature six years, increasing salaries, requiring proportional representation in legislature, election of Speaker of House and President of Senate outside of members, etc. [1]	37,031	44,366
Amendment permitting three-fourths verdict in civil cases [1]	44,538	39,399

[1] Submitted under the Initiative.

[2] Submitted under the Referendum upon legislative act.

[3] Submitted to the people by the legislature.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1912

THE LONG RUN[1]

BY EDITH WHARTON

The shade of those our days that had no tongue.

I

It was last winter, after a twelve years' absence from New York, that I saw again, at one of the Jim Cumnors' dinners, my old friend Halston Merrick.

The Cumnors' house is one of the few where, even after such a lapse of time, one can be sure of finding familiar faces and picking up old threads; where for a moment one can abandon one's self to the illusion that New York humanity is less unstable than its bricks and mortar. And that evening in particular I remember feeling that there could be no pleasanter way of re-entering the confused and careless world to which I was returning than through the quiet, softly-lit dining-room in which Mrs. Cumnor, with a characteristic sense of my needing to be broken in gradually, had contrived to assemble so many friendly faces.

I was glad to see them all, including the three or four I did not know, or failed to recognize, but had no difficulty in classing as in the tradition and of the group; but I was most of all glad — as I rather wonderingly found — to set eyes again on Halston Merrick.

He and I had been at Harvard together, for one thing, and had shared there curiosities and ardours a little outside the current tendencies: had, on the whole, been freer and less amenable to the accepted. Then, for the next few years, Merrick had been a vivid and promising figure in young American life. Handsome, free and fine, he had wandered and tasted and compared. After leaving Harvard he had spent two years at Oxford. He then accepted a private secretaryship to our Ambassador in England, and came back from this adventure with a fresh curiosity about public affairs at home, and the conviction that men of his kind did n't play a large enough part in them. This led, first, to his running for a State Senatorship which he failed to get, and ultimately to a few months of intelligent activity in a municipal office. Soon after a change of party had deprived him of this post he published a small volume of rather hauntingly delicate sonnets, and, a year later, an odd uneven brilliant book on Municipal Government. After that one hardly knew where to look for his next appearance; but chance rather disappointingly

[1] In this story certain divergences in spelling and punctuation from the established practice of the *Atlantic* are made at the request of the author. — The Editors.

solved the problem by killing off his father and placing Halston at the head of the Merrick Iron Foundry at Yonkers.

His friends had gathered that, whenever this regrettable contingency should occur, he meant to dispose of the business and continue his life of free experiment. As often happens in such cases, however, it was not the moment for a sale, and Merrick had to take over the management of the foundry. Some two years later he had a chance to free himself, but when it came he did not choose to take it. This tame sequel to an inspiriting start was slightly disappointing to some of us, and I was among those disposed to regret Merrick's drop to the level of the merely prosperous. Then I went away to my big engineering job in China, and from there to Africa, and spent the next twelve years out of sight and sound of New York doings.

During that long interval I learned of no new phase in Merrick's evolution, but this did not surprise me, as I had never expected from him actions resonant enough to be heard across the globe. All I knew — and this surprised me — was that he had never married, and that he was still in the iron business. All through those years, however, I never ceased to wish, in certain situations and at certain turns of thought, that Merrick were in reach, that I could tell this or that to Merrick. I had never, in the interval, found any one with just his quickness of perception and just his sureness of touch.

After dinner, therefore, we irresistibly drew together. In Mrs. Cumnor's big easy drawing-room cigars were allowed, and there was no break in the communion of the sexes; and, this being the case, I should have sought a seat beside one of the ladies who so indulgently suffered our presence. But, as generally happened when Merrick was in sight, I found myself steering straight for him past all the minor ports of call.

There had been no time, before our passage to the dining-room, for more than the barest expression of delight at meeting, and our seats had been at opposite ends of the longish table, so that we got our first real look at each other in the screened secluded sofa-corner to which Mrs. Cumnor's vigilance now tactfully directed us.

Merrick was still handsome in his long swarthy way: handsomer perhaps, with thinnish hair and graver lines, than in the young excess of his good looks. He was very glad to see me and expressed his gladness in terms of the same charming smile; but as soon as we began to talk I felt a change. It was not merely the change that years and experience and altered values bring. There was something more fundamental the matter with Merrick: something dreadful, unforeseen, unaccountable. Merrick had grown conventional and dull.

In the face of his frank pleasure in seeing me I was ashamed, at first, to analyze the nature of the change; but presently our talk began to flag — fancy a talk with Merrick flagging! — and self-deception became impossible as I watched myself handing out platitudes with the unconvinced gesture of a salesman offering something 'equally good.' The worst of it was that Merrick — Merrick, who had once felt everything! — did n't seem to feel any lack of spontaneity in my remarks, but clung to me in speech and look with a harrowing faith in the resuscitating power of our past. It was as if he treasured the empty vessel of our friendship without perceiving that the last drop of its essence had gone dry.

I am putting all this in exaggerated terms. Through my surprise and disappointment there glowed a certain sense of well-being in the mere phys-

ical presence of my old friend. I liked looking at the way his thin dark hair broke away from the forehead, at the tautness of his smooth brown cheek, the contemplative backward tilt of his head, the way his brown eyes mused upon the scene through indolently lowered lids. All the past was in his way of looking and sitting, and I wanted to stay near him, and knew that he wanted me to stay; but the devil of it was that neither of us knew what to talk about.

It was this difficulty which caused me, after a while, since I could not follow Merrick's talk, to follow his eyes in their slow circuit of the room.

At the moment when our glances joined, his happened to have paused on a lady seated at some distance from our corner. Immersed, at first, in the satisfaction of finding myself again with Merrick, I had been only negatively aware of this lady, as of one of the few persons present whom I did not know, or failed to remember. There was nothing in her appearance or attitude to challenge my indifference or to excite my curiosity: I don't suppose I should have looked at her at all if I had not noticed that my friend was doing so.

She was a woman of about forty-seven, with fair faded hair and a young figure. Her smoke-gray dress was handsome but ineffective, and her pale and rather serious face wore a small unvarying smile which might have been pinned on with her ornaments. She was one of the women in whom the years show rather what they have taken than what they have bestowed, and only on looking closely did one see that what they had taken must have been exceptionally good of its kind.

Phil Cumnor and another man were talking to her, and the very intensity of the attention she bestowed on them betrayed the straining of rebellious thoughts. She never let her eyes stray or her smile drop; and at the proper moments I saw she was ready with the proper sentiment.

The party, like most of those that Mrs. Cumnor gathered about her, was not composed of exceptional beings. The people of the old New York set were not exceptional: they were in fact mostly cut on the same neat, convenient and unobtrusive pattern; but they were often exceedingly 'nice.' And this obsolete quality marked every look and gesture of the lady I was scrutinizing.

While these reflections were passing through my mind I was aware that Merrick's eyes were still turned in the same direction. I took a cross-section of his look and found in it neither surprise nor absorption, but only a certain sober pleasure just about at the emotional level of the rest of the room. If he were looking at the lady in question it was only, his expression seemed to say, because, all things considered, there were fewer reasons for looking at anybody else.

This made me wonder what were the reasons for looking at *her;* and as a first step toward enlightenment I said: — 'I'm sure I've seen the lady over there in gray —'

Merrick, with a slight effort, detached his eyes and turned them on me in a wondering look.

'Seen her? You know her.' He paused for my response. '*Don't* you know her? It's Mrs. Reardon.'

I wondered that he should wonder, for I could not remember, in the Cumnor group or elsewhere, having known any one of the name he mentioned.

'But perhaps,' he continued, 'you had n't heard of her marriage? You knew her as Mrs. Trant.'

I gave him back his stare. 'Not Mrs. Philip Trant?'

'Yes; Mrs. Philip Trant.'

'Not Paulina?' I insisted.

'Yes — Paulina,' he said, with a just perceptible delay before the name.

In my stupefaction I continued to stare at him, instead of turning my gaze toward the lady whose identity was in dispute.

He averted his eyes from mine after a moment, and I saw that they had strayed back to her. 'You find her so changed?' he asked.

An odd note in his voice acted as a warning signal, and I tried to reduce my astonishment to less unbecoming proportions. 'I don't find that she looks much older.'

'No. Only different?' he suggested, as if there were nothing new to him in my perplexity.

'Yes — awfully different,' I confessed.

'I suppose we're all awfully different. To you, I mean — coming from so far?'

'I recognized all the rest of you,' I said, hesitating. 'And she used to be the one who stood out most.'

There was a flash, a wave, a stir of something deep down in his eyes. 'Yes,' he said. '*That 's* the difference.'

'I see it is. She — she looks worn down. Soft but blurred, like the figures in the tapestry behind her.'

He glanced at her again, as if to test the exactness of my analogy.

'Life wears everybody down, I suppose,' he said.

'Yes — except those it makes more distinct. They're the rare ones, of course; but she was rare.'

He stood up suddenly, looking old and tired. 'I believe I'll be off. I wish you'd come down to my place for Sunday. . . . No, don't shake hands — I want to slide away while they're not looking.'

We were standing near the door of the inner drawing-room, and I placed myself before him to say a last word and screen his retreat.

'You will come down, won't you?' he repeated. 'I want to see you. There'll be no one else.' He had backed away to the threshold and was turning the noiseless door-knob. Even Mrs. Cumnor's door-knobs had tact and did n't tell!

'Of course I'll come,' I promised warmly. In the last ten minutes he had begun to interest me again.

'All right. Good-bye.' Half through the door he paused to stammer: — '*She* remembers you. You ought to speak to her.'

'I'm going to. But tell me a little more.' I thought I saw a shade of constraint on his face, and did not add, as I had meant to: 'Tell me — because she interests me — what wore her down?' Instead, I asked: 'How soon after Trant's death did she remarry?'

He seemed to require an effort of memory to recall the date. 'It was seven years ago, I think.'

'And is Reardon here to-night?'

'Yes; over there, talking to Mrs. Cumnor.'

I looked across the broken lamp-lit groupings and saw a large glossy man with straw-colored hair and a red face, whose shirt and shoes and complexion seemed all to have received a coat of the same expensive varnish.

As I looked there was a drop in the talk about us, and I heard Mr. Reardon pronounce in a big booming voice: 'What I say is: what's the good of disturbing things? Thank the Lord, I'm content with what I've got!'

'Is *that* her husband? What's he like?'

'Oh, the best fellow in the world,' said Merrick, going.

II

Merrick had a little place at Riverdale, where he went occasionally to be near the Iron Works, and where he hid his week-ends when the world was too much with him.

Here he awaited me on the following Saturday afternoon, and at tea-time I found myself with him in a pleasant careless setting of books and prints and faded parental furniture.

We dined late, and smoked and talked afterward in his low-ceilinged book-walled study till the terrier on the hearth-rug stood up and yawned for bed. When we took the hint and picked up our candles in the hall I felt, not that I had found the old Merrick again, but that I was on his track, had come across traces of his passage here and there in the thick jungle that had grown up between us. But I had an odd poignant feeling that when I finally came on the man himself he might be dead. . . .

As we started up the shallow country stairs he turned with one of his abrupt shy movements, and walked back into the study.

'Wait a bit!' he called to me.

I waited, and he came out in a moment carrying a limp folio.

'It's typewritten. Will you take a look at it? I've been trying to get to work again,' he lamely explained, thrusting the manuscript into my hand.

'What? Poetry, I hope?' I exclaimed.

He shook his head with a gleam of derision. 'No — just general considerations. The fruit of fifty years of inexperience.'

He showed me to my room and said good-night.

The following afternoon — it was a mild winter day with soft wet gusts, I remember — we took a long walk inland, across the hills, and I said to Merrick what I could of his book. Unluckily there was n't much to say. The essays were judicious, polished and cultivated; but they lacked the freshness and audacity of his youthful work. I tried to conceal my opinion behind the usual ambiguities, but he broke through these feints with a quick thrust to the heart of my meaning.

'It's worn down — blurred? Like the figures in the Cumnors' tapestry?'

I hesitated. 'It's a little too damned resigned,' I said.

'Ah,' he exclaimed, 'so am I. Resigned.' He switched the bare brambles by the roadside. 'A man can't serve two masters.'

'You mean business and literature?'

'No; I mean theory and instinct. The gray tree and the green. You've got to choose which fruit you'll try; and you don't know till afterward which of the two has the dead core.'

'How can anybody be sure that only one of them has?'

'I'm sure,' said Merrick sharply.

We turned back to the subject of his essays, and I was astonished at the detachment with which he criticized and demolished them. Little by little, as we talked, his old perspective, his old standards came back to him; but with the difference that they no longer seemed like functions of his mind but merely like attitudes assumed or dropped at will. He could still, with an effort, put himself at the angle from which he had formerly seen things; but it was with the effort of a man climbing mountains after a sedentary life in the plain.

I tried to cut the talk short, but he kept coming back to it with nervous insistence, forcing me into the last retrenchments of hypocrisy, and anticipating the verdict I held back. I perceived that a great deal — immensely more than I could see a reason for — had hung for him on my opinion of his book.

Then, as suddenly, his insistence broke and, as if ashamed of having forced himself so long on my attention, he began to talk rapidly and uninterestingly of other things.

We were alone again that evening, and after dinner, wishing to efface the impression of the afternoon, and above all to show that I wanted him to talk about himself, I reverted to the subject of his work. 'You must need an outlet of that sort. When a man 's once had it in him, as you have — and when other things begin to dwindle —'

He laughed. 'Your theory is that a man ought to be able to return to the Muse as he comes back to his wife after he 's ceased to interest other women?'

'No; as he comes back to his wife after the day's work is done.' A new thought came to me as I looked at him. 'You ought to have had one,' I added.

He laughed again. 'A wife, you mean? So that there 'd have been some one waiting for me even if the Muse decamped?' He went on after a pause: 'I've a notion that the kind of woman worth coming back to would n't be much more patient than the Muse. But as it happens I never tried — because, for fear they 'd chuck me, I put them both out of doors together.'

He turned his head abruptly and looked past me with a queer expression at the low gray-panelled door at my back. 'Out of that very door they went — the two of 'em, on a rainy night like this: and one stopped and looked back, to see if I was n't going to call her — and I did n't — and so they both went. . . .'

III

'The Muse?' (said Merrick, refilling my glass and stooping to pat the terrier as he went back to his chair) — 'well, you've met the Muse in the little volume of sonnets you used to like; and you've met the woman too, and you used to like *her;* though you did n't know her when you saw her the other evening. . . .

'No, I won't ask you how she struck you: I know. She struck you like that stuff I gave you to read last night. She 's conformed — I've conformed — the mills have caught us and ground us: ground us, oh, exceedingly small!

'But you remember what she was: I saw at once that you remembered. And that's the reason why I'm telling you this now. . . .

'You may recall that after my father's death I tried unsuccessfully to sell the Works. I was impatient to free myself from anything that would keep me tied to New York. I don't dislike my trade, and I've made, in the end, a fairly good thing of it; but industrialism was not, at that time, in the line of my tastes, and I know now that it was n't what I was meant for. Above all, I wanted to get away, to see new places and rub up against different ideas. I had reached a time of life — the top of the first hill, so to speak — where the distance draws one, and everything in the foreground seems tame and stale. I was sick to death of the particular set of conformities I had grown up among; sick of being a pleasant popular young man with a long line of dinners on my engagement-list, and the dead certainty of meeting the same people, or their prototypes, at all of them.

'Well — I failed to sell the Works, and that increased my discontent. I went through moods of cold unsociability, alternating with sudden flushes of curiosity, when I gloated over stray scraps of talk overheard in railway stations and omnibuses, when strange faces that I passed in the street tantalized me with fugitive promises. I wanted to get away, among things that were unexpected and unknown; and it seemed to me that nobody about me understood in the least what I felt, but that somewhere just out of reach there was some one who *did*, and whom I must find or despair. . . .

'It was just then that, one evening I saw Mrs. Trant for the first time.

'Yes: I know — you wonder what I mean. I'd known her, of course, as a girl; I'd met her several times after her marriage to Trant; and I'd lately been thrown with her, quite intimately and continuously, during a succession of country-house visits. But I had never, as it happened, really *seen* her till then. . . .

'It was at a dinner at the Cumnors', I remember; and there she was, in front of the very tapestry we saw her against the other evening, with people about her, and her face turned from me, and nothing noticeable or different in her dress or manner; and suddenly she stood out for me against the pinkish-smoky background, and for the first time I saw a meaning in the stale phrase of a picture's walking out of its frame. For you've noticed, have n't you, that most people *are* just that to us: pictures, furniture, the inanimate accessories of our little island-area of sensation? And then sometimes one of these graven images moves and throws out live filaments toward us, and the line they make draws us across the world as the moon-track seems to draw a boat across black water. . . .

'Well, there she stood; and as this queer sensation came over me I felt that she was looking steadily at me, that her eyes were voluntarily, consciously resting on me with the weight of a deep interrogation.

'I went over and joined her, and she turned silently and walked with me into the music-room. Earlier in the evening some one had been singing, and there were low lights there, and a few couples still sitting in those confidential corners of which Mrs. Cumnor has the art; but we were under no illusion as to the nature of these presences. We knew that they were just painted in, and that the whole of sentient life was in us two, and flowing back and forward between us in swift innumerable streams. We talked, of course; we had the attitudes, even the words, of the others: I remember her telling me her plans for the spring and asking me politely about mine! As if there were the least sense in plans, now that this thing had happened to us!

'When we went back into the drawing-room I had said nothing to her that I might not have said to any other woman of the party; but when we said good-bye I knew we should see each other the next day — and the next. . . .

'That's the way, I take it, that Nature has arranged the beginning of the great enduring loves; and likewise of the little epidermal flurries. And how's a man to know where he is going?

'From the first, I own, my feeling for Paulina Trant seemed to me a grave business; but then I knew that the Enemy is given to producing that illusion. Many a man — I'm talking of the kind with imagination — has thought he was seeking a soul when all he wanted was a closer view of its tenement. And I tried — honestly tried — to make myself think I was in this case. Because, in the first place, I did n't, just then, want a big disturbing influence in my life; and because I did n't want to be a dupe; and because Paulina Trant was not, according to hearsay, the kind of woman for whom it was worth while to bring up the big batteries. . . .

'But my resistance was only half-hearted. What I really felt — *all* I really felt — was the flood of joy that comes of heightened emotion. She had given me that, and I wanted her to give it to me again. That's as near as I've ever come to analyzing my state in the beginning.

'I knew her story, as no doubt you know it: the current version, I mean. She had been poor and fond of enjoy-

ment, and she had married that pompous monolith Philip Trant because she needed a home, and perhaps also because she wanted a little luxury. Queer how we sneer at women for wanting the thing that gives them half their grace!

'People shook their heads over the marriage, and divided, prematurely, into Philip's partisans and hers: for no one thought it would work. And they were almost disappointed when, after all, it did. She and her wooden consort seemed to get on well enough. There was a ripple, at one time, over her close friendship with young Jim Dalham, who was always with her during a summer at Newport and an autumn in Italy; then the talk died out, and she and Trant were seen together, as before, on terms of apparent good-fellowship.

'This was the more surprising because, from the first, Paulina had never made the least attempt to change her tone or subdue her colors. In the gray Trant atmosphere she flashed with prismatic fires. She smoked, she talked subversively, she did as she liked and went where she pleased, and danced over the Trant prejudices and the Trant principles as if they'd been a ball-room floor; and all without apparent offence to her solemn husband and his cloud of cousins. I believe her frankness and directness struck them dumb. She moved like a kind of primitive Una through the virtuous rout, and never got a finger-mark on her freshness.

'One of the finest things about her was the fact that she never, for an instant, used her plight as a means of enhancing her attraction. With a husband like Trant it would have been so easy! He was a man who always saw the small sides of big things. He thought most of life compressible into a set of by-laws and the rest unmentionable; and with his stiff frock-coated and tall-hatted mind, instinctively distrustful of intelligences in another dress, with his arbitrary classification of whatever he did n't understand into "the kind of thing I don't approve of," "the kind of thing that is n't done," and — deepest depth of all — "the kind of thing I'd rather not discuss," he lived in the service of a shadowy moral etiquette, of which the complex rites and awful penalties had cast an abiding gloom upon his manner.

'A woman like his wife could n't have asked a better foil; yet I'm sure she never consciously used his dullness to relieve her brilliancy. She may have felt that the case spoke for itself. But I believe her reserve was rather due to a lively sense of justice, and to the rare habit (you said she was rare) of looking at facts as they are, without any throwing of sentimental lime-lights. She knew Trant could no more help being Trant than she could help being herself — and there was an end of it. I've never known a woman who "made up" so little mentally. . . .

'Perhaps her very reserve, the fierceness of her implicit rejection of sympathy, exposed her the more to — well, to what happened when we met. She said afterward that it was like having been shut up for months in the hold of a ship, and coming suddenly on deck on a day that was all flying blue and silver. . . .

'I won't try to tell you what she was. It's easier to tell you what her friendship made of me; and I can do that best by adopting her metaphor of the ship. Have n't you, sometimes, at the moment of starting on a journey, some glorious plunge into the unknown, been tripped up by the thought: "If only one had n't to come back"? Well, with her one had the sense that one would never have to come back; that the magic ship would always carry one farther. And what an air one breathed,

on it! And, oh, the wind, and the islands, and the sunsets!

'I said just now "her friendship"; and I used the word advisedly. Love is deeper than friendship, but friendship is a good deal wider. The beauty of our relation was that it included both dimensions. Our thoughts met as naturally as our eyes: it was almost as if we loved each other because we liked each other. I'm inclined to think that the quality of a love may be tested by the amount of friendship it contains, and in our case there was no dividing line between loving and liking, no disproportion between them, no barrier against which desire beat in vain or from which thought fell back unsatisfied. Ours was a robust passion that could give an open-eyed account of itself, and not a beautiful madness shrinking away from the proof. . . .

'For the first months friendship sufficed us, or rather gave us so much by the way that we were in no haste to reach what we knew it led to. But we were moving there nevertheless, and one day we found ourselves on the borders. It came about through a sudden decision of Trant's to start on a long tour with his wife. We had never foreseen such a possibility: he seemed rooted in his New York habits and convinced that the city's whole social and financial machinery would cease to function if he did not keep an eye on it through the columns of his morning paper, and pronounce judgment on it in the afternoon at his club. But something new had happened to him. He caught a cold, which was followed by a touch of pleurisy, and instantly he perceived the intense interest and importance which ill-health may add to life. He took the fullest advantage of it. A complaisant doctor recommended travel, insisted on a winter in a warm climate; and suddenly, the morning paper, the afternoon club, Fifth Avenue, Wall Street, all the complex phenomena of the metropolis, faded into insignificance, and the rest of the terrestrial globe, from being a mere geographical hypothesis, useful in enabling one to determine the latitude of New York, acquired reality and magnitude as a factor in the convalescence of Mr. Philip Trant.

'His wife was absorbed in preparations for the journey. It took an army to mobilize him, and weeks before the date set for their departure it was almost as if she were already gone.

'This foretaste of separation showed us what we were to each other. Yet I was letting her go — and there was no help for it, no way of preventing it. Resistance was as useless as the vain struggles in a nightmare. She was Trant's and not mine: a part of his luggage when he travelled as she was part of his household furniture when he stayed at home. . . .

'The day she told me that their passages were taken — it was on a November afternoon, in her drawing-room in town — I turned away from the tea-table and, going to the window, stood looking out at the torrent of traffic interminably pouring down Fifth Avenue. I watched the senseless machinery of life revolving in the rain and mud, and tried to picture myself performing my small function in it after she had gone from me.

'"It can't be — it can't be!" I exclaimed.

'"What can't be?"

'I came back into the room and sat down by her. "This — this — " I had n't any words. "Two weeks!" I said. "What's two weeks?"

'She answered, vaguely, something about their thinking of Spain for the spring —

'"Two weeks — two weeks!" I repeated. "And the months we've lost — the days that belonged to us!"

'"Yes," she said, "I'm thankful it's settled."

'Our words seemed irrelevant, haphazard. It was as if each were answering a secret voice, and not what the other was saying.

'"Don't you *feel* anything at all?" I remember bursting out at her. As I asked it the tears were streaming down her face. I felt angry with her, and was almost glad to note that her lids were red and that she did n't cry becomingly. I can't express my sensation to you except by saying that she seemed part of life's huge league against me. And suddenly I thought of an afternoon we had spent together in the country, on a ferny hill-side, when we had sat under a beech-tree, and her hand had lain palm upward in the moss, close to mine, and I had watched a little black-and-red beetle creeping over it. . . .

'The bell rang, and we heard the voice of a visitor and the click of an umbrella in the umbrella-stand.

'She rose to go into the inner drawing-room, and I caught her suddenly by the wrist. "You understand," I said, "that we can't go on like this?"

'"I understand," she answered, and moved away to meet her visitor. As I went out I heard her saying in the other room: "Yes, we're really off on the twelfth."

IV

'I wrote her a long letter that night, and waited two days for a reply.

'On the third day I had a brief line saying that she was going to spend Sunday with some friends who had a place near Riverdale, and that she would arrange to see me while she was there. That was all.

'It was on a Saturday that I received the note and I came out here the same night. The next morning was rainy, and I was in despair, for I had counted on her asking me to take her for a drive or a long walk. It was hopeless to try to say what I had to say to her in the drawing-room of a crowded country-house. And only eleven days were left!

'I stayed indoors all the morning, fearing to go out lest she should telephone me. But no sign came, and I grew more and more restless and anxious. She was too free and frank for coquetry, but her silence and evasiveness made me feel that, for some reason, she did not wish to hear what she knew I meant to say. Could it be that she was, after all, more conventional, less genuine, than I had thought? I went again and again over the whole maddening round of conjecture; but the only conclusion I could rest in was that, if she loved me as I loved her, she would be as determined as I was to let no obstacle come between us during the days that were left.

'The luncheon-hour came and passed, and there was no word from her. I had ordered my trap to be ready, so that I might drive over as soon as she summoned me; but the hours dragged on, the early twilight came, and I sat here in this very chair, or measured up and down, up and down, the length of this very rug — and still there was no message and no letter.

'It had grown quite dark, and I had ordered away, impatiently, the servant who came in with the lamps: I could n't *bear* any definite sign that the day was over! And I was standing there on the rug, staring at the door, and noticing a bad crack in its panel, when I heard the sound of wheels on the gravel. A word at last, no doubt — a line to explain. . . . I did n't seem to care much for her reasons, and I stood where I was and continued to stare at the door. And suddenly it opened and she came in.

'The servant followed her with a lamp, and then went out and closed the door. Her face looked pale in the lamp-light, but her voice was as clear as a bell.

'"Well," she said, "you see I've come."

'I started toward her with hands outstretched. "You've come — you've come!" I stammered.

'Yes; it was like her to come in that way — without shame, without dissimulation, without explanations or excuses. It was like her, if she gave at all, to give not furtively or in haste, but openly, deliberately, without stinting the measure or counting the cost. But her quietness and serenity disconcerted me. She did not look like a woman who has yielded impetuously to an uncontrollable impulse. There was something almost solemn in her face.

'The awe of it stole over me as I looked at her, suddenly subduing the huge flush of gratified longing.

'"You're here, here, here!" I kept repeating, like a child singing over a happy word.

'"You said," she continued, in her grave clear voice, "that we could n't go on as we were —"

'"Ah, it's divine of you!" I broke in, and held out my arms to her.

'She did n't draw back from them, but her faint smile said, "Wait," and lifting her hands she took the pins from her hat, and laid the hat on the table.

'As I saw her dear head bare in the lamp-light, with the thick hair waving away from the parting, I forgot everything but the bliss and wonder of her being here — here, in my house, on my hearth — I can show you, yet, the exact spot where she was standing. . . .

'I drew her over to the fire, and made her sit down in the chair where you're sitting, and knelt down by her, and hid my face on her knees. She put her hand on my head, and I was happy to the depths of my soul.

'"Oh, I forgot —" she exclaimed suddenly. I lifted my head and our eyes met. Hers were smiling.

'She reached out her hand, opened the little bag she had tossed down with her hat, and drew a small object from it. "I left my trunk at the station," she said. "Here's the check. Can you send for it?"

'Her trunk — she wanted me to send for her trunk! Oh, yes — I see your smile, your "lucky man!" Only, you see, I did n't love her in that way. I knew she could n't come to my house without running a big risk of discovery, and my tenderness for her, my impulse to shield her, was stronger, even then, than masculine vanity or masculine desire. Judged from the point of view of those emotions I fell terribly short of my part. I had n't any of the proper feelings. Such an act of romantic folly was so unlike her that it almost irritated me, and I found myself desperately wondering how I could get her to reconsider her plan without — well, without seeming to want her to.

'It's not the way a novel hero feels; it's probably not the way a man in real life ought to have felt. But it's the way I felt — and she saw it.

'She put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me with deep, deep eyes. "Then you did n't expect me to stay?" she asked, half-smiling.

'I caught her hands and pressed them close to me, stammering out that I had n't dared to dream. . . .

'"You thought I'd come — just for an hour?"

'"How could I dare think more? I adore you, you know, for what you've done! But it would be known if you — if you stayed on. My servants — everybody about here knows you. I've no right to expose you to the risk." She made no answer, and I went on

tenderly: "Give me, if you will, the next few hours: there's a train that will get you to town by midnight. And then we'll arrange something — in town — where it's safer for you — easily managed. . . . It's beautiful, it's glorious of you to have come; but I love you too much — I must take care of you and think for you —"

'I don't suppose it ever took me so long to say so few words, and though they were profoundly sincere they sounded unutterably shallow, irrelevant and grotesque. She made no effort to help me out, but sat silent, listening with her meditative smile. "It's my duty, dearest, as a man," I rambled on. "The more I love you the more I'm bound —"

'"Yes; but you don't understand," she interrupted.

'She rose as she spoke, and I got up also, and we stood and looked at each other.

'"I have n't come for a night; if you want me I've come for always," she said.

'Here again, if I give you an honest account of my feelings I shall write myself down as the poor-spirited creature I suppose I am. There was n't, I swear, at the moment, a grain of selfishness, of personal reluctance, in my feeling. I worshipped every hair of her head — when we were together I was happy, when I was away from her something was gone from every good thing; but I had always looked on our love for each other, our possible relation to each other, as such situations are looked on in what is called society. I had supposed her, for all her freedom and originality, to be just as tacitly subservient to that view as I was: ready to take what she wanted on the terms on which society concedes such taking, and to pay for it by the usual restrictions, concealments and hypocrisies. In short, I supposed that she would "play the game" — look out for her own safety, and expect me to look out for it. It sounds cheap enough, put that way — but it's the rule we live under, all of us. And the amazement of finding her suddenly outside of it, oblivious of it, unconscious of it, left me, for an awful minute, stammering at her like a graceless dolt. . . . Perhaps it was n't even a minute; but in it she had gone the whole round of my thoughts.

'"It's raining," she said, very low. "I suppose you can telephone for a trap?"

'There was no irony or resentment in her voice. She walked slowly across the room and paused before the Brangwyn etching over there. "That's a good impression. *Will* you telephone, please?" she repeated.

'I found my voice again, and with it the power of movement. I followed her and dropped at her feet. "You can't go like this!" I cried.

'She looked down on me from heights and heights. "I can't stay like this," she answered.

'I stood up and we faced each other like antagonists. "You don't know," I accused her passionately, "in the least what you're asking me to ask of you!"

'"Yes, I do: *everything*," she breathed.

'"And it's got to be that or nothing?"

'"Oh, on both sides," she reminded me.

'"*Not* on both sides. It is n't fair. That's why —"

'"Why you won't?"

'"Why I cannot — may not!"

'"Why you'll take a night and not a life?"

'The taunt, for a woman usually so sure of her aim, fell so short of the mark that its only effect was to increase my conviction of her helplessness. The very intensity of my longing for her made me tremble where she was fear-

less. I had to protect her first, and think of my own attitude afterward.

'She was too discerning not to see this too. Her face softened, grew inexpressibly appealing, and she dropped again into that chair you're in, leaned forward, and looked up with her grave smile.

'"You think I'm beside myself — raving? (You're not thinking of yourself, I know.) I'm not: I never was saner. Since I've known you I've often thought that this might happen. This thing between us is n't an ordinary thing. If it had been we should n't, all these months, have drifted. We should have wanted to skip to the last page — and then throw down the book. We should n't have felt we could *trust* the future as we did. We were in no hurry because we knew we should n't get tired; and when two people feel that about each other they must live together — or part. I don't see what else they can do. A little trip along the coast won't answer. It's the high seas — or else being tied up to Lethe wharf. And I'm for the high seas, my dear!"

'Think of sitting here — here, in this room, in this chair — and listening to that, and seeing the light on her hair, and hearing the sound of her voice! I don't suppose there ever was a scene just like it. . . .

'She was astounding — inexhaustible; through all my anguish of resistance I found a kind of fierce joy in following her. It was lucidity at white heat: the last sublimation of passion. She might have been an angel arguing a point in the empyrean if she had n't been, so completely, a woman pleading for her life. . . .

'Her life: that was the thing at stake! She could n't do with less of it than she was capable of; and a woman's life is inextricably part of the man's she cares for.

'That was why, she argued, she could n't accept the usual solution: could n't enter into the only relation that society tolerates between people situated like ourselves. Yes: she knew all the arguments on *that* side: did n't I suppose she'd been over them and over them? She knew (for had n't she often said it of others?) what is said of the woman who, by throwing in her lot with her lover's, binds him to a lifelong duty which has the irksomeness without the dignity of marriage. Oh, she could talk on that side with the best of them: only she asked me to consider the other — the side of the man and woman who love each other deeply and completely enough to want their lives enlarged, and not diminished, by their love. What, in such a case — she reasoned — must be the inevitable effect of concealing, denying, disowning, the central fact, the motive power of one's existence? She asked me to picture the course of such a love: first working as a fever in the blood, distorting and deflecting everything, making all other interests insipid, all other duties irksome; and then, as the acknowledged claims of life regained their hold, gradually dying — the poor starved passion! — for want of the wholesome necessary food of common living and doing, yet leaving life impoverished by the loss of all it might have been.

'"I'm not talking, dear —" I see her now, leaning toward me with shining eyes: "I'm not talking of the people who have n't enough to fill their days, and to whom a little mystery, a little manœuvring, gives an illusion of importance that they can't afford to miss; I'm talking of you and me, with all our tastes and curiosities and activities; and I ask you what our love would become if we had to keep it apart from our lives, like a pretty useless animal that we went to peep at and feed with sweet-meats through its cage?"

'I won't, my dear fellow, go into the other side of our strange duel: the arguments I used were those that most men in my situation would have felt bound to use, and that most women in Paulina's accept instinctively, without even formulating them. The exceptionalness, the significance, of the case lay wholly in the fact that she had formulated them all and then rejected them. . . .

'There was one point I did n't, of course, touch on; and that was the popular conviction (which I confess I shared) that when a man and a woman agree to defy the world together the man really sacrifices much more than the woman. I was not even conscious of thinking of this at the time, though it may have lurked somewhere in the shadow of my scruples for her; but she dragged it out into the daylight and held me face to face with it.

'"Remember, I'm not attempting to lay down any general rule," she insisted; "I'm not theorizing about Man and Woman, I'm talking about you and me. How do I know what's best for the woman in the next house? Very likely she'll bolt when it would have been better for her to stay at home. And it's the same with the man: he'll probably do the wrong thing. It's generally the weak heads that commit follies, when it's the strong ones that ought to; and my point is that you and I are both strong enough to behave like fools if we want to. . . .

'"Take your own case first — because, in spite of the sentimentalists, it's the man who stands to lose most. You'll have to give up the Iron Works: which you don't much care about — because it won't be particularly agreeable for us to live in New York: which you don't care much about either. But you won't be sacrificing what is called 'a career.' You made up your mind long ago that your best chance of self-development, and consequently of general usefulness, lay in thinking rather than doing; and, when we first met, you were already planning to sell out your business, and travel and write. Well! Those ambitions are of a kind that won't be harmed by your dropping out of your social setting. On the contrary, such work as you want to do ought to gain by it, because you'll be brought nearer to life-as-it-is, in contrast to life-as-a-visiting-list. . . ."

'She threw back her head with a sudden laugh. "And the joy of not having any more visits to make! I wonder if you've ever thought of *that?* Just at first, I mean; for society's getting so deplorably lax that, little by little, it will edge up to us — you'll see! I don't want to idealize the situation, dearest, and I won't conceal from you that in time we shall be called on. But, oh, the fun we shall have had in the interval! And then, for the first time we shall be able to dictate our own terms, one of which will be that no bores need apply. Think of being cured of all one's chronic bores! We shall feel as jolly as people after a successful operation."

'I don't know why this nonsense sticks in my mind when some of the graver things we said are less distinct. Perhaps it's because of a certain iridescent quality of feeling that made her gaiety seem like sunshine through a shower. . . .

'"You ask me to think of myself?" she went on. "But the beauty of our being together will be that, for the first time, I shall dare to! Now I have to think of all the tedious trifles I can pack the days with, because I'm afraid — I'm afraid — to hear the voice of the real me, down below, in the windowless underground hole where I keep her. . . .

'"Remember again, please, it's not Woman, it's Paulina Trant, I'm talking of. The woman in the next house

may have all sorts of reasons — honest reasons — for staying there. There may be some one there who needs her badly: for whom the light would go out if she went. Whereas to Philip I've been simply — well, what New York was before he decided to travel: the most important thing in life till he made up his mind to leave it; and now merely the starting-place of several lines of steamers. Oh, I did n't have to love you to know that! I only had to live with *him*. . . . If he lost his eye-glasses he'd think it was the fault of the eye-glasses; he'd really feel that the eye-glasses had been careless. And he'd be convinced that no others would suit him quite as well. But at the optician's he'd probably be told that he needed something a little different, and after that he'd feel that the old eye-glasses had never suited him at all, and that *that* was their fault too. . . ."

'At one moment — but I don't recall when — I remember she stood up with one of her quick movements, and came toward me, holding out her arms. "Oh, my dear, I'm pleading for my life; do you suppose I'll ever want for arguments?" she cried. . . .

'After that, for a bit, nothing much remains with me except a sense of darkness and of conflict. The one spot of daylight in my whirling brain was the conviction that I could n't — whatever happened — profit by the sudden impulse she had acted on, and allow her to take, in a moment of passion, a decision that was to shape her whole life. I could n't so much as lift my little finger to keep her with me then, unless I were prepared to accept for her as well as for myself the full consequences of the future she had planned for us. . . .

'Well — there's the point: I was n't. I felt in her — poor fatuous idiot that I was! — that lack of objective imagination which had always seemed to me to account, at least in part, for many of the so-called heroic qualities in women. When their feelings are involved they simply can't look ahead. Her unfaltering logic notwithstanding, I felt this about Paulina as I listened. She had a specious air of knowing where she was going, but she did n't. She seemed the genius of logic and understanding, but the demon of illusion spoke through her lips. . . .

'I said just now that I had n't, at the outset, given my own side of the case a thought. It would have been truer to say that I had n't given it a *separate* thought. But I could n't think of her without seeing myself as a factor — the chief factor — in her problem, and without recognizing that whatever the experiment made of me, that it must fatally, in the end, make of her. If I could n't carry the thing through she must break down with me: we should have to throw our separate selves into the melting-pot of this mad adventure, and be "one" in a terrible indissoluble completeness of which marriage is only an imperfect counterpart. . . .

'There could be no better proof of her extraordinary power over me, and of the way she had managed to clear the air of sentimental illusion, than the fact that I presently found myself putting this to her with a merciless precision of touch.

'"If we love each other enough to do a thing like this, we must love each other enough to see just what it is we're going to do."

'So I invited her to the dissecting-table, and I see now the fearless eye with which she approached the cadaver. "For that's what it is, you know," she flashed out at me, at the end of my long demonstration. "It's a dead body, like all the instances and examples and hypothetical cases that ever were! What do you expect to

learn from *that?* The first great anatomist was the man who stuck his knife in a heart that was beating; and the only way to find out what doing a thing will be like is to do it!"

'She looked away from me suddenly, as if she were fixing her eyes on some vision on the outer rim of consciousness. "No: there's one other way," she exclaimed; "and that is, *not* to do it! To abstain and refrain; and then see what we become, or what we don't become, in the long run, and draw our inferences. That's the game that almost everybody about us is playing, I suppose; there's hardly one of the dull people one meets at dinner who has n't had, just once, the chance of a berth on a ship that was off for the Happy Isles, and has n't refused it for fear of sticking on a sand-bank!

'"I'm doing my best, you know," she continued, "to see the sequel as you see it, as you believe it's your duty to me to see it. I know the instances you're thinking of: the listless couples wearing out their lives in shabby watering places, and hanging on the favor of hotel acquaintances; or the proud quarrelling wretches shut up alone in a fine house because they're too good for the only society they can get, and trying to cheat their boredom by squabbling with their tradesmen and spying on their servants. No doubt there are such cases; but I don't recognize either of us in those dismal figures. Why, to do it would be to admit that our life, yours and mine, is in the people about us and not in ourselves; that we're parasites and not self-sustaining creatures; and that the lives we're leading now are so brilliant, full and satisfying that what we should have to give up would surpass even the blessedness of being together!"

'At that stage, I confess, the solid ground of my resistance began to give way under me. It was not that my convictions were shaken, but that she had swept me into a world whose laws were different, where one could reach out in directions that the slave of gravity has n't pictured. But at the same time my opposition hardened from reason into instinct. I knew it was her voice, and not her logic, that was unsettling me. I knew that if she'd written out her thesis and sent it me by post I should have made short work of it; and again the part of me which I called by all the finest names: my chivalry, my unselfishness, my superior masculine experience, cried out with one voice: "You can't let a woman use her graces to her own undoing — you can't, for her own sake, let her eyes convince you when her reasons don't!"

'And then, abruptly, and for the first time, a doubt entered me: a doubt of her perfect moral honesty. I don't know how else to describe my feeling that she was n't playing fair, that in coming to my house, in throwing herself at my head (I called things by their names), she had perhaps not so much obeyed an irresistible impulse as deeply, deliberately reckoned on the dissolvent effect of her generosity, her rashness and her beauty. . . .

'From the moment that this mean doubt raised its head in me I was once more the creature of all the conventional scruples: I was repeating, before the looking-glass of my self-consciousness, all the stereotyped gestures of the "man of honour." . . . Oh, the sorry figure I must have cut! You'll understand my dropping the curtain on it as quickly as I can. . . .

'Yet I remember, as I made my point, being struck by its impressiveness. I was suffering and enjoying my own suffering. I told her that, whatever step we decided to take, I owed it to her to insist on its being taken soberly, deliberately —

'("No: it's 'advisedly,' is n't it? Oh, I was thinking of the Marriage Service," she interposed with a faint laugh.)

'— that if I accepted, there, on the spot, her headlong beautiful gift of herself, I should feel that I had taken an unmanly advantage of her, an advantage which she would be justified in reproaching me with ever afterward; that I was not afraid to tell her this because she was intelligent enough to know that my scruples were the surest proof of the quality of my love; that I refused to owe my happiness to an unconsidered impulse; that we must see each other again, in her own house, in less agitating circumstances, when she had had time to reflect on my words, to study her heart and look into the future. . . .

'The factitious exhilaration produced by uttering these beautiful sentiments did not last very long, as you may imagine. It fell, little by little, under her quiet gaze, a gaze in which there was neither contempt nor irony nor wounded pride, but only a tender wistfulness of interrogation; and I think the acutest point in my suffering was reached when she said, as I ended: "Oh; yes, of course I understand."

'"If only you had n't come to me here!" I blurted out in the torture of my soul.

'She was on the threshold when I said it, and she turned and laid her hand gently on mine. "There was no other way," she said; and at the moment it seemed to me like some hackneyed phrase in a novel that she had used without any sense of its meaning.

'I don't remember what I answered or what more we either of us said. At the end a desperate longing to take her in my arms and keep her with me swept aside everything else, and I went up to her, pleading, stammering, urging I don't know what. . . . But she held me back with a quiet look, and went. I had ordered the carriage, as she asked me to; and my last definite recollection is of watching her drive off alone in the rain. . . .

'I had her promise that she would see me, two days later, at her house in town, and that we should then have what I called "a decisive talk"; but I don't think that even at the moment I was the dupe of my phrase. I knew, and she knew, that the end had come. . . .

V

'It was about that time (Merrick went on after a long pause) that I definitely decided not to sell the Works, but to stick to my job and conform my life to it.

'I can't describe to you the rage of conformity that possessed me. Poetry, ideas — all the picture-making processes stopped. A kind of dull self-discipline seemed to me the only exercise worthy of a reflecting mind. I *had* to justify my great refusal, and I tried to do it by plunging myself up to the eyes into the very conditions I had been instinctively struggling to get away from. The only possible consolation would have been to find in a life of business routine and social submission such moral compensations as may reward the citizen if they fail the man; but to attain to these I should have had to accept the old delusion that the social and the individual man are two. Now, on the contrary, I found soon enough that I could n't get one part of my machinery to work effectively while another wanted feeding; and that in rejecting what had seemed to me a negation of action I had made all my action negative.

'The best solution, of course, would have been to fall in love with another woman; but it was long before I could bring myself to wish that this might

happen to me. . . . Then, at length, I suddenly and violently desired it; and as such impulses are seldom without some kind of imperfect issue I contrived, a year or two later, to work myself up into the wished-for state. . . . She was a woman in society, and with all the awe of that institution that Paulina lacked. Our relation was consequently one of those unavowed affairs in which triviality is the only alternative to tragedy. Luckily we had, on both sides, risked only as much as prudent people stake in a drawing-room game; and when the match was over I take it that we came out fairly even.

'My gain, at all events, was of an unexpected kind. The adventure had served only to make me understand Paulina's abhorrence of such experiments, and at every turn of the slight intrigue I had felt how exasperating and belittling such a relation was bound to be between two people who, had they been free, would have mated openly. And so from a brief phase of imperfect forgetting I was driven back to a deeper and more understanding remembrance. . . .

'This second incarnation of Paulina was one of the strangest episodes of the whole strange experience. Things she had said during our extraordinary talk, things I had hardly heard at the time, came back to me with singular vividness and a fuller meaning. I had n't any longer the cold consolation of believing in my own perspicacity: I saw that her insight had been deeper and keener than mine.

'I remember, in particular, starting up in bed one sleepless night as there flashed into my head the meaning of her last words: "There was no other way"; the phrase I had half-smiled at at the time, as a parrot-like echo of the novel-heroine's stock farewell. I had never, up to that moment, wholly understood why Paulina had come to my house that night. I had never been able to make that particular act — which could hardly, in the light of her subsequent conduct, be dismissed as a blind surge of passion — square with my conception of her character. She was at once the most spontaneous and the steadiest-minded woman I had ever known, and the last to wish to owe any advantage to surprise, to unpreparedness, to any play on the spring of sex. The better I came, retrospectively, to know her, the more sure I was of this, and the less intelligible her act appeared. And then, suddenly, after a night of hungry restless thinking, the flash of illumination came. She had come to my house, had brought her trunk with her, had thrown herself at my head with all possible violence and publicity, in order to give me a pretext, a loophole, an honorable excuse, for doing and saying — why, precisely what I had said and done!

'As the idea came to me it was as if some ironic hand had touched an electric button, and all my fatuous phrases had leapt out on me in fire.

'Of course she had known all along just the kind of thing I should say if I did n't at once open my arms to her; and to save my pride, my dignity, my conception of the figure I was cutting in her eyes, she had recklessly and magnificently provided me with the decentest pretext a man could have for doing a pusillanimous thing. . . .

'With that discovery the whole case took a different aspect. It hurt less to think of Paulina — and yet it hurt more. The tinge of bitterness, of doubt, in my thoughts of her had had a tonic quality. It was harder to go on persuading myself that I had done right as, bit by bit, my theories crumbled under the test of time. Yet, after all, as she herself had said, one could judge of results only in the long run. . . .

'The Trants stayed away for two years; and about a year after they got back, you may remember, Trant was killed in a railway accident. You know Fate's way of untying a knot after everybody has given up tugging at it!

'Well — there I was, completely justified: all my weaknesses turned into merits! I had "saved" a weak woman from herself, I had kept her to the path of duty, I had spared her the humiliation of scandal and the misery of self-reproach; and now I had only to put out my hand and take the reward I deserved.

'I had avoided Paulina since her return, and she had made no effort to see me. But after Trant's death I wrote her a few lines, to which she sent a friendly answer; and when a decent interval had elapsed, and I asked if I might call on her, she answered at once that she would see me.

'I went to her house with the fixed intention of asking her to marry me — and I left it without having done so. Why? I don't know that I can tell you. Perhaps you would have had to sit there opposite her, knowing what I did and feeling as I did, to understand why. She was kind, she was compassionate — I could see she did n't want to make it hard for me. Perhaps she even wanted to make it easy. But there, between us, was the memory of the gesture I had n't made, forever parodying the one I was attempting! There was n't a word I could think of that had n't an echo in it of words of hers I had been deaf to; there was n't an appeal I could make that did n't mock the appeal I had rejected. I sat there and talked of her husband's death, of her plans, of my sympathy; and I knew she understood; and knowing that, in a way, made it harder. . . . The door-bell rang and the footman came in to ask if she would receive other visitors. She looked at me a moment and said "Yes," and I stood up and shook hands with her and went away.

'A few days later she sailed for Europe, and the next time we met she had married Reardon. . . .'

VI

It was long past midnight, and the terrier's hints became imperious.

Merrick rose from his chair, pushed back a fallen log and put up the fender. He walked across the room and stared a moment at the Brangwyn etching before which Paulina Trant had paused at a memorable turn of their talk. Then he came back and laid his hand on my shoulder.

'She summed it all up, you know, when she said that one way of finding out whether a risk is worth taking is *not* to take it, and then to see what one becomes in the long run, and draw one's inferences. The long run — well, we've run it, she and I. I know what I've become, but that's nothing to the misery of knowing what she's become. She had to have some kind of life, and she married Reardon. Reardon's a very good fellow in his way; but the worst of it is that it's not her way. . . .

'No: the worst of it is that now she and I meet as friends. We dine at the same houses, we talk about the same people, we play bridge together, and I lend her books. And sometimes Reardon slaps me on the back and says: "Come in and dine with us, old man! What you want is to be cheered up!" And I go and dine with them, and he tells me how jolly comfortable she makes him, and what an ass I am not to marry; and she presses on me a second helping of *poulet Maryland*, and I smoke one of Reardon's good cigars, and at half-past ten I get into my overcoat and goloshes, and walk back alone to my rooms. . . .'

PRESIDENT TAFT

Mr. Taft inherited with the presidency many difficulties. The chief one, perhaps, is that of being judged on his merits. It is hard for people to see him as he is, standing, as he has had to, in the shadow of a mighty name. Comparisons were inevitable; and multitudes were certain to find them odious. Ask what chance Antoninus had when following Hadrian, Caprivi becoming Chancellor next to Bismarck, Rosebery catching up the mantle of Gladstone, and you get some measure of Taft's handicap in being President after Roosevelt. The succession may have been apostolic, but it carried from the first a threat of martyrdom for the successor.

Nor was it mere sequence. We must frankly note an added reason why the lenses through which most Americans have necessarily gazed at the new President were distorting — the fact, namely, that he had obviously been made such by the old one. It was with Mr. Taft a plain case of *fit*. However admirable his equipment for the presidency, he actually became president by the will of another. Van Buren was not so openly placed in the White House by Jackson as Taft was by Roosevelt. In both cases the favor was admitted by the beneficiaries. Van Buren professed it to be his ambition to walk in the footsteps of Jackson. So did Roosevelt promise to 'carry out' the policies of McKinley. It has been said that he did — he carried them out and buried them.

President Taft in his first inaugural referred to the reforms initiated by 'my distinguished predecessor,' and pledged himself to their 'maintenance and enforcement.' But such professions, such acknowledgments, are more graceful than sincere. No man in high office can be content to be merely the echo of another — no matter how loud the noise the other may have made. How can any president really dream that time will not bring unforeseen problems which he must meet in his own strength? Van Buren had to face a financial crisis, in confronting which no help could come to him from the Hermitage. President Taft was soon in an unknown sea of troubles, and was compelled to pull his own oar. That he would have to set up for himself was fated. It lay in the nature of his office and the nature of the case. If there is no initiative in the presidency it is nothing. Mr. Taft was not the man to play Buchanan's rôle of a Public Functionary. He simply was forced to permit new occasions to teach new duties. Yet he could not escape the haunting measure of achievement acquiesced in by himself, insisted upon by the zealously watchful friends of the man who had made him president. With that bias thus existing, a calm and fair judgment of Mr. Taft is hard to arrive at. We have to look at him against a magnified background.

This, however, only makes the need of an impartial estimate of Mr. Taft's quality the more urgent. And an analysis of his nature in action should not shrink from being personal. Bagehot complained that English political criticism was not sufficiently personal.

Americans might think that they could safely plead not guilty to that charge! But what Bagehot meant was that public men should not be judged in a partisan way, nor even by their speeches or their acts alone, but that a steady and penetrating gaze should be fixed upon their essential characteristics, their ways of thought and of work, their whole intellectual and moral outlook; in a word, their personality. From such an effort to interpret a public man and really to 'place' him, we may learn more than we possibly can from any enumeration of his outward activities, his successes, or his failures. The 'campaign biographies' will here be passed by; no formal enumeration of Mr. Taft's 'services' will be attempted; party laudation will be ignored equally with party decrying; and the endeavor will be made to discover, rather, the man in habit as he is. This can involve no wrong to any one who is entitled to be reckoned among 'the princes of mankind'; for, as Lord Rosebery has said, 'They gain by that scrutiny which would kill and damn lesser beings.'

Now, the slightest scrutiny of Mr. Taft, the most casual approach to him, reveals a personality of singular charm. The testimony on this point is conclusive; the voice of the witnesses is as the sound of many waters. The President has wonderfully winning ways. Seen but once or seen often, the impress he makes is both pleasing and wholesome. In his presence one can understand the story which Horace Greeley told of Clay. When General Glascock of Georgia took his seat in Congress, a friend asked, 'General, may I introduce you to Henry Clay?' 'No, sir,' was the stern reply, 'I am his adversary, and choose not to subject myself to his fascination!' It is not that Mr. Taft has the magnetism attributed to Clay. He does not thrill or inspire; he does not bind men to himself by passionate admiration. But his unaffected simplicity and kindness, his genial face, which is the outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace, the magnanimity and charity of the man, combine to make him exceedingly likable. He can be called 'our beloved President' in a more literal and personal sense than many of whom that phrase has been lightly used.

It is not necessary to labor through an explanation of Mr. Taft's personal attractiveness to so many sorts and conditions of men. Probably it would, like many charming things, defy complete analysis. But there is one element of it that should not be overlooked. This is the unpretentious democracy of the man. We know that there is such a thing as a kind of insistent and noisy democratic spirit: wearing equality on the sleeve for daws to peck at; slapping Cæsar's self upon the back; for effect, throwing official dignity to the winds; being, in a word, ostentatiously democratic so as to be seen of men. But all this may go with an instinct and a mental attitude that are wholly patrician. One who appears to be a clamorous democrat may really be laying to his soul the flattering unction that he is born with a divine right to rule; and at the very time when he is prostrating himself before the multitude, may be filled with a haughty sense of his own superiority. But there is nothing of this in Mr. Taft. Democracy is for him the air he breathes. It is native to him. Without a particle of pose or the least suspicion of veiled condescension, he moves naturally among his fellow-citizens as one who never boasts about his all-embracing democracy, but who, without once raising a question about it, wears it as easily and unconsciously as his coat. There has been no president in the time of living men more genuine-

ly democratic than William Howard Taft.

His simplicity, however, and his good nature carry in them perils for an executive. They may denote a certain laxness of fibre, a want of drive and thrust. Mr. Taft, so tolerant and kindly, is sometimes too tolerant of delay, too long-suffering with insubordination, too patient with lack of discipline and energy. There is undeniably in him a streak of dilatoriness — almost of indolence. He can, on occasion, lock himself up and work with a relentless and giant industry. But too often business has a way of piling up on his desk. He writes speeches in his car on the way to deliver them. Complaint has been made of his frequent absences from Washington; but even when he is there, matters have sometimes to wait long for his decision, his department heads having to ask again and again for the final word. The resulting situation in Washington recalls the question asked of Lord Hartington, who was habitually procrastinating: 'How do you get through your work?' His frank answer was, 'I don't.'

It was doubtless a wise saying of a public man that most letters would answer themselves if let alone. But one must have a sure eye for those which it will never do to let alone. And some executive functions brook no adjournment. Appointments must be made, positive orders given on time; else the whole service will tend to grow limp. If it comes to waiting, men in minor offices can always out-wait their chief. They move listlessly enough even when he drives hard. Lord Cromer, it is true, declared that his success in Egypt at the time of the Khartum expedition, was mainly due to the fact that he 'abstained from a mischievous activity.' But there is such a thing as mischievously abstaining from activity, and President Taft has sometimes shown us what it is. Administrative thorns have sprung up while he slept, and he has had later to seize and drag them out when early vigilance would have saved him that pain.

No estimate, however, of Mr. Taft's temper as an executive would be at all complete if it did not take account of the judicial quality of mind which he brought to the presidency. Vast things were expected of this. We were to get the calm of the judge in place of the haste of the advocate. Some benefits have indeed resulted. Even those not friendly to President Taft must recall with admiration his patient and clear analysis of intricate matters laid before him. More than once he has appeared to the greatest advantage as a judge passing on claims and counterclaims, and making on all the impression of having no thought or purpose except to discover on which side the weight of evidence lay and to do exact justice. Nor has he failed, when necessary, to exhibit such a high display of judicial equipoise as was shown by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke when he said, 'These are the reasons which incline me to alter my opinion, and I am not ashamed of doing it, for I always thought it a much greater reproach to a judge to continue in his error than to retract it.'

Despite all the praise of the judicial mind, there are grounds for believing that it does not always make the best executive mind. The judge calls for all the facts. He desires to take time to reflect upon his cases. His final judgment he would make fully considered. This is admirable; but, for the President of the United States, it is sometimes unworkable. The law's delays go ill with swift executive action. While all the witnesses are being cross-examined, all the documents assembled and studied, the case itself changes or gets transferred to another

tribunal — say, the newspapers, or an excited public. The man set for the dispatch of the multifarious affairs of the nation cannot exact a minute *dossier* for each one, and demand days to scrutinize and weigh each piece of evidence. He must proceed rapidly on the best and fullest information he can get within the time at his disposal — and he really has no more time to dispose of than is sufficient to settle the matter in hand before it gets to be a matter out of hand. This duty of almost instantaneous decision may be a hardship to an executive, may lead to mistakes or injustice, but it cannot be evaded. Bismarck put it with his blunt concreteness. An ordinary man may say that he does not know whether it will rain to-morrow. No such evasion for an executive. He must, said the Iron Chancellor, assert with confidence: 'It will rain,' 'It will not rain.' If he is wrong, all the old women will beat him with their brooms, but that makes no difference; he must give judgment without hesitation or he is lost.

The judicial habit hinders not speed alone. Its other effects, when too frequently seen in an executive, are sometimes unhappy. He is bent on deliberately forming his judgment. But the public, whom he serves and with whom he must reckon, not only wants rapidity, but is content with rough approximations to the whole truth of a given case, provided that the decision throbs with vigor and conviction. The judge-executive, bent on accumulating the last scrap of evidence before even making up his own mind, is like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch* with his mania for getting up subjects by collecting all available pamphlets. That rueful gentleman admitted that he found it would n't do, and that he must 'pull up.' So a born executive is all the while pulling up. When he has not time to unravel, he cuts through. He does not permit the search for abstract justice to engross him to the harmful delay of public business. His motto is to get the thing done and let them howl. And it must not be forgotten that some of the most disagreeable and politically hurtful howling is caused by the thing not being done.

An executive cannot always dispose of difficult subjects as it becomes a judge to do. For him to throw a case out of court is not the same thing as throwing it out of politics. What will satisfy his own intellect may simply make the matter seem worse to people without his laborious inquiry into the whole of it. And, finally, the judicial way of doing business is not the way of the shrewd advertiser. The public cannot be fed by a judge-executive with advance information as to how the case is going, and that a smashing blow in behalf of the people will be dealt as soon as the court can get through the necessary but irksome formalities, throw away the gown and seize the club. A judicial bearing is nothing to hurrah about. Somehow it does n't go well in big head-lines. The patient student of all the ins and outs of a great administrative problem does not easily get into the newspapers as an heroic figure. Of President Taft, as of Lord Roberts, it can be said, ''E don't advertise.' But it is doubtful whether he could if he wanted to. The judge in him would prevent it. This is not to his discredit, but it is certainly not to his advantage in dealing with the clamor-accustomed public to whose tender mercies he found himself turned over.

At times when the *ardor prava jubentium* has beaten upon him, Mr. Taft has shown a fine indifference to it. If the thing which he has done is not popular, though he is profoundly convinced that it is right, he can be as serene as a

summer morn while the crowd storms. There is even a reckless vein in him, leading him sometimes to display something like bravado in defying partisan demands and disregarding political warnings. The Duke of Devonshire was said to have a general air of you-be-damnedness. Mr. Taft has not that, but there are moments when his impatience of petty criticism, or his anger at being personally misunderstood or misrepresented, breaks through, and he is ready to tell objectors, no matter how numerous or powerful, that if they don't like it they can do the other thing. Especially do threats of punishment at the polls stir the wrath of this good-natured man. He is president now, and as for talk about keeping him from being president again, that has not the weight of a straw with him, if it comes to that; and his party and the people can do what they like with the office. They must not expect him to crawl to get it. Indeed, Mr. Taft seems sometimes to take positive delight in outraging would-be political advisers by flouting their suggestions and disdaining their dire predictions.

To one such volunteer counselor, who was urging the President to do this and that in order to make sure of the delegates from a certain state, Mr. Taft bluntly said, 'Well, they can vote for me or they can go hang, and I don't care which they do.' Nor was this idle boasting. The President likes popularity. He is as gratified by pudding and praise as the next man. But he can live without them. He can face popular dissatisfaction, can encounter personal dislike, and can contemplate political defeat undismayed.

He has had, it would seem, more than his share of official bad luck in the presidency, has had fightings within and fears without; but he has borne himself with head erect. More than once he has had occasion to show that he comes under the definition of Pericles: 'Those are the greatest states and the greatest men who, when misfortunes come, are the least depressed in spirit and the most resolute in action.'

The country has heard little of Mr. Taft's courage. It has not been bruited abroad in the press. The quiet supposition was that the whole stock of presidential courage had been exhausted before he became president. But he has his honest share of the quality, even if he does not choose to make a spectacle of it. To fight upon the stronger side is easy; but to risk much for a hazardous cause, because it embodies one's convictions; to dare greatly in behalf of the unpopular; to be courageous enough to admit that the country may be wrong — this requires sterner stuff than is needed to storm the imminent deadly breach or to war with him that cometh against you with ten thousand votes when you know that your very defiance of him will win you a hundred thousand.

If one were to name the two acts of Mr. Taft's administration which most clearly made proof of his courage, one would doubtless select his signing of the reciprocity agreement with Canada and his advocacy of arbitration treaties covering even questions of national honor. Both were his own initiative, both were certain to expose him to attack and possibly to mortifying defeat, both stripped him of half his party following at a stroke; yet the approval of his own mature judgment was enough to make him press forward with both, with a determination which no warning of political consequences could shake. The Canadian project fell to the ground through no fault of his; but the satisfaction with which he took it up at the beginning must have remained with him to the unfor-

tunate end, for it is known that at the time he signed the compact he said to his intimates, 'Well, whatever comes of this, nothing can rob me of the supreme content of having put my name to a document which stands for a policy of large and permanent good to this nation.' Such outward courage, joined to such inward consolations, surely enters into the highest statesmanship.

And an even loftier note has been struck by President Taft in going before his countrymen and urging them to lay every contention that threatens war, no matter how close to patriotic pride it seems to strike, before a high international tribunal, and to face the possibility that their cause may be held unjust. Thus to put the chauvinistic ranter to one side, to disdain the prophesying of smooth things about one's country being always right and always invincible, demands a courage in him who does it that is both rare and high. There is no glamour about it; it wakes not the insensate shout that responds to safe audacities; but it springs from, as it appeals to, that in man which is least brutal and therefore most brave.

With all his graces and virtues, President Taft is admitted by his best friends to be a 'poor politician.' This, of course, may be interpreted as praise. Not to be skilled in the 'tricking facilities' of political management or intrigue is no reproach to one who is in high office and whose nights and days should be filled with thoughts of large national concern. If he does, however, feel compelled to take a hand in the political game, he ought not to be a bungler at it; and that, unfortunately, Mr. Taft has more than once shown himself. This is partly due to his heavy-handed way of going about delicate negotiations. His very good nature sometimes has the air of elephantine trampling. If Disraeli had been his opponent, he would doubtless have flung a gibe at him about his 'Batavian grace.'

Mr. Taft's very bluntness of truth-speaking is a virtue that swells into a fault. When he has to confess a mistake or change a policy, he does it with a rude jar that brings the country up standing. The famous Norton letter about patronage was one of those gratuitous and ghastly blunders that make the flesh creep. No, in all such ways, it must be conceded that Mr. Taft is no politician. And it is to be feared that he is not, either, in the higher sense in which a president who is at once leader of his party and spokesman of the nation ought to be, an excellent politician.

He ought, for example, to have a sure instinct for what will hit the country between wind and water. He should be sagacious enough to know at a glance what sentiments or measures will 'go,' and what will fly back like boomerangs. Mr. Taft has given few evidences of having that kind of divining rod in his possession. Quite the contrary, he has frequently appeared blissfully ignorant of the fated popular effect of what he was doing or urging. Lord North said of a certain bill laid before the ministers: 'I don't know what you call this, but it ought to be named a bill to knock up this Government.' The Payne-Aldrich tariff was obviously a bill of that description, and yet the President did not discover that it was — did not, that is, until too late. He light-heartedly played with the political dynamite that had been placed in his hands, and was all unaware until the explosion came. Then, indeed, he manfully set about endeavoring to repair the damage. But the wound inflicted upon his own repute for sound judgment was then past healing. He had given his fellow

citizens a test of his political sagacity, and, after that, nothing could make them believe that he really understood them. This, in a political leader, was worse than a crime.

On the side, too, of political imagination and passion, Mr. Taft comes short. No one can say that there is anything of the grand style about him. His language is commonplace. The judicial cast given to most of his writings and speeches tends to make them dull. Between his carefully poised sentences and nicely qualified assertions, all heat escapes. There is seldom movement or *élan*. Occasionally, when he is greatly roused, as in his veto of the Arizona Statehood bill, or in some of his vehement retorts in the affair of Secretary Ballinger, — magnificent, but not war, — we see his somewhat sluggish nature fused and glowing. But in general he is so calm, so balanced, so judicial, that no one can possibly go away from reading or hearing him with the heart burning within. It is not wholly a question of style. Grover Cleveland was also a lumbering writer, with a legal pen, but somehow intense convictions and beating energy seemed often to be conveyed by his clumsy expressions. We rarely catch this in Mr. Taft. His party long since ceased to look to him for piquant phrases or words that are half battles.

And it must be added that, if his utterance is seldom inspiring, it is because his conceptions are not vivid, that little of his political thinking rises above the ordinary, that he appears never to be drawn on by the vision splendid or to have flashes of imaginative leadership. For to the making of a great statesman impulse goes as well as judgment. It is not enough that he be a man with a mind like a weighing machine. Mr. Taft's often appears to be of that species, balancing the dry reasons coolly in the scales. This kind of grocer-intellect is admirable for certain parts of the business of administration, but it can never enter into the realm of the imagination by which — it is as true to-day as when Napoleon said it — the world is governed.

President Taft has a strong simplicity, and a sober power. He can pass ably upon men's arguments, but their hearts he frequently shows that he is unable to read. He seems often to stand like one puzzled by the passions of his fellow citizens. Their interests he thinks he can perceive, and their reasonings he can analyze; but when they show that they are guided by deep feeling, he appears baffled. Yet the impetuous part of human nature a public man must be able to understand and to get into touch with, even if he does not exemplify it himself, or else he will never do the work of an inspiring leader. It is in such knowledge of men and times and circumstances, as in prescient and interpreting imagination, with a capacity to take fire and to set on fire, that Mr. Taft is most wanting.

His calmness is too extreme for the troublous times, politically, on which his presidency fell. A vague but pervasive discontent spread through the country, and Mr. Taft had not the touch of genius either to dissipate it or to give the people some higher and more appealing thing to occupy their attention and rouse their zeal. Certain elements of his own party dropped away from him, and there issued no bugle summons to call them back or else leave them apart ashamed. Francis Thompson's lines can, down to a certain point, honestly be applied to Mr. Taft: —

> Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
> Of Fortune's game;

but we cannot add that he has a 'falcon

soul,' and lacking that, his lack of the essential quality of high political leadership stands confessed.

No prediction, whether immediate or remote, is here intended. Political prophecy is well described as the most gratuitous form of blundering. It is not of President Taft's deserts at the hands of the people, but of his nature and of his work that this writing has sought to give an impartial account. He confronted an enormously difficult task, and some parts of it he has got through admirably. His large serenity and his steadiness as of a man *carré à la base* have perceptibly helped the country to recover from the mistake of supposing, as Thucydides observed that the Greeks did in times of political disturbance, that 'frantic energy was the true quality of a man.' Nor, if there has been something slack about Mr. Taft's administration, has there been anything in it low in tone. As honest a gentleman as ever lived, William H. Taft has striven to keep about him men in whose presence corruption dare not openly show its head.

This is no place to list his achievements, nor need his failures be set down *seriatim*. Only the public man as seen in both has the effort been made to picture. An infinitely kind person, yet firm in what he deems to be right and just; his brain clear and strong, though not rapid and not highly developed in the lobes where imagination has her seat; of slow-burning construction, but capable of giving forth both flame and heat; of wide experience and a considerable range of knowledge; his temper well suited, by its modesty, frankness, and resilience, to undergo the slings and arrows of a political fortune which might well be called outrageous, Mr. Taft is one who everybody would have vowed would make an ideal president if he had not, in the actual office, come far short of the highest success. Psychologically, he has failed to hit it off with his fellow countrymen, and that is far more disastrous to a public leader than to have made a botch of it politically. It is far too early, and it would be much too cruel, to say that Mr. Taft has had the misfortune, in Bacon's phrase, of attending the funeral of his own reputation, but he would be the first to agree that the high hopes (he himself would call them exaggerated hopes) which the people had of his presidency have not been met. Allowing as much as in fairness should be allowed for the unforeseeable mischances of politics, something of fault and failing in the President himself remains.

A LETTER TO UNCLE SAM

BY JUNIUS JUNIOR

SIR: —

That was a day of grief for your pretensions to the Monroe Doctrine when you set your feet on another hemisphere than yours. Somehow or other the world had got it into its head that the core of the Monroe Doctrine was in your keeping out of the other half of the world, and keeping the other half of the world out of this. When you placed one foot on the other hemisphere, you so far loosened your footing on this. Whatever strength you had in reason and equity in preaching that Monroe creed, you lost when you began to practice another doctrine. Even before that happened there was not a European power that had the slightest respect for your pretension to the right to police half a hemisphere, to keep the rest of the world out when you had no intention of moving in. There is less evidence to-day that the Kaiser intends to surrender, to this pretension of yours, the last chance the world has to offer him of giving the magnificent people over whom he rules the expanding room he and they consider their natural right and their ultimate necessity. I have seen nothing to warrant your counting on the chance of the German people's playing the rôle of oxen to you in the part of that ancient and yellow scion of the *Canidæ* which, if the historian has accurately chronicled the episode, forbade to others with much asperity and bad manners the contents of a certain manger for which he had neither the inclination nor capacity.

It is sufficiently clear to any one whose eyesight is still intact, that the policy of Pan-Germanism is Kaiser Wilhelm's answer to the elemental interrogation of the twentieth century, and that South Brazil is the only direction in which he will not meet with opposition from Europe. The time has come when you must reconsider the whole question of the Monroe Doctrine. If you still champion it, you will have to fight for it. That is one of the propositions you must lay down as fundamental. In doing this you should understand that your alternative is Pan-Teutonism or Pan-Japan.

This famous doctrine was the clear-cut and definite expression of the sense of American obligation toward the protection of the ideals and institutions for which the nation then stood, but for which it stands no longer. If you are not an unintelligent and recreant steward you will evolve a doctrine of Pan-Americanism which will express as faithfully our twentieth-century obligations toward those self-same areas of the Western hemisphere.

You have been a notorious phrase-monger and doctrinaire. Your loyalty to a paragraph of ancient and noble lineage would entitle it in a better cause to the dignity of patriotism. But it is not a paragraph you want to save to-day. It is the future of the Germanic race, and your tenacity of opinion will serve us to better purpose if you can learn how to discard a doctrine when it has ceased to be true.

Sir, my first proposition is that there is not a 'Republic' or a civiliza-

tion south of the Equator on this hemisphere which is so far superior to the German Empire and its religion and its educational system and its intelligence and its moral ideals, as to justify a peaceable nation like ours in waging war — perhaps lighting the conflagration of world-war — with a nation like Germany. It is not that we should be smashed, that would be inevitable. But to do you justice, I do not think that would deter you if you wanted to fight. But when the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated it was a comparatively simple matter to go to war. To-day it is a matter of the gravest responsibility.

This consideration alone should modify the Monroe Doctrine. As to your own interests, your blessed Congress has spent its time on mouthing the tariff and has not considered them. It has lost your chance. Southern South America is nearer to Europe than it is to New York. Even then, if we are to consider the Germans as neighbors less desirable than the present inhabitants of Latin America, which God forbid, they would be farther away than they were before. That argument will not serve. The Monroe Doctrine was aimed primarily against a possible coalition which might effect Roman Catholic predominance; secondarily, it has secured republican forms of government without the spirit of freedom or the blessings of democracy.

I want to know why races of blood kin, and what is as important, spiritual kin, should go to war to play into the hands of an alien race, with its sinister movements and its devouring ambitions, which have set themselves toward Australia and South America, a race which if necessary would not hesitate to destroy us all, and all we have built up of a Christian civilization in two thousand years. It is not a question of Germany, but it is a choice between German and Asiatic civilization's ruling the Southern half of this hemisphere.

Your people and John Bull's and *Unser Fritz's* belong together. We are all Teutons. We are brethren. To wage a war with our blood-cousins for the stranger battering at our gates would be an unnecessary, which is the worst of all crimes. It would be especially aggravated by the fact that such a war would be waged on an issue which, so far as the territory in question is concerned, has lost its meaning. You Golden Rule Diplomat, are you afraid to do a thing which is both the generous and rational thing, because the differing circumstances of the last century demanded something else?

Let us have a new Pan-Germanism. Let our race get together. It is for you, to take the lead. You would have to discard a notion which has served its time. You would have to look ahead a hundred years and not back a hundred years. But it is the privilege of a statesman to prepare for the future. He does not prepare for the past. The past is gone. That part of it survives which helps or hinders the present and coming races of men. If you are willing to fight Germany for a people south of the Equator who hate you more royally than they do any other on earth, and who consider your assertions as insolent infringements on their rights, you are perilously near to being a sentimental old idiot. If you are willing to fight Germany because you are unwilling to see the establishment of a political system where life and property are safe, over a 'Republican' area of chronic revolution and bloodshed, you are a blind old Pharisee, and you ought to spend the rest of your days in the contemplation of the difference between anise and cummin. If you, who owe so much to the German in this your own fair land, in the civilization they

have brought here, in the sturdy and noble qualities they have grafted on your stock, in the thorough and decent qualities they have added to your institutions, in the heroism with which they have shed their blood in the cause of freedom, from Steuben to the present day; if you still want to fight these splendid people, — who want to find expanding room as you once sought and found expanding room, — in order to bolster and uphold the wretched travesty of a tyrannous dictatorship masquerading as a paper republic, Sir, you have forfeited the world's respect; you have not adjusted yourself to the new day; you are an inadequate steward; you are a relic of the nineteenth century, and you will richly deserve the thrashing you will surely receive.

This is a question of race and blood. It is not a question of an ancient fetich. You must look hard at reality. You claim to be a sentimentalist. There are higher sentiments than political doctrines, if those doctrines have lost their meaning. 'Blood is thicker than water.' When the Monroe Doctrine was launched, it was a vital principle. Since that time it has been Europe and America which have been trading together, not North and South America. It has been Europe and America which have been growing together. Our vast dominions have been peopled by Europeans, not by South Americans; our bench-mates, our shop-mates, our associates and friends, and sometimes our helpmates, have been those who have come to us from Europe, and not South America. These are our brethren. We have been reading about Europe, and they have been reading about us. We have been getting together. Europe itself is revolutionized because of this vast intercommunication, and is more or less Americanized, and not always for the better. There are monarchies in Europe more democratic than the Republic of the United States. Moreover, a monarchy transplanted to American soil could not possibly remain a monarchy for a quarter of a century. There is not one reason why Germany should not colonize South Brazil if she wants to. But there is every reason in the range of modern politics why she should, and why the United States should meet her half way.

I solemnly propose that you take the lead in the advocacy of the new Pan-Germanism. It is time the German races got together. It is time the white races got together. I have no brief for Germany as against France or any other nation. I am suggesting a policy to you, which is not only in the line of least resistance, but reaches out toward the greatest synthesis. There is a chance for you to redeem yourself. The future of South America is second only in importance to the future of our own country. The question is likely to be settled by you pretty soon as to whether South America is to be finally and predominantly Teutonic or Oriental, whether these vast and all but untouched resources shall minister to races of our own blood and ideals and religion, or whether they shall belong to and advance an unknown and perhaps impossible civilization. You have only to cast your eye on Formosa and Korea and Manchuria to know at once what Japan would make of a South American Republic. You have only to look at the twenty millions of transplanted Germans here to guess what a garden they would make under the Southern Cross. They would have an efficient nation. They would have a nation rationally organized, and not the result of drift and the sport of chance. It would be conducted at the highest level of intelligence, and not at haphazard. While they would doubtless work for their own interests, they would

work also for the solidarity of the great Teutonic family, which must be achieved by the German races on the Western Hemisphere.

Those dreams of future race-unity promised by the deliberations of the Hague Tribunal must result from kinship in race and institutions and ideals, based frankly on fair economic as well as political conventions. The rapid shaping of events is showing that there is no future for the unorganized peoples. There is no security for a land of unconsolidated and unavailable and unprotected resources. There are but a few great areas rich in the resources and raw materials of the soil left for the young and virile and ambitious nations. Before it is everlastingly too late, it is yet possible to arrange and apportion these areas justly and wisely, not only that war may be averted — world-war — but that the future of those blessed principles and ideals which brought you into being, and the nation over which you spread your wings, may be settled.

Webster's Bunker Hill speech was delivered eighteen months after he had read in the Senate President Monroe's famous message on that Doctrine which has since borne his name. The message and the circumstances were fresh in his mind when he said: 'At this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place where we stand to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.' In those days the thought of China or Japan as a menace to the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon was so wild a dream as not to have been entertained probably by a single human being on this continent. Then, several of the countries of Europe were a real anxiety — perhaps menace. It was not so self-evident, then, that an invasion of even North America might not be fruitful. This doctrine has served its purpose well many a time since then, but the revolutions in world-geography and world-politics which since have taken place have required a reëxamination of all our old politics and outlooks. The doctrine of the past is somewhat vague. That of the present is wholly inadequate in that it does not cover the twentieth-century situation. I do not know anywhere so unintelligent a situation in the politics of the world. If the doctrine is sound, you are a criminal negligent, for you have made no preparation worthy of a drunken fiddler to defend your pretensions. If the doctrine is not sound, you have been putting yourself in the position of an unpardonable bluffer, for you are advocating something you cannot successfully defend. As a matter of fact, it is wholly indefensible, morally and physically. In 1823 the United States was confronted with the danger that France might help Spain to recover her revolted colonies, and that Russia, which had acquired, not a foothold, but a principality on our continent, might further encroach upon our domain. France did not reëstablish Spain, and Russia in 1824 gave up her claim to the 51st parallel as her southern boundary and accepted 54° 40′.

Other nations have changed, are changing, their policies. Why not we? Did not Jefferson claim that every generation should have its own constitution? It is beyond contention that every generation should have its foreign policy. The success of Bismarck was mostly due to his flouting of logic when it disagreed with facts, and devoting himself to the situation in hand with no shibboleths to defend. The success of the present Kaiser is due to the fact that he is big enough to know that even the immortal Bismarck had been outgrown by the Empire he had created, and that the time had come for a new policy and a new ideal.

To ignore the fact that Germany

means to have South Brazil — already has South Brazil — and means to keep it, is to ignore German history and historians, German politics and economics, the German platform and press; in short, the every-day life and thought of the German people. And, Sir, if you ignore these, you lose.

You must understand that the issues of peace and war are involved in facts, not theories.

'Talk of stubborn facts,' says Crothers, 'they are mere babes beside a stubborn theory.' You will find out some day, and let us hope it will not be too late, that world-issues are not determined by the transcendental vagaries of an intellectual solipsism. These decide the affairs of ostriches, not rational men. When all else has been said and done, one cold, ugly, stubborn fact remains. The British Empire and the Monroe Doctrine are blocking the expansion of the German Empire. This Empire is spilling over and must have room. It has ordained that it shall have room. Neither the geographical position of the imprisoned empire of Germany, nor the plain requirements of her rapidly increasing people, are amenable to diplomatic obstruction or altruistic sentiment. Over on the Pacific we find exactly the same conditions. There is the same situation. But Japan has found a field of expansion on the continent of Asia. You have set up your sign, 'Keep off the grass,' on the only vacant places in the temperate zone left in the world. You have not had the foresight or the enterprise to occupy them. You have not even laid the foundations for occupation. Worse, you have not laid the foundations for that commercial expansion so dear to your heart. This is why I am sure it is because of your unintelligence, for in a matter of money-getting you are sure to do your best. That you have not established an adequate mercantile marine in South America is the final proof of your inability to manage world-affairs.

Sir, one cannot sit long in the galleries of Congress and come away with the respect for democratic institutions he took there with him. To a traveled and educated American patriot, his Congress is the most pathetic assembly in the world, and there is little courage in the reflection that it is a representative body. There are serious men there. There are serious questions debated there. A few. But they are in so sickly a minority as to destroy a rational hope of the survival of the republic. They have lost you your chance in the South American continent. And this is not the only chance they have lost for you. Your mercantile marine! Perhaps the least said the soonest mended.

The Monroe Doctrine is an anachronism south of the Equator. Not so, north. We shall have our hands full between the Equator and the Rio Grande. Perhaps we shall need the prestige of Germany in order to keep our own as far as the Equator. And all denials to the contrary, Japan is hob-nobbing with Mexico. You are quite sure she is not, are you? How do you know? Why? Has not Japan told you? Does not that settle it? You blessed old Saint! Of course you must trust Japan — *and keep your powder dry.* Japan proposes to make Mexico a base of supplies toward the protection of her interests on this continent. Those interests are from five to ten times as many Japanese soldiers on American and Canadian soil as constitute the whole American standing army. So that if Mexico persists in listening to the Japanese siren — *we must take Mexico.* It is more than probable that this will be our fate. Here we have interests which are paramount — vital. We must and will protect them.

Almost the whole of continental Germany — indeed, all Europe — concedes that if we had a paramount interest in South America the Monroe Doctrine would be reasonable. The European powers cannot conceive of sentiment or altruism as having a rational place in the struggle of war or diplomacy or commerce. They stand on the principle that no power has a right to interfere where it has not tangible and real interests to defend. But between the Gulf and the Rio Grande and the Equator the sympathy and support of Europe would be with us.

At the present time we are, with our ancient doctrine, like the boy who got the worst of a trade and got whipped for it. The job of keeping the hornet's nest of half a hemisphere in order has not resulted in our escape without a few swollen faces. We shall do well if we always get off so easily. In Australasia, South America, South Africa, and Canada, the advance of the white races means the retreat of the yellow; the advance of the yellow races into our empty spaces means the doom of the white. This movement back to the soil shall decide whether the civilization of these empty continents for another thousand years shall be white or yellow.

Is it not time to-day, and not to-morrow, for you to forget the tariff and ask yourself whether you have a mission? To look toward the fields of your future expansion? To plant, and help others to plant and nurture, our ideals and institutions on the empty continents of the world? It is not only a question of our grandchildren, and theirs, but of the occupation of the Americas from the Arctic Archipelago to the Terra del Fuego by the peoples and institutions of the Germanic race.

Here, Sir, is a fundamental proposition. The occupation and development of an empty continent will give the principle of commercial supremacy a new meaning. It will lend to our armies and navies an aroma of patriotism. Coupled with such measures at home as will offer health, wealth, and happiness to the toiling millions in making them new nations on new soil, with the guarantee of the blessings of a Christian civilization, it will give a new significance to that which is now a purely selfish plan of aggrandizement, and one which points to national decay.

Anglo-Saxon statesmen worthy the name should see that their policies point toward filling the temperate zones of the Southern continent with Teutons, if not with Anglo-Saxons. Great Britain has more lands than she can fill or till. She has enough. Let Germany move into South America. If she moves in, it will never be filled by the Chinese or Japanese. The American policy is no longer rational if it excludes from South America a government superior to any there; if it excludes a people more efficient than any there; if it excludes ideals and institutions better than any there.

The future purpose and policy of the United States should be to encourage the development of the mines and forests and farms of the emptier spaces of the world, rather than the building of mills and machinery to make more shiploads of goods, probably half the world's output of which is worse than useless economically to the world. The present development of industrialism is artificial. Its products appeal to many new and unwholesome and artificial tastes. It has created artificial men and women. It has multiplied artificial and deadly conditions. This means that if we turn our faces toward normal and healthy occupations we must turn them away from commercial aggrandizement in the Orient, and toward the undeveloped natural resources of the Southern continent.

This — southward and not westward — is the direction of a rational expansion with a future. Toward this Southland lies American opportunity — not in territorial aggrandizement, but in the development of natural wealth. 'We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own,' said Mr. Root at Rio Janeiro.

What we are unable to do toward the habilitation of the South American continent, on the terms of the world's highest and best civilization, we cannot — must not — prevent others from doing. It is of vital importance to us what peoples in the unrolled future shall till those empty fields, dig those potential mines, utilize those immeasurable forests. No less than much of the best welfare of the future races of the world depends upon your attitude just now, what you determine just now, as to what race and what civilization and what religion shall prevail on that continent, as large as ours.

Sir, the economic sign-posts of the twentieth century point portentously to Japan and Germany, as things now stand and ought to stand no longer, as the natural, logical, inevitable antagonists of Anglo-Saxon predominance. Has it ever occurred to you that there might be a better predominance? Be that as it may, everything you possess outside the forty-eight States in this Union is threatened by these adversaries. Theories will not decide their policies. Sentiments will not move their statesmen. They will be moved by economic necessity, or by their ideas of their ultimate need. Whatever may be the lofty ideals toward which international statecraft is moving, it has arrived at none which will allow an intelligent people to hold its own on the sufferance of any other power, or which will justify a nation keeping her signboards up with her fences down.

Sir, the Anglo-Saxon predominance of the world is doomed. *Dies Irae* lies not very far away. It is doomed because of the very impossibility of Anglo-Saxon thinking. Our theories of life will not allow us to get together. We are on the wrong track. Those nations have found the right who have learned both the spirit and the method of patriotism.

There is only one thing left which can save Anglo-Saxondom, and that is to establish Pan-Teutonism. Anglo-Saxondom is not big enough to hold the world together any more, since the awakening of Asia. It will take a bigger combination. It is still time for the safeguarding of the Teutonic predominance. It can be done if you and John Bull and *Unser Fritz* have sense enough to get together. For do not forget that Japan has got together. Germany has got together. When any great race has a white heat of patriotism of sufficient intensity to weld a nation, sit up and take notice: something is going to happen to the equilibrium of the world.

Thrice blessed be you — and we — in this turning-point of history, if you can find the intelligence to do the great big obvious thing.

I have said that the two great world-movements of to-day are those of Pan-Germanism and Pan-Japan. The English-speaking races have no world-movement, no national ideal and mission, no patriotic renaissance. They have had theirs. They have none to-day. Besides Germany and Japan there are two other universal awakenings. They are Pan-Islam and new China. These must be reckoned with later. Woe to Western civilization if we, at least the Teutonic nations, do not reckon with them together.

The white races must stand together or go to the wall.

The first step is the consolidation of the British Empire.

The second step is the consolidation of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The third step is the realization of the new Pan-Teutonism.

The two great alternatives are Pan-Teutonism and Pan-Japan.

As things are now the German Empire is a standing menace to the British Empire, and, through the Monroe Doctrine, to the United States. This situation is nothing less than monstrous. It is more than that; it is unnecessary. The German Empire has elected to preëmpt overseas empire for the unyielding necessities of her expanding national life. It is not as if that national life were not as potential in all things good and great as any to be found upon the planet today. Indeed, this gives the element of finality to the argument. The future of Germany lies athwart the pathway of the Monroe Doctrine and British imperial development. This great nation is blocked by British possessions and by American pretensions. Out of this situation Germany has developed a policy. That policy is that one of these must go. Which is it to be? Uncle Sam, it is for you to say, and how. You have the opportunity of a thousand years to be just and generous. You have an opportunity to say what the future of South America is to be. Shall it be white or yellow? Shall it be Christian or heathen?

Uncle, let us keep our eye on the main point.

That point is not the Monroe Doctrine, but the object for which that doctrine was once framed and was once adequate: the welfare of the people of this hemisphere, and therefore the welfare of the world.

If we lose sight of the welfare of the people in a creed or a phrase or a doctrine, we have taken leave of our intelligence and we have proved ourselves unfit for leadership.

We meet here in this one proposal a solution of two of the most far-reaching problems of the new century.

The first is the future of the civilization of the Western Hemisphere.

The second is, that in this and in no other proposition are the rational conditions of a peace of a hundred years. The proposed programme does not contain one irrational element. And the outcome would redound to the best good of Western civilization for all years to come. Mr. Carnegie has not money enough to buy peace. Boston *sentimentalismus* cannot conjure it. Mr. Taft's plan may keep it for a week or ten days, and then, when any power wishes a new arrangement, there is nothing to prevent a new *entente*.

Peace is the absence of war.

War is an instrument of policy.

Policy is at least founded on, and subject to, the economic necessities of a nation, and that nation's interpretation of those necessities.

There can be no peace between Teuton and Teuton, between German and Anglo-Saxon, on other terms than this. It is the Anglo-Saxon possession and Anglo-Saxon pretension which, according to all of Germany, are standing in the way of German development.

I propose that you propose a three-cornered *entente* or a tripartite treaty.

Let the United States say to Germany that so far as active and hostile opposition by us is concerned, '*Welcome to South Brazil.* Do not come nearer to us than you are now,'—provided that Germany says to Great Britain, 'Sleep in peace. We have no further need of your possessions. Let us be friends'; and provided that Germany and Great Britain both say to the United States, 'We guarantee your *status quo* and your paramount and indisputable interests on the American hemisphere from Canada to the Equator. Let us force the peace of the world.'

A CHRISTIAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

One day this summer, after a luncheon party, I came away with an old college friend. It is always exciting to meet those one has n't seen for years; and as we walked across the park together I kept looking at him askance. He had altered a good deal. Lean he always was, but now very lean, and so upright that his parson's coat was overhung by the back of his long and narrow head, with its dark grizzled hair which thought had not yet loosened on his forehead. His clean-shorn face, so thin and oblong, was remarkable only for the eyes: dark-browed and lashed, and colored like bright steel, they had a fixity in them, a sort of absence, on one could n't tell what business. They made one think of torture. And his mouth always gently smiling, as if its pinched curly sweetness had been commanded, was the mouth of a man crucified — yes, crucified!

Tramping silently over the parched grass, I felt that, if we talked, we must infallibly disagree; his straight-up, narrow forehead so suggested a nature divided within itself into compartments of iron.

It was hot that day, and we rested presently beside the Serpentine. On its bright waters were the usual young men, sculling themselves to and fro with their usual sad energy, the usual promenaders loitering and watching them, the usual dog that swam when it did not bark, and barked when it did not swim; and my friend sat smiling, twisting between his thin fingers the little gold cross on his silk vest.

Then all of a sudden we did begin to talk; and not of those matters of which the well-bred naturally converse, — the habits of the rarer kinds of ducks, and the careers of our college friends, — but of something not mentioned in polite society.

At lunch our hostess had told me the strange sad story of an unhappy marriage, and I itched spiritually to find out what my friend, who seemed so far away from me, felt about such things.

'Tell me,' I asked him, 'which do you consider most important — the letter or the spirit of Christ's teaching?'

'My dear fellow,' he answered gently, 'what a question! How can you separate them?'

'Well, is it not the essence of His doctrine that the spirit is all important, and forms of little value? Does not that run through all the Sermon on the Mount?'

'Certainly.'

'If, then,' I said, 'Christ's teaching is concerned with the spirit, do you consider that Christians are justified in holding others bound by formal rules of conduct, without reference to what is passing in their spirits?'

'If it is for their good.'

'What enables you to decide what is for their good?'

'Surely, we are told.'

'Not to judge, that ye be not judged.'

'Oh! but we do not, ourselves, judge; we are but impersonal ministers of the rules of God.'

'Ah! Do general rules of conduct

take account of the variations of the individual spirit?'

He looked at me hard, as if he scented heresy. 'I really don't follow,' he said.

'Well, let us take a concrete instance. We know Christ's saying of the married that they are one flesh! But we know also that there are wives who continue to live the married life with dreadful feelings of revolt — wives who have found out that, in spite of all their efforts, they have no spiritual affinity with their husbands. Such couples are one flesh, but not one spirit. Is that in accordance with the spirit of Christ's teaching, or is it not?'

'We are told' — he began.

'I have admitted the definite commandment, "They twain shall be one flesh." There could not be, seemingly, any more rigid law laid down; how do you reconcile it with the essence of Christ's teaching? Frankly, I want to know. Is there or is there not a spiritual coherence in Christianity, or is it only a gathering of laws and precepts, with no inherent connected spiritual philosophy?'

'Of course,' he said, in his long-suffering voice, 'we don't look at things like that — for us there is no questioning.'

'But how *do* you reconcile such marriages as I speak of with the spirit of Christ's teaching? I think you ought to answer me.'

'Oh! I can, perfectly,' he answered. 'The reconciliation is through suffering. What a poor woman in such a case must suffer, makes for the salvation of her spirit. That is the spiritual fulfillment, and in such a case the justification of the law.'

'So, then,' I said, 'sacrifice or suffering is the coherent thread of Christian philosophy?'

'Suffering cheerfully borne,' he answered.

'Would you then say,' I asked, 'that an unhappy marriage is a more Christian thing than a happy one, where there is no suffering, but only love?'

A line came between his brows. 'Well!' he said at last, 'I would say, I think, that a woman who crucifies her flesh with a cheerful spirit in obedience to God's law, stands higher in the eyes of God than one who undergoes no such sacrifice in her married life.' And I had the feeling that his stare was passing through me, on its way to an unseen goal.

'You would desire, then, I suppose, suffering as the greatest blessing for yourself?'

'Humbly,' he said, 'I would try to.'

'And naturally, for others?'

'God forbid!'

'But surely that is inconsistent.'

He murmured: 'You see, *I have suffered.*'

We were silent for some time. At last I said, 'Yes, that makes much which was dark quite clear to me.'

'Oh?' he asked.

I answered slowly, 'Not many men, you know, even in your profession, have really suffered. That is why they do not feel the difficulty which *you* feel in desiring suffering for others.'

He threw up his head as if I had hit him on the jaw. 'It's weakness in me, I know,' he said.

'I should have rather called it weakness in them. But, suppose you are right, and that it's weakness not to be able to desire promiscuous suffering for others. Would you go further and say that it is Christian for those who have not experienced a certain kind of suffering, to force that particular kind on others?'

He sat silent for a full minute, trying evidently to reach to the bottom of my thought.

'Surely not,' he said at last, 'except as ministers of God's law.'

'You do not then think that it is Christian for the husband of such a woman to keep her in that state of suffering — not being, of course, a minister of God?'

He began stammering at that. 'I — I —' he said, 'no — that is, I think not — not Christian. No, certainly.'

'Then, such a marriage, if persisted in, makes of the wife indeed a Christian, but of the husband — the reverse.'

'The answer to that is clear,' he said quietly: 'the husband must abstain.'

'Yes, that is perhaps coherently Christian, on your theory; they would then both suffer. But the marriage of course has become no marriage.'

He looked at me almost impatiently, as if to say, 'Do not compel me to enforce silence on you.'

'But suppose,' I went on, 'and this, you know, is the more frequent case, the man refuses to abstain. Would you then say it was more Christian to allow him to become daily less Christian through his unchristian conduct, than to relieve the woman of her suffering, at the expense of the spiritual benefit she thence derives?'

'All question of relief,' he replied, 'is a matter for Cæsar; it cannot concern me.'

There had come into his face a rigidity — as if I might hit it with my questions till my tongue was tired, and it would be no more moved than the bench on which we were sitting.

'One more question,' I said, 'and I have done. Since the Christian teaching is concerned with the spirit and not with forms, and the thread in it which binds all together and makes it coherent is that of suffering —'

'Redemption by suffering,' he put in.

'If you will — in one word, crucifixion; I must ask you this, and don't take it personally, because of what you told me of yourself. In life generally, one does not accept from people any teaching that is not the result of first-hand experience on their parts. Do you believe that this Christian teaching of yours is valid, from the mouths of those who have not themselves suffered — who have not, themselves, as it were, been crucified?'

He did not answer for a minute; then he said with painful slowness, 'Christ laid hands on his apostles and sent them forth; and they in turn, and so on, to our day.'

'Do you say, then, that this guarantees that they have themselves suffered, so that in spirit they are identified with their teaching?'

He answered bravely, 'No — I do not — I cannot say that in fact it always is so.'

'Is not then their teaching born of forms, and not of the spirit?'

He rose, and with a sort of deep sorrow at my stubbornness, said, 'We are not permitted to know the way of this; it is so ordained; we must have faith.'

As he stood there, turned from me, with his hat off and his neck painfully flushed under the sharp outcurve of his dark head, a feeling of pity surged up in me, as if I had taken an unfair advantage.

'Reason — coherence — philosophy,' he said suddenly. 'You don't understand. All that is nothing to me — nothing — nothing!'

POLITICS AND PROSPERITY

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

On two facts in the present state of affairs every one will agree. We have been passing through a period of slackened prosperity, of greatly disturbed financial markets, of discouraging business conditions. Stock Exchange prices have been falling, at home and abroad; occasionally, in the past few months, there have occurred those convulsive movements which financial Europe calls 'crises' and which Wall Street calls 'panics' — both Wall Street and Europe, however, drawing mental distinctions, in the present use of the terms, between little panics and big ones. Some of the oldest and soundest investment securities in the world, British consols in particular, have fallen during the past few months to the lowest prices in twenty years or more. 'Trouble' was reported on the London market in July, on the New York market in August, at Berlin in the beginning of September, and at Paris near the end of it. With a varying degree of emphasis, bankers, merchants, and manufacturers in all these countries complained that business was disappointing.

All this is undisputed; and so is the fact that the season has been one of political disturbance. England's people have been engaged in acrimonious controversy over the social and fiscal plans of the Asquith ministry, particularly the bill to curtail the time-honored legislative powers of the House of Lords. The French and German governments have been conducting, in such manner as at times to threaten war, a vigorous and prolonged dispute about Morocco. In October, Italy actually went to war with Turkey. Legislatures of almost all the great European states have been passing laws of a character which would once have been called purely socialistic. The weight of taxation on the well-to-do has been increased. Labor demonstrations in the form of strikes have been more numerous and violent in England, Germany, and Scandinavia than in many years; popular riots, partly induced by the cost of living, have been prevalent in France, and in Austria and Spain have had to be suppressed by the military. In China, a rebellion more formidable than any uprising since the great Taiping revolt of 1851, has shaken the imperial throne.

The United States, which entered 1911 after a political landslide such as completely reversed the administration majority in the House of Representatives, has had ahead of it all the year a presidential election whose result is perhaps more doubtful than any since 1896. Political ideas throughout the country have been in a state of agitating uncertainty. The Constitution has been complained of as decrepit and out-of-date; the Supreme Court has been denounced, when it interpreted a law in a way that did not suit the ideas of certain factions and certain public men, for usurping legislative power. In some states, laws have been passed to enable a small minority of opposition voters at a preceding election to force the elected public officers immediately

to the polls again in a special election, with a view to removing them from office. One state endeavored to set the example of extending this new political rule to judges, so that the voting proletariat might indirectly control judicial construction of the law. Meantime the courts and the government prosecuting officers were working out the highly disturbing problem of applying the Anti-Trust Law of 1890 to existing corporations. In October, the billion-dollar Steel Trust, with 120,000 shareholders, was indicted.

Nothing, then, could seemingly be more natural than that a good part of the financial and business community should declare that 'politics are ruining prosperity.' That assertion is made most vehemently in financial England. It has been emphasized, there, by the bitterness of party feeling; the pressure of taxation; the holding of the balance of power in Parliament by the Irish; the belief that ancient political landmarks were being ruthlessly removed; the fact that consols not only went down but would not stop going down; the social unrest — more irritating to the rich, perhaps, because of their feeling that it followed large governmental concessions to the poor, provided by increased taxes. But the same assertion regarding politics and prosperity has been quite as insistently heard in America. On this side of the ocean, the trust prosecutions, the talk of new tariff legislation, and the uncertain drift of politics, have been widely assigned, not only as the immediate cause for such incidents as the autumn crash in the Steel Corporation's shares, and the general Stock Exchange disorder, but as the real explanation of depression in general business.

Now, there are several inquiries to make in such a matter. First, and of primary importance, is it true, or not, that politics has had a hand in arresting prosperity? If it is true, did the financial and industrial set-back result from politics primarily, or was political unsettlement only a later and aggravating influence? If it is not true, then what was the cause?

All of these questions deserve careful and fair examination. They are highly practical questions, because business depression is to many of us the most personal of all considerations, and because we shall not be able even to shape our everyday plans with confidence until we know what is really wrong, and what prospect there is of righting it. When the source of trouble is something else than politics, there are always remedial measures for finance and industry to apply, and they are sometimes applied so automatically that only a brief lapse of time is necessary to restore prosperity, in the natural course of events. But if the trouble arises from politics alone, or even from politics primarily, the position becomes a little awkward.

Prosperity cannot then return, by inference, until the political situation changes. Reversal of the attitude of electorates, legislatures, and governments, here and abroad, is doubtless possible; but it is not exactly what can be classed as an early probability. The Englishmen who flocked to London just before the general election of December, 1910, to assure their City friends that provincial constituencies had changed their minds about the House of Lords, were as quickly put out of countenance as were the Americans whose Western tours, last spring or summer, had charged them with the tidings that the American people were getting tired of Anti-Trust agitation. Convincing evidence to the contrary followed close on the heels of each assurance. The press and the public, in America at any rate, are as far from calling a halt in such activ-

ities as they were before the business reaction and the decline on the Stock Exchange. But if the present trend of politics is the one sure preventive of trade revival, and if that trend is to continue, where are we to look for better times? Has Prosperity been permanently killed by Politics? Nobody believes anything of the sort. But in that case what are we to believe?

To begin with, it will hardly be denied that politics does have some influence on prosperity. Bad government has certainly ruined some prosperous communities in the past, and feeble or inefficient government has crippled them. Politics as a term is comprehensive enough to include a programme of public acts which lead to war, and war has undeniable influence on prosperity. Anarchy may result from misguided politics; the connection of politics and prosperity in some of the South American states is clear enough. Bigoted, narrow or oppressive government can paralyze national prosperity; it has done so in Russia. These illustrations are perhaps extreme. But unwise legislation, even in a progressive modern state, can certainly impair prosperity. Bad currency laws, we know, can do it; for if confidence in the standard of value is shaken, people will move slowly in their trade, and will sometimes place their surplus money elsewhere than in the country whose currency projects they distrust, and where lenders cannot be sure of getting back at maturity the full intrinsic value of their loan.

But the mere recital of these particular spheres of influence by politics on prosperity shows that it is not this sort of politics that the markets have lately been blaming. In England, for instance, the accusation is leveled against the ministry's double programme of readjusting taxation so as to fall more heavily on the rich, and of readjusting the scheme of constitutional government so that the wealthy and titled classes will be shorn of much of the influence which they have hitherto exercised. In the United States, the complaint is not of an attack on wealth as such, but of an attack on organized wealth, acting through enormous combinations of capital and corporations. Politics, we know, may influence prosperity; but has this kind of politics really done so? Here we reach the heart of the question.

On general principles, and as a result of long experience, thoughtful men approach with reserve the argument that since times are bad, therefore something is wrong with government. That argument may itself be a trick of politics. There probably never lived a politician who did not appreciate the political value of 'hard times' or 'good times,' as the case might be, for a campaign slogan. The average voter does not reason deeply, but he knows when his own affairs are doing well and when they are not. If business is good, he is receptive to the plea that a change in legislative policies would be an experiment which might upset the agreeable equilibrium; why not, then, let well enough alone? And if business is bad, his instinct is to blame somebody for it. Such is human nature, indeed, that the more manifestly his own and his neighbors' distresses were brought about by their personal rashness, misjudgment, or extravagance, the more infallibly will he and his neighbors seek for some other explanation.

Now, 'politics' is always an available explanation, because legislative sessions and governmental actions are never out of sight. The *post hoc* argument is at such times more convincing than all the orthodox logic in the world. Now that the crisis of 1907 is four years behind us, most people know that it was a world-wide phenomenon; that actual panic had broken out in the markets

of four other continents than North America, before it broke out in New York City; that the collapse had been preceded and brought on by two years of straining credit close to the breaking point in every great market of the world; and that warnings based on these well-known facts had been sounded repeatedly from eminent quarters, home and foreign. But philosophers such as the Massachusetts congressman who, in December, 1907, explained that the panic then in progress 'had been made inevitable' by the 'attitude with reference to prosperity and enterprise' assumed by 'gentlemen very responsible for the administration of the government,' got a much wider hearing than the economic critics. It was a 'Roosevelt panic.'

This was quite in line with precedent. Martin Van Buren had hardly been two months in office when the panic of 1837 swept over the United States. He was a highly conservative administrator, and he did much service, of a very useful sort, in allaying the severity of the subsequent depression. And even had his policies and purposes been the most nefarious, they would not have had time to cause a panic. Yet, a few weeks after the outbreak of that panic, the New York Merchants' Committee of Fifty adopted public resolutions asking, 'What constitutional or legal justification can Martin Van Buren offer to the people of the United States for having brought on them *all* their present difficulties?' It was politics which had made the trouble, to be sure; not wild-cat banks, land-speculation, overborrowing, 20-cent cotton, private extravagance, and absolute recklessness in finance.

On Grant, whose popular plurality for president, in the 'boom times' of 1872, was the largest ever polled up to that time, a large share of personal responsibility was laid by the bewildered and angry banking community, in the next year's financial panic. Yet it would to-day be a little difficult, with all the admitted shortcomings of the Grant administration, to discover what the unlucky occupant of the White House had done to cause the business crash. The 'political argument' of Cleveland's day is the most familiar of all. Chronology standing in its path, even the *post hoc* part of the argument was reversed. People were told that the tariff legislation of 1894 caused the panic of 1893, and a very large part of them believe it to this day.

Not only, in fact, does experience warrant some *prima facie* suspicion of the assigning of politics as the chief explanation of hard times, but the record sometimes brings us singularly close to the inference, not that politics was the dominant influence on prosperity, but that prosperity — or the absence of it — was a dominant influence on politics. Until Mr. Taft's campaign in 1908, no party in power during an era of panic or hard times (waiving the disputed election of 1876) ever carried the presidency in the next election. One is reminded of M. Taine's exposition of the part the great drought of 1788 in France, followed by harvest failure, by the coldest winter in eighty years, and by the crowding of an army of discouraged laborers into Paris, performed in bringing to a head the next year's political revolution. Mr. Thorold Rogers has shown us that when the Long Parliament assembled at Westminster, it had behind it a prolonged and disastrous increase in the cost of living, in which 'wheat rose 209 per cent over the comparatively high prices of the first half of Elizabeth's reign, meat 184, while labor, up to 1642, rose only 32 per cent.'

History will not assign crop failures and high cost of living as the primary cause of the misfortunes of Louis the Sixteenth and Charles the First; but

we who know what sort of political conditions follow such circumstances, even in the twentieth century, will not easily challenge the assertion that the state of prosperity must have had some considerable influence on those episodes in past political history. In a general way, no one disputes the principle; but it is just as well to emphasize it in an inquiry which depends on the question which is cause and which is effect. There must certainly have been Frenchmen in 1789 who insisted that the provincial distress and cost of provisions were due to the storming of the Bastile, and Englishmen in 1641 who ascribed their trouble in meeting household bills to the mutinous House of Commons and the impeachment of Strafford.

All this might tempt us to investigate the question whether the present unsettled state of politics may not itself be a consequence of impaired prosperity. There is certainly something to say for that theory also; but if one wishes to avoid the embarrassment of arguing in a circle, it will be well to come back to the simple facts of the moment, and inquire just what has been the matter. If the falling markets and disappointing trade have not been caused by political influences which are plainly visible, then what was the cause of them? For, obviously, if all other influences than politics favored prosperous times and expanding trade, then the political argument will have the right of way.

Now, one curious fact about the trade depression of 1911 is that the very people who have been blaming politics for the business troubles and disappointments, have set forth a reasonably complete explanation of the state of things, based upon economic causes pure and simple. I have before me, as I write, a voluminous pamphlet issued by a Western banking institution. It was published this past autumn, with a view to ascertaining the actual state of business and the reasons for the existing depression; and for that purpose, inquiries had been addressed to several thousand banking and mercantile correspondents, throughout the country. The answers, carefully compiled, cite four main causes. First, of course, comes politics — usually particularized as government prosecution of the trusts and an impending presidential election. Then follows over-production in manufacture, whereby supply had outrun the possible demand. Disappointing grain harvests, with their restrictive influence on interior trade, are cited next. Along with these, there is very generally assigned a cause of much larger scope. The natural after-effects of a great financial crisis, it is repeatedly explained, had not worn off when merchants, manufacturers, and speculators engaged in premature efforts at another exciting 'boom.' But since the country's condition called for retrenchment, economy, and rest, the returning strain on credit, in 1909 especially, made another period of severe reaction unavoidable.

The last of these explanations attracts attention. There are such things as cycles of prosperity: rising and receding waves of industrial activity. A great financial panic, such as that of 1907, is a landmark in the cycle, and it ought to be interesting to inquire what economic history usually shows to be the condition of things, four years or so after such an economic crisis.

The immediate sequel to such crises in America has been singularly uniform. During actual panic, with the hoarding of cash, the runs on deposit institutions, the bank failures, the wide-spread restriction of cash payment by banks to depositors, the clearing-house loan-certificates, the premium on currency, the collapse in stock

and commodity prices, and the embargo on credit facilities, a feeling of despair pervades the community. But in one way or another, the acute stage of crisis is brought to an end. The hoarded currency rushes upon the market. Bank reserves pile up again. Money rates go to nominal figures. The stock market rises rapidly. A revulsion of sentiment in the business district is visible at once; and in a very few weeks or months, one begins to hear (as we did, from very good quarters, two or three months after October, 1907) that the panic was a passing incident — a 'mere flurry,' as Mr. Carroll D. Wright described it — which interrupted, but cannot have terminated, the era of prosperity. The result of this is that the process of prolonged readjustment and continuous liquidation, such as was essential for real recovery from the collapse occasioned by the financial orgy of the three or four preceding years, is interrupted and postponed.

The nature of the immediate response of financial and commercial markets to this altered state of mind is governed by circumstances. When actual panic in 1873 had spent its force, there was, so wrote the New York *Financial Chronicle* in a contemporary article, 'a general rebound from the previous depression, and an expectation of renewed buoyancy in business affairs'; and this, though checked by repeated disappointments, lasted until the end of 1876. After the panic of 1893, the railway insolvencies, the corn crop failure, the government's fiscal embarrassments, and the labor uprisings of 1894, gave longer life to depression and liquidation. But in 1895 — hardly a year-and-a-half after the acute stage of panic — the business community suddenly made up its mind that 'boom times' were normally at hand again. Feverish speculation began on every market; the Stock Exchange was violently excited; prices of wheat, cotton, dry goods, iron, steel, and copper rose from ten to fifty per cent. The country's iron production for the year exceeded by a quarter of a million tons the highest previous record, and production of other commodities was similarly increased.

When the money-hoarding and currency premium of the last great panic ceased, in January, 1908, a similar sequel was at hand. Merchants organized 'Prosperity Leagues,' and held public meetings to advise immediate return to conditions prevalent before the panic. Concerted and organized efforts were made to misrepresent the financial situation. The 'National Prosperity League' addressed circulars to all American merchants and manufacturers, advising that the first of June be made 'general reëmployment day.' This episode, which seems so odd and childish four years afterward, was part of the history of the period.

And the business world responded — whether to such appeals or to the instinct which had inspired, on every previous occasion of the kind, the attempt to return at once to the departed 'boom times.' Recovery, even in 1908, was continuous though spasmodic; the stock market, where prices had already moved up again to relatively high figures, rushed in November into a fury of speculation for the rise. And 1909 repeated faithfully the story of 1895, at exactly the same distance of time from the panic period. Commodities of all sorts were held back from market for speculative purposes. Wheat was cornered, and put up in June, 1909, to $1.51 per bushel. Land values in the West rose again to the high prices of 1906. The country's monthly iron production increased from 1,707,000 tons in February to 2,635,000 in December, whereas the highest monthly output,

prior to the panic of 1907, had been 2,397,000. Cotton went to 16 cents a pound in December, 1909, and to 20 cents next year — the latter price being the highest in sixty-three years, except for the Civil War and paper-inflation period.

To conduct these speculative movements, and to finance the feverishly active trade, home bank resources were drawn upon to the point of strain, and new corporation securities were offered on the market in a sum-total actually double that of 1906, and close to the prodigious figure of the celebrated 'boom year' 1901. When the home investment market showed very natural inability to absorb these stocks and bonds, something like $150,000,000 were placed in Europe — this in spite of the fact that London's own issue of new securities, during 1910, overtopped by $375,000,000 the highest previous yearly total, and that Paris and Berlin had similarly, in their own home fields, broken all precedent.

So much, then, for what happened in immediate sequel to the panic of 1907. An artificial, precarious, and in its nature temporary condition had been created, we have seen, in trade and industry. At a time when credit had just sustained a formidable shock, when banks and business men were still 'carrying' long lists of clients who could not pay their debts, and when capital had just been confronted with ruinous liquidation, an effort had been made to impose on capital and credit heavier requisitions than those under which the whole financial structure had lately toppled over. We have also seen that, after our other panics, a precisely similar position arose, under almost exactly parallel circumstances and at almost exactly the same distance of time from the panic shock itself. It is naturally in point, therefore, to inquire what happened after the premature 'booms' which followed 1873 and 1893. If the sequel to those older after-panic demonstrations was what the country has been witnessing in the past year or two, then the logic of the case should be reasonably clear, and our feet on solid ground.

The precedent does not fail us. The attempt to ignore the realities, after 1873, broke down disastrously in 1877, a year of profound discouragement and depression. Business activity came to a halt. Prices fell from ten to fifty per cent on all commodity markets. Stock Exchange values were demoralized; the investing public withdrew all support. Business failures were more numerous even than in 1874, manufacturing and transportation profits so curtailed that wages were reduced, with a series of labor demonstrations as a consequence, which culminated in the bloody riot of railway employees at Pittsburg.

This was a sequence of events not at all remotely suggesting 1911. After the premature 'boom' of 1895 came 1896, whose disordered markets, industrial discouragement, and increase of business mortality beyond the record of any previous year except 1893, closely repeated the story of 1877. Now, it is fair to warn the reader that when he studies even the contemporary story of the years which ended the 'after-panic boom' of those two decades, he will again be confronted with the familiar political explanation. The Congress of 1877 was in a ferment over the Bland free-silver-coinage bill and the attack on specie resumption; and, in 1896, Bryan was making his first run for the presidency. To people who lacked economic and historical perspective, the argument that, but for 'politics,' the after-panic boom would not have been checked at all, was as plausible then as now.

But in view of the ground which we

have already covered, no further argument should be necessary to convince the open mind that the essential cause of the hard times was something quite outside of politics; and that even if the Bland bill and the Bryan campaign were serious aggravations to the financial depression of the period, they were as much the outcome of the country's industrial depression as the cause of it. There is no reason to doubt that the intelligent historian who writes, a generation hence, of the present era, will say as much of 1911. We have been taking our medicine for the excesses of 1909. The past eighteen months have been the period of relapse in a convalescent who, when scarcely out of the sick-room, had insisted on plunging into activities which only robust health could have enabled him to sustain.

So that, on the face of things, economic precedent should have led us to anticipate, as a consequence purely of economic causes, precisely that business depression, financial unsettlement, and industrial discouragement, which have so strikingly characterized 1910 and 1911. History gave no reason for expecting anything else — even supposing a serene and cloudless political horizon. And yet, when sentiment is so powerful a force in sustaining or undermining financial confidence, when plans of finance and trade are so frequently affected by uncertainty as to the laws and conditions which concern them, and when business at large is suspicious and mistrustful of violent change in such conditions, it would be clearly unreasonable to allege that political disturbances have had nothing to do with the state of the past year's market. Granting for the sake of argument that the world-wide political unsettlement of the period has been consequence rather than cause of the great industrial reaction, it would still remain true that, at some point, politics would of itself become a contributory influence. But what, then, is to be the way out of our present financial dilemma?

There are three possible ways out. Industrial revival, due to purely economic causes or to normal completion of liquidation in finance and industry, might cause a similar reaction in politics, bringing social and governmental affairs to a stable and satisfactory basis. Or automatic industrial recovery might altogether supersede, as an influence on business sentiment, the political unsettlement. Or, finally, it might turn out that the political ferment of the period was not, as the markets had imagined, evidence of social disintegration, but was the intermediate period on the way to a new and better condition of affairs — such as should inure to the ultimate great advantage even of trade and the money markets. In asking which of these three roads is likely to be the outlet from the present bewildering confusion, we have one very remarkable precedent to guide us.

It is somewhat more than sixty years since a political, social, and financial commotion has arisen of such scope as that which now prevails throughout the world. The politics of 1877 and 1896, unpleasant though they unquestionably were, will scarcely take rank as epoch-making disturbances with those of 1911. But the resemblances between 1911 and the famous year 1848 are numerous and close. That, too, was a year when, in almost every nation of the world, ancient political landmarks seemed in course of obliteration. New and radical ideas in politics had come suddenly to the front. Continental Europe was in a state of revolution. A popular uprising drove King Louis Philippe from the throne of France. The young generation of

Prussians rose against King Frederick William; political concessions had to be made, even when the army was firing on the insurgents. Sicily revolted, and King 'Bomba' had to save himself by flight. Milan, Naples, and Buda-Pesth rose against Austrian rule, and a popular demonstration at Vienna overthrew Metternich and compelled the Emperor Ferdinand to abdicate.

In England, the Chartist movement was at its height, and huge open-air meetings were held to support the then alarming political programme of universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, no property qualification for legislators, and payment of members. On the Continent the Prussian war over Schleswig-Holstein was still in progress — a war curiously similar, in character and purpose, to Italy's present exploit in Tripoli.

In America, the Mexican War was just ending; it was followed by a split in the administration party over the question of slavery, which was destined shortly to split the country itself in two. The Abolition movement had begun to make itself heard in Congress and to derange the calculations of public men; it was in 1848 that the Free Soil convention at Utica, by nominating its own presidential candidates, had a hand in reversing Congressional majorities and in turning the presidency over to the Opposition. An even more singular parallel to recent events was presented in far-off China, where in 1848 there was beginning that popular discontent with the Manchu dynasty which, two years later, exploded in the famous Tai-ping rebellion, whose success in defeating the imperial army and capturing powerful provinces was never witnessed again in Chinese history until October, 1911.

Never since 1848 has any such political panorama been spread before the world until the present day, and there had been nothing like it between 1848 and the great French Revolution.

What, then, was the condition of finance and trade in 1848? Financial disturbance must logically, it would seem, have accompanied the political storm. In fact, 1848 was a year of industrial depression. British consols went from 90 to 80, the lower price being destined never again to be quoted in the market until September, 1910. French government five per cents fell from $116\frac{3}{4}$ to $52\frac{1}{8}$, which was the lowest price since Napoleon's retreat from Russia. The Bank of France suspended gold payments; 'Government intervention alone,' wrote a contemporary financial review, 'saved it from insolvency'; and great financial houses went down at Paris, Marseilles, and Hamburg. All markets were depressed; Sauerbeck's index number makes the average English price of all commodities 78 in 1848, against 95 in 1847. The Stock Exchange was demoralized during the Continental uprisings of the spring, and in October, 1848, when the Northwestern Railway of England announced its abandonment of a projected expenditure of £4,000,000 because of the prevalent distrust and the prostrated transportation industry, the market again broke from five to ten per cent. Meantime, a Royal Commission was sitting at London to investigate 'the causes of the present commercial distress.'

Here at any rate, one would think, was politics creating unmistakable havoc with prosperity. But to be quite sure of our ground, we must look a little further even into 1848; and our inquiry will at once confront us with some interesting facts. Like 1911, the year 1848 came in sequence to a great financial panic. It was in 1847 that the furious railway speculation which had been raging throughout Europe collapsed in

a memorable crash. In the autumn of that year, there had been a run on the Bank of England; the bank act had been suspended; discounts in the City had gone to 13 per cent, and the Stock Exchange money rate to 60. Banks had failed over England, Scotland, and the Continent. Drafts of great mercantile houses in the India trade had been stopped; the London *Bankers' Magazine* estimated liabilities of defaulting English houses at £17,000,000. For a week or two in October, credit had been almost non-existent in Lombard Street, and the shock was felt throughout the world.

The panic of 1847 had been a sequel to the same wild financial excess as precedes all great crises of the sort; it had been caused, not only by overdone speculation and general extravagance, but by what the London *Times* then described as a 'system of blind credit among leviathan houses.' All that was ended by the panic of 1847, exactly as the identical practices, on an even larger scale, were ended by our 1907. But it was just as certain as it has been on every such occasion that a period of hard times, bad business, low prices, and financial unsettlement would follow. Had there been no political disturbance during 1848, it must nevertheless, in the recognized and inevitable sequence of events, have been a year of industrial depression. That was equally the sequel to the English panics of 1866 and 1890, when political skies, in the after-panic year, were clear.

To what extent the political upheaval of 1848 was itself made possible by the hard times in trade and industry, and to what extent it would have caused financial disturbance had it followed a prosperous year, I shall not stop to argue. This is the problem which has so repeatedly confronted us in the progress of this inquiry, and the answer is the same for 1848 and 1911. But the very fact that the depression of 1848 (like that of 1911), though accompanied by world-wide political commotion, was immediately caused by purely economic influences, gives point to the inquiry with which we began our retrospect of this older episode — how did finance and industry manage to emerge from the entanglement? Did business automatically improve, and the political situation with it? Was politics simply shaken off as an influence on finance? Or did the business world discover, after all, that there was more good than bad in the political upheaval of the day? These are the questions the answer to which ought to throw light on our own financial future. They were answered after 1848.

At the close of 1848, the London *Times* was able to write that, 'with produce of all descriptions showing a revival, and with the speculative mania effectually crushed,' the new year was opening cheerfully. 'Even if it be found impossible,' it continued, 'to preserve peace on the Continent, the evil consequences upon trade must still be small.' The cheerful forecast was correct; the next year was a peaceful period in markets, and toward the end of 1849, a genuine and continued revival was in evidence, which financial historians describe as a new era of prosperity. The political situation also had improved, in the sense that order had been restored from chaos. In some states — notably Prussia and Hungary — the revolution had been subdued with a powerful hand. In others, France particularly, the insurgents were triumphant and their government in control. But in very few were the new conditions what the old had been. Even the Prussian and Austrian sovereigns made large concessions to constitutional reform, and were destined soon to have more extorted from them. France was a re-

public. The Chartist movement, in its menacing shape of 1848, had disappeared, but Parliamentary reform and extension of the franchise were placed irrevocably on the political programme of powerful English leaders. In the United States, the abolition campaign, though seemingly checkmated by the trend of national politics in the next few years, had, as a consequence largely of the agitation of 1848, become the really fundamental problem of the day.

But the question must yet be answered, whether finance and business, in their return to normal and prosperous conditions after 1848, had merely shaken off political influences, or had concluded that the political commotion of that famous year had brought, after all, more good than harm to the world at large. If the markets are assumed to anticipate the sober judgment of history on such matters, — if the stock market in particular was truthfully described by Macaulay, when he spoke of it as 'the pulse which has for five generations continued to indicate the variations of the body politic,' — then there can be no doubt about the answer. The events in the politics of 1848 which aroused such dismay and despair in the minds of rigid conservatives of the day, in and out of the Stock Exchange, have long since been placed by the verdict of sober history among the great forward movements of the century.

We know now, as the frightened bankers and business men of 1848 did not, that the political upheaval of that year was both necessary and inevitable, unless the social and political institutions of the period, and probably its financial institutions with them, were to enter on a chapter of decay. There are always excesses and misjudgment somewhere in a world-wide movement of the sort, but they are corrected in the long run; for there is a vast deal of hard common sense in the people as a whole. Time sets right even the judgment of timid and suspicious financiers. We know, by the memoirs of a still older generation, what was said in their day concerning the English Revolution of 1689, the American Revolution, the Reform of the Corn Laws, the American Civil War, by conservative people who were overcome with fright as they witnessed the progress of those sweeping political innovations; and we know what was said of the same events, by similar people, two or three decades afterward.

It is quite possible that when the smoke and dust of the present world-wide political commotion have blown away, when orderly and permanent policies on the new lines of action have replaced what has seemed so much like chaos in the affairs of the various nations, we shall all regain some such clear historical perspective, and come to the conclusion that there were certain things in the social, political or industrial institutions of the present day which it was time to modify radically or remove entirely, if the genuine progress of the communities concerned with them were to continue.

This certainly does not mean, however, that everything must change. Some institutions which have seemed to be threatened in the prevalent political confusion will no doubt be found never to have been in peril. The world may not be ready to abandon them, or their roots may lie too deep in the groundwork of social welfare for a political storm to shake them. Neither state socialism in France nor political independence in Ireland has even yet been established, though Louis Blanc and John Mitchell were conspicuous figures in the events of 1848. A good many curious social or political schemes and propaganda, which appear at such

times to be carrying everything before them, turn out to have been mere froth on the surface of the rising wave. This has always been so when a programme of innovation and reform, on the basis of heated political discussion, has become the order of the day. Such popular interest is indeed the quite inevitable signal for advocates of peculiar fads to assert themselves, and for excitable persons, who assume that since something is wrong, therefore everything must be wrong, to get the public ear. But these are passing demonstrations, under leadership which

> Struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.

The Constitution of the United States will hardly be patched up with sudden 'happy thoughts,' or our judiciary terrorized by special elections to remove them when their decisions are unpopular, merely because the prevalent agitation over real abuses has advertised such nostrums. The sober common sense which established constitution and judiciary, and which surrounded them with safeguards against popular whim and passion, is still in command of American politics. The world is not likely to see legislation seriously promoted by women breaking windows from the street, and chaining their persons to the grill of Parliament, or by union leaders announcing that labor is immune from the restrictions of the moral and statute law.

By the time the skies have cleared, these minor incidents will have been forgotten, and the really great reforms of the period will appear in their true relations. It will be easier for the community as a whole to understand them then, because judgment will no longer be clouded by resentment at industrial depression. For it must not be forgotten that the very reaction in business and liquidation in markets, which have given so dark a color, in the eyes of many people, to the political events of the period, were themselves the remedy for the economic evils which caused the present conditions in finance. We shall have prosperity again, as we did after 1848 and 1877 and 1896, and it will be more lasting because built up from the bottom on a stable basis.

But even if present impressions regarding public affairs were not to be obliterated by speedy return of good times in finance and industry, and even if business depression were to be long continued, it would still have to be remembered that there are more important things in the life of nations than rising markets or heavy surpluses on the annual balance-sheet. Certainly, some memorable achievements in the cause of popular liberty, sound government, and social progress, would never have come to pass if their authors and advocates had allowed the question of the markets to tip the scales, or if the people who rallied to the support of the new ideas had stopped to consider the danger of 'disturbing business.' Not the least interesting chapters of history are those which deal with long-established institutions of the most evil sort, — the trade monopolies under the Tudors, the crushing taxes on peasant laborers under the old régime in France, the rotten boroughs before English Parliamentary reform, the institution of slavery in America, — which squarely blocked the path of civilization, but which had been accepted as essential parts of the social system, which were interwoven with property rights, and whose destruction was bound to shake the financial position of the day to its foundations. Fortunately for the world, a large enough part of the community was ready, at the critical moment in all these controversies, to make the choice rightly between principle and pocket-book.

Perhaps one reason why so many

of the great political reforms have been carried to success in periods of hard times is that principles stand forth the more clearly when a community's eyes are not dazzled by the glare of booming trade and successful speculation. But political reforms are remembered long after financial depression is forgotten; and no doubt this will be so on the present occasion. Possibly, after a reasonable lapse of time, when what is now controversy has become settled history, even the most conservative and old-fashioned of us will understand why, in the normal course of human progress, it was necessary that in 1911 the House of Lords should be shorn of its hereditary veto power; that the continental proletariat should revolt against increasing taxes, extravagant armaments, and excessive cost of living; that decrepit monarchical systems should be swept away; and that the United States government should demand the dissolution of industrial combinations which, in the wild 'promotion period' of the past ten years, had acquired absolute or potentially absolute dictatorial power over American industry.

DISCONTENT

BY EDMUND BARSS

LET me do something perfect, before death;
Some least of things, so it be whole, and free
From any faltering touch; that none may see
One faintest flaw; that not one lightest breath
May dim the grace my sure hand fashioneth.
I know there is not any strength in me
To work this deed: oh, may Thy power be
Fulfilled in weakness, as Thy scripture saith!

My soul is sick of half-accomplishment,
Of deeds that are no deeds, of victories
Uncrowned by triumph; stranger to content
Until Thou work in me some excellence,
That my heart may have rest ere I go hence;
Blind voyager across the bitter seas.

ANIMAL WIT INDOORS AND OUT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

Professor Haggerty's article on Animal Intelligence in the May *Atlantic* turns out to be a discussion of animal behavior in the laboratory, in which behavior intelligence is, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence. The poor creatures, confronted by the strange conditions and the new problems, do not know what they do know, any more than men usually do under like circumstances. They are drilled into forming new habits, — the puzzle-box habit, the labyrinth habit, or some other habit, — and after many trials they come to do their little tricks in an entirely automatic way. They appear to show no understanding whatever of the whys and the wherefores of the things they do.

Professor Thorndike found that it took on an average seventy or eighty repetitions of a trick with his chicks and cats and monkeys, to stamp the process into their minds, before they could do it correctly. The monkey did not seem to learn his trick of opening the puzzle-box any more rapidly by the professor's repeatedly taking hold of his paw and drawing the bolt for him. He seemed incapable of forming any concept on the subject. The trained animals we see at the show go through their various parts precisely as if they were machines. They don't know what they are doing any more than a clock does when it strikes. The normal current of their activities, which activities do not spring from ideas, or any mental concepts, but from innate impulses, is turned in a new direction and is kept flowing there till a new channel is worn. Professor Thorndike found that when a chick had been drilled to escape from a box by a roundabout way, it would stick to the roundabout way after the direct and easy way had been opened to it; in this respect being less free than the natural forces or elements which, the instant a barrier is removed, resume the old easy course.

The gulf that separates the mind of man from the mind of the animals below him — if we can call that bundle of instincts, reflexes, tropisms, and sense-impressions mind — is so great that I often wonder if I am wrong in feeling that it is as misleading to discuss or describe so-called animal psychology in terms of human psychology, as it would be to discuss, say, the physiological functions of a bee or an ant in terms of our own physiology. The bee breathes, and yet it has no lungs; the oxygen of the air reaches its tissues, and yet it has no blood; it smells, and yet it has no olfactories; it sees, and yet its eye has no parts analogous to the retina, the crystalline lens, and the aqueous humor; it has form and structure, and yet it has no bones, and it is only by courtesy that the anterior ganglion to which run the nerves of the eye can be called a 'brain'; and yet behold the wonderful intelligence of the bees and the ants! In like manner, we might say that the dog reasons, and yet he has no faculty of reason; he remembers, and yet he has no faculty of

memory; he experiences shame and guilt, and yet he has no moral conscience; he is resourceful, and yet he has no free ideas. Just what he does have that stands him instead, I think the laboratory inquirer is as powerless to discover as is the outdoor observer.

Animals find their way home, they communicate with one another, they are able to act in unison, by some means of which we are strangers. In not reaching our state of reason, some compensation has been made to them; such intelligence as guided the world of animal life down the long æons before the advent of man, is theirs. Their wisdom is very old, man's is very new. They learned how to live, how to solve their life-problems, ages ago. Man has inherited much, though not all, of their knowledge, and through his new gift of reason he has added vast stores of his own to which they are and must always remain strangers. Through his new faculty he can go to them, and in a measure understand them, but they cannot in the same sense come to him.

I would not imply that the gulf that separates man from the higher mammals is as great as the gulf that separates him from the world of the invertebrates, high as is the intelligence that some of these forms display, but it is vastly greater than that which separates the other vertebrate orders from one another. They are all members of one family in the great house of nature, differing in traits and capacities and habits, yet all alike the beneficiaries of natural law. Man in comparison is like a visitant from another sphere; his relation to the animal world is that of a superior being. He takes the globe into his hands and changes its surface, he crosses and uses natural forces, he reverses nature's processes. If the animals could conceive of a god, man would be that god. His might transcends theirs, not in degree only, but in kind. Their tools are parts of their own bodies, but man's tools are the great forces of nature, and with his puny body he turns rivers, and removes mountains, or changes the face of a continent. Their life-problems are how to live and propagate their kind; his are these, and, in addition, how to master the secrets of the universe, and turn them to his own good, physical and mental.

II

Probably one reason why the laboratory investigator finds so little of what we call intelligence in his subjects is that he takes them out of the animal sphere and puts them in the human sphere. The problems he sets before them are human problems and not animal problems — they imply a knowledge of mechanical and artificial conditions; this places the dog, the cat, the monkey, the 'coon, in situations entirely foreign to those in which nature places them, and to which their lives have been shaped. Ideas from the human plane are introduced into the animal plane. The way the cat and the dog deal with these might be a test of their human intelligence, but not of their native intelligence. An animal out of its proper sphere is likely to prove very stupid, while in its sphere, confronted by its own life-needs, it may surprise us by its resourcefulness. We know this to be true of men; why not, in a lesser degree of course, of animals?

One need only note the misdirected fury of a robin dashing at a supposed rival — its own reflected image on the window-pane of a darkened room — to appreciate what witless machines the birds are under certain conditions; or watch the raccoon seriously engaged in the farce of washing its food in the sand or the straw on the bottom of its cage, to reach the same conclusion.

Yet in the field of their normal free activity, away from conditions imposed by man, how clever these creatures are! The animals show little wit in dealing with human problems, but their own natural problems they are fitted, both by organization and by instinct, to solve. Birds in nesting will often avail themselves of human handiwork and shelter, as when they build in our barns, or on our porches, or in our chimneys; but in so doing they are solving their own problems, and not ours. I heard of a well-authenticated case of a pair of robins building their nest under the box on the running gear of a farmer's wagon which stood under a shed, and with which the farmer was in the habit of making two trips to the village, two miles away, each week. The robins followed him on these trips, and the mother bird went forward with her incubation while the farmer did his errands, and the birds returned with him when he drove home. And, strange to say, the brood was duly hatched and reared. But in this case the bird's primary problem, that of nest-building, was her own; human agency came in only accidentally, furnishing the nest's support. The incident only shows what a hustler and true American the robin is, and that he could have gone West with the farmers on a prairie schooner, and reared a family, or several of them, on the way.

I know it is hard for us to grasp the idea of a qualitative difference in intelligence, yet we seem almost forced to admit such a difference. A plant shows intelligence in getting on in life, in its many devices for scattering its seed, in securing cross-fertilization, in adapting itself to its environment; yet how this differs from human intelligence! When the curving canes of the black raspberry bend down to the earth at a certain time and take root at the end, do they not act as wisely and apparently as voluntarily as do some animals? Yet this intelligence differs in kind from that of man. The same may be said of the intelligence that pervades all nature. Man's intelligence has arisen out of this cosmic mind through a process of creative evolution, but it is of a different order, it does not go with nature as does that of the lower orders, so much as it bends and guides, or thwarts, nature. An animal on the animal plane is one thing, on the human plane it is quite another. It is reasonable to suppose that it will show more wit in solving its own life-problems than it will show in solving those which man, in the fever of his scientific curiosity, sets for it. What could the indoor investigator learn of the cunning of the crow or the fox, of the sagacity of the dog, of the art and skill of the bird in building its nest, and caring for its young?

The laboratory investigator has animal behavior more in a nutshell, and for that very reason is cut off from all perspective, all total effects. He cannot reconstruct a complete dog or cat or monkey out of his laboratory analyses without aid from free observation outside. He could learn very little about a collie dog, or a setter dog, in his laboratory that would enable him to infer all the capacities of those creatures, any more than he could of a man. Indeed, he would fare better with a man, because he could probe his mentality, his power of thought, but not his power of action. The animal acts, it does not think; and to test its power of action is harder than to test a man's thinking capacity.

In leading their own unrestrained lives there often is, among both wild and domesticated animals, something, some resourcefulness in meeting a new condition, some change of habit, some adaptation of new means to an old end, or old means to a new end, that looks,

at least, like a gleam of free intelligence, or an attribute of true mind: as when a chipmunk cuts a groove in the side of a hole he is digging, so as to get out a stone he has struck, and then fills up the groove; or when a monkey selects a straw from the floor of his cage to poke an insect out of a crack in the side; or when wolves combine to run down a deer or a hare by relays; or a pointer dog, of his own accord, runs around a bevy of quail that will not sit, but keep moving off, and places them between himself and the sportsman; or when gulls carry shell-fish high in the air and drop them on the rocks to break their shells; or when, in Africa, a bird called the honey-guide, leads the hunter to stores of wild honey — a fact which Roosevelt verified. We have no ways in the laboratory, or out, to assay such incidents and discover how much, if any, of the gold of real thought they contain. They may contain none, but may be only phases of the animal's instinctive activities, yet they are phases which the laboratory investigator is powerless to bring out. If there are degrees in instinct, as in judgment, then in the cases just cited we have the higher degrees.

III

The laboratory naturalist is hampered by the narrowness of his field: he has but one string to his bow, he has to do with only one phase or motive of animal life — the desire for food; the mainspring of the behavior of all his subjects is their hunger. Spurred on by the sight or smell of food they attack the problems he sets before them. All the rest of their varied and picturesque activities in field and wood, their multiplex life-problems for which nature has equipped them, both physically and mentally, their loves, their wars, their home-making and nest-building, their migrations, their herdings, their flockings, their rivalries, eluding their enemies, hunting their prey, their social instincts, their coöperations, — in fact, all their relations with one another, and with their natural environment, — from all this the indoor investigator is cut off; only the stimulus of food, or the fear of punishment, remains for him to work upon. His animals act only under the incentive of appetite. The greater the hunger, the greater the wit. The experimenters at times starve their subjects till they become abnormally eager and active. The food question certainly enters very largely into an animal's life, and its resourcefulness in obtaining food may well serve as one measure of its intelligence. But it has other life-problems, several of them, which are just as important, and about which it is just as keen, but which the experimenter cannot bring to bear. His laboratory is too narrow a field for these activities, as is even the large zoölogical park. He cannot study the migratory instinct, the flocking or herding or hunting instinct, nor, with the wild creatures, the mating and breeding instinct. He can throw no light on an animal's life-habits. He can find out how it will act under given strange conditions, but not how it behaves under its natural conditions. Hence the little interest the natural historian feels in his inferences and conclusions.

It is true that the laboratory student of animal psychology can reach his results more rapidly than can the field naturalist; he takes a short cut, he gets the bare fact, shorn of its picturesque details. But how much he misses! I sometimes think of him under the parable of a man dining on capsules that contain the chemical equivalents of the food we eat — a short cut, surely, but the pleasure and satisfaction of the dinner-table, social and gustatory, the

taste of fruit and milk and meat and grain, are not his. Live natural history in the field and woods and on the shore! The uncontrolled animal going its free, picturesque ways, solving its life-problems as they come to it in the revolving seasons, using such mind as it has, without constraint or arbitrary direction, threading only the labyrinth which nature prepares for it, stimulated only by the sights and sounds and odors of its natural *habitat*, perplexed with no puzzles but how to get its food, avoid its enemies, rear its young, hide its nest or den, and get out of life what there is in it — how much more engaging and stimulating an animal under such conditions than the same creature being put through its paces under controlled conditions in the laboratory.

So far as an exact science of animal conduct is possible, the experimentalist has the advantage over the free observer. So far as natural history is a joy and of educational value and an introduction to the whole field of animal life, he is not to be named the same day with the outdoor observer. Welcome, thrice welcome, all the light the laboratory method of inquiry can throw upon the puzzle of animal mentality and its relation to our own; it is engaging the attention of some serious-minded men, and I would not undervalue its contributions to our knowledge of the springs of animal psychology. At the same time I am bound to say that I think it can take us but a little way into the great field of animal life. The true perspective of such life can only be given by the student and lover of the uncontrolled behavior of our dumb friends.

Anything like an exact science of animal behavior is, it seems to me, as impossible in the laboratory as out of it. If animals were perfect automata, then we might have the science of animal behavior that Professor Haggerty dreams of; but the conduct of the same animals under identical conditions is dissimilar, or contradictory, as is that of different men. There is no rigid uniformity in their behavior. 'A loud sound,' says Professor Thorndike 'may make one chick run, another crouch, another give the danger-call, and another do nothing whatever.' It is doubtless owing to such facts as these that experimenters arrive at such different results, often contradictory results. And we are not on any more permanent ground, according to Professor James, in the case of man himself: 'A string of raw facts; a little of gossip and wrangle about opinions; a little classification and generalization on a mere descriptive level; a strong prejudice that we have states of mind, and that our brains condition them; but not a single law, in the sense physics shows us laws, not a single proposition from which consequences can casually be deduced.'

G. Archibald Reid, speaking of the laboratory method of inquiry in biology says, in his book on *The Laws of Heredity:* 'There is nothing especially magical, scientific, or accurate in data obscured to our senses till revealed by a laboratory inquiry. Such an inquiry can do no more than render them as patent, but no more patent, than the majority of facts on which our knowledge of living beings is based. . . . If the reader will think over the evidence on which I shall draw for the purpose of the present volume, I believe he will conclude that, if any of it bears a doubtful aspect to his mind, it is that large mass which has been furnished by laboratory inquiry; for, while some of the latter is controverted, and all of it must be accepted by most people at second-hand, nearly all the rest is indisputably true, as he will know from his own experience of life.'

IV

Professor Haggerty has little confidence in the ability of the field naturalist to interpret correctly 'what he supposes himself to have seen,' even if it be only the doings of a downy woodpecker excavating his chamber in an old post. What, he asks in substance, does one know about a downy woodpecker which one has observed from one's front porch, excavating a cavity for a winter home in the top of a chestnut post? What does he know in detail of the bird's past experience, what of its age, what of its various sense-powers, such as its seeing, smelling, and hearing powers, what of the way its various powers have been developed, what of the number of times it has tried the same act and failed, what of the circumstances that may have enabled it to invent a new plan of action, whether it is an average bird of the species, or an unusual one, etc., etc.? What, indeed, and how better off in this respect would the experimentalist be? The naturalist is probably familiar with the life and habits of the bird, he may have seen it excavating its winter chamber many times, — not this same individual bird, but its duplicate in other specimens, — and he knows that each one of these shows exactly the same characteristics, though it is undoubtedly true that under pressure, in confinement, and in unnatural conditions, different birds would show different traits and aptitudes. Yet neither the naturalist nor the experimentalist could get at all the facts in the woodpecker's past life — its age, its failures, its stupidities, its rate of development, its sense-powers, and the like.

The Professor would seem to imply that if he had the bird in his laboratory he could settle all these points; whereas it seems to me that the field observer knows just as much about these things as the laboratory experimenter could know. Neither can get at all the exact facts in the bird's past history, while it is extremely doubtful if, in confinement, the bird would even attempt to excavate a chamber in a post, or exhibit any of its natural aptitudes, or give any clues to its real life-history. The acuteness of its various senses can surely be better tested in the open air than in the laboratory, because in the open it is leading a free, natural life, while in the cage it is leading a constrained, unnatural life. It might be trained to run the maze, or to pull a string to open a puzzle-box; but of its real life what would or could the bird disclose to you in rigidly-controlled experiments? If the free bird is endowed with any sense-powers of which the 'mere observer' can gain no first-hand knowledge, what chance has the laboratory observer of gaining a first-hand knowledge of them?

The field observer sees the woodpecker excavating a cavity in a dry limb or stub in the autumn; he sees that all birds of this species proceed in exactly the same way, because they all have the same organization, and hence the same needs; he sees how carefully the bird usually places its entrance where it will be more or less shielded from driving storms; he sees that it rarely or never selects a limb that is too rotten, or insecure; he sees where it makes many beginnings and then abandons the limb because, apparently, it is too soft or too hard; he sees the bird cautiously resorting to these retreats as night comes on; he sees him living alone in there, little hermit that he is; he sees how he is often dispossessed of his cabin by the hairy woodpecker, or by the flying squirrel, or the English sparrow; he sees him selecting a dry resonant limb for a drum in the spring, on which to drum up a mate; he sees his changed demeanor when the

female appears, the curious, mincing flight, as if on the tiptoe of his wings, with which he follows her about — he sees, in short, a long series of interesting facts which reveal the real psychology of the bird, and of which the laboratory naturalist could get no inkling.

The laboratory study of the animal mind is within its proper limits worthy of all respect, but you can no more get at a complete animal psychology by this method than you can get at the beauty and character and natural history of a tree by studying a cross section of its trunk or of one of its branches. You may get at the anatomy and cell-structure of the tree by this means, but will not the real tree escape you? A little may be learned of the science of animal behavior in the laboratory, but the main, the illuminating things can be learned only from observation of the free animal.

I fear that the experimenters unduly exalt their office. The open-air naturalist arrives at most of their results, and by a much more enjoyable and picturesque route. Without all their pother and appliances and tiresome calculations, he arrives at a clear conception of the springs of animal behavior. The indoor investigator usually experiments with domestic animals, animals that have been much changed and humanized by ages of association with man, such as the cat and the dog. What important addition has he made, or can he make, to our knowledge of these animals? He has learned that the dog is probably color-blind, which one might have easily inferred, since the color-sense could be of no use to the dog, or to any other quadruped. A power to discriminate different degrees of brightness might possibly be of use, and this the animals may have. This is the gift of the color-blind man, and is of course a much older gift than the color-sense. But of the dog's marvelous powers of scent, as displayed by the setter and the fox-hound, he can learn little. Of his real intelligence and all his various capacities and capabilities, he can learn little. We do not need laboratory experiments to prove to us that the dog's touchstone is his nose, and not his eye; his eye is of second- or third-rate importance to him; his ear serves him more than his eye; he does not know his own master till he has got his scent, or heard his voice. For the most part he sees only objects in motion. A fox will pass to windward within a few feet of the hunter if the hunter is silent and motionless. There is little power of discrimination in the eye of any of the canine tribe; the acuteness of their other senses makes up for it. The eye of a bird, — a crow, a hawk, — how different! Sit as motionless as a statue, and you cannot escape the eye of the crow — though the eyes of all animals are especially sensitive to objects in motion. Probably none of them can discriminate a motionless object as a man can. They have not reason to aid them. A man's seeing is backed up by his stores of knowledge. The way certain animals can be 'flagged' shows how superficial their seeing is. The way a hawk will allow the approach of a man on horseback shows how little speculation there is in his eye.

The thorough student of animal life knows that animals do not reason or have any mental concepts, that one can train them to form habits, but cannot develop their intelligence; that is, that they can be trained, but cannot be educated. He knows they have no self-consciousness, from such a field-observation as this: song-birds with a defective instrument will sing as constantly and joyously, even ecstatically, as the perfect-voiced songsters. A bobolink with only a half-articulated song will hover above the meadows

and pour out his broken and asthmatic notes as joyously and persistently as any of his rivals; apparently he is as oblivious to the inadequacy of his performance as a machine would be. Last spring one of our roosters got a bad influenza, or in some way injured his vocal chords, so that only half of his crow was audible, and this half was very husky and unnatural; yet he went through with the motions of crowing just as persistently and triumphantly as ever he had. He gave his rival crow for crow day after day. It was a grotesque performance and was to me proof of how absolutely void of self-consciousness the lower animals are.

One is convinced on general principles that an animal knows only what it has to know in order to survive; that when keenness of scent, or of hearing, or of sight, is not needed, it does not have it; that animals that are defenseless, like the rabbit, have speed and are prolific; that animals that are self-armed, like the tortoise and the porcupine and the skunk, are slow and dull of wit. One does not need elaborate experiments to prove that the pigeon would be slower in learning to run the maze than a squirrel or a rat; he knows that all animals are more or less imitative, that the young imitate the old, and the old imitate one another; that monkeys by their behavior alone are nearer man than the dog or the cat.

The work of the experimentalist may supplement that of the field observer, but it cannot take its place. 'Experiment has an advantage over observation,' says a German writer on logic, 'only so far as it is capable of supplementing the usual deficiencies of the latter.'

We cannot make Darwins in the laboratory, though the laboratory may give Darwin a fact or a hint now and then that will be of service to him.

V

If our experimenters can now prove that birds are color-blind they will raise havoc with Darwin's sexual selection theory. Let them experiment upon the peacock, the Argus pheasant, and other birds of brilliant plumage. The males of many of our small birds are brilliantly colored; what part does this play in their lives? If orange, crimson, yellow, blue, and the various metallic lustres and changing irises, are not discriminated by these birds, or do not give them pleasurable or exciting sensations, then we have to look for some reason for their gay plumes other than the approbation of the female. Our experimental psychologists have tested the powers of the painted turtle to discriminate white and black. But one fails to feel much interest in the result of such experimentations, be they what they may, because the facts can have little or no relation to the creature's life-problem. But the turtle's gay colors — can it discriminate those, and what part do they play in its life-history?

On the Darwinian hypothesis of sexual selection, the gay colors of the painted turtle have a deep significance, as do the brilliant colors of all other animals. Does the turtle or his mate discriminate these colors? is he attracted by them? do they play any part at all in the turtle's real life? Our common box-tortoise has striking and beautiful color-patterns on its shell, often suggesting Chinese characters — can the laboratory naturalist find out their significance, or that of the brilliant markings of many of the lizards and salamanders; do these animals see and know their own decorations? Or the many brilliant beetles and butterflies — are they color-blind also? A. G. Mayer has proved conclusively that the promethea moth has no color-sense.

The male of this moth has blackish wings and the female reddish-brown. Mayer caused the two sexes to change colors; he glued the wings of the male to the female and *vice versa*, and found that they mated just the same. The laboratory experimentalists ought to be able to throw light upon these questions.

Elaborate experiments have already been made to test the color-sense of certain birds, — the English sparrow, the cow-bird, the pigeon, and also such animals as the raccoon and the monkey, — with the result that these animals do appear to discriminate colors. But there always remains the question: Are the animals guided in such cases by a sense of color as we have it, or merely by a sense of different degrees of brightness? A person who is color-blind sees the different colors as varying shades of gray, and for aught we know it is the same with the animals: in selecting, say, blue or green, they may only be selecting different shades of gray.

I should like also to see our experimentalists test the musical sense of birds: are they tone-deaf in the sense that they are probably color-blind? Is the divinely harmonious strain of the hermit thrush, for instance, lost upon the ears of its mate and upon its own ears? Does the rollicking and hilarious strain of the bobolink count for nothing in its life? From the apparent indifference of the female song-birds to the musical performances of their mates, one would say that the strains of the males fall upon deaf ears. When the cock in the poultry-yard crows, the hens shake their heads as if the sound annoyed them. The lark pouring out his notes up in the sky seems singing from the joy of song alone. The song of a bird excites the males of its species to rivalry, but the females are as inattentive as if they had no ears. I am myself inclined to think that the songs of birds are a part of the surplusage of the male sexual principle, like their bright colors, and that to their mates they are merely noises. The males sing in the absence of the females just as joyously as in their presence, as note the caged canaries; and the harsh, raucous-voiced birds are as acceptable to their mates as are the musical-voiced to theirs. Why should it not be so? A consciousness of the pleasure of melodious sounds would seem to lift the bird out of the animal plane into the human plane.

I wish our laboratory investigators would tell me, if they can, what sense or faculty it is that enables one bird to pursue another so unerringly — a hawk in pursuit of a sparrow, or a song-bird pursuing another in sport, the pursuer trimming its movement to those of the pursued as if the two were one body. When a dog pursues a squirrel or a rabbit, if the pursued darts suddenly to one side it gains time, the hunter overshoots, and has to recover itself; not so with the birds, there is no overshooting, no lost time, and no recovery. It is as if the pursuer could read the intentions of the pursued at every movement, and anticipate every dodge and turn. It is probably some analogous gift or sense that enables a flock of birds to act as a unit, without leaders or signals, and perform their astonishing aërial evolutions as if the flock were one bird, and not a hundred. All the truly gregarious birds will do this. Does the flocking instinct beget a sort of community of mind, so that the individual members share each other's psychic or mental states to an extent quite unknown to us? This opens up the whole question of animal communication.

In the absence of language and reason, how do the animals over a wide extent of country become possessed of the same knowledge and the same impulse at the same time, and begin their

movements simultaneously? The vast moving armies of the passenger pigeons in the old days, the migrating crowds of the lemmings in Norway, of reindeer in Siberia, and of caribou in New England, every spring — how do these all act in such concert? Hunted animals suddenly become wild, — even those which have had no individual experience with the hunter, — as if the tribe were a unit, and what one knew they all knew at the same time. One would like such problems cleared up. I have no doubt at all that the higher animals have some means of communication which the race of man, since it came into the gift of language and of reason, has lost, or nearly lost, and that our fitful and exceptional experience of becoming aware of what our friend or companion is thinking about, that experience which we call telepathy, is a survival of the lost power. There is something like a community of mind or of emotional states among the lower orders, to which we are strangers, except when, under extraordinary conditions, — as in the frenzy of mobs and like unreasoning bodies, — we relapse into a state of savage nature, and behave as the wild creatures do. In such cases there is really a community of mind and purpose. But birds in a flock possess this oneness of mental states as a normal and every-day condition. Fish and insects in vast numbers often show a like unity of instantaneous action.

There is so much in animal behavior that is interesting, and that throws light on our own psychology and its origin, that one begrudges the time spent in learning that dancing mice are deaf, or the numerous data as to the tactual sensations of the white rat, or 'the relative strength of stimulus to rate of learning in the chick,' or the psychic reaction of the cray-fish, or cockroach, or angle worm, or grasshopper, unless they yield the key to some larger problem. We do not want elaborate experiments to prove that frogs can hear, — does not every schoolboy know that they can, and see, too? Though he may not know that 'there is some evidence that the influence of auditory stimuli is most marked when the drum is half submerged in water,' or that 'the influence upon tactual reactions is evident when the frog is submerged in water to a depth of four cm.,' or that 'sounds varying in pitch from those of fifty to ten thousand vibrations a second affect the frog.' But what of it? Who is really the wiser for this discovery? I know there is no reason why I should quarrel with men who prefer to dine on the concentrated equivalents of our meats and viands. Rather should I wish them a good appetite for their capsules. At the same time I can see no good reason why I should not extol the pleasure and the profit of taking our natural-history manna of field and wood as nature provides it for us, and with a relish that only the open air can give.

SUNDAY IN TIPPAH

A SOUTHERN VILLAGE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

On Sunday the women and children of Tippah, and the older men with the exception of Dr. Courtenay, all go to church. Of the young men, some sit under a big catalpa tree in front of the post-office, when they ought to be holding parasols over their mothers' or sweethearts' heads as they tread together the strait and narrow way; others are in a mysterious place called a 'blind tiger', drinking the very bad whiskey for which Prohibition is indirectly responsible. Tippah, I grieve to say, is a 'dry town,' and there prevails in it an appalling amount of drunkenness. This statement refers to the men. It is quite safe to say that no woman in Tippah has ever tasted a stronger stimulant than a light, sweet wine, or an egg-nog at Christmas. A woman drinking a cocktail would be regarded there with the same eyes as a woman smoking a cigarette or riding astride; in other words, she would be thought to have 'unsexed herself,' which is more soul-destroying than the Seven Deadly Sins all put together.

The godless young men who are not in their places when the church-bell rings are looked on with disfavor, but Dr. Courtenay, the idol of the whole village, may do as he pleases, and is above criticism. When a stranger comes to Tippah his host points out Dr. Courtenay with an air that says, 'Of course you know who *he* is'; but when the stranger says, 'Yes?' in a vague tone, the explanation that follows is given with an eagerness that betrays how great a disappointment would have ensued had there been no necessity for it.

Dr. Courtenay had been sent abroad when he was only sixteen, by his South Carolina parents, who were of a very fine old Huguenot family, — this important detail is never left out, — and had studied in Paris and in Germany for fifteen years. He had all sorts of degrees. He spoke seven languages. He was the third American to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. In the Paris hospitals he had performed the most delicate and difficult operations; his clinics were the talk of the medical world before he was thirty. 'He will go far,' had been the prophecy. Then — the War broke out, and he came home to serve his State. He entered the Confederate Army as a surgeon, and after the surrender found himself without home, family, or fortune. His right coat-sleeve dangled empty; the hand that had saved so many lives could not save itself: it had been amputated after Gettysburg, and the story goes that Lee himself — the name is always pronounced slowly and reverently in Tippah — had said, 'I wish I could give my hand to save yours, Doctor.' Another loss, equally grave, but less conspicuous, was that of his left lung. It was this trouble that had brought him to Tippah's mild climate.

For nearly twenty years he had lived there alone in his three-room cottage, riding out every day to his little farm, five miles from town, and reading and smoking far into the night. His library was the wonder of Tippah. Books in five languages lined the walls of his house — all in the cheapest bindings, for the Doctor was poor; but, as he used to say, it was the meat in the nut he cared for, not the shell outside. He never practiced medicine, except occasionally among persons too poor to pay for medical advice, or, more frequently, in serious cases when called in consultation. It was known that he had never taken a fee in Tippah. Every one believed implicitly in his skill. It was a common thing to hear it said, after a death, 'Nothing could have saved him; Dr. Courtenay said so.'

By this time the stranger who has never heard of Dr. Courtenay before, thinks that he has listened long enough to the singing of his praises; but he has to possess his soul in patience while there follows a grave account of Dr. Courtenay's services during the Fever.

Two events in the history of Tippah stand out in relief, and in the eyes of its inhabitants are more important than all other history from the Creation down to Cleveland's election. (It will be remembered that I am writing of Tippah in 1885.) These events are the War, and the Yellow-Fever Epidemic of 1878. The story of the War and its consequences has been often told. Tippah suffered more than most places: fifty-two raids were made on this little village; Grant's army was encamped there on its way to Vicksburg. As everywhere else, fathers and sons, brothers and husbands, laid down their lives for the Cause, and the women were left to weep and work, but not to despair. In the War, Tippah shared the common lot of the whole South; in the Fever, it was devastated by a scourge so deadly, so inexorable, that even the horrors of the battle-field seem by comparison less ghastly.

Like the War, the Fever struck down the men, leaving the women; for the reason that the women and children were sent north, out of danger, as soon as the first cases appeared. The men stayed, to fight it out. They had invited the Fever there, they said, and they must face the consequences. When refugees from plague-ridden towns farther south fled from their homes as from a burning house, Tippah threw open its doors. 'Come, come to us,' had been the cry. 'We can't have the Fever here. It's too high, and too cool, and too late in the season.' For a week, all Tippah was devoted to caring for the refugees — nursing them when they fell sick, burying the dead, making mourning-dresses for the survivors, offering the most gracious hospitality to strangers whose only claim was their distress. In the following week, a hundred of Tippah's own people were stricken down, and ninety of these died. By this time the terrified question, *Can* it be the Fever, was no longer asked, and the men, having sent their families away, set themselves to the work in hand. There was plenty for each to do, and not one thought of leaving. Nor was there in their attitude any self-conscious heroism; the sacrifice was made very simply and quietly. Later, when 'the great white blessing of the frost' drove out the pestilence, sorrowing women returned and made sad pilgrimages to the cemetery, where rows of new-made graves mutely told the story of the great love by which a man lays down his life for his friends. So when a flippant school-girl said the population of Tippah was thirteen hundred souls, — mostly widows, — she was quickly made to see the cheapness of her jest by being reminded why such was the case.

Dr. Courtenay, as I said, does n't go to church. 'It is very shocking, of course,' says Mrs. Ambler, 'but Dr. Courtenay is an atheist.' The 'very shocking' is perfunctory; at the bottom of her heart she admires his atheism as an indication of superior intellect. She knows he is much more intelligent than the rector, — dear old Mr. Pendleton, whose Johnsonian English and inability to see the point of any but his own jokes make him a deadly bore. Perhaps the Bishop may be Dr. Courtenay's intellectual equal; in fact, Mrs. Ambler is sure he is, and she breathes a sigh of relief and feels that Christianity is safe, after all.

Let us take a magic carpet, and an invisible cloak and helmet, and make a little visit to Tippah on a Sunday in May. Later, it might be hot and dusty and the roses would have stopped blooming, waiting for the new lease of life they take in September; but in April or May it is perfect. It is eleven o'clock; the church-bells are ringing. For so small a town, Tippah is rich in places of worship. One is reminded of the old saying that the French have a hundred sauces and one religion, while the English are a nation of a hundred religions and one sauce. All Tippah is of one mind on questions of politics, morals, social conventions, and education; but the paths to Paradise are many. Tradition is not strictly followed; a man is expected to go to his wife's church rather than to that of his parents.

An invisible cloak bestows no power of being in two places at the same time, — that unique achievement was never performed except by the Irish lord's bird, — so we must choose one of the many open doors and pass by the others. As the Bishop is in Tippah today, we shall find the largest congregation at St. Faith's.

Tippah is proud of the Bishop, in spite of his contempt for Tippah. So confident is every one that his native town is the fairest spot on earth that it has never been possible to take the Bishop seriously when he pronounced it an old mud-hole; any more than it was possible for the State at large to feel any resentment when the great man, at an important gathering in New York, spoke of Mississippi as the diocese of which, by the judgment of God, he was bishop; or when he said that with the exception of his friend Mr. Jefferson Davis, and of the life-convicts in the penitentiary, he was the only man who could not leave Mississippi. All this is overlooked, and much more, because, as Mrs. Vernon often says, with a toss of her head, 'Of course you know he is one of *the* twelve great men of the century.' When the good ladies of Tippah read of the Bishop preaching to thousands at St. Paul's Cathedral and of the London newspapers chronicling the movements of the 'Lord Bishop of Mississippi,' they swell with pride, and forgive him for not eating their carefully-prepared dinners, and for preaching the same sermon at St. Faith's four times in succession.

On the steps of St. Faith's stands Mrs. Crenshaw, waiting to shake the Bishop's hand when he arrives, under Mr. Pendleton's escort; which courtesy performed, she intends to go home. Nothing would induce her to enter the church. With a proud air she says that she has never been inside St. Faith's since her husband's death — the association would be too painful.

'You lose the best of life if you avoid what is painful,' says the Bishop, intent as usual upon an abstract idea, and ignoring the individual. He does not recognize Mrs. Crenshaw, although he has eaten her salt many a time, and smoked dozens of Captain Crenshaw's fine cigars. She, dear lady, finds nothing amiss in his greeting, and is sure he would have left Tippah unsatisfied

if he had not had the pleasure of seeing her. She turns to Sally Carter, who approaches, followed by John Dabney, Tom Pritchard, and a few others.

Sally is a radiant vision in a be-ruffled and be-flowered organdy, and an enormous leghorn hat covered with roses. Her brownish-red hair and reddish-brown eyes, with her intensely scarlet lips, are in vivid contrast to the perfect whiteness of her cheeks, to which neither exercise nor excitement ever brings a touch of color. Hers is, however, a healthy pallor; she has never been sick in her life, but she is by no means of an athletic type. Her tiny feet were made for French slippers and dancing, not for heavy boots and a tramp over the country in pursuit of a little ball; her soft arms, visible now through her thin sleeves, are predestined to no more vigorous exercise than beating eggs for Somebody's favorite cake, or carrying her baby while she walks the floor to still its crying.

'I was just telling the Bishop, Sally,' says Mrs. Crenshaw, cheerfully, 'why I cannot bear to enter the church. People who feel things less keenly than I do are very fortunate.'

'Oh, but Miss Annie,' cries Sally, who of course follows the Southern custom by which married women are called 'Miss' by young people and by servants, 'you know the church is going to be painted all over, inside, and new windows put in. You won't feel that way then, will you? It will be a different place.'

Mrs. Crenshaw sighs and smiles and shakes her head, and Sally turns to her band of admirers.

'I want every last one of you boys to march right straight into that church,' she says. 'Not that it's likely to do you any good, to go just once, but the Bishop just *despises* empty seats, and he's not used to them, except when he comes to little one-horse places like Tippah. And he does n't care a row of pins about women; he likes to see *men* in the congregation' — Here Sally fixes her eyes on the youngest boy in the party, Dick Minor, who several months before had secretly purchased a razor, and is now fretting his life out because he has no occasion to use it. 'You can't all sit in our pew, you must scatter over the church, but Robert' — singling out the one who looked most reluctant — 'had better sit by me, so I can show him the places in the Prayer-Book. Mother told me to ask any of the boys I wanted home to dinner, and I'll ask you *all*, as Aunt Charity is in a good humor to-day because I gave her a nice white dress for her daughter to be baptized in, and mother told her she might go to the hanging next Friday. She's feeling so good that she killed *nine* chickens for dinner, and mother made a chocolate-cake, and there's two gallons of strawberry ice-cream — Aunt Charity made Sam freeze it this morning while he was waiting for an answer to that note you sent me, John. So there's plenty to eat, and you all may come. There! the bell has stopped ringing.'

And Sally, followed by the lucky Robert, walks gracefully, in spite of her high-heeled shoes, up the aisle to her place, while the other six boys, obedient to instructions, sit in different parts of the church.

Jim, the sexton, a colored 'boy' fifty years old, has finished ringing the bell, and before going to pump the organ for the 'voluntary,' steps out to hold Mrs. Ambler's old sorrel mare while she and her sister alight from their little phaeton.

'Thank you, Jim,' says Mrs. Ambler, pleasantly. She is very old, very wrinkled, with sweet eyes and pink cheeks, and three stiff white curls hanging on each side of her delicately powdered face. 'I was afraid we were

late. I lost my buggy-whip several days ago, and Dame just *would n't* go.'

'Los' it!' echoes Jim contemptuously. 'Lor', Miss May, don' you know dat ar no-count nigger o' yourn done *consolidated wid it?*'

'Oh, Jim,' protests Mrs. Ambler, greatly shocked, 'do you think Cæsar would *take* things?'

Mrs. Ambler considers 'steal' as 'unladylike' a word as 'lie' or 'damn.'

Jim has no time to discuss the honesty of Mrs. Ambler's 'boy,' for at that moment little Nick Carter, in very clean clothes and with bare legs much tanned and scratched, comes running up to tell Jim that Miss Clara (meaning Mrs. Vernon, the organist) is 'hoppin' mad because he does n't come on and blow the organ.'

Mrs. Ambler, followed by her sister, Miss Kitty Page, enters the church, and takes her seat at the end of her pew, near the window sacred to the memory of her husband, the General. For a few moments she kneels decorously in silent prayer; then, as she resumes her seat, her bright eyes dart all over the church. Sally Carter's sevenfold victory is not lost on her, and she smiles affectionately at the girl, who is a favorite with both sexes, with old and young, with black and white. She shakes her head in disapproval as Lucy Dudley makes a little curtsey toward the altar before going into her pew.

'That comes of sending that child to Baltimore to boarding-school,' she whispers to Miss Kitty. 'Head full of notions, of course. Mrs. Dudley tells me that Lucy won't eat meat on Friday or wear aigrettes in her hats. If she had as many beaux as Sally she'd leave off such silly ways, and take some interest in the realities of life.'

There are a good many children in church, the little girls exquisitely dressed in their new Easter frocks, which have cost their young mothers many consultations, exchanges of patterns, and midnight stitches; the boys, up to fourteen years old, barefooted, as is the custom from April to November. Before the sermon the children all go home, in deference to the Bishop's often-expressed wish.

Mr. Erasmus Jones, on the front seat where he can stretch his stiff leg, — he was shot at the Battle of Corinth, — unhampered by a pew in front of him, settles himself comfortably for an intellectual treat, as the Bishop, without text or other introduction, begins to preach. Mrs. Ambler wonders how Erasmus contrived to persuade his wife to let him come, for he does not belong there, and Mrs. Erasmus disapproves of the Bishop's theology. She has been heard to say that she understands the Bishop has doubts about the doctrine of Eternal Penalty, and that if he has, he will unquestionably have convincing proof of it in the next world. The Bishop, she says, is dangerous.

'He has planted poisonous weeds in our garden, and we can't let our little lambs graze there any more,' she says.

No one ever looked less like a little lamb than Erasmus, with his six feet four inches of height and his startling black beard; but it is said in Tippah that little Mrs. Erasmus, who looks like a bisque doll, winds him round her little finger. On this occasion, however, he has had his own way, and he listens with grave pleasure while the Bishop discourses on the mental activities and the spiritual development of the Life of the World to Come.

The sermon is over, the blessing is pronounced, the congregation streams out into the May sunshine. Sally's little band of seven rallies round her, and she leads the way home to Aunt Charity's chocolate-cake and chicken. Alas, our magic carpet refuses to carry us with her.

THE MAKING OF A CITIZEN

BY MARY ANTIN

I

On the day of the Washington celebration I recited a poem that I had composed in my enthusiasm. The applause with which this was received by my teachers and schoolmates, and the counsels of my admiring family, induced me to offer the verses to the Boston *Herald* for publication. Years passed before I understood that the editor printed my verses as a curiosity and space-filler. At the time I saw in their publication a just acknowledgment of my literary talent, and especially of the patriotic ardor which inspired me. Very satisfying, too, was the effect of my success on the minds of my neighbors. On the street, in the schoolyard, I was pointed out: 'That's Mary Antin. She had her name in the paper.' And my quickened sense expanded this reticent expression to its noblest terms. 'This is she,' I understood the people to say, 'who loves her country and worships George Washington.'

While I was well aware that I was something of a celebrity, and took all possible satisfaction in the fact, I gave my schoolmates no occasion to call me 'stuck up.' My vanity did not express itself in strutting or wagging the head. I played tag and puss-in-the-corner in the schoolyard, and did everything that was comrade-like. But in the schoolroom I conducted myself gravely, as befitted one who was preparing for the noble career of a poet.

I am forgetting Lizzie McDee. I am trying to give the impression that I behaved with at least outward modesty during my schoolgirl triumphs, whereas Lizzie could testify that she knew Mary Antin as a vain, boastful, curly-headed little Jew. For I had a special style of deportment for Lizzie. If there was any girl in the school besides me who could keep near the top of the class all the year through, and give bright answers when the principal or the school committee popped sudden questions, and write rhymes that almost always rhymed, *I* was determined that that ambitious person should not soar unduly in her own estimation. So I took care to show Lizzie all my poetry, and when she showed me hers I did not admire it too warmly.

Lizzie, as I have already said, was in a Sunday-school mood even on week-days; her verses all had morals. My poems were about the crystal snow, and the ocean blue, and sweet spring, and fleecy clouds; when I tried to drag in a moral, it kicked so that the music of my lines went out in a groan. So I had a sweet revenge when Lizzie, one day, volunteered to bolster up the eloquence of Mr. Jones, the principal, who was lecturing the class for bad behavior, by comparing the bad boy in the schoolroom to the rotten apple that spoils the barrelful. The groans, coughs, 'a-hems', feet-shufflings, and paper pellets that filled the room as Saint Elizabeth sat down, even in the principal's presence, were sweet balm to my smart of envy: I did n't care if I did n't know how to moralize.

When my teacher had visitors I was aware that I was the show pupil of the class. I was always made to recite, my compositions were passed around, and often I was called up on the platform — oh, climax of exaltation! — to be interviewed by the distinguished strangers; while the class took advantage of the teacher's distraction, to hold forbidden intercourse on matters not prescribed in the curriculum. When I returned to my seat, after such public audience with the great, I looked to see if Lizzie McDee was taking notice; and Lizzie, who was a generous soul, her Sunday-school airs notwithstanding, generally smiled, and I forgave her her rhymes.

It was not always in admiration that the finger was pointed at me. One day I found myself the centre of an excited group in the middle of the schoolyard, with a dozen girls interrupting each other to express their disapproval of me. For I had coolly told them, in answer to a question, that I did not believe in God.

How had I arrived at such a conviction? How had I come, from praying and fasting and Psalm-singing, to extreme impiety? Alas! my backsliding had cost me no travail of spirit. Always weak in my faith, playing at sanctity as I played at soldiers, just as I was in the mood or not, I had neglected my books of devotion and given myself up to profane literature at the first opportunity, in Vitebsk; and I never took up my prayer-book again. On my return to Polotzk, America loomed so near that my imagination was fully occupied, and I did not revive the secret experiments with which I used to test the nature and intention of Deity. It was more to me that I was going to America than that I might not be going to Heaven. And when we joined my father, and I saw that he did not wear the sacred fringes, and did not put on the phylacteries and pray, I was neither surprised nor shocked, remembering the Sabbath night when he had with his own hand turned out the lamp. When I saw him go out to work on Sabbath exactly as on a week-day, I understood why God had not annihilated me with his lightnings that time when I purposely carried something in my pocket on Sabbath: there was no God, and there was no sin. And I ran out to play, rather pleased to find that I was free, like other little girls in the street, instead of being hemmed about with prohibitions and obligations at every step. And yet, if the golden truth of Judaism had not been handed me in the motley rags of formalism, I might not have been so ready to put away my religion.

It was Rachel Goldstein who provoked my avowal of atheism. She asked if I was n't going to stay out of school during holy-days, and I said no. Was n't I a Jew? she wanted to know. No, I was n't; I was a Freethinker. What was that? I did n't believe in God. Rachel was horrified. Why, Kitty Maloney believed in God, and Kitty was only a Catholic! She appealed to Kitty.

'Kitty Maloney! come over here. Don't you believe in God? — There, now, Mary Antin! — Mary Antin says she does n't believe in God!'

Rachel Goldstein's horror is duplicated. Kitty Maloney, who used to mock Rachel's Jewish accent, instantly becomes her voluble ally, and proceeds to annihilate me by plying me with crucial questions.

'You don't believe in God? Then who made you?'

'Nature made me.'

'*Nature* made you! What's that?'

'It's — everything. It's the trees — No, it's what makes the trees grow. *That 's* what it is.'

'But *God* made the trees, Mary

Antin,' from Rachel and Kitty in chorus. — 'Maggie O'Reilly! listen to Mary Antin. She says there is n't any God. She says the trees made her!'

Rachel and Kitty and Maggie, Sadie and Annie and Beckie, made a circle around me, and pressed me with questions, and mocked me, and threatened me with hell flames and utter extinction. I held my ground against them all obstinately enough, though my argument was exceedingly lame. I glibly repeated phrases I had heard my father use, but I had no real understanding of his atheistic doctrines. I had been surprised into this dispute. I had no spontaneous interest in the subject; my mind was occupied with other things. But as the number of my opponents grew, and I saw how unanimously they condemned me, my indifference turned into a heat of indignation. The actual point at issue was as little as ever to me, but I perceived that a crowd of Free Americans were disputing the right of a Fellow Citizen to have any kind of God she chose. I knew, from my father's teaching, that this persecution was contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and I held my ground as befitted the defender of a cause. George Washington would not have treated me as Rachel Goldstein and Kitty Maloney were doing! 'This is a free country,' I reminded them in the middle of the argument.

The excitement in the yard amounted to a toy riot. When the schoolbell rang and the children began to file in, I stood out there as long as any of my enemies remained, although it was my habit to go to my room very promptly. And as the foes of American Liberty crowded and pushed in the line, whispering to those who had not heard it that a heretic had been discovered in their midst, the teacher who kept the line in the corridor was obliged to scold and pull the noisy ones into order; and Sadie Cohen told her, in tones of awe, what the commotion was about.

Miss Bland waited till the children had filed in, before she asked me, in a tone encouraging confidence, to give my version of the story. This I did, huskily but fearlessly; and the teacher, who was a woman of tact, did not smile or commit herself in any way. She was sorry that the children had been rude to me, but she thought they would not trouble me any more if I let the subject drop. She made me understand, somewhat as Miss Dillingham had done on the occasion of my whispering during prayer, that it was proper American conduct to avoid religious arguments on school territory. I felt honored by this private initiation into the doctrine of the Separation of Church and State, and went to my seat with a good deal of dignity, my alarm about the safety of the Constitution allayed by the teacher's calmness.

II

My father, in his ambition to make Americans of us, was rather headlong and strenuous in his methods. To my mother, on the eve of departure for the New World, he wrote boldly that progressive Jews in America did not spend their days in praying; and he urged her to leave her wig in Polotzk, as a first step of progress. My mother, like the majority of women in the Pale, had all her life taken her religion on authority; so she was only fulfilling her duty to her husband when she took his hint, and set out upon her journey in her own hair. Not that it was done without reluctance; for the Jewish faith in her was deeply rooted, as in the best of Jews it always is. The law of the Fathers was binding to her, and the outward symbols of obedience inseparable from the spirit. But the

breath of revolt against orthodox externals was at this time beginning to reach us in Polotzk from the greater world, notably from America. Sons whose parents had impoverished themselves by paying the fine for non-appearance for military duty, in order to save their darlings from the inevitable sins of violated Judaism while in the service, sent home portraits of themselves with their faces shaved; and the grieved old fathers and mothers, after offering up special prayers for the renegades, and giving charity in their name, exhibited the significant portraits on their parlor tables. These were the signs of the times, and they had their effect on my mother's mind. Deeply troubled in her inmost soul, she quietly prepared to accept the new order of things, under which her children's future was to be formed; and therein she showed her native adaptability, the readiness to fall into line, which is one of the most charming traits of her gentle, self-effacing nature.

My father gave my mother very little time to adjust herself. He was only three years from the Old World, with its settled prejudices. Considering his education, he had thought out a good deal for himself, but his line of thinking had not as yet brought him to include woman in the intellectual emancipation for which he himself had been so eager even in Russia. This was still in the day when he was astonished to learn that women had written books — had used their minds, their imaginations, unaided. He still rated the mental capacity of the average woman as only a little above that of the cattle she tended. He held it to be a wife's duty to follow her husband in all things. He could do all the thinking for the family, he believed; and being convinced that to hold to the outward forms of orthodox Judaism was to be hampered in the race for Americanization, he did not hesitate to order our family life on unorthodox lines. There was no conscious despotism in this; it was only making manly haste to realize an ideal the nobility of which there was no one to dispute.

My father did not attempt to touch the fundamentals of my mother's faith. He certainly did not forbid her to honor God by loving her neighbor, which is perhaps not far from being the whole of Judaism. If his open denials of the existence of God influenced her to reconsider her creed, it was merely an incidental result of the freedom of expression he was so eager to practice, after his life of enforced hypocrisy. As the opinions of a mere woman on matters so abstract as religion did not interest him in the least, he counted it no particular triumph if he observed that my mother weakened in her faith as the years went by. He allowed her to keep a Jewish kitchen as long as she pleased, but he did not want us children to refuse invitations to the table of our Gentile neighbors. He would have no bar to our social intercourse with the world around us, for only by freely sharing the life of our neighbors could we come into our full inheritance of American freedom and opportunity. In the holy-days he bought my mother a ticket for the synagogue, but the children he sent to school. On Sabbath eve he let my mother light the consecrated candles, but he kept the store open until Sunday morning. My mother might believe and worship as she pleased, up to the point where her orthodoxy began to interfere with the American progress of the family.

The price that all of us paid for this disorganization of our family life has been levied on every immigrant Jewish household where the first generation clings to the traditions of the Old World, while the second generation

leads the life of the New. Nothing more pitiful could be written in the annals of the Jews; nothing more inevitable; nothing more hopeful. Hopeful, yes; alike for the Jew and for the country that has given him shelter. For Israel is not the only party that has put up a forfeit in this contest. The nations may well sit by and watch the struggle, since humanity has a stake in it. I say this, whose life has borne witness, whose heart is heavy with revelations it has not made. And I speak for thousands; oh, for thousands!

My gray hairs are too few for me to let these pages trespass beyond the limit I have set myself. That part of my life which contains the climax of my personal drama I must leave to my grandchildren to record. My father might speak and tell how, in time, he discovered that in his first violent rejection of everything old and established he cast from him much that he afterwards missed. He might tell to what extent he later retraced his steps, seeking to recover what he had learned to value anew; how it fared with his avowed irreligion when put to the extreme test; to what, in short, his emancipation amounted. And he, like myself, would speak for thousands. My grandchildren, for all I know, may have a graver task than I have set them. Perhaps they may have to testify that the faith of Israel is a heritage which no heir in the direct line has the power to alienate from his successors. Even I, with my limited perspective, think it doubtful if the conversion of the Jew to any alien belief or disbelief is ever thoroughly accomplished. What positive affirmation of the persistence of Judaism in the blood my descendants may have to make, I may not be present to hear.

It would be superfluous to state that none of these hints and prophecies troubled me at the time when I horrified the schoolyard by denying the existence of God, on the authority of my father; and defended my right to my atheism on the authority of the Constitution. I considered myself absolutely, eternally, delightfully emancipated from the yoke of indefensible superstitions. I was wild with indignation and pity when I remembered how my poor brother had been cruelly tormented because he did not want to sit in heder and learn what was, after all, false or useless. I knew now why poor Reb' Lebe had been unable to answer my questions; it was because the truth was not whispered outside of America. I was very much in love with my enlightenment, and eager for opportunities to give proof of it.

It was Miss Dillingham, she who helped me in so many ways, who unconsciously put me to an early test, the result of which gave me a shock that I did not get over for many a day. She invited me to tea one day, and I went in much trepidation. It was my first entrance into a genuine American household; my first meal at a Gentile — yes, a Christian — board. Would I know how to behave properly? I do not know if I betrayed my anxiety; I am certain only that I was all eyes and ears, that nothing should escape me which might serve to guide me. This, after all, was a normal state for me to be in, so I suppose I looked natural, no matter how much I stared. I had been accustomed to consider my table manners irreproachable, but America was not Polotzk, as my father was ever saying; so I proceeded very cautiously with my spoons and forks. I was cunning enough to try to conceal my uncertainty: by being just a little bit slow, I did not get to any given spoon until the others at table had shown me which it was.

All went well, until a platter was passed with a kind of meat that was

strange to me. Some mischievous instinct told me that it was ham — forbidden food; and I, the liberal, the free, was afraid to touch it! I had a terrible moment of surprise, mortification, self-contempt; but I helped myself to a slice of ham nevertheless, and hung my head over my plate to hide my confusion. I was furious with myself for my weakness. I to be afraid of a pink piece of pig's flesh, who had defied at least two religions in defense of free thought! And I began to reduce my ham to invisible atoms, determined to eat more of it than anybody else.

Alas! I learned that to eat in defense of principles was not so easy as to talk. I ate, but only a newly abnegated Jew can understand with what squirming, what protesting of the inner man, what exquisite abhorrence of myself. That Spartan boy who suffered the stolen fox hidden in his bosom to consume his vitals, rather than be detected in the theft, showed no such miracle of self-control as did I, sitting there at my friend's tea-table, eating unjewish meat.

And to think that so ridiculous a thing as a scrap of meat should be the symbol and test of things so august! To think that in the mental life of a half-grown child should be reflected the struggles and triumphs of ages! Over and over again I discover that I am a wonderful thing, being human; that I am the image of the universe, being myself; that I am the repository of all the wisdom in the world, being alive and sane at the beginning of this twentieth century. The heir of the ages am I, and all that has been is in me, and shall continue to be in my immortal self.

III

The stretch of weeks from June to September, when the schools were closed, would have been hard to fill in, had it not been for the public library. At first I made myself a calendar of the vacation months, and every morning I tore off a leaf, and comforted myself with the decreasing number of vacation days. But after I discovered the public library I was not impatient for the reopening of school.

The library did not open till one o'clock in the afternoon, and each reader was allowed to take out only one book at a time. Long before one o'clock I was to be seen on the library steps, waiting for the door of Paradise to open. I spent hours in the reading room, pleased with the atmosphere of books, with the order and quiet of the place, so unlike anything on Arlington Street. The sense of these things permeated my consciousness even when I was absorbed in a book, just as the rustle of pages turned and the tiptoe tread of the librarian reached my ear, without distracting my attention. Anything so wonderful as a library had never been in my life. It was even better than school in some ways. One could read and read, and learn and learn, as fast as one knew how, without being obliged to stop for stupid little girls and inattentive little boys to catch up with the lesson. When I went home from the library I had a book under my arm; and I would finish it before the library opened next day, no matter till what hours of the night I burned my little lamp.

What books did I read so diligently? Pretty nearly everything that came to my hand. I daresay the librarian helped me select my books, but, curiously enough, I do not remember. Something must have directed me, for I read a great many of the books that are written for children. Of these I remember with the greatest delight Louisa Alcott's stories. A less attractive series of books was of the Sunday-school type. In volume after volume,

a very naughty little girl by the name of Lulu was always going into tempers, that her father might have opportunity to lecture her and point to her angelic little sister, Gracie, as an example of what she should be; after which they all felt better and prayed. Next to Louisa Alcott's books in my esteem were boys' books of adventure, many of them by Horatio Alger; and I read all, I suppose, of the Rollo books, by Jacob Abbott.

But that was not all. I read every kind of printed rubbish that came into the house, by design or accident. A weekly story-paper of a worse than worthless character, which circulated widely in our neighborhood because subscribers were rewarded with a premium of a diamond ring, warranted I don't know how many karat, occupied me for hours. The stories in this paper resembled, in breathlessness of plot, abundance of horrors, and improbability of characters, the things I used to read in Vitebsk. The text was illustrated by frequent pictures, in which the villain generally had his hands on the heroine's throat, while the hero was bursting in through a graceful drapery to the rescue of his beloved. If a package came into the house wrapped in a stained old newspaper, I laboriously smoothed out the paper and read it through. I enjoyed it all, and found fault with nothing that I read. And, as in the case of the Vitebsk readings, I cannot find that I suffered any harm. Of course, reading so many better books, there came a time when the diamond-ring story-paper disgusted me; but in the beginning my appetite for print was so enormous that I could let nothing pass through my hands unread, while my taste was so crude that nothing printed could offend me.

Summer days are long, and the evenings, we know, are as long as the lamp-wick. So, with all my reading, I had time to play; and, with all my studiousness, I had the will to play. My favorite playmates were boys. It was but mild fun to play theatre in Bessie Finklestein's back yard, even if I had leading parts, which I made impressive by recitations in Russian, no word of which was intelligible to my audience. It was far better sport to play hide-and-seek with the boys, for I enjoyed the use of my limbs — what there was of them. I was so often reproached and teased for being little, that it gave me great satisfaction to beat a five-foot boy to the goal.

Once, a great, hulking colored boy, who was the torment of the neighborhood, treated me roughly while I was playing on the street. My father, determined to teach the rascal a lesson for once, had him arrested and brought to court. The boy was locked up over night, and he emerged from his brief imprisonment with a respect for the rights and persons of his neighbors. But the moral of this incident lies not herein. What interested me more than my revenge on a bully was what I saw of the way in which justice was actually administered in the United States. Here we were gathered in the little courtroom, bearded Arlington Street against wool-headed Arlington Street; accused and accuser, witnesses, sympathizers, sightseers, and all. Nobody cringed, nobody was bullied, nobody lied who did n't want to. We were all free, and all treated equally, just as it said in the Constitution! The evil-doer was actually punished, and not the victim, as might very easily happen in a similar case in Russia. 'Liberty and justice for all.' Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

There was one occasion in the week when I was ever willing to put away my book, no matter how entrancing were its pages. That was on Saturday night, when Bessie Finklestein called

for me; and Bessie and I, with arms entwined, called for Sadie Rabinovitch; and Bessie and Sadie and I, still further entwined, called for Annie Reilly; and Bessie, etc., etc., inextricably wound up, marched up Broadway, and took possession of all we saw, heard, guessed, or desired, from end to end of that main thoroughfare of Chelsea.

Parading all abreast, as many as we were, only breaking ranks to let people pass; leaving the imprints of our noses and fingers on plate-glass windows ablaze with electric lights and alluring with display; inspecting tons of cheap candy, to find a few pennies' worth of the most enduring kind, the same to be sucked and chewed by the company, turn and turn about, as we continued our promenade, — loitering wherever a crowd gathered, or running for a block or so to cheer on the fire-engine or police ambulance; getting into everybody's way, and just keeping clear of serious mischief, — we were only girls, — we enjoyed ourselves as only children can whose fathers keep a basement grocery store, whose mothers do their own washing, and whose sisters operate a machine for five dollars a week. Had we been boys, I suppose Bessie and Sadie and the rest of us would have been a 'gang,' and would have popped into the Chinese laundry to tease 'Chinky Chinaman,' and been chased by the 'cops' from comfortable doorsteps, and had a bully time of it. Being what we were, we called ourselves a 'set,' and we had a lovely time, as people who passed us on Broadway could not fail to see — and hear. For we were at the giggling age, and Broadway on Saturday night was full of giggles for us. We stayed out till all hours, too; for Arlington Street had no strict domestic programme, not even in the nursery, the inmates of which were as likely to be found in the gutter as in their cots at any time this side of one o'clock in the morning.

There was an element in my enjoyment that was yielded neither by the sights, the adventures, nor the chewing candy. I had a keen feeling for the sociability of the crowd. All plebeian Chelsea was abroad, and a bourgeois population is nowhere unneighborly. Women shapeless with bundles, their hats awry over thin, eager faces, gathered in knots on the edge of the curb, boasting of their bargains. Little girls in curl-papers and little boys in brimless hats clung to their skirts, whining for pennies, only to be silenced by absent-minded cuffs. A few disconsolate fathers strayed behind these family groups, the rest being distributed between the barber-shops and the corner lamp-posts. I understood these people, being one of them, and I liked them, and I found it all delightfully sociable.

Saturday night is the workman's wife's night, but that does not entirely prevent my lady from going abroad, if only to leave an order at the florist's. So it happened that Bellingham Hill and Washington Avenue, the aristocratic sections of Chelsea, mingled with Arlington Street on Broadway, to the further enhancement of my enjoyment of the occasion. For I always loved a mixed crowd. I loved the contrasts, the high lights and deep shadows, and the gradations that connect the two, and make all life one. I also saw many, many things that I was not aware of seeing at the time. I only found out afterwards what treasures my brain had stored up, when, coming to the puzzling places in life, light and meaning would suddenly burst on me, the hidden fruit of some experience that had not impressed me at the time.

How many times, I wonder, did I brush past my destiny on Broadway, foolishly staring after it, instead of go-

ing home to pray? I wonder, did a stranger collide with me, and put me patiently out of his way, wondering why such a mite was not at home and abed at ten o'clock in the evening, and never dreaming that one day he might have to reckon with me? Did some one smile down on my childish glee, I wonder, unwarned of a day when we should weep together? I wonder — I wonder.

A million threads of life and love and sorrow was the common street; and whether we would or not, we entangled ourselves in a common maze, without paying the homage of a second glance to those who would some day master us; too dull to pick that face from out the crowd which one day would bend over us in love or pity or remorse. What company of skipping, laughing little girls is to be reproached for careless hours, when men and women on every side stepped heedlessly into the traps of fate? Small sin it was to annoy my neighbor by getting in his way, as I stared over my shoulder, if a grown man knew no better than to drop a word in passing that might turn the course of another's life, as a boulder rolled down from the mountain-side deflects the current of a brook.

IV

So went the life in Chelsea, for the space of a year or so. Then my father, finding a discrepancy between his assets and liabilities, on the wrong side of the ledger, once more struck tent, collected his flock, and set out in search of richer pastures.

There was a charming simplicity about these proceedings. Here to-day, apparently rooted; there to-morrow, and just as much at home. Another basement grocery, with a freshly-painted sign over the door; the broom in the corner, the loaf on the table — these things made home for us. There were rather more Negroes on Wheeler Street, in the lower South End of Boston, than there had been on Arlington Street, which promised more numerous outstanding accounts; but they were a neighborly folk, and they took us strangers in — sometimes very badly. Then there was the school three blocks away, where 'America' was sung to the same tune as in Chelsea. It was impossible not to feel at home.

And presently, lest anything be lacking to our domestic bliss, there was a new baby in a borrowed crib; and little Dora had only a few more turns to take with her battered doll-carriage, before a life-size vehicle with a more animated dolly was turned over to her constant care.

The Wheeler Street neighborhood is not a place where a refined young lady would care to find herself alone, even in the cheery daylight. If she came at all, she would be attended by a trusty escort. She would not get too close to people on the doorsteps, and would shrink away in disgust and fear from a blear-eyed creature careering down the sidewalk on many-jointed legs. The delicate damsel would hasten home to wash and cleanse and perfume herself, till the foul contact of Wheeler Street was utterly eradicated, and her wonted purity restored.

And I do not blame her. I only wish that she would bring a little soap and water and perfumery into Wheeler Street next time she comes; for some people there may be smothering in filth which they abhor as much as she, but from which they cannot, like her, run away.

I found no fault with Wheeler Street when I was fourteen years old. On the contrary, I pronounced it good. We had never lived so near the car tracks before, and I delighted in the moon-like splendor of the arc lamp just

in front of the saloon on the corner. The space illumined by this lamp and enlivened by the passage of many thirsty souls was the favorite playground for Wheeler Street youth.

On Wheeler Street there were no real homes. There were miserable flats of three or four rooms, or fewer, in which families that did not practice race-suicide cooked, washed, and ate; slept from two to four in a bed, in windowless bedrooms; quarreled in the gray morning, and made up in the smoky evening; tormented each other, supported each other, saved each other, drove each other out of the house. But there was no common life in any form that means life. There was no room for it, for one thing. Beds and cribs took up most of the floor-space, disorder packed the interspaces. The centre table in the 'parlor' was not loaded with books. It held, invariably, a photograph album and an ornamental lamp with a paper shade; and the lamp was usually out of order. So there was as little motive for a common life as there was room.

The yard was only big enough for the perennial rubbish-heap. The narrow sidewalk was crowded. What were the people to do with themselves? There were the saloons, the missions, the libraries, the cheap amusement places, and the neighborhood houses. People selected their resorts according to their tastes. The children, let it be thankfully recorded, flocked mostly to the clubs: the little girls to sew, cook, dance, and play games; the little boys to hammer and paste, mend chairs, debate, and govern a toy republic. All these, of course, are forms of baptism by soap and water.

Our neighborhood went in search of salvation to Morgan Memorial Hall, Barnard Memorial, Morgan Chapel, and some other clean places that lighted a candle in their window. My brother, my sister Dora, and I were introduced to some of the clubs by our young neighbors, and we were glad to go. For our home also gave us little besides meals in the kitchen and beds in the dark. What with the six of us, and the store, and the baby, and sometimes a 'greener' or two from Polotzk, whom we lodged as a matter of course, till he found a permanent home — what with such a company, and the size of our tenement, we needed to get out almost as much as our neighbors' children. I say almost; for our parlor we managed to keep pretty clear, and the lamp on our centre table was always in order, and its light fell often on an open book. Still, it was part of the life of Wheeler Street to belong to clubs, so we belonged.

I did n't care for sewing or cooking, so I joined a dancing club; and even here I was a failure. I had been a very good dancer in Russia, but here I found all the steps different, and I did not have the courage to go out in the middle of the slippery floor and mince it and toe it in front of the teacher. When I retired to a corner and tried to play dominoes, I became suddenly shy of my partner; and I never could win a game of checkers, although formerly I used to beat my father at it. I tried to be friends with a little girl I had known in Chelsea, but she met my advances coldly. She lived on Appleton Street, which was too aristocratic to mix with Wheeler Street. Geraldine was studying Elocution, and she wore a scarlet cape and hood, and she was going on the Stage by and by. I acknowledged that her sense of superiority was well-founded, and retired further into my corner, for the first time conscious of my shabbiness and lowliness.

I looked on at the dancing until I could endure it no longer. Overcome by a sense of isolation and unfitness, I slipped out of the room, avoiding the

teacher's eye, and went home to write melancholy poetry.

What had come over me? Why was I, the confident, the ambitious, suddenly gown so shy and meek? Why did I, a very tomboy yesterday, suddenly find my playmates stupid, and hide-and-seek a bore? I did not know why. I only knew that I was lonely, and troubled, and sore; and I went home to write sad poetry.

I shall never forget the pattern of the red carpet in our parlor, — we had achieved a carpet since Chelsea days, — because I lay for hours face down on the floor, writing poetry on a screechy slate. When I had perfected my verses, and copied them fair on the famous blue-lined note-paper, and saw that I had made a very pathetic poem indeed, I felt better. And this happened over and over again. I gave up the dancing club, I ceased to know the rowdy little boys, and I wrote melancholy poetry oftener, and felt better. The centre table became my study. I read much, and mooned between chapters, and wrote long letters to Miss Dillingham.

For some time I wrote to her almost daily. That was when I found in my heart such depths of woe as I could not pack into rhyme. And finally there came a day when I could utter my trouble in neither verse nor prose, and I implored Miss Dillingham to come to me and hear my sorrowful revelations.

But I did not want her to come to the house. In the house there was no privacy; I could not talk. Would she meet me on Boston Common at such and such a time?

Would she? She was a devoted friend, and a wise woman. She met me on Boston Common. It was a gray autumn day — was it not actually drizzling? — and I was cold, sitting on the bench; but I was thrilled through and through with the sense of the magnitude of my troubles, and of the romantic nature of the rendezvous.

Who that was even half awake when he was growing up does not know what all these symptoms betokened? Miss Dillingham understood, and she wisely gave me no inkling of her diagnosis. She let me talk and kept a grave face. She did not belittle my troubles, — I made specific charges against my home, members of my family, and life in general, — she did not say that I would get over them; that every growing girl suffers from the blues; that I was, in brief, a little goose stretching my wings for flight. She told me rather that it would be noble to bear my sorrows bravely, to soothe those who irritated me, to live each day with all my might. She reminded me of great men and women who have suffered, and who overcame their troubles by living and working. And she sent me home amazingly comforted, my pettiness and self-consciousness routed by the quiet influence of her gray eyes searching mine.

This, or something like this, had to be repeated many times, as anybody will know who was present at the slow birth of his manhood. From now on, for some years, of course, I must weep and laugh out of season, stand on tiptoe to pluck the stars in heaven, love and hate immoderately, propound theories of the destiny of man, and not know what was going on in my own heart.

In the intervals of harkening to my growing pains I was, of course, still a little girl. As a little girl, in many ways immature for my age, I finished my course in the grammar school, and was graduated with honors, four years after my landing in Boston.

Wheeler Street recognizes five great events in a girl's life, namely, christening, confirmation, graduation, marriage, and burial. These occasions all

require full dress for the heroine, and full dress is forthcoming, no matter if the family goes into debt for it. There was not a girl who came to school in rags all the year round who did not burst forth in sudden glory on Graduation Day. Fine muslin frocks, lace-trimmed petticoats, patent-leather shoes, perishable hats, gloves, parasols, fans — every girl had them. A mother who had scrubbed floors for years to keep her girl in school was not going to have her shamed in the end for want of a pretty dress. So she cut off the children's supply of butter, and worked nights, and borrowed, and fell into arrears with the rent; and on Graduation Day she felt magnificently rewarded, seeing her Mamie as fine as any girl in the school. And in order to preserve for posterity this triumphant spectacle, she took Mamie, after the exercises were at an end, to be photographed, with her diploma in one hand, a bouquet in the other, and the gloves, fan, parasol, and patent-leather shoes disposed in full sight around a fancy table. Truly, the follies of the poor are worth studying.

It did not strike me as folly, but as the fulfillment of the portent of my natal star, when I saw myself, on Graduation Day, arrayed like unto a princess. Frills, lace, patent-leather shoes — I had everything. I even had a sash with silk fringes.

Did I speak of folly? Listen, and I will tell you quite another tale. Perhaps when you have heard it you will not be too hasty to run and teach The Poor. Perhaps you will admit that The Poor may have something to teach you.

Before we had been two years in America, my sister Frieda was engaged to be married. This was under the old dispensation: Frieda came to America too late to avail herself of the gifts of an American girlhood. Had she been two years younger she might have dodged her circumstances, evaded her Old World fate. She would have gone to school, and imbibed American ideas. She might have clung to her girlhood longer, instead of marrying at seventeen. I am so fond of the American way, that it has always seemed to me a pitiful accident that my sister should have come so near, and missed by so little, the fulfillment of my country's promise to women. A long girlhood, a free choice in marriage, and a brimful womanhood are the precious rights of an American woman.

My father was too recently from the Old World to be entirely free from the influence of its social traditions. He had put Frieda to work out of necessity. The necessity was hardly lifted when she had an offer of marriage, but my father would not stand in the way of what he considered her welfare. Let her escape from the workshop, if she had a chance, while the roses were still in her cheeks. If she remained for ten years more bent over the needle, what would she gain? Not even her personal comfort; for Frieda never called her earnings her own, but spent everything on the family, denying herself all but necessities. The young man who sued for her was a good workman, earning fair wages, of irreproachable character and refined manners. My father had known him for years.

So Frieda was to be released from the workshop. The act was really in the nature of a sacrifice on my father's part, for he was still in the woods financially, and would sorely miss Frieda's wages. The greater the pity, therefore, that there was no one to counsel him to give America more time with my sister. She attended the night school; she was fond of reading. In books, in a slowly ripening experience, she might have found a better answer to the rid-

dle of a girl's life than a premature marriage.

At the time, my sister's engagement pleased me very well. Our confidences were not interrupted, and I understood that she was happy. I was very fond of Moses Rifkin myself. He was the nicest young man of my acquaintance, not at all like other workmen. He was very kind to us children, bringing us presents and taking us out for excursions. He had a sense of humor and he was going to marry our Frieda. How could I help being pleased?

The marriage was not to take place for some time, and in the interval Frieda remained in the shop. She continued to bring home all her wages. If she was going to desert the family, she would not let them feel it sooner than she must.

Then all of a sudden she turned spendthrift. She appropriated I do not know what fabulous sums, to spend as she pleased, for once. She attended bargain sales, and brought away such finery as had never graced our flat before. Home from work in the evening, after a hurried supper, she shut herself up in the parlor, and cut and snipped and measured and basted and stitched, as if there was nothing else in the world to do. It was early summer, and the air had a wooing touch, even on Wheeler Street. Moses Rifkin came, and I suppose that he also had a wooing touch. But Frieda only smiled and shook her head; and as her mouth was full of pins, it was physically impossible for Moses to argue. She remained all evening in a white disorder of tucked breadths, curled ruffles, dismembered sleeves, and swirls of fresh lace; her needle glancing in the lamplight, and poor Moses picking up her spools.

Her trousseau, was it not? No, not her trousseau. It was my graduation dress on which she was so intent. And when it was finished, and was pronounced a most beautiful dress, and she ought to have been satisfied, Frieda went to the shops once more and bought the sash with the silk fringe.

The improvidence of the poor is a most distressing spectacle to all right-minded students of sociology. But please spare me your homily this time. It does not apply. The poor are the poor in spirit. Those who are rich in spiritual endowment will never be found bankrupt.

V

Graduation Day was nothing less than a triumph for me. It was not only that I had two pieces to speak, one of them an original composition; it was more because I was known in my school district as the 'smartest' girl in the class, and all eyes were turned on the prodigy, and I was aware of it. I was aware of everything. That is why I am able to tell you everything now.

The assembly hall was crowded to bursting, but my friends had no trouble to find seats. They were ushered up to the platform, which was reserved for guests of honor. I was very proud to see my friends treated with such distinction. My parents were there, and Frieda, of course, and Miss Dillingham, and some others of my Chelsea teachers. A dozen or so of my humbler friends and acquaintances were scattered among the crowd on the floor.

When I stepped up on the stage to read my composition I was seized with stage fright. The floor under my feet and the air around were oppressively present to my senses, while my own hand I could not have located. I did not know where my body began or ended, I was so conscious of my gloves, my shoes, my flowing sash. My won-

derful dress, in which I had taken so much satisfaction, gave me the most trouble. I was suddenly paralyzed by a conviction that it was too short, and it seemed to me that I was standing on absurdly long legs. And ten thousand people were looking up at me! It was horrible!

I suppose I no more than cleared my throat before I began to read, but to me it seemed that I stood petrified for an age, an awful silence booming in my ears. My voice, when at last I began, sounded far away. I thought that nobody could hear me. But I kept on, mechanically; for I had rehearsed many times. And as I read, I gradually forgot myself, forgot the place and the occasion. The people looking up at me heard the story of a beautiful little boy, my cousin, whom I had loved very dearly, and who died in far-distant Russia some years after I came to America. My composition was not a masterpiece; it was merely good for a girl of fifteen. But I had written that I still loved the little cousin, and I made a thousand strangers feel it. And before the applause there was a moment of stillness in the great hall.

After the singing and reading by the class, there were the customary addresses by distinguished guests. We girls were reminded that we were going to be women, and happiness was promised to those of us who would aim to be noble women. A great many trite and obvious things, a great deal of the rhetoric appropriate to the occasion, compliments, applause, general satisfaction — so went the programme. Much of the rhetoric, many of the fine sentiments did not penetrate to the thoughts of us for whom they were intended, because we were in such a flutter about our ruffles and ribbons, and could hardly refrain from openly prinking. But we applauded very heartily every speaker and every would-be speaker, understanding that by a consensus of opinion on the platform, we were very fine young ladies, and much was to be expected of us.

One of the last speakers was introduced as a member of the School Board. He began like all the rest of them, but he ended differently. Abandoning generalities, he went on to tell the story of a particular school-girl, a pupil in a Boston school, whose phenomenal career might serve as an illustration of what the American system of free education and the European immigrant could make of each other. He had not got very far when I realized, to my great surprise and no small delight, that he was telling my story. I saw my friends on the platform beaming behind the speaker, and I heard my name whispered in the audience. I had been so much of a celebrity, in a small local way, that identification of the speaker's heroine was inevitable. My classmates, of course, guessed the name, and they turned to look at me, and nudged me, and all but pointed at me, their new muslins rustling and silk ribbons whispering.

One or two of those nearest me forgot etiquette so far as to whisper to me.

'Mary Antin,' they said, as the speaker sat down, amid a burst of enthusiastic applause, 'Mary Antin, why don't you get up and thank him?'

I was dazed with all that had happened. Bursting with pride I was, but I was moved, too, by nobler feelings. I realized, in a vague, far-off way, what it meant to my father and mother to be sitting there and seeing me held up as a paragon, my history made the theme of an eloquent discourse; what it meant to my father to see his ambitious hopes thus gloriously fulfilled, his judgment of me verified; what it meant to Frieda to hear me all but named with such honor. With all these

things choking my heart to overflowing, my wits forsook me, if I had any at all that day. The audience was stirring and whispering so that I could hear, 'Who is it?' 'Is that so?' And again the girls prompted me: —

'Mary Antin, get up. Get up and thank him, Mary.'

And I rose where I sat, and in a voice that sounded thin as a fly's after the oratorical bass of the last speaker, I began, —

'I want to thank you —'

That is as far as I got. Mr. Snow, the principal, waved his hand to silence me; and then, and only then, did I realize the enormity of what I had done.

My eulogist had had the good taste not to mention names, and I had been brazenly forward, deliberately calling attention to myself, when there was no need. Oh, it was sickening! I hated myself, I hated with all my heart all the girls who had prompted me to such immodest conduct. I wished the ground would yawn and snap me up. I was ashamed to look up at my friends on the platform. What was Miss Dillingham thinking of me? Oh, what a fool I had been! I had ruined my own triumph. I had disgraced myself, and my friends, and poor Mr. Snow, and the Winthrop School. The monster vanity had sucked out my wits, and left me a staring idiot.

It is easy to say that I was making a mountain out of a molehill, a catastrophe out of a mere breach of good manners. It is easy to say that. But I know that I suffered agonies of shame. After the exercises, when the crowd pressed in all directions in search of friends, I tried in vain to get out of the hall. I was mobbed, I was lionized. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the prodigy of the day, and they knew which it was. I had made sure of that; I had exhibited myself. The people smiled on me, flattered me, passed me on from one to another. I smirked back, but I did not know what I said. I was wild to be clear of the building. I thought everybody mocked me. My roses had turned to ashes, and all through my own brazen conduct.

I would have given my diploma to have Miss Dillingham know how the thing had happened, but I could not bring myself to speak first. If she would ask me — But nobody asked. Nobody looked away from me. Everybody congratulated me, and my father, and mother, and my remotest relations. But still the sting of shame smarted; I could not be consoled. I had made a fool of myself; Mr. Snow had publicly put me down.

Ah, so that was it! Vanity was the vital spot again. It was wounded vanity that writhed and squirmed. It was not because I had been bold, but because I had been pronounced bold, that I suffered so monstrously. If Mr. Snow, with an eloquent gesture, had not silenced me, I might have made my little speech — good heavens! what *did* I mean to say? — and probably called it another feather in my bonnet. But he had stopped me promptly, disgusted with my forwardness, and he had shown before all those hundreds what he thought of me. Therein lay the sting.

With all my talent for self-analysis, it took me a long time to realize the essential pettiness of my trouble. For years — actually for years — after that eventful day of mingled triumph and disgrace, I could not think of the unhappy incident without inward squirming. I remember distinctly how the little scene would suddenly flash upon me at night, as I lay awake in bed, and I would turn over impatiently, as if to shake off a nightmare; and this so long after the occurrence that

I was myself amazed at the persistence of the nightmare. I had never been reproached by any one for my conduct on Graduation Day. Why could I not forgive myself? I studied the matter deeply — it wearies me to remember how deeply — till at last I understood that it was wounded vanity that hurt so, and no nobler remorse. Then, and only then, was the ghost laid. If it ever tried to get up again, after that, I only had to call it names to see it scurry back to its grave and pull the sod down after it.

[The next chapters of Mary Antin's autobiography will be published in the March number of *The Atlantic*, under the title 'A Kingdom in the Slums.' — THE EDITORS.]

MR. THAYER'S LIFE OF CAVOUR[1]

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

THE Italian tree brings forth fruits of the strangest variety of worth at different seasons and on different branches. At this moment it is well that Mr. Thayer's book should appear, to remind the world that Italy produced the most wise and beneficent of all the European statesmen of the nineteenth century, if not of all time.

Mr. Thayer's book is a work of the kind of talent required for the purpose, and the purpose fulfilled is great. In spite of some particularly good memoirs and monographs in English, French, and Italian, in spite of an unusually good and complete edition of letters and documents published a generation ago by Chiala, there has hitherto been no book worthy to be called 'The Life of Cavour.' Mr. Thayer's is *The Life of Cavour*, and is therefore a treasure-house of wisdom for all who are interested, whether as statesmen or as citizens, in the working of the institutions of free countries, or in the strife to win freedom for countries not yet free. For in both these great departments of human activity Cavour was supreme, faultless in all his aims, and successful in the means he invented to gain them in the face of apparently hopeless odds.

Germany is a greater country than Italy, but Cavour was greater than Bismarck, almost in proportion to the inferiority of the material with which he had to work. He had no short cut to his ends, such as was afforded to Bismarck by the Prussian army. And whereas Italy suffers to-day just in so far as she has failed to understand or refused to imitate the spirit of Cavour's statesmanship, Germany's ills derive from too close an imitation of the great man who made her, — his tariffs, his junkerism, his dislike of the power of Parliament, and his belief in the army as the proper factor to dominate in national life. Bismarck used a maximum and Cavour a minimum of force.

[1] *The Life and Times of Cavour.* By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. With illustrations and maps. Two volumes. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911.

Cavour thought force bad in itself, and Bismarck thought it good in itself.

As a nation-maker, therefore, Cavour stands with William the Silent and George Washington. Each of these men fought through the agony of a war of liberation, yet never yielded for a moment to the militarist or despotic ideals so liable to be bred in time of crisis; each loved free institutions with his whole heart; each could have said (as one of them did say), 'I was always on the side of the people'; yet each avoided the special faults of the demagogue as completely as Wellington or Peel; each planted justice and mercy amid the chaos of wrath and revolution; each kept an heroic equanimity of temper toward all their supporters, even toward the foolish and the false who bade fair to ruin their work; finally, each died leaving as his handiwork a nation whose every merit is symbolized in the life of the man who made it, whose every defect is due to the tradition which he started being too lofty for imitation. If Americans can boast that America is more true to the traditions of Washington than Italy is true to the traditions of Cavour, they may be sure that their country is reaping the benefit in due proportion. Measures and policies and constitutions must change with changing time, but the spirit that inspires a just policy is the same in the eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth centuries.

Mr. Thayer's labors have stretched over more years than those which sufficed Cavour, as minister of Piedmont, to make Italy. By the references in his footnotes he puts us in a position to judge the broad sweep of his learning and the careful accuracy of his judgments on matters of bare fact. No history is 'safe,' but this book is as safe as possible for those seeking the real facts of Cavour's career. It is very reliable, as I can testify, with regard to those incidents of which I have made a special study for my own purposes.

Passing on from the facts to his interpretation of them, his political judgment is remarkably sound. That is to say, I agree with him, — and what more can a reviewer say? I have no quarrel with him, except on a few points of taste, emphasis, and proportion. His admiration for Cavour is based on all the right things; and, fervid though it is, is not a whit exaggerated. Only it has occasionally caused him to waste more breath on the commination of Cavour's opponents than is consonant with the dignity of history or the spirit of Cavour himself. Mr. Thayer lives so much in the time of which he writes, that he has called back into too vigorous a life some old quarrels of which the corpses might have been viewed under their decent covering of dust. *Requiescant in pace!* I am, however, bound to admit that these old quarrels are not the least amusing, though I think they are the least truly artistic part of the book. But in all its parts the book seems to me equally sound and illuminating as a political history.

So much for the matter of the book. But there is another question of vital importance to be asked about every history that appeals, as this does, to a public beyond the scholars. Besides the matter, what about the style? Is the book readable? If not, it will find few readers in the present, and in the future will 'suffer not thinking on.' Fortunately Mr. Thayer's *Cavour*, although crammed with facts and arguments, names of men and places, is highly readable. It is alive with Mr. Thayer's own lively mind. His is not always a perfect style, but it is the opposite of a dull one, for he has let his

personality loose upon his pages. They have consequently considerable literary qualities and some literary defects. But the defects are not those of dullness, 'which alone finds no healing physician.' They are rather the defects of a too impassioned actuality, occasionally falling to the level of the better sort of journalese. I confess I find fault, in a history meant and destined to live, with phrases like 'give a tip to' for 'give a hint to'; 'coddled wrong notions'; 'let-well-alone, don't-disturb-British-interests standards.' Nor do I see why, when Mazzini writes something particularly violent, he should be described as 'shrieking' or 'screaming' it.

Perhaps my objections to such phrases in permanent literature only arise out of the misfortune of my birth on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Therefore on these matters let Mr. Thayer be judged not by me, but by the *orbis terrarum*, by the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

For they must read this book. It is an important addition to American history. History in America, as elsewhere, has recently been accused, with much justice, of ceasing to educate the people, and of producing nothing more than monographs for scholars to read as best they may. This is not Mr. Thayer's style, or purpose, or achievement. His standard of scholarship is as high as any in any university of the world, but his book is of the open air, of the great world of politics and affairs and people.

I will institute no comparisons, but I will illustrate my meaning by saying that Mr. Thayer's *Cavour* is of the same class and type as Mr. James Ford Rhodes's great work on the American Civil War, which has won him so high a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Thayer begins with a detailed picture of Cavour's boyhood and youth in the unregenerate Piedmont of the restored *ancien régime* after Waterloo. He depicts the proud, lonely struggle of a young liberal aristocrat in the trammels of a class and a Court outraged by his rebellious views, the 'cadet' of a family uncongenial to him, at least as regards politics. The intellectual influences which formed his life-long opinions are fully set forth. The most important influence on him was that of English liberal thought and practice in the era of the Reform Bill. Indeed his enemies in Italy used afterwards to call him 'Milord Risorgimento.'

But one of the formative influences of his youth is startlingly 'un-English': his devotion to Rousseau is suggestive of the fundamental radicalism of Cavour's soul. He would stop at no application of principle for reasons of convention, or of conservatism for its own sake, but only for reasons of justice and wisdom. Mr. Thayer says on this subject: —

'Cavour's genius was positive, but it was none the less capable of powerful emotions and unquenchable enthusiasms. He, too, came under the spell of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the magician who, having fired the generation of 1789, was inspiring the Romanticists of 1830. "From the time when I read Rousseau's books for myself," he writes to Uncle Sellon in 1833, "I have felt the liveliest admiration for him. He is, to my thinking, the man who has striven most to uplift the dignity of the past centuries. His eloquent voice more than anything else contributed to fix me in the path of progress and of social emancipation. *Emile*, above all, has always pleased me by the justness of its ideas and the force of its logic."

'*Whatever the lion eats, turns to lion.* Two men more unlike than Cavour

and Rousseau in their practical efficiency and in their moral sense it would be hard to name: and yet Cavour drew the best from Rousseau and converted it into force for doing his own work, just as he took their best from Bentham and Adam Smith.'

I would commend that phrase which I have put into italics. It bears quoting.

The liberation of the Italian Peninsula from a number of obscurantist despotisms dependent on foreign soldiers, had been attempted in 1848 before Cavour came to power, and had failed after a few months of apparent success. A dozen years later the forward movement was resumed under Cavour, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi, and was carried to swift fruition, mainly owing to the fact that the other states of Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, were able to rely on Piedmont, the little Alpine state in the northwest corner, next to the French frontier.

The liberation of Italy was the extension of the orderly, free, parliamentary government of Piedmont over the whole Peninsula, chiefly in 1859–60. But if Piedmont had not in the fifties obtained that orderly, free, parliamentary government, the process of expansion could not have taken place. Italy would probably have failed to win freedom, as Russia has hitherto failed, for want of a nucleus of ordered liberty already in being, whence freedom may spread over the whole.

Now, it was Cavour who gave Piedmont its ordered parliamentary government during his great peace ministry between 1852 and 1858. Then in 1859–60, as head of a war ministry, — as 'minister of revolution,' if we may create such a post, — he used the small state, which owed its prosperity to him, as the means of freeing the rest of Italy.

This double record, as peace minister on the one hand, and as foreign minister and conductor of war on the other, is almost unparalleled in history. The first Pitt made no reforms at home, and the second failed abroad. Gladstone muddled his foreign and colonial policy, whether we judge him by Liberal or by Conservative standards. Peel's one great merit in foreign affairs was that he kept out of them. Lincoln himself did not live to reconstruct in peace the country he saved in war; though, but for Booth's crime, he would probably have equaled the double record of Cavour. Bismarck, many of us think, failed as a peace minister because he succeeded in wrong objects; nor would Cavour have undertaken a struggle with the Church on ground where he could not hope to win.

With Cavour as Minister of Piedmont, the two parts of his policy, the internal and external, were one. Both alike were directed to make Italy. The reform of Piedmontese customs duties and ecclesiastical laws, the instruction of his Piedmontese colleagues in the Chamber and the Cabinet in the arts of free government, were the patient laying of a train of war and revolution which was to free the rest of Italy when the hour had struck.

Much of Mr. Thayer's first volume deals with this phase of Cavour's career, — his ministry in Piedmont between 1852 and 1858. It is not his smallest claim to greatness, although it is the least exciting period of his leadership. Mr. Thayer shows the deplorable condition of Piedmont after the great reverse of 1848–49: the factious, untrained, though well-meaning deputies of the Chamber at Turin, taking their first perilous steps in the new art of free government; the rapid changes of ministry; the economic and moral chaos of the little state, suddenly plunged out of the obscurantism of the *ancien régime* into the

full light of an unaccustomed liberty. Cavour, whose lonely youth had been spent in study of administrative, parliamentary, and economic science in England and elsewhere, took his compatriots by the hand and led them into the path of good parliamentary government and economic prosperity. For half a dozen years, solely owing to Cavour, Piedmont was the best governed state in the world. The feat was the more wonderful, because Cavour had no authority except his own power of persuading the Chamber by his speeches and by the good results of his measures. He was personally unpopular with King, aristocracy, and people. But gradually all three came by experience to realize that they could not do without him. And when he died, having made Italy, 'members of every party wept' in the Chamber and in the streets.

Cavour's dealing with the economic problem of Piedmont had two main sides — expenditure on necessary public works, and free trade. His economic views are interesting on both sides of the Atlantic at the present day. Mr. Thayer writes: —

'Long before, he had perceived that in the great task laid upon the nineteenth century — the diffusion of liberty — economic and industrial reform must be the basis of the new political structure: having now the opportunity to apply his principles, he seized it. Piedmont's grievous debts called for instant remedy. Cavour's first plan was to stimulate her commerce by relieving it of the burden of differential duties, navigation acts, and high or prohibitive tariffs. In quick succession he negotiated commercial treaties with France, Belgium, England, Holland, Switzerland, and the German Customs Union. But he found it easier to make terms with them than to persuade the Subalpine Parliament to ratify his treaties: for he had to combat at home not only the general ignorance of economics, but also the convictions of men bred in protectionist doctrines, and the greed of beneficiaries of special privileges that dated from feudal times. The feudal system, only recently abolished by law, still survived in many usages.

'Economic reform involved, therefore, more than a change of percentages: it involved the wrenching away of associations, instincts, traditions, which the unthinking supposed were necessary to their own existence. Nevertheless, Cavour fought his battle without flinching.

'Whoever reads his speeches on the commercial treaties and on tariff reform will be struck first of all by their educational quality. Well aware that he was addressing a public little versed in political economy, he took pains to lay down the theory on which his measures rested, to explain its reasonableness and justice, to show how illogical it was to set up Liberty as the guiding principle in law and government and conscience, while denying its application to trade. Nor did he fail to point out how protection, the most insidious modern form of privilege, rendered honest government difficult and equal government impossible; and how industrial selfishness, which did not scruple to beg for special favors from the lawmakers, would go on to demand those favors as a right, nor hesitate at last to keep them by corruption.'

While Cavour built up the economic, administrative, and moral strength of Piedmont, and raised the little state of five millions to be the beacon-light of freedom to all the enslaved provinces of the Peninsula, he never for a moment allowed himself to be the dupe of the notion that Piedmont alone could expel the Austrians from Italy. That idea had perished, for all wise

patriots, on the field of Novara. Cavour determined to win the active alliance of France, as the *sine qua non* of military success. And he knew that the only way to obtain French help was through the Emperor Napoleon III. He knew that Mazzini was so utterly wrong in supposing that Napoleon prevented France from coming to the aid of Italy, that on the contrary in the Emperor's power alone lay the hope of overcoming French opinion, predominantly hostile to Italian aspirations. And he understood admirably the position and character of Napoleon, and played upon him with the touch of a perfect musician.

Mr. Thayer's account of the strange Orsini affair, and of what followed it, forms an interesting psychological study in Napoleon, Cavour, and Victor Emanuel. The psychological and diplomatic victory remained with the Italians, who turned Orsini's attempt to murder the Emperor, which had seemed to ruin Italy's hopes of help from France, into the means of predisposing Napoleon's mind toward Cavour's projects.

The strangest adventure of Cavour's adventurous career was his secret visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Plombières, the watering place in the Vosges, in July, 1858, when the alliance between the two 'conspirators' was drawn up.

'Napoleon's presence crowded the town with his retinue and with fashionable visitors. Every hotel was full and Cavour was beginning to think he might have to pass the night in the open, when a pitying landlady found quarters for him in a ramshackle old house. After midnight he was roused by General Béville, who, having just learned of his arrival, begged Cavour to go and take his bed. But Cavour declined, and on the following morning, by the Emperor's arrangement, moved into a decent apartment at a pharmacist's. Whether or not he slept after Béville left him, we do not know. As on the eve of the Congress of Paris, he felt so intensely the tremendous possibilities almost within grasp that he distrusted his powers. "The drama approaches its solution," he wrote La Marmora. "Pray heaven so to inspire me that I shall not behave like a blockhead in this supreme moment."'

He did not 'behave like a blockhead.' On that long summer day, the alliance that was destined to effect the liberation of Italy was arranged in detail, before 'the little Piedmontese returned to his rooms over the apothecary's shop.'

The long diplomatic struggle of the following months is clearly and fully told by Mr. Thayer. How Napoleon, surrounded by men and women hostile to Italy, began to shrink back from his secret undertaking at Plombières; how Cavour, with infinite effort, manœuvred him into the field at last, by goading Austria to declare war in April, 1859. The danger that Austria would not declare war and that the French alliance would come to nothing was at one moment so great that Cavour very nearly despaired of all his long-laid plans for Italian redemption. There were two or three moments in his life when the passion beneath the crust of his calm and equable temper burst out and betrayed the Italian side — or shall we say the human side? — of his great nature. One of these was when he thought Napoleon was about to desert him.

'Having seen,' writes Mr. Thayer, 'even amid his agitation, the step to take, he had taken it resolutely. Now a nervous revulsion swept over him. Giving orders that nobody be admitted, he locked himself in his room. Farini and Audinot, two of his trusted followers, were turned away, and fearing the

worst, they hurried to Castelli and begged him to interfere. Cavour had many disciples who would gladly have laid down their lives for him, but there was not one for whom he had so much affection as for Michelangelo Castelli.

'"I got up and without asking more I ran to the Cavour palace," writes Castelli. "First to meet me was his butler, Martino Tosco, who said with emotion: 'The Count is in his room, alone; he has already burned many papers, and he forbade us to allow any one to enter, but for Heaven's sake go in at whatever cost.' Having entered the chamber, I found him surrounded by heaps of papers which he had torn up, and in the fireplace many others were burning. He looked at me fixedly and did not speak. Then with entire calm I said: 'I know that nobody was to enter here; but on that very account I have come.' I felt a wrench at my heart, the danger was evident, and with great effort I added: 'Must I believe that Count Cavour intends to desert the field before the battle — that he intends to abandon us all?' And then, overcome by emotion, I burst into sobs. Cavour rose, embraced me convulsively, and, after having paced up and down the room almost beside himself, stopping in front of me, he pronounced slowly these words: 'Do not be uneasy, we will face everything, and always all of us together.'"

'Castelli felt that the danger point was passed, and, leaving Cavour, he hastened to reassure their anxious friends. If ever loyal devotion had its full reward, it was on that day when not cowardice but a terrific nervous tumult threatened to engulf Cavour's reason.'

The Austrian ultimatum soon came to restore Cavour's pleasure in life. In the campaign that followed, when the French and Italians together drove the Austrians out of Lombardy, the Italian regular army of 1859 appeared to better advantage than in 1848 or in 1866. The reason was very largely that Cavour was at the head of the administration, and his insatiable appetite for work and organization enabled him to keep the master's eye on the preparation and working of supply and commissariat.

From the beginning of the war, in April, 1859, down to Cavour's death in June, 1861, the two years of the making of Italy, the story becomes too rapid and too complicated for any attempt at epitome. The reader can follow in Mr. Thayer's narrative the turns of craft and fortune by which Cavour used Napoleon's apparent desertion of the Italian cause at Villafranca as the means of obtaining a more complete union of all Italy than Napoleon had promised at Plombières or ever intended to allow. Cavour made up for the loss of further aid from France by enlisting the help of England under Lord John Russell, and of the Italian democratic parties under Garibaldi.

Mr. Thayer's treatment of the difficult theme of 1860 seems to me admirable in its seizure of all the important points. Full justice is done to the importance of Garibaldi's expedition, and Cavour's relations to Garibaldi are fully and correctly analyzed. The narrative of the expedition of the Thousand, as viewed from an angle appropriate to the biographer, not of Garibaldi, but of Cavour, is vigorously told.

'Worship of Garibaldi,' writes Mr. Thayer, 'was, indeed, the spell that bound that strange multitude [the Thousand] together. Like Scottish clansmen, they would follow their chief blindly: but their devotion, instead of being hereditary, sprang from their own choice. Out of all the world

they had chosen Garibaldi, as the lover chooses his mate, to idolize and adore. It is as impossible to conjure back to the printed page the sound of that deep, thrilling voice, as to paint the expression on his face, which men called leonine and women called beautiful. Garibaldi was in fact neither commanding of stature, nor handsome according to the higher types of beauty. He was rather a glorified sea-captain or woodsman, whose features suggested an uncomplex nature, with a hint of shrewdness, perhaps of suspicion, in his near-set grey eyes, which he seldom opened wide. His auburn-brown hair, his deep-tawny beard and abundant moustache, added dignity to the well-shaped head. But his contemporaries saw much more than this — they saw in him the embodiment of their ideals of heroism, of love of country, of chivalry, a Theseus in the flesh, a Roland or a Lancelot. He had that last gift of seeming to be one of themselves, and yet far above them. Historically, he was the final flower of that generous era whose seed-time was the French Revolution and whose harvest was the liberation of the peoples, and the redemption of Italy. Despite its excesses and its follies, its emotions too often merely hysterical, and its enthusiasms too often ineffectual, that era, above all others, brought hope and a vision of perfectibility on earth to heart-sick humanity.

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven."'

For my part I find Mr. Thayer right in almost all his judgments, and certainly entitled to the advantage of the doubt if ever I differ from him, on account of the wider range of his knowledge over the whole field of the *Risorgimento*. But I do venture to regret the amount of space which he has devoted to slaying the slain, to denouncing so often and so bitterly, however justly, the follies of Cavour's enemies, particularly of Mazzini and Garibaldi. More restraint of language would have been more in keeping with Cavour's genius, and really more effective. The terribly painful incident of Garibaldi's injustice to Cavour in the session of 1861 does not demand a whole chapter to itself. Garibaldi deserves a little, at least, of the reverence shown to Noah by two of his sons on a certain occasion. The truth ought to be told, and told as completely in Cavour's favor as Mr. Thayer tells it, but there was no need thus to prolong the agony with such apparent gusto. A just revenge for Cavour's wrongs on this occasion is carried so far as almost to beget sympathy for him who did the wrong. At this time of day to attack Garibaldi for wearing a dress which has successfully imposed itself on history, is like laughing at George Fox for objecting to buttons; it is to misunderstand the uniqueness of the man, and to lay one's self rather than Garibaldi open to the charge of want of humor.

Mr. Thayer also quarrels with Garibaldi for 'slipping in by a small side door' into the Assembly, instead of coming in by the main entrance, — a preference in which Mr. Thayer detects a desire for ostentation. When one has just come back from liberating Sicily and Naples, one has a right to come in at a side door if one likes, though certainly not to make the cruel and foolish speech which Garibaldi then proceeded to make. Cavour was so far above Garibaldi in intellect and in political judgment that to defend him so elaborately is positively injurious to him, as if implying that there was any question in the matter at all. And if there are still any people so blind as not to see Cavour's immeasurable superiority of wisdom, they will

not be conciliated by Mr. Thayer's treatment of the subject.

But I see that I am myself falling into the sin of which I accuse Mr. Thayer, — want of proportion and dwelling on faults. It is the only serious fault I find in the book, and even if I am right about it, it is not a fault of opinion or fact, but of treatment. The concluding chapters are worthy to bring this valuable work to an end. The account of Cavour's death is most touching, and the summary in the conclusion most adequate.

'Again and again,' says Mr. Thayer, 'it is this naturalness — the simplicity of real greatness — that impresses us. In imagination we join him on his daily walk under the porticoes of Via di Po; we hear his rapid comments; we see him rub his hands together in sign of satisfaction, or to mark a witty sally; we catch his friendly greetings, by word or nod, to half the passers-by: and we ask ourselves whether this little man is indeed the statesman who has turned European Diplomacy from its channels in London, Paris, and Vienna, to wait at Turin upon his word. His play of irony, his frolic spirits — which rarely failed, except in the last overburdened months, to enliven even his hours of business — bridged the gulf between him as prime minister and the humblest who had dealings with him. To strangers, his smile seemed baffling, but his intimates learned to foretell by the quivering of his lips what reply to expect. He had a very rich capacity for friendship. Perhaps generosity was his dominant moral trait — the generosity which impelled him to ask forgiveness of Farini for a petulant word, and saved him from becoming embittered by misunderstandings among his family and by false accusations from political opponents.'

'To Italians, Cavour will stand for all time as the builder of their state. Many quarried: he took the blocks, of every size and shape and quality, and made United Italy out of them.'

'It is because Cavour, by the rare blending of Reason and disciplined Emotion, guided to victory the most marvelous and difficult struggle for freedom recorded in modern times, that his name will be cherished by generations yet unborn and by races yet uncivilized.'

DEATH AND THE LORD

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

DEATH touched the Winter's arm, and spoke: —
'Faith, you are pleasing in my sight.
A thousand of this beggar-folk
Knocked at my Iron Gate last night.' —

'I starved the fools that paid for fire,
I froze the fools that paid for meat.
I have my human helpers, Sire.' —
Nodding, quoth Death, 'The trick was neat.

'The old,' quoth Death, 'the white of hair,
That lived their span and seek the grave —
What prize are those? But these were fair,
And all were young, and most were brave.

'I saw them stiffen in the gloom,
Waiting, wide-eyed, the tardy dawn.
The huddled dozen in the room —
How should they know that one was gone?

'They lay all silent, black and grim —
But once a woman's wail I heard,
Praying a cursing prayer to Him,
That Saviour whom I once half feared.

'Poor Jesus Christ! A gift to me
Upon a hill they nailed him high.
Yet I have seen since, mistily,
His Face, and wondered, *Did He die?*

'That was the only Face that e'er
Woke aught in me but scorn of men.
Fools, fools, mankind! Who will not bear
That Face against my hosts again!

'By all the stinging tears that flow
Because of me, by all the grace
That might have been on earth, I know
I could be bondsman to that Face.'

Death plucked the Winter's sleeve, and spoke: —
'Christ is not here. Your work is light.
A thousand of this beggar-folk
Send whirling to my Gate to-night.'

THE MYSTIC TURNED RADICAL

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

THE mystical temperament is little enough popular in this work-a-day modern world of ours. The mystic, we feel, comes to us discounted from the start; he should in all decency make constant apologies for his existence. In a practical age of machinery he is an anomaly, an anachronism. He must meet the direct challenge of the scientist, who guards every approach to the doors of truth and holds the keys of its citadel. Any thinker who gets into the fold by another way is a thief and a robber.

The mystic must answer that most heinous of all charges, — of being unscientific. By tradition he is even hostile to science. For his main interest is in wonder, and science by explaining things attacks the very principle of his life. It not only diminishes his opportunities for wonder, but threatens to make him superfluous by ultimately explaining everything.

The scientist may say that there is no necessary connection between explanation and that beautiful romance of thought we call wonder. The savage, who can explain nothing, is the very creature who has no wonder at all. Everything is equally natural to him. Only a mind that has acquaintance with laws of behavior can be surprised at events.

The wonder of the scientist, however, although it be of a more robust, tough-minded variety, is none the less wonder. A growing acquaintance with the world, an increasing at-homeness in it, is not necessarily incompatible with an ever-increasing marvel both at the beautiful fitness of things and the limitless field of ignorance and mystery beyond. So the modern mystic must break with his own tradition if he is to make an appeal to this generation, and must recognize that the antithesis between mystic and scientific is not an eternally valid one.

It is just through realization of this fact that Maeterlinck, the best of modern mystics, makes his extraordinary

appeal. For, as he tells us, the valid mystery does not begin at the threshold of knowledge but only after we have exhausted our resources of knowing. His frank and genuine acceptance of science thus works out a *modus vivendi* between the seen and the unseen. It allows many of us who have given our allegiance to science to hail him gladly as a prophet who supplements the work of the wise men of scientific research, without doing violence to our own consciences. For the world is, in spite of its scientific clamor, still far from ready really to surrender itself to prosaicness. It is still haunted with the dreams of the ages — dreams of short roads to truth, visions of finding the Northwest passage to the treasures of the Unseen. Only we must go as far as possible along the traveled routes of science.

Maeterlinck is thus not anti-scientific or pseudo-scientific, but rather sub-scientific. He speaks of delicately felt and subtle influences and aspects of reality that lie beneath the surface of our lives, of forces and shadows that cannot be measured quantitatively or turned into philosophical categories. Or we may say that he is post-scientific. As science plods along, opening up the dark wilderness, he goes with the exploring party, throwing a search-light before them; flickering enough and exasperatingly uncertain at times, but sufficiently constant to light up the way, point out a path, and give us confidence that the terrors before us are not so formidable as we have feared. His influence on our time is so great because we believe that he is a seer, a man with knowledge of things hidden from our eyes. We go to him as to a spiritual clairvoyant, — to have him tell us where to find the things our souls have lost.

But the modern mystic must not only recognize the scientific aspect of the age, — he must feel the social ideal that directs the spiritual energies of the time. It is the glory of Maeterlinck's mysticism that it has not lingered in the depths of the soul, but has passed out to illuminate our thinking in regard to the social life about. The growth of this duality of vision has been with him a long evolution. His early world was a shadowy, intangible thing. As we read the early essays, we seem to be constantly hovering on the verge of an idea, just as when we read the plays we seem to be hovering on the verge of a passion. This long brooding away from the world, however, was fruitful and momentous. The intense gaze inward trained the eye, so that when the mists cleared away and revealed the palpitating social world about him, his insight into its meaning was as much more keen and true than our own as had been his sense of the meaning of the individual soul. The light he turns outward to reveal the meaning of social progress is all the whiter for having burned so long within.

In the essay on 'Our Social Duty,' the clearest and the consummate expression of this new outward look, there are no contaminating fringes of vague thought; all is clear white light. With the instinct of the true radical, the poet has gone to the root of the social attitude. Our duty as members of society is to be radical, he tells us. And not only that, but an excess of radicalism is essential to the equilibrium of life. Society so habitually thinks on a plane lower than is reasonable that it behooves us to think and to hope on an even higher plane than seems to be reasonable. This is the overpoweringly urgent philosophy of radicalism. It is the beautiful courage of such words that makes them so vital an inspiration.

It is the sin of the age that nobody

dares to be anything to too great a degree. We may admire extremists in principle, but we take the best of care not to imitate them ourselves. Who in America would even be likely to express himself as has Maeterlinck in this essay? Who of us would dare follow the counsel? Of course we can plead extenuation. In Europe the best minds are thinking in terms of revolution still, while in America our radicalism is still simply amateurish and incompetent.

To many of us, then, this call of Maeterlinck's to the highest of radicalisms will seem irrelevant; this new social note which appears so strongly in all his later work will seem a deterioration from the nobler mysticism of his earlier days. But rather should it be viewed as the fruit of matured insight. There has been no decay, no surrender. It is the same mysticism, but with the direction of the vision altered. This essay is the expression of the clearest vision that has yet penetrated our social confusion, the sanest and highest ideal that has been set before progressive minds. It may be that its utter fearlessness, its almost ascetic detachment from the matter-of-fact things of political life, its clear cold light of conviction and penetration, may repel some whose hearts have been warmed by Maeterlinck's subtle revelations of the spiritual life. They may reproach him because it has no direct bearings on the immediate practical social life; it furnishes no weapon of reform, no tool with which to rush out and overthrow some vested abuse. But to the traveler lost in the wood the one thing needful is a pole-star to show him his direction. The star is unapproachable, serene, cold, and lofty. But although he cannot touch it, or utilize it directly to extend his comfort and progress, it is the most useful of all things to him. It fills his heart with a great hope; it coördinates his aimless wanderings and gropings, and gives meaning and purpose to his course.

So a generation lost in a chaos of social change can find in these later words of Maeterlinck a pole-star and a guide. They do for the social life of man what the earlier essays did for the individual. They endow it with values and significances that will give steadfastness and resource to his vision as he looks out on the great world of human progress, and purpose and meaning to his activity as he looks ahead into the dim world of the future.

MY LAW AND THINE

BY KATHERINE MAYO

THE Maclises' old Dutch house, like every other house in old Dutch Paramaribo, stands plumb on the street. At its rear, hidden between high walls, runs their garden; and in that garden the fruits of Eden forever ripen on the bough. Oranges, star-apples, and *pommes de cythère*, *avocados*, mangoes, and *papaias* great and small, maintain an endless parallel of fruit and flower. Their trunks are studded with orchids and vanilla. Beneath their spreading shelter a host of delicate bedded plants burn out a brilliant life at the forced speed of the Equator. And among the whole, planting, weeding, pruning, and gathering, once delved the faithful Sirpal.

Sirpal was a Calcutta man, tall, grizzled, gaunt, and silent. Long ago, in his own calamitous country, word had come of a land where hands so lacked to till the plenteous fields that the lords of that land would pay to bring them thither, offering, too, not only food but wage to boot.

'Yes,' said the sahib having the keeping of these matters, 'it is true. But this Surinam lies very far beyond the seas. The vessel may be nigh two hundred days upon the voyage. And if you sail with her you are no more a free man. In that land you will at once be put under a master. Our great Queen still holds her shield above you always; she keeps her vigilant officer there to protect you, even as she keeps me here to help you now. But for seven years you must serve a master as he bids. In return, he must give you good housing, good care when you are sick, and a shilling a day in minimum wage. When the seven years are ended, you will be brought back to India without a price. Or, if you choose to remain in the land, you may then remain a free man. And the Queen of that country will give you in freehold a piece of good farming ground, in size according to the number of your children, and money and tools to the value of the ticket that would have brought you home.'

At this time a dearth prevailed in India. Sirpal was hungry and like to starve. So he chose. On the ship they handled him well; they gave him clothes to cover his shivering body from the ocean winds; and they gave him food in plenty, in accordance with his ways. So when he and three hundred and odd men, more or less like him, walked down the gang-plank at Paramaribo, the long voyage done, they were fat and sleek and hearty as they had never been before. Ten days or so they camped at the Government Immigration depot, by the broad, brown river, dozing in the clean and decent sleeping sheds, squatting under the palms, or gossiping in circles on the grass while their wrestlers or jugglers amused them by the hour. Their women — too few by far to wive them all — idled comfortably in groups. The children frisked at will. And always the strange liberality of food continued.

Then the lots were apportioned. Sirpal fell to Plantation Marienburg, than which no better fate could be. For a year he remained fat, because, lest

in his racial passion for saving he starve himself to uselessness, his rations were supervised. After that he understood that to earn high wage he must be strong. So he starved only in moderation, and saved so much that when, at the end of the seventh year, he bargained to himself a wife, he could hang her neck with rows of golden sovereigns beneath its deep-carved silver torque.

The wedding was already eight months gone. Now Sirpal lived on his own ground, down Bigi Combé way near the little white mosque. His gourd-wreathed thatch stood in the midst of his own lettuce and okra, tomatoes and beans, and each morning at dawn he rose with eagerness to till his rich, black earth and to gather such harvest as was ripe to coin. Two hours later, as he stalked, spade on shoulder, to the day's work in Maclise Sahib's garden, the witch-eyed Ramia followed on his heels as far as the market cross-road, bearing the produce in the basket on her head.

Market done, Ramia went on to her man, to lay the coppers before him and to sit at his side during the nooning hours. And whenever Nora Maclise, strolling in the garden, came upon those two, squatted silent in the shadow of the bread-fruit tree, she marveled afresh.

Sirpal, gaunt and haggard as an old gray wolf, pondered upon space, unseeing, with deep-sunk, smouldering eyes. His body rose bare from his dingy rags. His bones wore hard upon his dark, tense skin. His thighs, lean as the thighs of a grasshopper, bristled like a tarantula's with blue-black hair. His face, benign enough at Nora's word, remained an inscrutable mask — legacy of centuries of a mode of thought, locked and sealed from the occidental mind. Groping always for the key and always baffled, Nora still surmised an habitual contemplation of unmaterial things, and a potentiality of passionate action on the spur of almost abstract ideas.

As a radiant small butterfly to a grim old idol was Ramia to her man. Slender and lithe, with soft, smooth, rounded limbs, she moved in slow and easy grace. Her lovely face lay between the folds of her veil like a flower in its calyx. Her delicate mouth melted from perfect curve to perfect curve of subtile enchantment. Her great eyes held the wisdom, the coquetry, and the weariness of ages. Their slow side glance gleamed beneath the long black lashes like night asleep and aflame. But no one saw save the humming birds and the lizards — and sometimes Nora, who wondered.

Now and again a third joined the noonday pair beneath the bread-fruit tree — old Moti from the neighboring garden. Moti came to smoke and to talk the talk of men. Sirpal received him without cheer, grimly. Yet after the pipe had passed, his tongue was loosened and the hour studded with raw scraps of utterance, rough of sound as a macaw's mutterings. Rarely, very rarely, old Moti tossed a word to little Ramia; Sirpal never. So she sat apart and played with pebbles or watched the leaves dance and the soft clouds voyage on the blue.

Once Nora gave her a string of Venetian beads. The gift made an epoch. On the instant she thrust it in her breast. But every day thereafter, while the two ancients talked, Ramia drew out her beads and fondled their smoothness or held them up to the sun to watch the life in their hearts.

Sometimes she dressed like the toucans, in shining colors. More often she went fully clad in the coarse cottons of common wear. But, whatever her garb, her arms and wrists, her ankles and toes, bore always much weight of graven silver, her forehead was banded with

the heavy metal, curiously wrought, and the perfect oval of her face gleamed between great bell-shaped silver earrings, whose tinkling balls proclaimed each motion of her head. This was Sirpal's wealth, and it exceedingly became her. But if her beauty gave him joy, or if her youth warmed him, no sign appeared in his impassive mien, and Ramia still sat through all the noonday hours, as silent, as lovely, and as unheeded as the great, fringed passion-flowers that swung above her head.

'Look at that beastly *foeloe-weweri!*'

Maclise was drinking early coffee in the garden when his eye lighted on the vicious growth of the parasite vine. 'It's roping up those lime trees like a nest of snakes! The work is getting ahead of Sirpal. Call me another coolie.'

So Khadenen came.

Khadenen was young. He was lively and able, and fell to with a will. Therefore Maclise liked him. He was gentle and kind, so that garden pets, which ordinarily hate a coolie only one degree less than a negro, endured him. Therefore Nora liked him, too. He was comely; in addition to which he had eyes not blind but seeing. Therefore Ramia liked him, and, as she fingered her beads, her own eyes began to follow Khadenen instead of the leaves and the clouds in the blue.

Ramia's eyes, age-old in wisdom, infinite in ignorance, had no soul. But they said in their beauty that which is most unsafe to say. And the coolie women are few in the land — too few by far to wive the men.

Now sometimes Khadenen sang at his work, snatches of raucous chanting. And when he sang, from his perch in the boughs, Ramia forgot to finger her beads, and her gaze widened and grew fixed.

'That gives the impression of stanzas of old verse,' said Nora, listening. 'I wish I understood the words.'

'If you did,' remarked Maclise, 'I should have to silence the songster. But that old verse belongs to that old people, and none of us ever really understands either one.'

Then Long Dry Time came. Work slackened in the garden until old Sirpal sufficed, and Khadenen went his way. The place seemed somehow to miss him, but not as it missed Ramia, when, after a while, no Ramia appeared. Weeks passed, but Ramia came no more.

'She is gone on a visit,' said Sirpal, with unbroken calm.

It chanced in this season, late one glorious afternoon, that Nora set out alone for a stroll in the *cultuur-tuin* — the Government Experimental Garden. The great, unpeopled place was full of bird-songs and sweet jungle-breezes. Its lengths of wild bush-land, broken by fields of curious cultivations, brimmed with life and beauty, and its clear white paths of shell made pleasant walking.

At the bamboo clump, in whose heart the wind sings the song of ships' cordage, Nora had meant to turn; but here the impulse came to cross the Garden to the farther side and take the long way home. The hour was too late, her better judgment knew, but the lure of the night was strong. The rosy lotus-flowers in the trenches sprang from dark waters that mirrored a rosy sky. Great scarlet lilies fell from the trees upon her path. The carabao, resting in their pens, lifted slow eyes of wonder on the passing of a friend without a friend's caress. The slender black-and-scarlet butterflies that haunt the last rays of the sun balanced indolently in the air. But by the sisal-hemp plantation the sky was already dead. The towering blossom-spires stood forth like silver mourning-candelabra against a shield of steel. And the big, dim moths came forth.

Then the curious thick odors of the dusk, imperceptible under the sun and lost at night, arose and swarmed until the air turned faint and sick — odors of mould, of decay, of death steeping in the mire. By the great silk-cotton tree night fell, and that uncanny jungle-bird that is not seen by day appeared in the path, as is its spectral wont, running before the belated wayfarer. Running and flying, a soundless shadow, always but a pebble-toss ahead, it still led on into the brightening moonlight.

Then the last stretch, along the wild bush-land, where the bank of the drainage trench that flanks the other side is thickly stayed with trees. The path runs almost a tunnel, between its leafy, over-arching walls. Within, dim night prevailed, broken by moonbeams where the tree-tops thin, and threaded by the paleness of white flowers.

Nora moved quietly, watching the exquisite shadows of fern and leaf and vine playing in the silver spaces, watching the fire-flies dancing in the dark. Good wood-scents filled the air. It was very still; so still that the stir of little creatures in the leaves rose audible, and the murmur of a sleepy bird, resettling on its bough, seemed uttered in the ear. Once a palm-frond, caught in the bight of a swinging liana, eased away with a silky rustle. Once a fish splashed in the trench. All the sweet night breathed a unity of life inexpressibly close and intimate, and Nora drank in with awed delight the palpable sense of brotherhood.

Of a sudden, in the stillness ahead, grew a faint vague hint of foreign sound — of a soft scurrying, more persistent than the breeze in the foliage — of an unshod runner close and closer — of shell that gritted and flew beneath a flying tread — of heavy, gasping breath. Then a cloud of draperies all awhirl, and something fell at Nora's feet, clasping her knees with two tense arms. In that fierce stricture the whole body shook with the hammering of the heart. Yet on the instant the grip gave way and the figure sank lax to earth with a shuddering whisper of despair.

'Oh-h! I had thought it was a man!'

Stepping back into a patch of moonlight, Nora dragged the woman after her, and bent above her as she lay with hidden face — a coolie, young.

'What is wrong?'

'I can — run — no more. He — will kill me — now.'

The words came in dry gasps, choked by the frantic heart.

'Where is he?'

'There. — Close behind. — There!'

Nora raised her head and looked. A rod away in the path, clear in the moonlight, attempting no concealment, stood a tall, motionless silhouette, — an East-Indian, — and, in the flicker of a moonbeam a sinister gleam flashed from his cutlass hand.

'Is he mad?' asked Nora. 'Did he come at you from the Asylum way?'

'No, not mad. Oh!' with a strangling groan of horror, 'I had hoped you were a man. He will chop me now.'

Every natural white man's instinct rose strong in Nora's breast. This was a call of the race, and her spirit jumped to meet it.

'He will *not* chop you,' she said, with the certainty of conviction. 'Get up.'

The woman stood, and the light fell upon her face, lovely as an houri's beneath its silver crown.

'Ramia!' cried Nora.

'Memsahib!' gasped Ramia.

A rushing sense of personal outrage came with the recognition. Who dared to trouble one's own little garden girl! The wrath bred by the thought left no place for fear.

'You will come straight home with

me,' said Nora, seizing the soft, dark arm.

But at this, new agony intervened. 'No! Oh no, no! I cannot. I dare not go home with the Memsahib!'

In each word terror mounted. There was no time to question or to urge.

'Well, then, where do your friends live whom you are visiting now?' Nora spoke low.

'In the free grounds beyond this trench.'

'Where is the bridge?'

'Down here a little. I was — running for it. But — he came too fast.'

Nora turned toward the figure in the moonlight.

'This woman is *mine*, hear you, *mine!*' she called, in the clear, sharp master-tongue, caring little that more should be understood than her own quality.

Then she faced about and, with a hand on the girl's shoulder, started deliberately for the bridge. Neither spoke on the way. Ramia, spent and trembling, struggled to regain her breath. Nora's mind was busy with the issue of the hour.

'I will stand on this side while you cross,' she said, as the other set foot on the narrow plank that led to safety. 'And I will wait here till you call from the other side that you are with your friends. To-morrow Sirpal shall fetch you home.'

For a time faint cracklings told whither the woman vanished. Then silence of original night, and at last a bird-like cry of rescue.

Relieved and glad, Nora turned away, to her own homing. And now the personal aspect sprang into prominence. As far ahead as eye could pierce, no human shape was visible, yet the would-be murderer might still lurk close in the dark. As she pushed along, the question whether he crouched within instant arm-reach, or crept hard behind, his breath on her shoulder, or hung in the shadows before, waxed keen and ugly. From the violence of the sane she knew her white skin saved her. But if the man were mad, a runaway? Each toad, each little snake that rustled in the leaves suggested a stir of shell by stealthy feet, and again and again Nora whirled on her heel, preferring to meet eye to eye the being stealing up with cutlass swung.

'Yet those there be who say this life is dull,' said Maclise that night, and filled another pipe.

Next morning they sent for Sirpal. He came at once, rubbing the garden earth from his long, lean arms.

Without remark or sign of feeling he heard the story through, ending with Maclise's, —

'And now you may quit work and go find Ramia. You should take better care of her than this.'

'The Sahib is good,' replied Sirpal. 'May he live forever in prosperity. The Memsahib is very kind. And of a certainty I will care for Ramia.' Then with his lowest salaam, he was gone — back to the garden and his banana transplanting.

On the morrow he appeared at the usual hour, wrapt in the usual calm, with assurance of Ramia's safety. But that afternoon a dark thing happened. Nora was strolling by the water-side when, of a sudden, an unknown coolie-woman glided close, thrusting into her hands something cool and smooth — a string of Venetian beads — Ramia's beads.

'What does this mean?' asked Nora sharply.

'How should I know?' replied the stranger. 'But the words are these: "'I who send this send my all, having naught else. Soon and very soon I die and am no more. But first the Memsahib must know my gratitude."'

'*Where* is Ramia?' Nora's mind was

swept with black alarm. She would have forced the woman to clearer speech, but already she was gone, vanished utterly into the coolie crowd on the river-edge.

On the morrow's morn no Sirpal appeared, and all that day the garden missed him. That night word came that Moti stood in the courtyard begging speech of the Master. Maclise stepped out upon the *stoep*. The old man salaamed to earth before him, frail as a wraith in the pale moonlight. Then, standing erect, he spoke slowly, with the mien of one charged with solemn duty.

'I am the messenger of Sirpal the gardener, who is now, by his own act and furtherance, imprisoned in the prison of the Queen, and shall not come forth again. Sirpal says, —

'"May the Sahib live forever. May his goodness be greatly recompensed. I, Sirpal his servant, bless him. But I shall serve him no more. The matter stands thus: —

'"In the day that I took Ramia to wife, in the presence of all the company, I performed the rite that is fitting. I passed my cutlass edge across her throat. This is the sign established by the law and custom of my kind. Its meaning is that if the woman give him cause, her husband shall with his own hand take her life in penalty. Ramia betrayed me — going to the young man Khadenen. Therefore my duty was upon me, lest shame be brought upon our law and lesser men make mock of greater matters. But I was slow to my duty and blameworthy, for my mind was fixed on contemplation and I thought not of the woman. Then, in the open market, an accursed one taunted me. That night I sought her. But the hour was not yet, for the Memsahib, from whose hand I might not take her, came between. Last night I took her. With my sharp cutlass I chopped her — chopped her duly in many pieces, and laid them on the trench bank that they might be seen of all men. Then I came forth and sought the police and gave myself to them; that the law of their land may be obeyed on me even as I have obeyed the law that is mine. May the Sahib live forever and ever. Tomorrow young radishes will be ripe in his garden. Salaam, salaam, and thrice salaam. In all things I am satisfied."'

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XIV

IN WHICH MARY QUALIFIES FOR THE RÔLE OF THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY

Now who do you suppose it was, my lords and gentlemen, who pulled that blessed bell-wire? No, not the ex-lessee of the H-ym-rk-t Theayter. Miss Mary, helping Cook to peel the potatoes in the basement, made herself acquainted with that fact when she pulled the window curtains aside and looked up through the area. Cockades and things were before the door of No. 10 Bedford Gardens; a raking pair of chestnuts, and a smart rubber-tired vehicle with armorial bearings upon the panels.

The Bad Girl of the Family, peering through the kitchen curtains, with a half-peeled potato in one hand, and a bone-hafted knife from Sheffield in the other, saw Jeames de la Pluche Esquire (who, in that charming but absurd fur cape, reminded her not a little of Harry Merino as the Cat in the moral drama of *Dick Whittington*) leap down from his perch with marked agility, whisk open the door, and offer first aid to something very distinguished in the way of great ladyhood.

Blond and bland was the lady, and very *grande dame*, as you could tell by her Carriage. Looked through her folders and saw Number 10 over the fanlight; and as this she did, one of those terrible flashes of feminine intuition overtook Mary that this must surely be Mother.

Yes, Mother, undoubtedly. Had not Philip himself the same ample look of nourishment, the same air of deliberation as of one a little slow in the uptake, the same faint far-off suggestion of a finely-grown vegetable? And to the quick eye of the feminine observer, through the kitchen curtains, there were certain things pertaining to Mother, which, up to this present, son had not developed.

The clang of the front-door bell reverberated through the basement.

'Drat it, Miss Mary,' said Cook. 'And me not dressed yet! Would you mind letting in her Sir Squire?'

'Why of course,' said Miss Mary.

'But had n't you better leave your knife and your pertater, Miss Mary?'

'Oh, Sir Squire won't mind those, Hannah; they'll amuse him,' said the Bad Girl of the Family, who was halfway up the kitchen stairs already.

The Apparition on the doorstep, in her new ermine tippet, was shocked not a little, deep down in the secret recesses of her nature; but, of course, was far too well found in the ways of the world to give the feelings publication. But if one is so ill-advised as to visit in Bohemian circles in the afternoon of the Sabbath Day, one must be prepared for all contingencies. Still, a half-pared potato, a sack-cloth apron, and a bone-hafted kitchen knife made in Sheffield, is a rather informal reception of a real peeress from Grosvenor Square, on the part of Bedford Gardens.

'Mrs. Cathcart at home?' inquired

Grosvenor Square, No. 88, the corner house, very bland and splendid.

'Oh, yes — won't you come in?' said the Bad Girl, winningly.

Impressive entrance of the Governing Classes into an ill-lit but fairly spacious interior, which had a bust of Edmund Kean over the hat-stand, and John Kemble as Richard II, by — not after — Maclise, over the dining-room door.

'Lady Shelmerdine,' said the bland and splendid one, as Mary pushed the front door to with her foot because her hands were occupied.

'Of Potterhanworth,' said the Bad Girl in tones warm and velvety.

'Oh yes,' said the Governing Classes, pained perhaps a little.

'Philip's mother — so delighted — hope you don't object to potatoes — it's Jane's afternoon out.'

But no further communication was forthcoming from the Governing Classes, all the way up the solid length of stair-carpet to Grandmamma's withdrawing-room.

Mary preceded No. 88 Grosvenor Square, sacking-cloth apron, potato, bone-hafted knife made in Sheffield and all, into the stately presence of the Cap-with-Real-Lace-which-had-been worn-by-Siddons.

'Lady Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth, Granny.'

The Bad Girl turned and fled; very nearly impaled herself on the bone-hafted knife by counting fourteen stairs instead of thirteen; and continued her course headlong until she fell howling into the arms of Cook.

But in Edmund Kean's goddaughter's withdrawing-room, it was no laughing matter, my lords and gentlemen, we feel bound to tell you that. And we are forced to agree, though very reluctantly, with what Grandmamma said privately to the Bad Girl, afterwards, which was, that she would be none the worse for a good whipping.

'Mrs. Cathcart, I presume?' said No. 88 Grosvenor Square, very bland and splendid, although the tones had no need to be so icy, they had n't really.

'You have the advantage of me,' said the-Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble, offering her venerable hand at the angle of 1851, the Exhibition year. 'Ah, yes, Lady Shelmerdine, — delighted to make your acquaintance.'

What of the Braided Morning-Coat, you ask, while all this was toward? Perspiring freely in every pore and leaning up against the chimney-piece, and looking rather gray about the gills.

Should it make a bolt, or should it stay and grapple with the music? The pusillanimity of the former course, desperately tempting no doubt to a weak resolution, would involve death and damnation; but the heroism of the latter required all that could be mustered by the playing fields of Eton and Christ Church. But while the unhappy inhabitant of the Braided Morning-Coat was surrendered to this problem, the stern, uncompromising eye of Mother decided the question.

'Phil-ipp!'

'Ma-ter!' And then, of course, the Twin Brethren called out the reserves. 'Mrs. Cathcart — my mother.'

The bow of Grosvenor Square, No. 88, the corner house, was aloof, decidedly; the bow of Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble was so full of conscious power and accumulated dignity that it was really quite gracious.

'Pray be seated, Lady Shelmerdine.'

Beautiful elocution on the part of the goddaughter of Edmund Kean.

Lady Shelmerdine seated herself like an elderly peeress, and opened fire with her tortoise-shell folders. The Real-Lace-that-had-been-worn-by-Siddons touched the electric button at its elbow.

Entrance of the Bad Girl of the Family, without her apron this time.

and divested also of her potato and the bone-hafted knife from Sheffield.

'Mary, child, my spectacles.'

The Bad Girl delved desperately in the inmost recesses of the chiffonier, found Grandmamma's spectacles, and prepared to withdraw in something of a hurry. But she was detained.

'Has Jane returned, child?'

'Yes, Granny.'

'Ask her to have the goodness to bring some tea for Lady Shelmerdine.'

'Oh, not for me, thank you.'

'You are *quite* sure?'

No. 88 Grosvenor Square was quite, quite sure.

Exit the Bad Girl of the Family, without daring to look once in the direction of the Braided Morning-Coat that was still leaning up forlornly against the chimney-piece.

'Mrs. Cathcart,' said the Governing Classes, getting the first gun into action, 'I have done myself the honor of calling upon you —'

'The honor, madam, is entirely mine,' Edmund Kean's goddaughter assured her.

'— because of a most unfortunate state of affairs which has just been brought to my notice.'

The goddaughter of Edmund Kean looked sympathetic, although it does not always do to judge by appearances, you know.

'My unfortunate son — Philip, perhaps you will be good enough to sit down, as it is most desirable that you should follow what I say with the closest attention — my unfortunate son, to the intense surprise of his father, Lord Shelmerdine, has made a proposal of marriage to your niece.'

Lady Macbeth suggested mildly that granddaughter might be more in accordance with the facts of the case.

'Granddaughter — I beg your pardon. One has no need to tell you, Mrs. Cathcart, who I am sure are a woman of the world, that this act of my son's has caused some concern in his family.'

Lady Macbeth was sorry if that was the case.

'In point of fact, for some little time past my son has been engaged to Lady Adela Rocklaw —'

'Not quite that, you know, Mater,' murmured the unhappy Braided Morning-Coat.

'— To Lady Adela Rocklaw, a daughter of Lord Warlock, and his conduct will cause pain, although of course, madam, it has not yet become public property, and I sincerely hope it may not become so.'

'You ain't puttin' it quite fair, are you, Mater?' ventured the Braided Morning-Coat.

'Phil-ipp, please!' A wave of a she-proconsular hand. 'Allow me to deal with the facts. A most embarrassing situation, madam, for two families.'

'One moment, Lady Shelmerdine,' said Lady Macbeth. 'May I ask this question? Do I understand your son to be actually engaged to Lady Adela Rocklaw?'

'Yes, madam, you may take that to be the fact.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said the Queen of Tragedy, 'I must ask you for an explanation.'

Braided Morning-Coat, notwithstanding that it was completely undone, unbuttoned itself nervously.

'The mater's a bit mixed, ma'am, and that's the truth. I never have been engaged to Lady Adela.'

'Perhaps, Phil-ipp, not officially.'

'No, Mater, and not unofficially, and' — Herculean effort — 'I don't mind sayin' I've no intention of —'

'Phil-ipp!'

'Lady Shelmerdine,' said the Queen of Tragedy, 'the situation is not altogether clear to my mind. Either your son is engaged to marry Lady Adela Rocklaw, or he is not.'

'He is morally engaged to her.'

'I am sorry I am unable to appreciate the distinction. Do I understand that your son is engaged to Lady Adela?'

'No, ma'am, I'm not,' said the Braided Morning-Coat, with honorable boldness.

'But, Phil-ipp!'

'It's the truth, Mater. Mrs. Cathcart asks a plain question and there's a plain answer. And, after all, I'm the chap —'

'Quite so, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Lady Macbeth, looking almost as wise as the Lord Chief Justice of England, as he sits in the Court of Appeal. 'This is your affair. You have a right to know your own mind; moreover, you have a right to express it.'

The Braided Morning-Coat felt the stronger for this well-timed assistance. It was easy to see from which side of the family Miss Mary had inherited her strong good sense. A masterful old thing, but she really was helpin' a lame dog over a stile, was n't she?

Blonder and blander grew the Colthurst of Suffolk. It really looked as though it might be a pretty set-to.

'Perhaps, Philip, if you looked into your club for an hour.'

The Green Chartreuse, the horrid coward, wanted to quit the stricken field prematurely. But if he had, as sure as Fate, Mother would have won quite easily; but he did not. Mr. Philip stayed and stuck to his guns like a Briton, and Grandma at least thought none the worse of him for it. The Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble had an opinion of her own on pretty nearly every subject; and the order of which the Braided Morning-Coat would one day be an ornament, had in her judgment to carry a pretty serious penalty; but the old thing, in her shrewd old heart, an imperious old thing, too, who had kept pretty good company for eighty-four years or so, was not altogether inclined to accept all the world and his wife at their surface valuation.

'The Family, madam,' said the Colthurst of Suffolk, 'cannot for a moment countenance an alliance between my unfortunate son and your granddaughter, who, one is given to understand, is at present engaged in a pantomime. I am, however, empowered by Lord Shelmerdine to offer reparation, if such is required.'

These were not the actual words used by Mother. Her style was easier, a little less florid, a trifle more conversational; but, after all, it is not so much what is said, as the manner in which it is said, and the foregoing may be taken more or less as the gist of what was conveyed by the Governing Classes.

Grandmamma did n't look pleased; at least, not very. The Florid Person was evidently taking herself rather seriously. Let her Beware, that was all, quoth Conscious Strength, amid the inner convolutions of the Cap-of-Real-Lace-that-had-been-worn-by-Siddons.

'It appears to me, Lady Shelmerdine,' said the goddaughter of Edmund Kean, 'that this is perhaps a matter for your son and my granddaughter, and that no really useful purpose will be served by third and fourth parties discussing it — except perhaps in a spirit purely academic.'

In a spirit purely academic! Well done, Peggy, whispered the delighted shade of John Philip Kemble, hovering somewhere in the cornice high up towards the ceiling, immediately above the bust of himself.

'Mrs. Cathcart, as a woman of the world, and as one who is in the position to appreciate the feelings of a mother, I am sure I shall not appeal to you in vain.'

When in doubt, saith the Diplomatist's Handbook, *suaviter in modo* is a card you should always play. But how

often had Grandmamma seen it in the course of her eighty-four summers, do you suppose?

It was here that the Braided Morning-Coat felt it was up to it to say something, and forthwith proceeded to do so.

'I agree with you, ma'am,' said he. 'It's just a matter for Mary and me. She won't say Yes and I won't take No, and there we are at present. But I'm goin' to ask her again, because I love her and all that, and I know I'm not worthy of her — but I'm goin' to try to be, and I'm goin' to see about Parliament at once.'

The silence was ominous.

'That appears to be a perfectly manly and straightforward course to take, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Grandmamma, breaking it rather grimly.

Please observe that she did n't tell Mother that she declined to sanction the match. So, in the circumstances, perhaps it is hardly right to blame Mother for making quite a number of errors.

Of course, error the first was to come when Mr. Philip was present *in propria persona*. But that, we are afraid, was due to the aboriginal defect of a parent in underrating the importance of its offspring. What she ought really to have done was, not to have come as an important unit of the Governing Classes, but to have crept in by stealth as it were, as the poor human mother, humbly to have craved assistance; and to have kept her foot on the soft pedal throughout the whole of the concerto.

Alas! the manner of Mother's coming had been otherwise. And the longer she remained and the more she said, the more she ought to have left unsaid, had she been really as wise as she thought she was — and you can really have no idea how wise the spouse of a great Proconsul can think herself when she is thinking imperially. And this does not apply merely to Grosvenor Square and its environs.

'Lord Shelmerdine empowers me to offer all reasonable reparation.'

Granny was interested to hear that, in spite of the fact that the whole matter was so purely academic.

'If there is any special form the young lady — I have n't the pleasure of the name of your niece, Madam — would desire the reparation to assume, Lord Shelmerdine's solicitor will be happy to call upon her to-morrow.'

'Oh, but, Mater — I say —'

Slight display of *fortiter*, in order to cope with this unfilial interruption.

'It is your father's wish, Philip.'

The ears of Granny had seemed to cock a little at the mention of Lord Shelmerdine's solicitor.

'Forgive me, Madam, if I appear dense,' said the most perfect elocution.

Underplay a bit, Peggy, my dear, like Fanny does in genuine light comedy, said the Distinguished Shade, smiling benevolently down from the cornice. But this was Kean's goddaughter, which perhaps the Shade had forgotten.

'You are talkin' rot, are n't you, Mater?' said the Braided Morning-Coat in vibrant tones.

'It is your father's wish, Phil-ipp. He desires that no injustice — If thought desirable, reparation may assume a pecuniary —'

'You are talkin' rot, though, Mater, ain't you?'

Incredible hardihood certainly on the part of the Braided Morning-Coat. But eminently honorable to that chequered garment, we believe the world to be entitled to think.

Lady Macbeth was not looking very genial just at present. A very masterful old thing in her way, and had always been so. And really, Mother was a little crude in places, was n't she?

Still, we are bound to do Mother the justice to say that she was not aware

of the fact. Indeed, to her it seemed that the higher diplomacy was really doing very well indeed. Everything so pleasant so agreeable; iron hand in velvet glove, but used so lightly that Bohemian Circles were hardly conscious of its presence. Mother was getting on famous in her own opinion, and she ought to have known.

Matrimony quite out of the question, of course, between the granddaughter of Lady Macbeth and eldest son of the House. The Governing Classes hoped that that had been made quite clear to the wife of the Thane of Cawdor. The wife of the Thane appeared to think it had been.

'Of a pecuniary character, I think you said,' said the goddaughter of Edmund Kean.

'Yes, pecuniary; Lord Shelmerdine had no reason to think that Phil-ipp had been so unwise as to enter into a formal engagement, but it was his desire to be quite fair, even generous.'

Steady, Cavalry! whispered the Distinguished Shade in the ear of Peggy.

'Or even generous, Madam! One would be happy to have an idea of the shape Lord Shelmerdine's generosity might assume.'

The unhappy Braided Morning-Coat regretted exceedingly that it could not disclaim responsibility for both parents.

'But, Mater — !'

'No, do not interrupt, dear Phil-ipp. This is all *so* important and so delicate. Lord Shelmerdine thinks that five hundred pounds — and I am empowered —'

And then it was that Mother found trouble.

Trouble came to Mother quite unexpected, like a bolt from the blue — or like a shot out of a cannon, according to the subsequent version of an eyewitness.

It would hardly be kind to describe the scene in detail. Lady Macbeth, in spite of her eighty-four summers, made rather short work of Mother. Not that Mother, you know, was overborne by Christian meekness altogether. Assured Social Position, knowing itself to be absolutely right, and acting all for the best, does not always offer the other cheek with the facility that comes of constant practice.

Please do not misunderstand us. It was hardly a scene. The combined genius of Mr. G-lsw-rthy and Mrs. Humphry Ward could not have observed the proprieties with a chaster rigidity; it was all *very* grande dame; but one being the Lady-Macbeth-to-John-Philip-Kemble, and the other a leading Constitutional hostess who had moved quite lately to Grosvenor Square, — well —

Far from Mother's intention to offer an insult to the granddaughter of Lady Macbeth. But Miss-Footlight-of-the-Frivolity had quite recently received the sum of ten thousand pounds from the people of young Lord Footle, which sum was of course excessive, as dear Justice Brusher had said to Mother last evening between the soup and the savory.

'Madam, I hold no opinion of Justice Brusher; Miss Footlight I don't know, and Lord Footle I don't desire to know; but it is impossible for my granddaughter, a member of an old theatrical family, to pocket this insult.'

And Grandmamma rang the bell with tremendous dignity.

Jane, the parlor-maid, it was, who appeared this time, looking all the prettier for her afternoon out.

'Jane,' said the acknowledged Queen of Tragedy, 'pray conduct Lady Shelmerdine to her carriage — and in the future I shall not receive her.'

Poor old Mother!

'Phil-ipp, accompany me.'

Philip accompanied Mother down the stairs, past the bust of Kean in

the front hall, down the nine steps of Number Ten Bedford Gardens and handed her into her carriage.

'We dine at eight this evening, Philip. Your father will expect you.'

'Impossible, Mater. Dinin' at the Old Players' Club.'

To give the Governing Classes their due, they certainly made exit in pretty good style from Bohemia. As for Mr. Philip, he returned to the front hall to retrieve his hat and his coat with the astrachan collar and other belongings, and wondered if it would be wise to say good-bye to Grandmamma, and decided that perhaps he had better not risk it. But, before he could get into his infamous garment, the Bad Girl of the Family descended upon him from the basement — we are not quite sure how she managed to do it, but simple little feats in elementary acrobatics are always possible to a pantomime performer — and haled the young man by main force into what she called her Private Piggery, which in reality was a small back parlor of sorts in an indescribable state of confusion.

Having brought the froward young man to this undesirable bourn, the Bad Girl turned up the electric light and then broke down badly. She laughed herself into a state of tears and general collapse.

The heir to the barony was not feeling so very amused just now, though.

'My opinion you were listening, you cat.'

'Granny — the dreadful old spitfire!'

'Tactless of the mater, I'll admit. Quite well meant, though, Polly.'

'How dare you call me Polly, after all that has happened!'

And the youngest of the old theatrical family whisked away her tears with a rather smart lace-broidered handkerchief, and looked almost as fierce as the Cat in the moral drama of *Dick Whittington*.

'Howlin' blunder, I'll admit; but you are n't crabbed about it, are you, old girl?'

'Please don't admit anything, Mr. Shelmerdine — and how dare you call me "old girl," after what has happened? Don't let me have to ring for Jane and not receive you in future —'

'So you *were* listening, you cat!'

'Would n't you have been — Phil-ipp?'

'It's a horrid mix-up, though, is n't it? Look here, old girl, I really think the best thing that we can do is to go and get married to-morrow mornin' before the Registrar.'

Cinderella seemed to think, however, that such a proposal was outside the field of practical politics.

'I know, old girl, that a Church is considered a bit more respectable; but I thought that the Registrar would be quicker and easier.'

'You are rather taking it for granted, aren't you, Philip, that I'm going to marry you, when you know I'm not.'

'Well, I do think, Polly, after all that has happened — !'

But somehow Polly did n't quite see it in that way. She could n't think of such a thing without Granny's consent. And even if Granny did give her consent — which, of course, she never would — his people would never give theirs, would they? so even that would not make their prospects any rosier.

Decidedly he must pluck this peach, and he must pluck it immediately. But how, — that was the problem, when the Fates had loaded the dice.

XV

IN WHICH WE SIT AT THE FEET OF GAMALIEL

On the morrow, — or about midnight that same day, to be precise, —

when Arminius Wingrove came into the Club after attending an important *première*, the great man was engaged in conversation by Mr. Philip while they dallied with deviled kidneys and other comestibles.

'Minnie,' said the vain young fellow, 'everybody says you are the cleverest chap in London, so I want your advice.'

Rather cool perhaps to demand advice of the cleverest chap in London in this point-blank manner; but Arminius, who kept a generous heart beneath his waistcoat of white piqué, showed no displeasure.

'If you mean about the girl you are making a fool of yourself over,' said the great man, '*don't* is the advice I shall have to give you.'

'Oh, but I've got beyond that already, Minnie,' said the vain young fellow, with a rather grand simplicity.

'Have you though?' said Arminius, pensive-like.

'Yes, I'm goin' to marry her if she'll have me; but the trouble is, she won't.'

'Won't she, though,' said Arminius.

'No, she won't, Minnie, and that's all about it, until her old grandmother gives her consent, and her old grandmother simply won't hear of it.'

'Who is her old grandmother?' inquired Arminius, 'and why won't she?'

'Her grandmother is Mrs. Cathcart who played Lady Macbeth with Kean, and she's taken a prejudice against me because I'm the son of a peer.'

The manner of Arminius seemed to imply that old Mrs. Cathcart had been guilty of a very unfeminine proceeding. But being a disciple of Talleyrand, the great man did not clothe his thoughts with words.

'And to make matters worse, Minnie, there was a simply frightful turn-up between her grandmother and my mater yesterday afternoon.'

With the flair of a playwright whom Hannibal had himself approved, Arminius Wingrove asked for further information.

'Simply gorgeous, Minnie, for a chap who had n't to be in it. Would n't have missed it for worlds — except that I kind of was n't in a position to enjoy it, was I? But it has n't half crabbed the piece! Tragedy Queen ordered Mater out of the house, and says she shan't receive her in future. So it's all up with my people, and I'm afraid it's all up with hers; and the girl is n't going to marry me without the consent of all parties.'

The statement of the vain young fellow seemed both florid and ingenuous to Arminius Wingrove, who had hardly been so much amused by anything since the revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

'And so you don't think she'll marry you, do you, my son?'

'Why, what reason have you to think she will, Minnie?' said the heir to the barony in a voice of tense emotion.

'Because there's not half a reason why she should n't, my son.'

'But she is simply devoted to — her old grandmother.'

'The old lady has all her faculties, I presume?'

'My mater thinks so, anyway.'

'Well, then, there's not half a reason why the girl should n't marry you.'

The reasoning of Arminius Wingrove was not altogether clear to the heir to the barony, who, to be sure, was somewhat slow in the uptake.

'Do you suppose, young feller, that any girl's grandmother would stand in the way of forty thousand a year and a peerage?'

The young man shook his head.

'You are mistaken, Minnie. She's not that sort of girl at all; and she's not that sort of grandmother. It is the

confounded peerage that has crabbed the piece.'

Polite incredulity on the part of the audience.

'Minnie, old boy, everybody says you are the cleverest chap in London, but you don't know Mary Caspar.'

Arminius Wingrove knew something about Woman though.

'Young Shelmerdine,' said the Great Man, 'what the dooce do you want to go foolin' around the stage door at all for? A chap like you ought to marry Adela Rocklaw. Make things unpleasant at home. No longer be welcomed in the best houses. Bored to tears about the second week of the honeymoon. Opportunities squandered. Much better have stayed in the Second and gone racing quietly than to have come into money and to have broken out in this way. Now take the advice of a friend; and let us see you at the Church of Paul or of Peter at an early date awaiting the arrival of old Warlock's seventh and most charming daughter, and I will have my hat ironed, and I shall be proud to accompany you down the nave of the cathedral.'

It was not often that this man of the world was moved in this way; but he had just staged a rattling good comedy, and deviled kidneys and Welsh rarebits and tankards of strong ale are a stimulating diet when you sit listening to the chimes at midnight. It is a disconcerting psychological fact, though, that no young man has ever heeded the voice of wisdom in these circumstances.

'It is awful good of you, Minnie, to take the trouble to advise me, but I'm goin' to marry Mary Caspar if flesh and blood can manage it.'

'Then it's a walk over for flesh and blood, you silly young fool,' said Arminius Wingrove, with rather brutal frankness.

XVI

IN WHICH THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO MAHOMET

Mr. Philip found that an imperious mandate from Grosvenor Square had been laid beside his silver cigar-box when he returned to the Albany at a quarter past two in the morning.

DEAR PHILIP [it ran], Your father desires to see you most particularly upon important business at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

Your loving Mother,
AGATHA H. A. SHELMERDINE.

'She means this mornin', and I shan't be up if I don't go to bed soon,' said the heir to the barony, sitting down before the remains of the fire to consider the situation in all its bearings.

The melancholy consequence was that not all the King's horses and not all the King's men, including the young man's body-servant, were able to wake him until something after eleven, in spite of the fact that a special messenger had been round from the Home Department.

If, however, Mahomet declines to move, it is time for the Mountain to be up and doing. Therefore, just as Mr. Philip, enveloped in a sky-blue dressing-gown, was pouring out his coffee with an uncertain hand, something rather portentous was ushered into the presence of the young prodigal.

The white eyebrows of the great Proconsul were a triumph of brushwork; the set of the tie was stern uncommonly; indeed the whole paternal aspect was enough to strike awe in the heart of the beholder.

The evidence that it did so, however, is not altogether conclusive.

The young waster, buttering his toast at a quarter past eleven, in a sky-blue dressing-gown, rose and offered his

hand in an easy and leisurely but withal in a manly and unaffected fashion.

'I was just comin' round, Father,' said the young man.

Father declined a cup of tea and a cigarette without any effervescence of gratitude.

'Take a pew, won't you,' said the young man, resuming business with the toast and butter.

Cool and off-handed young fellow, perhaps, thus to receive a great Proconsul; still his tone was not without deference, even if his air was casual.

Father took a pew.

'You don't look very comfy in that one. Take the one with the arms to it.'

'Do quite well, thanks,' said Father, in a deep bass voice.

A state of armed neutrality? — ye-es it did seem rather like it. Father did n't seem quite to know where to begin; Son knew better than to provide assistance.

'See in the paper that Van rather got across old Balsquith last night,' said Son, conversationally.

Father had heard the debate from the Peers' gallery.

Son wondered what would win the Coronation Vase — havin' forgotten that Father did n't go in for racin'.

'Philip,' said Father, in tones of deep emotion, 'it seems to me that you —' And Father paused.

— Are going to the Devil, as fast as you can, is really what your distinguished parent desires to say to you, but he is trying to say it without treading on your feelings, which is more consideration than you deserve, you blighter!

No business of his if I am, was the very unfilial rejoinder of the latter.

'Philip,' said Father, after a pause, 'your mother is very upset.'

Young fellow was sorry to hear it, very, but in February the weather was always so full of surprises.

Mother had not yet recovered, it appeared, from the most painful scene last Sunday afternoon with the grandmother of the Person. As the occurrence had been reported to the great Proconsul, the Person's venerable relative had not behaved as nicely as she might have done.

Son was awfully cut up about it, but he did n't quite agree. With all respect to Mother he could not help thinking that Miss Caspar's venerable relative had been in receipt of provocation.

White eyebrows erected themselves archwise.

'We won't go into That,' said Father. 'But there are the facts, my dear boy. Let them be looked in the face.'

'I wish, father, you would consent to meet Mary. She's an absolute nailer, you know.'

Father was so disconcerted by the behavior of Son that he began to clothe his thoughts with language. A singularly unfortunate entanglement; people would be shocked; family interests would suffer; such unions never turned out well — how could they? Besides, Warlock was so sensitive. In fact, with all the conviction of which he was capable, and a Proconsul is capable of a good deal, Father urged Son to pause and reflect.

Son had already done so.

Was it conceivable?

Oh, yes, quite, if Father did n't mind his saying so. He had a private income, and she was the nicest girl in London, — an opinion, he was sure, in which Father was bound to concur when he'd seen her.

But a ——!!

Yes, but people were getting so much broader-minded, were n't they?

Father had heard that that was the case, but in his opinion excess of Breadth was an even more serious menace to the Empire — being a great

Proconsul, of course, Father always thought Imperially — than to err a little on the other side. Moreover, he felt the time was ripe to impart in strict confidence this pearl of wisdom to his offspring: i.e. that a comparatively recent creation should always be fastidious.

If you looked at things in that way, thought Mr. Philip.

How else could one look at things? the Proconsul inquired in tones of pained expostulation.

'This is the way I look at things, Father,' said Mr. Philip, 'if you don't mind my goin' into details.'

'Pray do so, my boy. I shall welcome them.'

'Well, this is my feelin' on the subject. You are sort of shot here, don't you know, without anybody askin' you whether you wanted to come. You are sort of dumped here, don't you know, and told to make the best of a pretty bad mix-up. Well, I don't mind telling you, Father, I've been gettin' rather fed up with the whole affair lately.'

An idle and selfish course of life leads invariably to that state of mind, said Father in effect, though his language was more polished. It was a great mistake ever to have left the Second.

Son had got just as fed up there, though. It seemed such a silly arrangement for grown men of five and twenty.

Father was pained at This.

'Fact is,' said the Green Chartreuse, who was a veritable Swaggering Companion this morning, 'a chap is bound to get fed up with Things unless he can find a real nice girl to take him on and give him an interest outside himself. And I reckon I've found her, although I have n't persuaded her yet; but, Father, if you'll be so kind as to go and talk to her grandmother, a real good sort, who has played Kean with Lady Macbeth, and put in a word for me, I'm sure it would straighten things out a bit.'

Father was constrained to remark at this point that he was afraid the Eldest Son of the House was hopeless. It was truly unfortunate that he could not be brought to realize the gravity of the issue.

Mr. Philip seemed willing to concede that from one point of view it would be quite right to marry Adela. But suppose you were not built in that way?

Father, however, found not the least difficulty in making a rejoinder. 'Marry Adela, my dear boy, whatever way you are built in, and you will never regret it. You will have done your duty in a manner becoming to the sphere to which it has pleased Providence to call you. Your mother will be pleased; I propose to double your present income; Warlock is prepared to be generous in regard to Adela's settlement; I am sure High Cliffe will view the arrangement favorably; the little house in Grosvenor Street can be had on a short lease on reasonable terms; Mr. Vandeleur is inclined to think it would do no harm to the Party; most agreeable, accomplished, and charming girl; what could any young fellow — but why labor the point?'

Son rather agreed it might be taken as read. Still the fact remained that if you are not built in that way you are bound to be up against it.

The Proconsul had no pity for such weakness of fibre, such general infirmity of character. 'Do you suppose, my dear boy, that when I married your dear mother I had no qualms?'

It may have been that this important truth was wrung from the great Proconsul before he realized his danger. It was a period of considerable emotional stress just now, you must please remember.

'Do you suppose I did not realize that my life was not going to be alto-

gether a bed of roses at first? But I am proud to say I was ambitious, and I can look all the world in the face and say I have never regretted my action. Our life together has been exceedingly harmonious; your mother is a most estimable and a thoroughly good woman; and I should have been guilty of the greatest error of my career had I allowed my perfectly natural qualms to frustrate a union which has been so abundantly blessed by heaven.'

Seldom had the great Proconsul been moved so deeply.

'Let us beware, my dear boy, lest the weakening of fibre of the present generation does not undermine our Empire. It may be easier for you at first not to marry Adela Rocklaw; but it is a great mistake to suppose you will ever regret such a step if you have the courage to embrace it. As for this other step, I assure you, my dear boy, it is unthinkable.'

Having thus unburdened his mind, the Proconsul rose, and still in the fury of deep emotion swayed majestically forth from the Albany B 4.

(*To be continued.*)

EDUCATION DRAMATIZED

BY HARRIET FINLAY-JOHNSON

'Going to school!' What are the mental pictures conjured up by these words? Four walls, desks, cupboards, books (not the cupboards of home by any means, and perhaps a different class of books), blackboards, drawing-models, easels, museum, kindergarten materials — these comprise the skeleton, the bare bones of 'school.' Much has been done to emancipate the twentieth-century child from the ancient drudgery of learning, but still, to a great extent, 'shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing boy' when he is old enough to go to school. The desks are made and designed carefully for the express purpose of being sat in. The boy will have to learn to sit still when he longs for movement. Others will dictate to him as to when he ought to move about, and he will move in common with numbers of other children — by rule — by drill. The books, the blackboards and all the other articles of furniture will soon represent to him merely so many pieces of apparatus by means of which he will study, in common with others, uniform lessons; or, perchance, have thin films of information laid over his mind in order that it may be skimmed off again by questioners and examiners. For, although we hear a very great deal in these days about 'self-expression' in school, yet those 'in authority over us' still appear to require the self-expression served up in the same old dishes of method, accompanied by the flavoring of time-tables, notes, schemes, marks, reports, and examinations which seasoned the mental food of those who went before us. The consequence is that the so-called self-expression is not an expression of what the child really

thinks and feels at all; to use our culinary figure again, it is really a kind of mental mock-turtle — an imitation and a sham.

Left to himself, what child would ever have invented a school or a system such as I have pictured? It was invented by grown-ups and is calculated to suit the requirements of adult students possessed of powers of self-repression, concentration, and voluntary attention, rather than the needs of children who by nature do not possess these powers. Enmeshed in such a system, the wise child, finding it does not 'pay' to be really original, obligingly forms the habit of thinking what he is expected to think, and he soon becomes quite an adept at finding out what is expected of him without being exactly told. Gradually he gives up the tiresome habit of thinking entirely for himself, which would leave him stranded far behind the other members of his class when it came to a display of results in the 'skimming' process to which I have already alluded.

The fact is, every one concerned, from the heads of educational bodies and universities, down to the youngest child in the kindergarten, is still, in spite of reforms, in bondage — slave to the tyranny of outward, visible, and immediate results.

But why, one may ask, is it so very necessary to strive after this self-expression? Is it the newest fad — the latest catch-word? It is necessary if we are really earnest in our desire that the child's mind shall grow and develop equally with its body. School should be the place in which a child's mind grows by being supplied with mental food and opportunities of exercise. But he must eat the food himself, and he alone can make the effort which constitutes exercise. In short, we desire that the child shall himself realize the forces that exist within him. If he is really doing this he must needs express himself. Nature has implanted in individuals unlimited capacity for mental growth which needs to be realized by the individual. Such growth is assuredly stunted, arrested, or even killed, if it has no outlet. So strong is the capacity, however, that, if forcibly repressed at its legitimate outlet toward the light, it will find for itself an illegitimate outlet, in another direction. Hence we generally find that healthy-minded children will express themselves in what we term naughtiness, acts forbidden by their elders, rather than relinquish all realization of self. The child's true self has to be reckoned with. It will out — it is one of the forces of nature, for good or ill. Now, if Nature provides certain forces governed by certain laws of her own, I take it that it is 'good business,' if nothing higher, to utilize them to the full. If we try to attain our ends by thwarting Nature, we certainly waste our energy. To harness Niagara Falls for our own useful purposes is more rational than trying to stop or divert the Falls.

That is why we need self-expression. We want the child to educate himself, to learn for himself, just as he eats for himself; but we want to know that he really is doing so. We can only know this if he tells us either directly or indirectly about it. I say indirectly, because children, as all teachers and some parents know, are shy birds. It is not always wise to adopt the 'stand and deliver' attitude with them. One can generally glean more real knowledge of children from chance conversations overheard in the playground than from years of formal replies to questions asked by the teacher in school.

In my experiences as head teacher [1]

[1] A book by the author recording her experiences, and entitled *The Dramatic Method of Teaching*, has recently been published by Ginn and Company, Boston.

of an elementary school in Sompting, Sussex, England, I realized the need of being able to hear, and join in with real, spontaneous conversations between scholars, and of being able to play with the children; but to the purpose. My scholars had inherited the bad old-school tradition, 'Talking in school is against the rules.' Children are wonderfully keen at summing up a situation, and they had come to recognize — generation after generation of them — that only a certain fictitious kind of conversation passed as current in school. My readers will recognize the brand for themselves, I am sure; it has come to be more or less generally recognized in England under the term 'chalk and talk.' The only way to get at the true ringing metal beneath this sham was to break away boldly from the whole of the old school-tradition — to create a new tradition entirely. That new tradition was to have, for its guiding principle, agreement with child-nature. It was to take account of childish instincts; nor was it to overdo any one instinct to the neglect of another. No less an authority than Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, late chief Inspector of Elementary Schools in England, has tabulated these instincts, which we have been utilizing for some twelve years, in his recent book on Education. They are: —

1. The Communicative instinct — to talk and listen.

2. The Dramatic instinct — to act, to make believe.

3. The Artistic instinct — to draw, paint, and model.

4. The Musical instinct — to sing, and dance.

5. The Inquisitive instinct — to know the why of things.

6. The Constructive instinct — to make and invent things.

The means whereby we endeavored to give full play to all of these instincts, successfully formed our system and consequently our new school-tradition.

Space forbids me here to go further into the psychology of our subject. Just so much as I have written was, I think, necessary to the proper understanding of our philosophy of education. May I now take my readers for another day in school? What school? Well, a modern writer has named it, 'a school in Utopia.'

It is 8.30 A.M. School proper does not begin until 9 A.M.; but there is n't any 'school proper' in Utopia. Just as soon after breakfast as we can race there, will be the correct time for us. The scholars arrive before the teachers! How busy every one is! Every one is talking, yet there is no undue confusion, no appearance of contraband naughtiness. Nobody seems to have thought of naughtiness, because each one is busy over something he or she particularly wants to do. There is a group of girls busily decorating the room with flowers. They have a plan over it, discussed among themselves, and provided for during their last evening's ramble. To-day they are carrying out a scheme of primroses with young larch for greenery, and mossy beds for the primroses. Exceedingly pretty and very little like a schoolroom does the finished article look, for the fireplace has a pretty painted wood over-mantel in a delicate combination of two pale greens, and the walls are covered with lovely framed pictures of flowers in water-color — the handiwork of the scholars, but not in the least like the 'schooly' brush-work one sees. These are the unaided work of scholars who, observing real flowers from infancy, gradually improved their own expression of them with paint and brush. *A propos* of brush-work, a little London girl, visiting the school with her father, said, 'Oh, father, let *me* do painting like that!' Her father replied,

'But, my dear child, your school is noted for its brush-work.' 'Well, we don't paint like this,' persisted the embryo self-expressionist; 'teacher makes a blob here and another there, then we all do the same and teacher says it's a buttercup; but *it is n't.*' Which I think sufficiently voices the plea of the child for self-expression.

But now the decorative work in the schoolroom is completed and numbers of other scholars begin to arrive. You will notice that each one at once looks for something to do in the way of preparation. Every one seems full of joy and energy, and looks as if coming to school were quite to his taste. They all glance round the room to see what the elder girls have accomplished, for they are nothing if not observant; and they have learned to look for something new and pretty and in season, each day. Besides, they hope one day to be the happy decorators themselves.

And what are all these young people doing that will be of any use educationally — that will justify rates being spent on them? Referring to our table of instincts above, we see that they are exercising their Artistic instinct and their Communicative instinct; and we must remember that their mental, moral, and spiritual growth depends on the exercise of these instincts if the children are to develop all that is best in them.

Now the teachers arrive — and bang goes tradition number one! The old-school tradition said, 'Teachers admitted *first*, and when they ring the school-bell, children enter in due order.' The teachers held, as it were, permanent passes into the scholastic 'early doors.' There is no need of a school-bell in Utopia; but we ring one at the correct hour just to let folks know the time.

At the sound the moving mosaic of scholars sorts itself into classes; and, without any orders being given, we perceive the most orderly of schools. Every eye is fixed on the face of the head teacher — who, for the convenience of seeing all the scholars, has mounted nimbly on a chair in one corner of the room. Immediately in front of her are the youngest scholars, who have a classroom of their own, and are merely assembled here for the benefit of a morning chat before being dismissed to their own classroom. This is the 'little 'uns'' special time, and consequently the 'big 'uns' say nothing unless they have to come to the rescue in a tight place.

'Now, *I'm* ready,' says the head teacher. At once there appear from various safe places, where they have been stored, various specimens of flowers, weeds, leaves, grasses, shells, stones, and what not. Then each child tells in its own way exactly what it has found and observed for itself. We notice that when any difficulty of naming or accounting for phenomena arises, the little ones involuntarily turn to the older scholars, who put them on the right track if they can, but who avoid telling them anything that they can find out for themselves. There can be no mistake about the usefulness of this lesson, for very rarely has any one scholar brought exactly the same specimen as another. It is not dry talk either, for did you observe that twinkle and smile of real pleasure as the first celandine of the year was produced just now? And how quickly that nice-looking big girl at the back exclaimed, 'Miss Johnson, —

> Telling tales about the sun,
> When there 's little warmth or none'!

Yes, they soon learn to love and quote Wordsworth. They know he must have hunted for the first celandine, just as they do.

All the specimens exhibited, prayers are said, registers marked, and the

younger scholars file off to their classroom. We will stay behind and watch what goes on in the big room, for I have a curious feeling as to what those soap-boxes and packing-cases on wheels are doing in school. Surely some naughty boys have dared to bring them within these sacred precincts for an illicit purpose. But, no. The door has scarcely closed upon the little ones, when the owners of the boxes (they are the makers and designers also) jump up, bring the boxes out of their corners and display them more prominently.

'Look, Miss Johnson, we've brought some ships,' says one. 'They don't want much rigging, because they are steamships, you see; and there 's plenty of room to stow the cargo.'

'It is geography lesson now, so may we begin?' says another.

'But what about your play? Have you got it ready for us?' asks the head teacher.

'Yes, but we would like to look at a book that is on the library-shelf first, please,' answers the boy who is apparently the ringleader, and whom his companions address as Mike.

'All right, get the book, and be off to the other end of the playground where we cannot hear you,' says the teacher.

As we watch them manipulating their steamships when going out of the room, we see that the driver — or ought I to say captain? — sits on the edge of the box with one leg inside and one walking on the floor outside the wheel. With this leg he propels the ship. One of the more ingenious captains has fixed a small guiding wheel on the edge of his box, by means of which he steers his small front wheels. Am I digressing from my subject? I think not, for are we not watching some healthy, natural, untrammeled children displaying the results of the exercise of the Constructive instinct?

While the boys who are in the play are preparing to show us a Geography Play, the scholars left behind busy themselves with their reading-books and note-books, communicating freely both with their companions and their teacher. There is no babel or confusion, because the remarks are made in low, conversational tones, and the children try to observe the rule that one person shall speak at a time. They are evidently honestly trying to prepare themselves for the better understanding of the play they are about to witness.

Before many minutes have elapsed, however, the players are back again, tapping on the school door for admission. Immediately we are all alert, — there is no need to call, 'Attention!' — and, quite informally, just as children play their own games on the street or in the garden, we are soon in the thick of a voyage to America, really emigrating in the soap-box ships.

It is true, we have but a very small space available — only twenty feet by six feet in front of the desks and a fairly wide space between desks and wall where the ships can turn. Various parts of the room are named and the space becomes the Atlantic Ocean. To make the voyage long, the ships sail round the space, out of the door, round the playground and back again. It would require a whole volume to record the play verbatim; although, as it is the children's and not my own, I may here say that it is quite well worth a volume to itself.

Text-books have been freely used, for of course the basis of the play must be correct as to facts, even if the setting and padding be original. Naturally a great deal of the setting must be left to the imagination. It is the old childish make-believe — the 'let 's pretend.' But children do not play 'let 's pretend' sitting still in desks, listening to a teacher who is lecturing

and questioning for hours on end, do they? That was my reason for letting you see the scholars in Utopia to-day. I wanted you to realize that, while a good many adults have forgotten all their school history, they generally have a very clear and lively recollection of the historical or other plays which they acted with their chums after school hours.

I think most people have recollections of the time in their lives when action seemed the keynote of their characters. Robert Louis Stevenson, who knew something about children and their instincts, says, 'We grown-up people can tell ourselves a story all the while sitting quietly by the fire. This is exactly what a child cannot do — or does not do — at least when he can do anything else. He works all with lay-figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting he must rise, get something by way of a sword, or have a set-to with a piece of furniture until he is out of breath.' So that children see nothing incongruous in styling a projecting desk a cape, or the floor space an ocean. They are frankly delighted when they discover that the north end of the room is really the coldest end, because that makes it easy to call it the North Pole. And if they do not happen to have a packing-case on wheels ready to act as a boat, they will soon show their resourcefulness and imagination by merely turning a chair on its back or inverting a form to drag up and down the floor-ocean.

As a matter of fact it is better not to have real properties — certainly not ready-made ones. Children would far rather make their own accessories or use something else for a make-believe. Richard Jefferies in his book *Bevis* voices this when he says, 'He knew that the greatest pleasure is always obtained from inferior and incomplete instruments. Present a perfect yacht, a beautiful horse, a fine gun, or anything complete to a beginner, and the edge of his enjoyment is dulled with too speedy possession. The best way to learn to ride is on a rough pony.' And in the second chapter of that delightful book *Little Women*, by Louisa M. Alcott, — as dear to English girls as it is to Americans, — the heroines 'not rich enough to afford any great outlay for performances, put their wits to work, and — necessity being the mother of invention — made whatever they needed. "A gloomy wood" was represented by a few shrubs in pots, green baize on the floor, and a cave in the distance. This cave was made with a clothes-horse for a roof and bureaus for walls,' etc.

When the Utopian scholars wanted a cave or a hermit's cell, they merely crept under the teacher's high spindle-legged desk; when they needed a tent they utilized the space between the extended legs of an easel; when the play required red-hot irons, they red-chalked the old school-poker; when the exigencies of the case demanded a horse, they did not offer their 'kingdom for a horse,' but just got a companion to knuckle down whilst they mounted on his back, and, lo! a prancing war-horse! Not only does this benefit the scholars by exercising their constructive instincts and faculties, but also it makes for a very great economy in expenditure on school-apparatus. The boys are always anxious to bring such simple articles as an old wooden box on wheels; or the girls will volunteer to make costumes. The play is so interesting and makes so strong an appeal to the child mind, that the desired lessons can be inculcated without the use of a book for each child — particularly if there be an open library-shelf to which all can have access in school time; and thus the State may find its little bill for education considerably

lessened. Added to this advantage, we are, of course, developing the Dramatic Instinct — one of the most potent and active instincts of childhood.

At the risk of repeating myself I must again insist that, if we neglect any one channel of expression, we are not developing the whole man. If Nature implanted certain instincts, it is not ours to discriminate which, if any, we shall neglect, and help to stunt and kill. Children are born actors. They are constantly impersonating, or making their dolls impersonate, other people. They play at 'mothers and fathers'; or, with dolls for scholars, they play at being 'teacher.' Some people might say this is merely mimicry; but if one listens to the plays, one finds originality rather than mimicry. All who are interested in the education of children know how successful is the kindergarten game among little ones in presenting to their senses and understanding things which it would be otherwise impossible to teach them. In the play for older scholars we visualize facts in a similar way, extending and profiting by our experience with younger scholars.

And let none fear that allowing scholars to play or dramatize their lessons will have the effect of making them stage-struck, or too fond of theatre-going. If ready-made plays were put into the hands of children and rehearsed for public displays and entertainments, with proper dresses, scenery, and properties, this might be the result. But lessons dramatized in childish fashion by the children, with make-believe properties such as you have just seen in Utopia, have merely the effect one desires and aims at.

The geography lesson is ended. Every one looks as fresh and keen as at the start. In fact we cannot believe that nearly an hour has elapsed since the play began. And do the onlookers know any more than they knew before about the voyage to America, and what happened when the ship arrived there? First of all there are very few, if any, onlookers. Every one seems to have been gradually incorporated into the play. A few boys were called upon to form a gang of men, coaling ship (real coal shoveled into the soap-box outside in the school porch, which now became Liverpool docks); others became porters, carrying passengers' luggage; one or two small-sized children represented the passengers; others put small sacks on board, supposed to be mails. Some of the older girls suggested that they should write real letters in envelopes and include those, — which was done. Then the scholars have been careful to listen to the running fire of dialogue kept up between captain, crew, and passengers. They have gathered that the ship had to anchor out in the Mersey while a small tender took the passengers aboard. The captain has pointed out Liverpool on his right and Birkenhead on his left, while he informed the passengers that Liverpool is one of the largest shipping ports in the world. A line of door-mats placed across the room had to be carefully navigated. He said it was the bar; and the pilot, whom the captain kept in his box until the bar was crossed, explained that it was a sandy bar and constantly changed its shape and position. Said he, 'We Mersey pilots have to study its changes very carefully, or else *we* should very soon get a change of situation.'

Another batch of children (girls this time, because they must have something to do, and 'girls can't be sailors, or pilots, or porters, you know') walked up and down the docks, pointing out another soap-box being unloaded. Its cargo was raw cotton (we happen to possess some specimens of that material in our school museum), and a little

dialogue was indulged in by the girls, to the effect that all this cotton was destined for the Lancashire cotton mills. Another ship was unloading meat — rare sport for a big boy to lift a limp small boy, wrapped up in girls' pinafores, out of the box and deposit him on the dock-side, while the girls exclaimed, 'Frozen mutton!' One of their number pretended to find names printed on the wrapper, 'Barnes, Downey & Co.,' and recognized in them the names of two former scholars who had gone abroad.

While all this was going on, the ship going to America had crossed the Mersey bar and sailed round the playground. Then the scholars in the room were told by the players, 'Now you are in Canada. Land ahead!' Several little girls waved their pinafores up and down, surrounding the ship. They explained that they were a heavy fog; while the captain, ordering a sharp look-out, explained that the fog was the result of cold currents from the Polar Sea, bringing icebergs (the scholars pretended the easel was an iceberg and all shivered as the ship passed it), meeting warm currents from the Gulf of Mexico. He gave quite a learned dissertation on the condensation of the water-vapor in the air, and by that time the ship was ready to call at St. John's.

The remainder of the journeyings of the passengers was treated in the same lively fashion, and then — time being up — the boys begged to be allowed to play 'settlers in Canada,' on the morrow. They said they could make up a lovely play. They knew where to find a small tree, which they would plant in a tub of mould and bring into the schoolroom to be felled for lumbering. And I venture to assert that few children learn more geography by such easy and pleasant means in so short a time. Besides, there is the eagerness to 'go on to-morrow,' — the desire for more, — the willingness to utilize out-of-school hours for the preparation of another play! The question of 'home lessons' has often proved a vexed one. That is because a child's mind is *one*, and not readily divided into compartments. There should be unity between home and school. There is unity when the idea of a 'task,' is removed. A boy or girl — aye, and grown men and women, too — will do far more work when he or she works for pleasure or at a hobby.

But we have n't time to moralize much more in our Utopian school. There are sounds of revelry proceeding from the infant school. We must see what is afoot. The tiny tots are learning the elements of arithmetic; but there is no blackboard or chalk about. They themselves have papers, with a large number printed thereon, pinned on their breasts.

'Now, take partners for the dance!' says the teacher. 'What number makes the *right* pair of partners?'

'Ten,' answer the tinies.

Then at once, 9 walks up to 1 and says, 'Will you dance with me?' and leads his partner to the top of the room. 8 chooses 2, and 7 chooses 3, and so on until all are paired, each one picking out the number which, added to his or her own, will make up ten. If they are correct, they dance; but should they make an error, they stand out. This is a great indignity and seldom occurs, we observe. The dance is a sort of glorified country-dance, of the style of Sir Roger de Coverley.

But listen! A bell rings! Let us pop into the classroom whence the sound comes. What do we see? A shop, a real shop, with a bell on the door to announce the advent of customers, with little girls behind the counter (a desk, with yard-measure pinned thereon), with a cashier presiding over a

cash-box of cardboard coins; with real printed bill-heads (kindly provided by a renowned soap-manufacturer), with rolls of ribbon (paperhanger's trimmings from the wall-paper), with customers buying and receiving correct measurements and change. The teacher watches to see that there are no mistakes; but it is a real game. The children are not reciting a prepared dialogue. They talk spontaneously, as children do when they play out of school.

But we must not linger. Back in the big room there are interesting things happening. As we arrive there we again hear a bell ringing, and then a boy calls, 'Oyez! Oyez!' A crowd of French citizens surround him, while he tells them that he has been appointed to tell them that the English king demands that six of the principal citizens shall march out of Calais with bare heads and feet, ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands. We immediately recognize that they are dramatizing the surrender of Calais. They have an affecting scene showing the six citizens volunteering, although a touch of humor is patent to us when we observe one of the citizens wearing a pair of French wooden sabots — probably to give a touch of local color! The girl representing the queen has copied her costume from correct pictures, and makes a very dignified speech. When the king has pardoned the citizens she orders that they 'be taken to my apartment. Take those halters from their necks — give them new clothes and a plentiful dinner!' The six file past her, making deep obeisance — the last one falling in a dead faint as he attempts to stagger out. We quite enjoy the little play, it is so real and so impressive; and mind, not one of the actors is over fourteen years of age!

It is not necessary to show you more to-day. There is plenty more. But you must come again and again. Then you shall see quiet scholars drawing and doing needlework at their desks, while the strains of Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Grieg, and Beethoven fill the room with melody and harmony. 'And beauty born of murmuring sound' shall pass into each face. They always accompany such quiet lessons with good music, for they have a fine piano in Utopia. You shall hear real English folk-music. You shall see the folk-songs acted as well as hear them sung. You shall see nature-study dramatized. You shall hear original poetry — good verse too!

What is that you say? 'What about the 3 R's?' Why these scholars are taking the 3 R's in their stride, as it were. When they want information, they read for it. When they want to remember their parts, they write and transcribe them. When they need mathematics they actually measure, weigh, and calculate. You have seen them. How do they strike you? Are they not sane, healthy, promising little citizens? Do not their nice, natural manners impress you? And which 'day in school' did you most enjoy? Which made you feel most alive? Which accomplished most? Let these Utopian scholars preach the Gospel of Happiness for other children — let them have their share in leavening the whole lump.

KANDI SUBDIVISION

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

We had all been in camp together at Kandi, earlier in the 'cold' season; our tents, as big as cottages, whitening the vast green shadow of the mango grove. The horses stamped contentedly beneath the boughs. A swarm of turbaned bare-footed servants gossiped and quarreled in their quarters, deftly performing their tasks, and going their crafty, inscrutable ways.

The glossy depths of the leaves were full of the contralto gurglings of golden orioles; now and then they flamed across a bar of sunlight. In the crown of one huge tree a heavy-winged vulture had her nest, while her mate soared and circled, a speck in the illimitable blue. Streaked squirrels frisked hither and yon, chattering sarcastic disapproval of rude British ways.

We were a goodly company: the Collector and the Assistant Collector, with Mem-Sahibs and a sister-in-law; the *silk-kuti* Mem-Sahib and her chunky baby; the Police Burra Sahib and the Police Chota Sahib; and least in years and stature, but first in sweet grace and favor with God and man, Theo, the Collector Mem-Sahib's baby, a sunny little angel of three.

Theo had a charming way of coming to my tent in the cool of the morning, calling me till she saw my eyes open, and then saying in her pretty Hindustani, —

'Johnston, *hamare sung kelo!*' which is to say, 'Come, play with me!'

She had picked up my name from her great big papa, the Collector Sahib.

In the dew-bespangled sunrise, while the air was caressingly cool, we went forth to ride along the river bank and beside fields of yellow mustard or dun stubble; then, on our return to the shadowed tents, a bath, breakfast, and the day's occupations; then again, in the swift dusk of evening, when furtive jackals rent the twilight stillness with wailing and demoniac laughter, or the silver bark of little foxes echoed over the mist-veiled rice-fields, white under the moon, we gathered in comfortable deck chairs in a great, dim aisle of the mango grove, while the tents shone orange in the lamp-light, to tell sad stories of the deaths of kings, or listen to the Police Chota Sahib, who had a pretty, sentimental tenor, singing 'The Long Indian Day.'

In those too brief, delicious days, we had turned our eyes, once in a while, toward the town of Kandi. From the deep green shadow of the mango tope, one could see its nearest buildings gleaming white in the outer sunlight, beyond a shimmering carpet of rice-stubble. One glanced for a moment at the sun-steeped houses, and then drew back with a sigh of deep content into the umbrageous quiet of the grove.

One dappled afternoon, the big Collector Sahib — big morally, big physically even from the standpoint of the Assistant Sahib, who, at the physical

examination in London, measured up five eleven and a half; big most of all in heart — thus addressed his junior officer, pointing toward the white buildings out in the heat: —

'I expect to put you in charge over there, in January; the Deputy, Govinda Babu, has two months' *chuti;* going to make a tour of his fathers-in-law!'

I heard, in pleasurable anticipation, and looked forth with new interest toward Kandi, glistening there in the sunshine.

Too soon our camp broke up, and faded creakingly through the twilight in a long train of native ox-carts down the twenty miles of dust-bedded road to the Bhagirathi River and Berhampore.

Then intervened the holidays. The Civil Station celebrated the Nativity by a tiger-shoot and a pig-stick, under the auspices of His Highness the Nawab Bahadur and half a dozen of his big, gray elephants; and I believe there was an exotic Christmas tree at the silk-kuti at *Babul bona.*

Thereafter, in the cool days beyond the turn of the year, I set forth, rejoicing now in the rank of Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector, the enhanced salary, and the power to consign my Aryan brothers to durance for six months, to rule over Kandi Subdivision, a kingdom of some quarter of a million souls.

Vivid in my memory is the fish-nosed boat which ferried us across the Bhagirathi River, — now shrunken to a blue ribbon in a wide valley of yellow sand, with rows of stakes set here and there for the nets of the fishermen. Most vividly do I remember the quaint crook-backed fiddle of a gray-haired musician, who perched on the bamboo platform of the boat, throwing parched peas down his throat with a quick little jerk of the wrist, and an unfailing aim that I watched with incredulous admiration. The boat, the musician in his white drapery, the crook-backed fiddle, had the air of ancient Babylon. One stepped into a picture of ten thousand years ago.

The road to Kandi lay through a marshy tract of bheels and jheels, where lean fishermen cast their nets with a circular throw, gleaning a few poor little fishes for supper, or paddled in ladle-shaped canoes, hollowed from the bulbed butt of a fan palm.

Then, rounding the big mango tope with its pleasant memories of December, we drove into the town of Kandi and came to a halt at the little square Board-of-Works bungalow, destined for two months to be our headquarters. It was in a rather deserted-looking part of the town, with red-brick houses up the road a hundred yards away, and the native College, for the making of young Bengali babus, somewhat nearer on the other side, in a garden of coral-blossomed ashoka trees. The bungalow had one large room, opening on a front veranda, and four small ones; with camp-cots, deck-chairs, and blue cotton carpets, the two Poonaswamis and their aides soon made it presentable; and we settled down to rule a unit of the British Indian Empire.

The brand-new Deputy Magistrate plunged that same evening into the hundred activities of subdivisional life; first betaking himself in white-helmeted dignity to the Kutcherry, to take over charge of the court and treasury, opium room and jail, from the departing Govinda Babu, whose heart already glowed with glad anticipation of visits to his many fathers-in-law.

Govinda Babu, besides being Deputy Magistrate of the Subdivision, was Chairman of the municipality of Kandi, a kind of small lord mayor; so, in his uxorious absence, these cares also, and they were heavy ones, descended upon

the shoulders of the incoming Deputy Collector, who writes this history.

They were heavy ones, beginning with the dogs. Once and again have I been walking quietly and as inoffensively as the representative of the conquerors may, in the byways of some Bengali village, and have had my dignity as a Briton and a gentleman all scattered to the winds by a surly Nationalist of a buffalo bull, bearing down on me sniffingly, with sinister intent; then, to rub salt in the wounds of my honor, some Bengali babe, naked but for a key strung round his loins, has come shouting and brandishing a little stick, and has chased the buffalo bull away, its abject tail between its legs. But even worse are the hurts to dignity when one is set on by a pack of pariah dogs, — huge howling nondescripts that sniff and snap and snarl at magisterial legs. Mem-Sahib never knew much Bengali, counting her towels with her washerman in a Hindi all her own; but she did learn to cry out '*Maro kokkur!*' — 'Beat the dog!' — with terror-stricken vigor; whereat the little Bengalis, obedient even while unsympathetic to her fears, took sticks and drove the howling monsters off. If they had only barked, it would have been less uncomfortable, but their one note was a roaring, insolent howl.

Thus having suffered in honor, the Deputy Magistrate now got his opportunity for revenge. For one of the drove of big dogs that lolled and snoozed and scratched under the arches and along the streets of Kandi, went mad and, in a paroxysm of folly, bit a municipal policeman, one of a score of red-turbaned knaves under my immediate orders. Thereafter the said mad dog, realizing, I suppose, that it was all up with him, in true Eastern fashion ran amuck, biting and snapping at his colleagues till the whole bazar was a canine pandemonium.

The policeman came wailing to me, and exhibited his wound; Bengalis love to show their wounds. It was a mere scratch on the shin, but the man was half crazy with fright. So I sent him to the subdivisional surgeon, a Boidhyo, a man of the doctor caste, with a shrewd diagnosis and a healing touch, to be cauterized and comforted; and then, as Acting Chairman of the municipality of Kandi, I issued a *Hukum*, proclaiming a wholesale massacre of stray dogs, and binding, as I remember, the said municipality to pay a reward of eight annas for each dog so slaughtered.

In my inexperience, I made a slip. I should have included in the proclamation a clause directing that the dead dogs above-mentioned and therein aforesaid should be delivered to one of my subordinates conveniently far off, — say the bitten policeman, who would have enjoyed it, — for due enumeration. I forgot to do that, so they brought the dogs to me.

An ox-cart load of them in the daytime was bad enough; but it was abominable to be awakened after midnight, to take cognizance of slaughtered corpses and sign an invoice of dead dog. Even in death, those beastly pariahs had the better of me.

They were soon forgotten, however, in the sterner, depressing duties of the cholera epidemic, which came down upon Kandi Subdivision two months before its time. The deeper cause, I suppose, was bacterial infection. The predisposing condition was colic, due to the eating of new rice, which has some such effect as green crab-apples have in the department of the interior. So my people began to die like flies.

Certain of their ways made it terribly and needlessly hard to help them. The infection, bacillus, or whatever it be, is carried by subsoil water through the sandy loam of the Ganges Delta

and crops up suddenly here and there, to disappear only with the breaking of the greater rains. It seems largely a matter of pure water, but how is one to secure that for a people who first bathe in their artificial ponds, then wash their clothes in them, and lastly, when all other necessities are served, fill their brass water-jars and take them home to drink?

We arranged for the distribution of camphor dissolved in ether, the best thing to counteract the initial colic; and tried hard to keep at least one tank pure: a pretty temple pond dotted with the round green leaves of crimson water-lilies, whereon certain sharp-beaked water-hens with toes miraculously long skated about in search of beetles. I was urged to set a fence of authority about this pond, in part by my own wish for a trustworthy domestic supply, in part by a committee of *Bhadra-lok*, of the better sort, of Kandi, — portly Bengali gentlemen in turbans like pudding moulds, and tussore silk frock-coats.

So a second proclamation was issued, in high Bengali, similar to the Proclamation of the Dogs, the rhetorical flourishes being added by my head clerk, a wise, sympathetic fellow with an Aryan name and a Semitic nose; and I set four policemen to watch the pond day and night, bidding them arrest, and bring to me instantly, whoever presumed to put so much as an ungodly toe into the proclaimed water.

So my *pani-wala* with his skin water-cask drew water in peace, as did the people of the town. Yet I afterwards learned, by subterranean ways, that the very gentlemen in tussore silk frock-coats and fancy turbans, who had come with salaams and lamentable petitions, were bribing my rascally policemen to let them bathe their unhallowed carcasses in my, and their, drinking water. Such a thing, my masters, is ancient custom; such a thing is the guile of mankind, lined with dire stupidity. I had those Bengali gentlemen up before me in full court, stood them in a row like malefactors, and from the height of the bench told them home truths in their suffering mother-tongue until they winced again. For the time they desisted, but I have a fancy that, when Govinda Babu came back with shining morning face, all went on as before.

A week's tour in the outlying regions of my kingdom relieved the strain of the dog and cholera days. It was a question of reviewing the government of the villages, of seeing that all went well in scores of mud-hut settlements amid clumps of greenery and bamboos scattered over an expanse of rice-fields rising gradually from the Bhagirathi to the Santal uplands on the west.

In those tours through the outlands, one's rascals of servants exercised upon the Bengali villagers the rights of purveyance and preëmption that got King John into such trouble: laying lawless hands on the very things, carts and firewood and straw, that are listed in the Charter; and, I fear, also pouncing on other things, such as eggs, and bamboo-flavored chickens, and egg-plants, which the Barons of Runnymede overlooked. This, in spite of all one's efforts to pay in honest cash; efforts frustrated in my case by the two Poonaswamis, first butler and first valet in my household, whom I had imported from Madras. Poonaswami the elder, whose gold-and-crimson turbans were a joy, cooked admirably; yet he once shocked me beyond words by asking for cook-money to buy the makings of a 'kerosene pudding,' averring that he had often served just that very dish to the Governor of Madras. Even had the Viceroy, or visiting royalties, feasted on kerosene, I flatly refused. Poonaswami pleaded, and finally brought, to convince me, the head

valet, Poonaswami the second, bearing a much-thumbed Tamil-English word-book, and pointing in triumph to the word 'Curaçao'!

It was a heartening sight in the approaching twilight to see the servants and orderlies, aided by impressed village watchmen, clearing a fair space for the camp, under shady mango trees. They scraped the sandy soil clean, laid on it a thick layer of sweet-smelling rice-straw, and spread on this blue-and-white cotton carpets. In the centre, they laid the butt of the big tent-pole, shook out the skirts of the tent, and then hauled away, unfurling the tent within a tent, a square home of canvas with a pyramid roof and an air-space a yard wide between the inner and the outer tent. This, with the ample shade of the glossy mango boughs, keeps one from roasting in camp in the 'cold' season: cold enough, that is, for peaches to hold something of their flavor, but too hot, even at Christmas, for strawberries, save on the mountain-tops about Mussurie.

The morning after we made camp, at the village of Belgaon, — which is the 'settlement of the Bel trees,' — I had my office-table set up under the trees, and summoned the weighty men of the village to give an account of their doings and their people. They came, reverend seniors, elected by the householders of those reed-thatched mud-houses, to form the Council of Five, signified by their title of *Panchayet*. Very good men they were, with much native mother-wit, palpably well-chosen and thorough masters of their duties — the settling of village disputes concerning lands, the division of the fruits of harvest between communal tillers, the levying of village rates, the payment of the watchmen, — those indigo-coated, white-turbaned *chowkidars* with their pikes, who had snored the night through over the ashes of my camp-fires, as the jackals flitted among the ropes, and night-owls hooted in the branches.

I had the indigo-coated chowkidars up before me, in an abashed row, and made them testify as to the peace of the village; then I looked over their wage-books to make sure that each of them got his five rupees a month regularly, lest they might fall into thieving. When I had duly verified these things, going over one grubby booklet after another, making out the crabbed entries in village Bengali, and cross-questioning the illiterate chowkidars, to check the written figures, I came to the conclusion that the village accounts were honestly and effectively kept, and that the Bengali village was a model of good local government. Its structure is, indeed, by all odds the oldest thing we have in India: older, by ages, than the British Raj, older than the Mogul invaders whom 'John Company' superseded, older than the era of Persian and Arab raiders, older than Chandragupta or Ashoka, older than the venerable laws of Manu, son of the Sun.

Impressed at finding myself in the living presence of this fragment of an elder world, I relieved the tension between two ages by having the chowkidars drawn up in line, and putting them through marching and pike exercises, to the ecstatic admiration of naked little Bengalis of both sexes, who had mysteriously found their way to the Sahib's camp, and were peeping like big-eyed brown fairies from behind the smooth boles of the mango trees.

Then I read petitions about all kinds of little local ills; gorgeously-worded petitions, in which I was addressed as Dharmavatar, and Garib-parwar: Incarnation of Righteousness, and Umbrella of the Poor. One can do much to lift heavy burdens in this summary fashion, and, on the whole, I

think I got at the truth. It was borne in upon me, and often verified thereafter, that the life of these humble Indian villages is, on the whole, very happy, despite darkling superstitions and lean days and a climate exasperatingly hard. We of the British Raj shield these poor folk from battle, murder, sudden death, if not always from plague, pestilence, famine; we guard them against rapacious, lazy overlings, who have preyed on them from generation to generation, and who pay us in angry discontent for thus interfering with their prey. These villagers and their like have learned by experience that they can trust implicitly in our law and even-handed justice. No small thing, this, to do for nigh three hundred millions of the poorest, most defenseless folk on earth.

Sometimes, while I was touring the outlands, the village had a school to be examined and reported on, with a view to 'grants in aid.' A spectacled busybody of a Brahman pundit led out to the Deputy Magistrate's shadowed camp his brood of youngsters, gay with flowered muslins and tinseled caps for so great an occasion. On a clean-swept strip of sand under the boughs, they sate them in a row — little brown frogs of chaps with big, dark eyes; each with his palm-leaf writing-strips on his lap, whereon to my deep edification he penned, or rather drew with a pointed reed dipped in ink, the curved Bengali letters, chanting their names the while like a young crow: — 'Kaw, khaw, gaw, ghaw, ngaw.' As a crowning glory, the fussy little pundit declared that one of his children of the dusk knew real English words. After vernacular promptings *sotto voce*, a small hopeful, in green and rose-colored muslin, and with a grave little brown face under a gold-tinseled cap, arose, and with immeasurable, severe dignity piped the words: 'Uni-vair-sal gravy-tation!' and then suddenly collapsed, shutting up like a pocket-knife under the strain of violent mental effort, while the fussy, pompous little pundit beamed with wreathed smiles.

It was very taking to see these little brown mites demonstrating Euclid at the blackboard, in a fluent Bengali that left the Deputy Collector halting behind; and odd too, until one remembered that the ancestors of these brown morocco babies had discovered not only geometry, but trigonometry and algebra also; giving this last to the Arabs what time the wily Moslems purloined from India the 'Arabic' numerals, — really conventionalized initials of the Sanskrit numerals, though foisted by the Arabs as their own on a confiding world.

Fain would the Deputy Magistrate have lingered in the outlands, camping in the scented, melodious shadow of mango topes, by palm-fringed pools adorned with blue or crimson water-lilies; making fatherly inquest into the practical working of this elder world amid vast brown expanses of rice-stubble; admiring hugely the reed-thatched huts with trailing melons growing over them, the hairy green hands of the leaves and the yellow trumpet-flowers strewn with dewy seed-pearls in the white of the dawn; but the duties of the station at Kandi called him back, happily to find the cholera abated, the stream of dog diminished to a trickle.

But there was much to do every day at the Kutcherry, an agglomeration of white-washed brick, of no defined form or style. There were, first, the criminal trials for the day, though the petty pilferings and thumpings of these guileless folk little deserved the high, serious name of crime. One case I remember, where there was some question of selling rice-liquor without due excise license. A witness for the prosecuting

Abkari department, which is to say, Excise, filled me with hopeless wonder at his splendid, disinterested inveracity. With rolling eye, he told me of a small room, a yard or so square, indicating its precise dimensions on the rail of the witness-stand before him; then he related how wild revelers, thirsting for rice-wine, came pouring in, — ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty of them, gathering in that tiny cubicle to make merry and carouse. By his telling, never was such furious dissipation, such unbridled delinquency; fifty men — or was it sixty? — singing and dancing and wassailing in a square yard of space.

You cannot indict such a shock-headed, wild-eyed fellow for perjury; it would be too ridiculous. There is one way, I have been told, to get the truth out of the most depraved Bengali: to fill his palm with Ganges water, and then bid him testify. But I have a notion that this fellow, were he immersed in Ganges to the lips, or in subterranean Phlegethon for that matter, would still gurgle out his sublime phantasies.

Then there was the governmental dispensing of *gunja*, or hashish, a kind of withered aster, and of blocks of opium; a duty which rejoiced not the heart of the Deputy Collector. The British Indian Government does not sell these things; it receives them in bond from the growers, and distributes them, with a whacking excise duty added to the cost, to licensed dealers, who peddle out to their clients the fuel of dreams.

The opium came in blocks as big as bricks, weighing a Bengali seer, or two pounds; the duty on each brick being, as I remember it, some twenty-eight rupees at three to the dollar. The Deputy Collector confesses to having sold enough of this acrid stuff to demoralize a city, supposing the traffic to be as noxious as its critics aver. He wishes, therefore, to say thereon these two things: first, that the British Raj has three courses open to it: to forbid all growing of the rose-red opium poppy, which might be over-tyrannous; or to allow its cultivation free of all restriction; or to lay such a tax on it as shall bring in a good revenue, and at the same time greatly discourage, while not absolutely prohibiting, its use. This last is the course followed by the British Raj. Secondly, the Deputy Collector deposes that, so far as his limited observation went, opium was used chiefly by hopeless invalids, sufferers from cancer, or leprosy, or the disfiguring maladies of the East; this would seem to be the reason why pictures of Indian opium-dens show such ghastly wrecks of humanity. Opium is not the cause of their miserable state, but its palliative. The natives of India are, on the whole, admirably temperate, as they are wonderfully free from serious crime.

As for revenue from opium, and the reprobation that goes with it, the government of India is in a quandary. It must tax something, or go bankrupt out of hand. The Permanent Settlement of a century ago pledged the government of Bengal never, on any plea, to increase the tax, or government rent, at that time laid on land; and in spite of every need this promise has been sacredly kept. So rupees must be raised elsewhere; and not very creditable taxes, like this on opium which hurts no one but the users of it, or the far more onerous tax on salt, are the best expedients that have so far been hit upon, to fill the big hole in Bengal's revenues.

As for the other departments of his small kingdom, the Deputy Collector has the honor to invite you to study them in company with no less a man than the Commissioner of Central

Bengal, a very great personage indeed in the hierarchy of Covenanted-Walas. Of these latter, nine hundred govern and, as I believe, govern admirably well, an empire of three hundred million souls. Some two hundred and fifty of them at that time made up the Civil Service of the still undivided Province of Lower Bengal, with Behar and Orissa thereto joined.

To understand the might, majesty, and dominion of my Commissioner, I shall try to lead you up to his pyramidal eminence by graded steps. Begin with just such a little kingdom as my own Kandi Subdivision, some three or four hundred square miles, inhabited by a quarter of a million lowly souls. Four or five such subdivisions make up a District, under such a collector and district magistrate as little Theo's big and big-hearted papa, who had a million or a million and a quarter subdued, toiling subjects. And eight or ten such districts make up a Division, in this case dominated, from his dizzy height, by my august guest, who came, as I have hinted, on a tour of inspection to the Subdivision of Kandi; much as the humble Deputy Collector, in his turn, went on tours of inspection through the little villages.

As I have begun with statistics, let me grasp my courage in both hands and, at grave risk of unpopularity, try to carry the matter through. Some half-dozen divisions make up the Province of Lower Bengal, under a Lieutenant-Governor risen from the ranks of Covenanted-Walas, and in his day proud to rule just such a realm as Kandi Subdivision. Bombay and Madras rejoice in lordly governors sent fresh from home, as they are old provinces; but the four or five provinces remaining — which, with the senior three already enumerated, make up British India — are ruled by lieutenant-governors who rise from the Covenanted ranks. Thus any man of the nine hundred may some day be the head of a realm as populous as France or Italy, and with peasants as thrifty and as poor. Over all these lieutenant-governors hovers the superb Viceroy, absolute as Jove himself, save when the Secretary of State for India berates him by cable.

Besides these directly-governed provinces, there is a huge native India of six hundred thousand square miles, ruled by Hindu or Mahometan or Buddhist princes: the splendid feudal chivalry of Rajputana, noblest among the races of the world; or ancient Hindu lines like the Maharajas of Mysore, — once serfs of the conquering Moslem but set on their thrones again by the English, — with their reverence for what is old and their genius for conservation; or fragments broken from the crumbling Mogul empire, such as Hyderabad is still, and such as Bengal was when Clive fought at Plassey; or new-sprung princelings of the plundering Mahratta clans, like the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, or Holkar of Indore.

I am inspired to this statistical precision by the earnest desire to define, with nice accuracy, the terrace of the hierarchical pyramid to which pertained my stately visitor the Commissioner: a huge, tired gentleman, who had given a long life, and a great life, to India, and had but the dregs of it left. He was one of the bricks in the altar of sacrifice.

The Commissioner Sahib camped in the great mango tope, whence we went forth together to review my dominions. We talked, he as master, I as learner, of such things as lie close to the hearts of all Covenanted-Walas: ryots and crops, assessments and tenures, criminal and civil law; and always his thought was keenest, his heart most tender, for the fate and weal of the lowly, the real

beneficiaries of England's quiet rule. Save for the spell of cholera, which had been very destructive, I had a good account to render of my people.

We had a session with the books of the court: so many thefts, with so many convictions; assaults, simple or aggravated; lurking house-trespass; a graver crime or two, and one accidental shooting by a shock-headed young French planter with a bow neck-tie, seriously complicated by his foolish flight. We got his matter straightened out, however, after a few days. Accounts, too, we went over together: land-taxes, excise-levies, sales of opium, gunja, stamps, fees of one kind and another, making up the receipts; while on the side of disbursements stood the salary of the Umbrella of the Poor and the pay of his subordinates, payments for government buildings and the like, and, finally, remittances of hard-earned balances to the District Treasury.

The kind old man slowly, rather absently, but with entire faithfulness, went over these accounts and signed the books. Then we went together to the jail, of which the writer of these things was governor. I was not inordinately vain over that mud jail with its thatched shed, nor yet was I cast down. For a magnificent new prison with huge walls of brick was being built a hundred yards away, in response to the importunities of Govinda Babu. But I liked my little mud jail best; and so, I think, did my five prisoners. Indeed, we all held it in such affection that, after my tame desperadoes had been reviewed, I patted the low clay wall, and said to the Commissioner, —

'It is very considerate of the prisoners not to kick the wall down and walk away!'

By the way, naked toes may have had something to do with their forbearance, yet my obligation to them remained.

Well, when we had examined all these things and found them to be very good, pending dinner in camp the great man returned to my office to report on what he had seen to that even greater man, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He wrote a line or two about this and that, spoke of crops and taxes, and then bethought him to add, in conclusion, a word or two about the jail. But words come not easily to tired souls and out-worn years; so, finally, smiling to himself, he wrote, with softly creaking quill: —

'It is very considerate — of the prisoners — not to kick down the wall — and walk away.'

WHICH CLASS?

BY MARY C. ROBINSON

THE Teachers' Convention is always in session. The sun never sets on its deliberations. It has been ever thus in this land of public schools. Whether you pull an old newspaper of *ante-bellum* days out of the red chest in the garret or open the morning's issue, wet from the press, — column to column with the latest murder and the oldest joke, is an account of the meeting of a body of educators, somewhere, everywhere, in this broad land.

My way of life, from my youth up, has carried me annually, semi-annually, or even oftener, into such meetings, and I have been unable to escape observing that certain words of wisdom are uttered at each convention with the regularity and emphasis of a standard advertisement. They come from the mouths of different educators, great guns or small guns, indigenous or imported, in nearly the same form and to exactly the same purport. One of these oracular sayings is this: 'The spirit of the class exactly reflects the spirit of the teaching.'

We teachers are told, not once but a hundred times, that a wise observer need only study briefly the class before us, — nay, some artless speakers say that the observer need only listen outside the door, — in order to learn, without a glance at the teacher, whether she (the feminine pronoun in the educational world does duty for both sexes) is alert, enthusiastic, conscientious, hard-working, well-informed, and in vigorous health, or a dragged out, ignorant, soulless, and thoroughly unpedagogic specimen of the profession.

At the tender age of sixteen when I began my pedagogic career, I accepted without question this doctrine and everything else that was thundered at me *ex cathedra*. After ten years of teaching I believed no word of it; after ten years more I am moved to inquire, 'Which class?'

For my work calls me either to teach or to superintend six different classes daily, and I find that each has an individuality of its own. Gladly would I believe that some of these individualities are reflections of my own; but the unction is so flattering that my common sense refuses to lay it to my soul. That same common sense — a quality which exists in embryo even in public-school teachers — also forbids me to imagine that other less delightful classes reflect the image of my own *ego*. Doubtless my faults are many, and apparent to the most superficial beholder, but reason quails at regarding them as exactly those faults which I discern in the happy-go-lucky band of young barbarians occasionally given me to train, who cannot be taught to speak the truth and already know how to shoot straight.

Consider with me the various classes which are exposed to the contagion of my spirit during a typical day in my school. My first duty is to supervise a room containing one hundred and ten young men and women between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, during a period of forty-two minutes. (The missing three minutes are devoted to

getting somewhere from somewhere else.) The entire one hundred and ten are solely and strenuously occupied in studying throughout this time. Whether I watch them severely from the desk or patrol the room with eagle gaze, nothing more disorderly happens than the whispered query of an industrious student, who thrusts a French book under my eyes and asks deprecatingly, '*Could* you tell me whether *va* is a noun or a preposition?' or that of another, no deprecator he, who demands offhand, 'Please tell me the date when the Pentekosiomedimni were established, and how long they lasted.'

Of course I am too old and too wise a bird to suppose that all this quiet means absolutely what it appears to mean on the surface. I, too, have sat in study-rooms in the days of long ago, and am familiar with various underground railroads for notes, and with other subways for matters of immediate and non-educational importance; but for all that, the atmosphere of the room is overwhelmingly one of intense and even greedy intake of knowledge. I may write on the blackboard, review my own lessons for the day, or guess one of Mr. Bellamy's charades, without disturbing it in the least. Would not a visitor, who believed that the spirit of a class mirrored that of its teacher, be sure that my spirit was that of the unmitigated grind? That nothing but the pursuit of knowledge in and for itself would satisfy me?

An explanation not so agreeable to my intellectual vanity, but in strict accord with the facts, is that the industrious among these boys and girls — both the seekers after rank and the seekers after education — consider the first period the very best time in the day to study, while the lazy and idle study at no other time, but concentrate all their mental application in a frenzy of intellectual effort during this (almost) three-quarters of an hour. All of the latter doubtless absorb something: the quick, enough to 'get through' on; the untalented, a strange mixture of French, 'literature,' and mathematics, — choice extracts from which, when quoted in the daily papers as examples of what the pupils learn in our public schools, horrify the general public.

Now follow me into my next class. This is 'College English' and no drowsy land of enchantment. Before me, in a pleasant, well-ventilated room, sit twenty-eight boys of about eighteen, most of them bright, all strung on wires, hardly one studious, and yet all determined to enter college at the end of the year. That is the only consideration which tames their hearts of fire. So far as I can observe, they have no desire to know anything correctly, not the slightest bend toward literature, and a determination, unitedly and severally, to be as trying as possible; but this, bear in mind, without the least personal malice toward their teacher. It is not etiquette in this class to show the slightest interest in the lesson. It is unwritten law of the strictest not to answer a question that some one else has failed on. The united ambition seems to be to learn as little as possible, to elude the teacher as much as possible, and yet ultimately to 'pass.' Judge how highly I appreciate the ability of these boys when I say that I have no doubt they will be as successful in the last of these purposes as they eminently are in the other two.

But, after all, elude they never so wisely, the teacher sits in the seat of the mighty. Moreover, she is an old war-horse and knows a few tricks of her own. If the first boy can't answer her question she puts a different and equally obnoxious one to the next boy. Once upon a day she essayed to write on the blackboard. Festive sounds of combat

assailed her ears. Flying chalk hurtled through the air and rattled against every hard surface. When she turned suddenly all was silent, except that Buster Coombs, who giggles easily and who doubtless had had nothing to do with the disturbance, was nearly bursting with merriment, and little Gehigan, who doubtless was chief offender, was preternaturally solemn, but with his collar unfastened behind and scraping the back of his earnest and attentive head. Thereafter members of the class, selected by her who must be obeyed (when the worst comes to the worst), write on the blackboard when such work is necessary. How they hate it! The victim in question is regarded as the butt of ridicule. He is facetiously supposed to be that contemptible creature, the teacher's pet. Hard is his lot, but inevitable.

Yet I would not have you suppose that the rapscallions are without good points. They have more than one, the most endearing of which is that they show off well. I would rather receive a visitor in this class than in almost any other. Listening at the door is a different matter, and ought to be ruled out of the game. But let a visitor enter openly and above board, especially one who looks like a college professor in disguise, — and see the change. My twenty-eight boisterous young barbarians are transformed instantly into twenty-eight polished young gentlemen, serious-minded, deeply interested in literature. From stray nooks and corners of their resourceful minds they draw forth bright questions and anecdotes which they bring forward engagingly to cover their ignorance of the lesson in hand; and I, knowing only too well the depths of that ignorance, shamelessly give them their head, follow their lead, politely ignore anything that they have been told to learn and doubtless have not learned, and allow them to exploit themselves so successfully that at the close of the period the visitor invariably congratulates me on the privilege of training such delightful students. The boys, be it said, are dead-game sports. As they file out quietly, in regular order, as if they had never heard of crowding or pushing or punching, they overhear the conversation, but give me no look of partnership in crime. They are too old hands for that.

When, for the discipline of my soul, I ask myself if this class reflects my personality; if I, therefore, have taught them to be shallow, shifty, and unscrupulous, but preternaturally bright, reason and conscience entirely acquit me of that particular responsibility; but they add that I, on the other hand, reflect the class, and might, if I associated with them exclusively, before long become quite as bad as they. What upside-down pedagogics!

I pick up my books and go to my next class. Here are twenty-five boys and girls, whose object seems to be to learn as much as they can and enjoy the process. Though somewhat deficient in originality, they possess all other class-room virtues. Polite, interested, appreciative, and always prepared with exactly what they have been told to learn, these pupils are so restful that if all teaching were like teaching them our profession would be overcrowded and our salaries, by the law of supply and demand, would shrink to nothing at all. Does this class reflect its teacher's personality? I wish I thought so; but the aforesaid reason and conscience answer uncompromisingly, "It does not; tractable you may be; without originality you are; but restful, never!"

After the fifteen minutes of recess comes the pendant and complement of my class of the second period, namely, twenty-four girls in 'College English,'

and one boy. Rather, one might say, a potential boy, for Cuthbert Vanderbeek is seldom objectively present. Three mornings a week, on an average, he brings a note from his mother requesting that he be dismissed at recess; the other two he either has a severe pain in his stomach which necessitates his going home even earlier, or else he has forgotten to feed the horse or to look after the furnace. His mother, meanwhile, haunts at eventide the residence of the principal, in sad explanation of her son's delinquencies, or else, perchance, in search of advice and encouragement. The days when he dismisses himself she cheerfully lies for him, telling in what distress he came home, or enlarging upon the urgent needs of the horse or the furnace, — though it may be well known to all concerned that Cuthbert did not go home till noon, but spent the time in question in the park, smoking cigarettes. It is believed by his instructors that the horse is a mythical animal, and as for the furnace — who can imagine Cuthbert in the act of handling a coal-shovel? But let that pass. Mrs. Vanderbeek's strongest argument used to be to raise her handkerchief to her sad eyes and say pathetically, 'If Cuthbert only had a father it might be different!' Imagine the principal's surprise, one evening, when a man who announced himself as Mr. Vanderbeek, father of Cuthbert, called, accompanied by a quite different Mrs. Vanderbeek. He, too, regretted the absence of paternal authority quite as much as the boy's mother, but he said, 'The court gave her the control of him, so what can I do?' So the matter of Cuthbert's attendance stands.

Besides the potential Cuthbert the twenty-four are the dearest little damsels in the world. They study and learn their lessons, and have a pretty little wit of their own. But one serious fault mars their personality as a class: they do not like to recite before visitors. Indeed, some of them, in the presence of a stranger, — be it the meekest of parents or the most terrified of candidates for a position, — refuse to say anything at all, but simply slump into their seats in unhappy little heaps; the rest become monosyllabic or reply in so soft a voice that it is practically non-existent. Did they learn this traditional womanly grace from their teacher? Or is it their every-day intelligence and general lovableness that reflects her? If you knew me you would smile derisively at either question.

The class that occupies my time and attention during the fifth period is composed of hopeless cases, considered grammatically. Time was when I cherished the hope of teaching them not to say, or at least not to write, '*He done*' and '*He seen.*' I no longer cherish that hope. Each day, in the intervals of Byron or Shelley, Holmes or Emerson, we consider the subject of grammatical agreement, and once a week we have a regular set-to at it; but these boys and girls remain unconvinced both in theory and in practice. A few weeks ago they conceived the bright idea that if 'done' is not to be used with a singular subject, it must therefore need a plural one, and to prove their point brought me a Physics text-book which contained the phrase, '*Things done in this way.*' With troubled countenances they listened to my explanation, and evidently still cling to the idea that I am trying to sneak out of something that I ought to admit, for did not the book say, '*Things done*'?

These young folks, as you see, are argumentative and persistent; but they are also stylish in the extreme. It is difficult to rate their mental powers with justice, because the judgment is involuntarily influenced by their attire. I do not know which to admire

most, the hose, the shoes, and the cravats of the boys, or the frightfully up-to-date costumes of the girls, which have more than once made me speechless. Nay, in recent days the exiguity of some of these latter has caused the descendant of the Puritans to cast down her eyes in very shame!

Not even the most cocksure of educators would claim for a moment that these boys and girls reflect in outward semblance the spirit of their teacher; for my clothes are what they are and are worn mean-spiritedly. As to their attitude of mind, I do not know, but I fear the worst!

Now we come to the last hour of the session, — the period of hunger and weariness. A little disorder, or at least lassitude, might be pardonable, might it not? But who are these who come thronging into my room with the step and bearing of young gods and goddesses? In truth, they are mentally and physically of the elect. Led by two six-footers who plant themselves absurdly in the front seats to be nearest the firing line, they begin the fray. The gray old fortresses and bastions of Latin grammar give way to the assault as if they were walls of butter. All is zest and eagerness. Nothing but absolute perfection satisfies the critical taste and abounding vitality of this class. Scarcely a day passes that I do not disgrace myself by a false quantity or a doubtful rule in syntax, but half-a-dozen at once of the conquering band good-naturedly set me right again, and in the pleasant excitement of the mêlée overlook my mistake. Do they reflect my spirit? About as much as a group of young race-horses reflect that of an old work-worn hack. I can barely keep them in sight as they prance up the hill of knowledge.

Next week comes the State Teachers' Convention. When some eminent and sententious educator says, as he is sure to do, 'The spirit of the class always reflects that of the teacher,' I shall not quarrel with him if he will only allow me to choose which class to be judged by.

THE BAPTIZING OF THE BABY

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

THE Baby arrived in a howling nor'-easter. The *fjelds* were white with driving snow, the sea was white with the spindrift of gale-lashed waves, when the little procession filed into the parsonage courtyard. There were a father, five godfathers, two godmothers, and a few non-official friends. No baby was visible, but a muffled gurgle betrayed her presence. One of the godfathers, a fine young Viking of a lad, had a woman's dress-skirt buttoned around his neck and hanging down in front. Within its warm folds was the Baby.

The Baby's age was but four weeks, and this her first journey into the outside world. Custom has decreed that a Faroe Island baby must not pass its parents' threshold until it goes to the

Pastor to be received into the Church, and so made secure from the Powers of Darkness. Having once left its home, it cannot return with the sacred rite unperformed.

Imagine, then, the dismay that fell upon the Baby's escorts when they learned that the Pastor had gone to the Capital, several days before, on important church business. *To Thorshavn!* Only seven miles away, by sea, to be sure, but, with that gale, it might as well be seventy. What to do now? The Baby could not be taken back unbaptized. And there was the baptismal feast all arranged: sweet soup, hung mutton, potatoes, coffee, little cakes, with card-playing in the afternoon, and rice-porridge and sandwiches in the evening. The Baby's mother was putting the sweet soup over the fire when they left that morning. Five miles by fjord they had come; then, as the gale increased, and they neared the open sea, they had 'set up' on land, and trudged the remaining three miles through deep snow.

'Oh well,' sighed the father, 'we may as well "take it with quiet." The women-folk are too weary, anyhow, to go through those drifts again. We had better send one man home to explain matters, while the rest of us visit our friends. The storm may lessen at any time, so we can go to Thorshavn and bring home the Pastor.'

But — *the Baby* — And here the 'Pastorinde' was called upon to advise. Yes the Pastorinde *did* know of a newly-arrived baby in the village, and she doubted not that its mother would kindly permit the stranger-baby to share and share alike with her own.

I, too, was 'weather-fast.' From Thorshavn I had come, twelve days before, to 'hold Jule' at the parsonage, intending to return two days after Christmas. Then came this long storm. No going to Thorshavn by sea; but in a roundabout way, by fjord and fjeld, it might be done in a case of necessity, like this church-meeting that the Pastor must attend.

The foreman of the eight-man boat, however, flatly refused to take *me*. 'The Herr Pastor,' he explained patiently, 'has strong legs. He can jump and stand fast in surf, climb cliffs, and go through deep snow. But it is no journey for woman-folk in high winter-time.'

So I was left behind when the Pastor went to Thorshavn.

One must start before daylight these short winter days to enable the boats to return before dark. For eight days I had been living as much packed up as possible, sleeping lightly, waking in the blackness of morning at the sound of voices in the kitchen below. Groping to the head of the stairway, I could hear the decision of the foreman: 'Not possible to-day, Fru Pastorinde. There is *ribbingur i sjónum* (dangerous sea) outside.' — And back I would creep shivering, sure of one day more in the parsonage.

'What is the Baby's name to be?' I asked one of the godfathers, as we chanced to meet the next day. An embarrassed silence was followed by an abrupt change of subject, and I felt that I had made a *faux pas*. Later, I was told that a baby's name must never be asked, never be told before baptism. I knew, already, some bits of baby-lore. For instance, if a child cries while it is being baptized, it will have a good voice and sing well at the ballad dances. The water must never be allowed to run down into the baby's eyes, or it will have 'second sight.' This is not a happy gift, and I notice that the godmother holding the child, *tilts* it at the right moment so that the water flows back over the forehead. I know, too, that the man who carries a baby-boy to and from the church

goes as fast as possible, so that the boy will be strong at the oar, sure-footed on the fjelds. This, you observe, for the *boy* baby. No such trouble is taken for a mere girl. But, for both alike, there is this precaution: never leave a child alone before it is baptized. Until then it falls easily into the power of evil spirits, and is in danger of being carried away by Hulderfolk. These underground creatures are not 'the little people,' or the Brownies. In size and appearance they resemble human beings. They have boats and go to the fishery; they have cows, sheep (that are always gray), dogs (large black hounds that often have a light on the end of their tails); but one thing the Hulderfolk lack and that is *souls*. If, however, they can take away a Faroe baby and substitute one of their own, and it is baptized, then that child will have a soul.

I know a peasant woman whose daughter died in childbirth not long ago, leaving her baby to her mother's care. The father of the baby was fishing in Iceland, and the old woman lived alone in her little cottage. I went to see her, and during my visit, she wished to show me some articles in another part of the house. Wherever we went she took the cradle with her. I understood the reason and said to her, —

'But, Sanna, living by yourself as you do, are you not obliged sometimes to leave the baby alone?'

'Yes, Fróken,' she replied sadly, 'several times I have had to leave him just for a few minutes. But I put the Psalm-book under his pillow, I mark him with the sign of the Cross, and *I run my best!*'

Another story I have heard lately is about a Hulderchild on Videró. A peasant and his wife had a baby-boy, a good happy healthy child, that never cried or made trouble. One day the mother had to leave him alone a little while. When she returned she found the baby crying and fretting. Its face seemed changed, somehow, and yet she could not say that it was *not* their child. From that time it cried night and day until the parents were worn out, and they took it to the Pastor to ask his advice. Now the Pastor 'knew more than his Paternoster,' as the saying is; that is, he had studied Black Art. He examined the child and said he feared it *was* a *bytte* (changeling). 'Now,' said he, 'go home and build a great brewing fire in the fire-place. In each of the four corners put a limpet-shell filled with milk. Then hide yourselves, so you can see and hear the child, but it will not know you are there. If it says or does anything that shows it is a Hulderchild, then you may hope to get your own baby back again.'

The parents followed carefully the Pastor's instructions, and, trembling with anxiety, awaited the result. As the fire roared and crackled, the child stirred uneasily and stopped crying. Then it raised itself on its elbow and watched the fire and the four limpet shells that were sizzling away in the corners. Then they heard the child laugh scornfully, and saw it point at the limpets. 'Huh!' it exclaimed, 'how can a child be expected to thrive in a house where they have such things for kettles! They should just see the great kettles — the great brewing-pots — in the house of my father, Buin!' The Hulderchild had betrayed itself! That night there was no crying, the parents slept in peace and woke to find their own good happy baby in the cradle.

What are the cradle-songs this Baby will hear in the cabin where she first saw the gray light of December? Verses from the old Kingos Psalm-book, ballads of the Long Serpent and King Olaf, of Queen Dagmar's death, the Whale Song, stories from the Iceland

Sagas and the Nibelungenlied. Little verses, too, Mother Goosey jingles, one that is sung in Norwegian to babies in all the Scandinavian lands: —

Row, row to the fishing ground,
How many fishes have you found?
One for Father,
One for Mother,
One for Sister,
One for Brother,
One for him that drew the nets,
One for my little Baby.

Here is a little Faroe verse: —

Down comes the Puffin to the sea,
With his head carried high.
'Little Gray-titlark, lend me thy boat?'
'Small is my boat, short are my legs —
But come thee on board';
And the oars rattle in the oarlocks.

When the Baby grows a little bigger, she will not be taught that 'the Bossy-cow says "Mo-o-o," the Pussy-cat says "Me-ow."' No, she will learn what the *birds* say: —

The Puffin says, '*Ur-r! UR-R! UR-R!*'
The Raven says, '*Kronk! KRONK! KRONK!*'
The Crow says, '*Kra! KRA! KRA!*'
The Eider-duck says, '*Ah-oo! AH-OO! AH-OO!*'
The Wheatear says, '*Tck! TCK! TCK! None so pretty as I!*'

and so on through a long list of the birds of fjeld and sea.

Summer and winter the birds will be the Baby's neighbors. From her father's cabin she can hear the eider-ducks cooing softly as they rise and fall just beyond the white crest of the breakers. Starlings bubble and chortle on the grassy house-roof; from the dark cliffs sounds the raven's clarion cry, and there are always sea-gulls near. With spring come all the sea-fowl to the bird-cliffs, and curlew, golden plover and Arctic jaegers, 'plaintive creatures that pity themselves on moorlands.' All through the long dark winter the wren and titlark sing cheerfully. The 'Mouse's Brother' the Baby will call the Faroe wren, and she will know one fact of which grave scientists are ignorant, that the 'Mouse's Brother' and the titlark sing a bird-translation of a verse from the old Kingos Psalm-book. She will know, too, how the eider-duck won her down, the story of the naughty shag and the Apostle Peter, why the cormorant has no tongue, and that the great black-backed gull once struck our Lord upon the Cross and thenceforth bore a blood-red spot on his bill. Well can the Baby say in the words of the Kalevala, 'The birds of Heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me; the music of many waters has been my master.'

Few will the Baby's pleasures be. She will never have a Christmas tree, nor hang up her stocking, nor have other presents than a pair of mittens or a woolen kerchief for her head. The day before Christmas she will help her mother to scrub everything that can be scrubbed, indoors and out, working far into 'Jóla-Natt,' so that all shall be sweet and clean for the birthday of our Lord. And next morning, in the sod-roofed church where never was a fire made, she will sit with her mother on the women's side, waiting meekly after service until the last man and the last boy have left their seats. She will dance lightly on the sea-rocks, her fair hair blowing in the wind, retreating as the big waves crash down, and singing something which sounds like '*Ala kan eje taka mej!*' ('The wave cannot catch me!') She sings it to the same little tune I sang as a child when dancing back and forth across the danger-line of Taffy's land, mocking the rushes of an agile Taffy.

From seven to fourteen years she will go to school two weeks out of every six (the schoolmaster must be shared between three hamlets), and when fourteen years old, she will be confirmed, if she has learned enough Danish to pass the examinations and to say the prayers and creed. On that morning of con-

firmation she will turn up her hair, and wear a dress skirt that will flap about her little heels. And that afternoon there will be chocolate and cakes in her father's cabin, with friends coming and going.

She will know suspense and fear and sickening dread when 'the boats are out,' and the great gales burst without warning. From every hamlet the sea has taken many; not one home has been spared. She cannot escape the common lot; of grief she shall have her share.

Three days of storm passed and the Baby was not thriving. She needed her mother, and a consultation was held, the old sea-dogs of the hamlet advising. The gale was surely lessening, and with nine picked men, eight to row and one to steer, it could and should be done. The passage was to be made to Thorshavn to bring the Pastor home. So off they went in the early morning.

I was in my room, upstairs, about eleven o'clock, when I noticed that the roar of the wind, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers overhead had ceased. I went to the window in time to see a great mass of snow gathered up from the ground and hurled against the house. In that short pause the wind had changed, and now blew from the west with redoubled fury. I hurried downstairs, and one glance at the Pastorinde's face confirmed my fears. She knew only too well where the returning boat was at that hour: far out, off the worst place on the coast, in fierce sea-currents, and in the full sweep of this new off-shore gale. The men were in peril. Many boats the Pastorinde had known to 'go away' in such a storm, after hours of desperate struggle to hold the boat in place and make some headway toward land. Then, as strength failed, there would be a slipping seaward, faster and faster, till men and boat went under, overwhelmed by a mighty cross-sea — 'the drowning wave.'

Hour after hour went by; the Pastorinde paced the rooms, pale and silent. Under the shelter of walls and boat-houses were groups of men looking seaward. At last a shout, and men pointing; out in a smother of flying foam a dark spot had been seen, then lost, then seen again far away under the cliffs of distant Stromö. The boat was slowly making its way to a point due west, where it could blow in with the gale. All the men and boys who could stand on their legs were down in the surf to meet it, and with a rush the boat was borne up on land.

All was ready in the parsonage. The rug in the dining-room rolled up, hot coffee made, food on the table; and the Pastorinde was standing in the doorway as the men toiled feebly up, their clothes streaming with sea-water. *Nine* men only! Where was the *tenth* — where was the Pastor? And, all together, the tale was told. The Pastor, they had found, was *not* in Thorshavn; two days ago the Danish gun-boat had carried him off to Trangisvaag on some church affair, and nothing had been seen of him since. Higher and higher rose the voices, trembling with the irritation and unreasoning anger of utter exhaustion. The storm had struck them at the worst place; for four hours they had struggled just to hold their own, and were drifting seaward, when a short lull came, and with hope renewed they fought again and at last reached the sheltering cliffs of Stromö. Their eyes were wild and glassy, their hair matted, their hands swollen and bleeding from straining at the oars. The Pastorinde — wise woman — wasted no words of sympathy: she poured coffee, hot fragrant coffee with plenty of cream in it. The men drank and the talking quieted to grateful mumbles, and the cups were filled again, while

their clothes dripped sea-water and the floor was all afloat.

Two mornings later, before dawn, I heard a knock on my door, and the Pastorinde's voice calling, 'The storm has ceased and they are going to take the Baby to Thorshavn, to be baptized by the Thorshavn pastor. They will take you, too, if you can be ready in half an hour.'

We were ready, all the baptismal party, plus myself and the borrowed 'maternal font.' One of the men came for me with a lantern and I clutched his strong hand and slipped and slid over the icy rocks. Lights flared here and there, and land, sea, and sky were all one blackness; only a faint gray line showed where the sea was breaking. The surf was still high, covering the usual landing-place. One by one, we women were carried to a group of rocks that rose above the surf. Beyond, the boat was pitching and tossing, two men in the rowing-seats keeping the high sharp prow pointing toward the land. It was no easy matter to get on board, but we stood not upon the order of our going but jumped at once. At one moment I was on top of two godmothers, the next moment five godfathers scrambled over me to their places at the oars. Muffled shrieks arose and ejaculations: '*Ak Gud bevare os!*' '*Ak Herre Jesu!*' The boat swept out into the darkness, and we womenfolk picked ourselves up and sorted ourselves out.

It was bitterly cold, and it rained — oh, how it rained! But we did n't care, we were going to Thorshavn at last, and there was a good sea. The change of wind, the down-pour, had flattened the broken surges. Only the great ground-swells swept landward, rank on rank, crashing along the coast. We mounted slowly to their summits and glided down the outer slopes with the motion of a bird in flight. Gayly rose the talk in the boat, and there was a lighting of little pipes, one at a time, so that the rowing need not be hindered. Now a faint yellow gleam on the southern horizon beyond the down-dropping veils of mist, then, dimly seen, the snow-crowned heights of Naalsö rising eighteen hundred feet from the sea. The danger-point on Stromö passed, and then in the distance twinkling lights, and a breath from shore bearing the fragrance of peat-smoke. — 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven.'

Out on the fjord the Danish gunboat rose and fell, and on the wet shore-rocks was a lonely figure gazing out to sea, like the pictures of Napoleon on Elba. It had a familiar look — it was — yes, it was the Pastor!

They laid hands on the Pastor, as though they expected him to vanish from their sight. The Baby would be baptized then and there. Scant time was given to the godmothers to change their shoes, skirts, and stockings, and to prink.

Clang! Clang! Clang! rang the church-bell in treble, staccato notes. There was a clattering of pattens in the stony lanes as children hurried to the Baptism. The Pastor, a dignified priestly figure in his long black robes and Elizabethan ruff, left the Thorshavn parsonage, passed through the side gate to the church-portal, and the bell-ringing died away.

I was down at the landing an hour later to say 'farvel' to the Pastor and the baptismal party. And, as the boat left shore I turned away to my little cabin-home with a sigh of relief. The Baby — *Karin Marin Malene Elsebet Jakobina Jakobson* — was baptized.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF FINALITY

'LIVE as if each moment were your last.' How often I used to come across such advice in the books that I read! At least it seemed often to me — too often. For while I accepted it as being probably good advice if one could follow it, yet follow it I could n't.

For one thing, I could never bring myself to feel this 'last'-ness of each moment. I tried and failed. I was good at make-believe, too, but this was out of all reason.

I still fail. The probability that each moment is really my last is, I suppose, growing theoretically greater as the clock ticks, yet I am no more able to realize it than I used to be. I no longer try to; and, what is more, I hope I never shall. I hope that when my last moment really comes, it may slip by unrecognized. If it does n't, I am sure I don't know what I shall do.

For I find that this sense of finality is not a spur, but an embarrassment. Only consider: suppose this moment, or let us say the next five minutes, is really my last — what shall I do? Bless me, I can't think! I really cannot hit upon anything important enough to do at such a time. Clearly, it ought to be important, something having about it this peculiar quality of finality. It should have finish, it should in some way be expressive of something — I wonder what? It should leave a good taste in one's mouth. If I consulted my own savage instincts I should probably pick up a child and kiss it; that would at all events leave a good taste. But, suppose there were no child about, or suppose the child kicked because he was playing and did n't want to be interrupted — what a fiasco!

Moreover, one must consider the matter from the child's standpoint: he, of course, ought also to be acting as if each moment were *his* last. And in that case, ought he to spend it in being kissed by me? Not necessarily. At any rate, I should be selfish to assume this. Perhaps he ought to wash his hands, or tell his little sister that he is sorry he slapped her. Perhaps I ought to tell my little sister something of that sort — if it was n't slapping, it was probably something else. But no, five minutes are precious. If they are my last, she will forgive me anyway — *de mortuis*, etc.; it would be much more necessary to do this if I were sure of going on living and meeting her at meals; then, indeed —

Yet there must be something that one ought to do in these five minutes. There is enough that needs doing, — at least there would be if they were *not* my last. There is the dusting, and the marketing, and letter-writing, and sewing, and reading, and seeing one's friends. But under the peculiar circumstances, none of these things seems suitable. I give it up. The fact must be that very early in life — before I can remember — I formed a habit of going on living, and of expecting to go on, which became incorrigible. And the contrary assumption produces hopeless paralysis. As to these last five minutes that I have been trying to plan for, I think I will cut them out, and stop right here. It will do as well as anywhere. Though I still have a hankering to kiss that baby!

I might think the trouble entirely with myself, but that I have noticed indications of the same thing in others. Have you ever been met by an old friend at a railroad station where one can stop only a few moments? I have. She comes down for a glimpse of me; good of her, too! We have not met for years, and it will be years before we can meet again. It is almost like those fatal last moments of life. I stand on the car-platform and wave, and she dashes out of the crowd. 'Oh, there you are! Well — *how* are you? Come over here where we can talk. — Why, — you're looking well — yes, I am, too, only I've been having a horrid time with the dentist.' (Pause.) 'Are you having a pleasant journey? — Yes, of course, those vestibule trains are always hideously close. I've been in a hot car, too. — I thought I'd *never* get here, the cars were blocked — you know they're tearing up the streets again — they always are.' (Pause.) 'How's Alice? — That's nice. — And how's Egbert? — Yes, you wrote me about his eyes. What a good-looking hat you have! I hated to come down in this old thing, but my new one did n't come home — she promised, too — and I just *had* to see you. — *Do* look at those two over there! How *can* people do such things on a public platform, do you see? I'll move round so you can look. — Why, it is n't time yet, is it? Oh, dear! And we have n't really *begun* to talk. Well, stand on the step and then you won't get left. — Yes, I'll write. So glad to have seen you. — Going to be gone all winter? — Oh, yes, I remember, you wrote me. Well, good-bye, good-bye!'

The train pulls out a few feet, then pauses — one more precious moment for epochal conversation — we laugh. 'Why, I thought it had started — Well, give my love to Alice — and I hope Bert's eyes will be better — I said, I hoped his *eyes — Egbert's eyes* — will be *better — will improve.*'

The train starts again. 'Good-bye once more!' I stand clutching the car door, holding my breath lest the train change its mind a second time. But it moves smoothly out, I give a last wave, and reënter my car, trying to erase the fatuous smile of farewell from my features, that I may not feel too foolish before my fellow passengers. I sink into my seat, feeling rather worn and frazzled. No more five-minute meetings for me if I can help it! Give me a leisurely letter, or my own thoughts and memories, until I can spend with my friend at least a half day. Then, perhaps, when we are not oppressed by the importance of the speeding moments, we may be able to talk together with the unconscious nonchalance that makes talk precious.

I have never heard a death-bed conversation, but I fancy it must be something like this, only worse, and my suspicions are so far corroborated by what I am able to glean from those who have witnessed such scenes — in hospitals, for instance. Friends come to visit the dying man; they sit down, hug one knee, make an embarrassed remark, drop that knee and pick up the other ankle. They rise, walk to the foot of the bed, then tiptoe back uneasily. Hang it, what is there to say! If he was n't dying there would be plenty, but that sort of talk does n't seem appropriate. What *is* appropriate — except hymns?

When my time comes, defend me from this! I shall not repine at going, but if my friends can't talk to me just as they always have, I shall be really exasperated. And if they offer me hymns —!

No — last minutes, or hours, for me might better be discounted at once — dropped out. I have a friend who thinks otherwise, at least about visits. She says that it makes no difference

how you behave on a visit, so long as you act prettily during the last day or two. People will remember that, and forget the rest. Perhaps; but I doubt it. I think we are much more apt to remember the middles of things, and their beginnings, than their endings. Almost all the great pieces of music have commonplace endings; well enough, of course, but what one remembers are bits here and there in the middle, or some wonderful beginning. If one is saying good-bye to a beloved spot, and goes for a last glimpse, does one really take that away to cherish? No, I venture to say, one forgets that, and remembers the place as one saw it on some other day, some time when one had no thought of finality, and was not consciously storing up its beauty to be kept against the time of famine.

One makes a last visit to a friend, and all one remembers about it is its painful 'last'-ness. The friend herself one recalls rather as one has known her in other, happy, thoughtless moments, which were neither last nor first, and therefore most rich because most unconscious.

Live as if each moment were my last? Not at all! I know better now. I choose to live as if each moment were my first, as if life had just come to me fresh. Or perhaps, better yet, to live as if each moment were, not last, for that gives up the future, nor first, for that would relinquish the past, but in the midst of things, enriched by memory, lighted by anticipation, aware of no trivialities, because acknowledging no finality.

COUSINS

Cousins are not as simple as they seem. The very fact of being a cousin, or having a cousin, is complicated. The *laissez-faire* of cousinship is both eluding and deluding — cousins will be cousins, even if you did not choose them. They can borrow money from you, visit you without being asked, tell people they belong to your family, contest your will, even fall in love with you — and a cousin once removed is twice as likely to. Never completely trust a cousin — never depend on his not doing any of these things. Never take him for granted. The 'cousinly kiss' may or may not mean what it seems. And cousins always do kiss — it's part of being cousins.

(Not that cousins need *necessarily* prove perilous. Once in a blue moon they invite you to Europe, or leave you money, but that almost always takes an aunt or an uncle.)

Of course, one is not supposed to marry one; but then, occasionally, one does. Oftener one does n't; oftenest one has a surreptitious *affaire*, calmly conscious of an innocent-minded and unsuspecting family, absorbed in their solitaire and knitting and novels, in the background. The mantle of cousinship may cover a multitude of indiscretions, even in the best regulated families.

'Who is with Lucy out in the Gloucester hammock so late?'

'Oh, it 's only Tom!' And Father shuffles the cards, and Mother finishes the chapter, and Auntie knits and knits.

Meanwhile the Gloucester hammock is swayed by emotions little akin to those supposed to exist in the bosom of a family, and the dear old familiar harmless-looking cousinly kiss leaves Lucy wondering where is which and who is what. As we said at the beginning, cousins are not as simple as they seem. It 's safer not to trust even first cousins. Perhaps it is just as well not to trust one's self *as* a first cousin — relatively speaking!

Oh, could I say half that I might say,
How sad are the lessons 't would give;
'T would keep you from loving for many a day,
And from cousins as long as you live!

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

BREWER, MAINE,
December 8, 1911

To THE ATLANTIC, —

Greeting!

IT seems but fair to return thanks for some of the especially good things in recent issues. Mr. Fosdick's article in this last, for example. How good it is to find some one who knows old Hugh Latimer — ('bishop of gold, and crozier of wood'!) — otherwise than through 'Choice Selections.' What an alive old man Latimer is even to-day, always rapping his nail on the head! Then there was that notable revelation by one of the Handicapped, full of the wisdom of suffering. A message from him again some time, please. And there was Ethel Puffer Howes's remarkable paper on 'The Great Refusal.' How R. W. Emerson and Dr. Harris and Dr. William James and John Fiske would have enjoyed that! They would certainly all have taken note of it. And then, too, there is Mrs. Comer's 'The Vanishing Lady.'

Yet probably but for Mrs. Comer's article I should not be writing to the editor. Mrs. Comer's work is always just sufficiently irritant to make one want to 'write to the editor.' She climbs high, whence she can look far, — but there is always a cloud on the top of her mountain; she misses the view. I find myself agreeing with nearly all her specific statements, and then challenging her conclusions. Can it be that, with all her knowledge, she lacks the wisdom these other three have shown so nobly: the wisdom of understanding, plus patience — faith? I always come away from one of Mrs. Comer's essays with the feeling that there is a logical fallacy involved, a 'divided middle.' I feel that she cannot have lived long enough in one place to get the full meaning of it. Building up, when we work with human materials, is such very slow work, impatience in it is so ruinous, that mothers learn to be patient. I suspect that the reason God is so tolerant of human weaknesses is because He has lived so long on one street: He knows its whole history and does not go clapping together the exceptional wickednesses and condemning the whole on account of them. For a just estimate of anything human, something more is needed than a quick eye to see defects, and a ready tongue, else the only verdict for any of us would be, 'Off with his head!"

Perhaps the Lady is a vanishing, a vanished type, as Mrs. Comer contends. But I protest that Mrs. Comer is comparing unequals, multiplying oranges by lemons, when she compares the Victorian Lady, who was a type, with the *Nouveaux Riches*, who are a class as well as a type. The Lady can never be a class; in her finer manifestations she was found in all classes, as Mrs. Comer admits.

Now, all types vanish; it is their nature. Only archetypes endure. In my own day I have seen the plainsman, the cowboy, the cattleman, the eastern woodsman, the deep-sea sailor, and many others, clearly defined by voice, feature, and action from other men, pass beyond recall. They are gone forever. Why should not the Victorian Lady go too? Compared with most recent types she endured for a long period. The present type of *Nouveaux Riches*, the dominant Master of Busi-

ness, whom Mrs. Comer seems to fear, is just as much doomed to speedy extinction. Indeed, the very pronounced types are always brief. A few years see one rise, put on an outer vestiture of flesh and countenance which portrays the soul, and disappear entirely. Already the Master of Business in his present guise is as dead as Behemoth — and does not know it. In his place will rise some other manifestation of him — for he has always been with us; I could turn you back the pages of history and read him out for ages as always existent, but never before so entirely in the foreground.

And also, why despair of the future if one type does fail? Who knows what comes next? Who was the predecessor of this exquisite Victorian Lady? I think those of us who know our Miss Burney and Richardson and Fielding and Smollett can recall a period when the Gentleman was a rake and the Lady was a drab — with some exceptions. I believe that Mrs. Comer admits the exceptions to-day. I presume that those authors were realists, painters of their own times, speaking with as much authority as David Graham Phillips, and perhaps to a wider audience, who admitted the accuracy of the portraits. Certainly there is Hogarth to call in, if the word of these be denied. Who was the Lady in Hogarth's drawings?

Indeed, I am afraid I rather resent the imputation that the world which once read Howells now reads Phillips, and nothing else. Speaking for myself, the only volume of Phillips which I ever read, or ever shall read, was *The Second Generation*, and that had a rotten spot in it; I saw that the man understood only the skin of life, and I left him with many others whom their publishers are vainly trying to persuade the public that 'everybody' is reading. As a matter of fact, 'everybody' is not reading them. From an intimate acquaintance with public library work, I am fain to believe that they are largely read by a class of people who, in the day of the Lady, either did not read at all, or read the cheapest paper-covered books, and papers, which there is no need to name. These people are now reading voraciously, buying freely; but it is a quite gratuitous compliment to them to leave it to be supposed that they belong to the same class as those who used to read Howells. I am under the impression that Mr. Howells is still writing for the same people who read *A Chance Acquaintance* and *Silas Lapham*. No doubt Phillips, and many others, do present a superficial view of present-day life; so also did the *Police Gazette*. Perhaps fifty years from now it will be as hard for the antiquarian to collect a complete set of the former as it would be nowadays to get a file of the latter. Let us remember that there are things which are doomed to the rubbish heap; no doubt they are harmful, disreputable, but they are surely ephemeral, and if we cannot annihilate them, we at least need not fret over them.

As for the Lady, she still exists; it is quite impossible for her to die, because she was an idea of God's. She is necessary to the safe-conduct of things. The world stops when its mothers go, and in the last analysis the true Lady is the Mother of the World. Let the heathen rage, if they must; but let not us imagine a vain thing! Many are the outward forms of the Lady, but she has always one trait by which you may know her, — a serene and invincible courage.

Sincerely yours,
FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1912

TO A CITIZEN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

Our talk last night set me to thinking. It was the first time during all the years of our acquaintance that I had ever heard you speak in a discouraged tone. You have always been healthy to a fault, and your good-humor has been contagious. Especially has it been pleasant to hear you talk about the country and its Manifest Destiny.

I remember, some years ago, how merrily you used to laugh about the 'calamity-howler,' whose habitat at that time was Kansas. The farmers of Kansas were not then as prosperous as they are now. When several bad years came together they did n't like it, and began to make complaints. Their raucous cries you found very amusing.

The calamity-howler, being ignorant of the laws of political economy and of the conditions of progress, did not take his calamities in the spirit in which they were offered to him by the rest of the country. He did not find satisfaction in the thought that other people were prosperous though he was not. Instead of acting reasonably and voting the straight ticket from motives of party loyalty, he raised all sorts of irrelevant issues. He treated Prosperity as if it were a local issue, instead of a plank in the National Platform.

Now, all this was opposed to your good-natured philosophy of progress. You were eminently practical, and it was a part of your creed never to 'go behind the returns.' As to Prosperity, it was 'first come, first served.' In this land of opportunity the person who first sees an opportunity should take it, asking no questions as to why he came by it. It is his by right of discovery.

You were always a great believer in the good old American doctrine of Manifest Destiny. This was a big country and destined to grow bigger. To you bigness was its own excuse for being. Optimism was as natural as breathing. It was manifest destiny that cities and corporations and locomotives and armies and navies and national debts and daily newspapers with their Sunday supplements and bank clearances and tariffs and insurance companies and the price of living should go up. It was all according to a beautiful natural law, 'as fire ascending seeks the sun.' Besides these things, it was manifest destiny that other things not so good should grow bigger also,—graft and slums and foolish luxury. They were all involved in the increasing bigness of things.

Sometimes you would grumble about them, but in a good-natured way, as

one who recognized their inevitability. Just as you said, boys will be boys, so you said, politicians will be politicians, and business is business. If one is living in a growing country he must not begrudge the cost of the incidentals.

In your talk there was a cheerful cynicism which amazed the slower-witted foreigner. You talked of the pickings and stealings of your elected officers as you would of the pranks of a precocious youngster. It was all a part of the day's growth. Yet you were really public-spirited. You would have sprung to arms in a moment if you had thought that your country was in danger or that its institutions were being undermined.

Your good-natured tolerance was a part of your philosophy of life. It was bound up in your triumphant Americanism. You were a hero-worshiper, and you delighted in 'big men.' The big men who gained the prizes were efficient and unscrupulous and unassuming; that is, they never assumed to be better than their neighbors. They looked ahead, they saw how things were going, and went with them. And on the whole, things, you believed, were going well. Though they were not scrupulously just, these big men were generous, and were willing to give away what they had acquired. Though grasping, they were not avaricious. They grasped things with the strong prehensile grasp of the infant, rather than with the clutch of the miser. They took them because they were there, and not because they had any well-defined idea as to whether they belonged to them or not.

These big men were very likeable. They were engrossed in big projects, and they were doing necessary work in the development of the country. They naturally took the easiest and most direct methods to get at results. They would not go out of the way to corrupt a legislature any more than they would go out of the way to find a range of mountains. But if the mountain stood in the way of the railroad, they would go through it regardless of expense. If the legislature was in their way, they would deal with it as best they could. They were willing to pay what it cost to accomplish a purpose which they believed was good.

Their attitude toward the Public was one which you did not criticize, for it seemed to you to be reasonable. The Public was an abstraction, like Nature. We are all under the laws of Nature. But Nature does n't mind whether we consciously obey or not. She goes her way, and we go ours. We get all she will let us have. So with the Public. The Public was not regarded as a person or as an aggregate of persons, it was the potentiality of wealth. They never thought of the Public as being starved or stunted, or even as being seriously inconvenienced because of what they took from it, any more than they thought of Nature being the poorer because of the electricity which they induced to run along their wires. A public franchise was a plum growing on a convenient tree. A wise man would wait till it was ripe and then, when no one was looking, would pick it for himself. The whole transaction was a trial of wits between rival pickers. A special privilege, according to this view, involved no special obligations; it was a reward for special abilities. Once given, it was property to be enjoyed in perpetuity.

This was the code of ethics which you, in common with multitudes of American citizens, accepted. You have yourself prospered. Indeed things had gone so well with you in this best of all countries that any fundamental change seemed unthinkable.

But that a change has come seems evident from your conversation last

night. All that fine optimism which your friends have admired seemed to have deserted you. There was a querulous note which was strangely out of keeping with your usual disposition. It was what you have been accustomed to stigmatize as un-American. When you discussed the present state of the country you talked — you will pardon me for saying it — for all the world like a calamity-howler.

The country, you said, is in a bad way, and it must be awakened from its lethargy. After a period of unexampled prosperity and marvelous development, something has happened. Just what it is you don't really know, but it's very alarming. Instead of working together for Prosperity, the people are listening to demagogues, and trying all sorts of experiments, half of which you are sure are unconstitutional. The captains of industry who have made this the biggest country in the world are thwarted in their plans for further expansion.

There are people who are criticizing the courts, and there are courts which are criticizing business enterprises that they don't understand. There are so-called experts — mere college professors — who are tinkering the tariff. There are over-zealous executives who are currying favor with the crowd by enforcing laws which are well enough on the statute-books, but which were never meant to go further. As if matters were not bad enough already, there are demagogues who are stirring up class-feeling by proposing new laws. Party loyalty is being undermined, and the new generation does n't half understand the great issues which the two old parties have always stood for.

New and divisive issues which lead only to faction are presented, so that the voters are confused. The great principle of Representative Government, on which the Republic was founded, is being attacked. Instead of choosing experienced men to direct public policy there is an appeal to the passions of the mob. The result of all this agitation is an unsettlement that paralyzes business. The United States is in danger of losing the race for commercial supremacy. Germany will forge ahead of us. Japan will catch us. Socialism and the Yellow Peril will be upon us. The Man on Horseback will appear, and what shall we do then?

I did not understand whether you looked for these perils to come together, or whether they were to appear in orderly succession. But I came to the conclusion that either the country is in a bad way, or you are. You will pardon me if I choose the latter alternative, for I too am an optimistic American, and I like to choose the lesser of two evils. If there is an attack of 'hysteria' I should like to think of it as somewhat localized, rather than as having suddenly attacked the whole country.

Now, my opinion is that the American people were never minding their own business more good-humoredly and imperturbably than at the present moment. They have been slowly and silently making up their minds, and now they are beginning to express a deliberate judgment. What you take to be the noise of demagogues, I consider to be the sober sense of a great people which is just finding adequate expression.

You seem to be afraid of an impending revolution, and picture it as a sort of French Revolution, a destructive overturn of all existing institutions. But may not the revolution which we are passing through be something different, — a great American revolution, which is being carried through in the characteristic American fashion?

Walt Whitman expresses the great characteristic of American history.

'Here is what moves in magnificent masses "careless of particulars."'

It is this mass movement, slow at first, but swift and irresistible when the mass has come to consciousness of its own tendency, which has always confounded astute persons who have been interested only in particulars. It is a movement like that of the Mississippi at flood-time. The great river flows within its banks as long as it can. But the time comes when the barriers are too frail to hold back the mighty waters. Then the river makes, very quickly, a new channel for itself. You cannot understand what has happened till you take into account the magnitude of the river itself.

Now, the successful man of affairs, who has been intent on the incidents of the passing day, is often strangely oblivious of the mass movements. You, for example, are disturbed by the unrest which is manifest, and you look for some one whom you can blame for the disturbance. But perhaps no one is to blame.

I think that what is happening may be traced to a sufficient cause. We are approaching the end of one great era in American history and we are preparing, as best we may, for a new era. The consciousness of the magnitude of the change has come to us rather suddenly. One big job which has absorbed the energies and stimulated the ambition of Americans for three hundred years is practically finished. Some work still remains to be done on it, but it no longer demands the highest ability. The end is in sight.

This work has been the settlement of a vast territory lying between the Atlantic and Pacific, with a population of white men. It was a task so big in itself that it fired the imagination and developed that peculiar type of character that we call American. In its outlines the task was so broad and simple that it could be comprehended by the most ordinary intelligence. It was so inevitable that it impressed upon all those who engaged in it the belief in Manifest Destiny.

What has been treated by incompetent critics as mere boastfulness has in reality been practical sagacity and foresight. Sam Slick was only expressing a truth when he said, 'The Yankees see further than most folks.' This was not because of any innate cleverness but because of their advantage in position. Americans have had a more unobstructed view of the future than had the people of the overcrowded Old World. The settlers on the shores of the Atlantic had behind them a region which belonged to them and their children. They soon became aware of the riches of this hinterland and of its meaning for the future. This vast region must be settled. Roads must be built over the mountains, the forests must be felled, mines must be opened up, farms must be brought under the plough, great cities must be built by the rivers and lakes, there must be schools and churches and markets established where now the tribes of Indians roam. The surplus millions of Europe must be transported to this wilderness.

It was a big task and yet a simple one. The movement was as obvious as that of Niagara — Niagara is wonderful but inevitable. A great deal of water flowing over a great deal of rock, that is all there is of it. The destiny of America was equally obvious from the beginning. Here was a great deal of land which was destined to be inhabited by a great many people.

From the very first the future greatness of the land was seen by open-eyed explorers. They all were able to appreciate it. Captain John Smith does not compare Virginia with Great Britain; he compares it to the whole of Europe.

After mentioning the natural resources of each country, he declares that the new land had all these and more, and needed only men to develop them. And Captain John Smith's forecast has proved to be correct.

In the first half of the last century, a party of twenty young men from Cambridge, Massachusetts, started on what at that time was a great adventure, the overland journey to Oregon. The preface to Wyeth's *Oregon Expedition* throws light on the ideas of those who were not statesmen or captains of industry, but only plain American citizens sharing the vision which was common.

'The spot where our adventurer was born and grew up had many peculiar and desirable advantages over most others in the County of Middlesex. Besides rich pasturage, numerous dairies, and profitable orchards, it possessed the luxuries of well-cultivated gardens of all sorts of culinary vegetables, and all within three miles of Boston Market House, and two miles of the largest live-cattle market in New England.' Besides these blessings there is enumerated 'a body of water commonly called Fresh Pond.'

'But Mr. Wyeth said, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I read books in which I find that by going only about four thousand miles overland, from the shore of our Atlantic to the shore of the Pacific, after we have there entrapped and killed the beavers and otters, we shall be able, after building vessels for the purpose, to carry our most valuable peltry to China and Cochin China, our sealskins to Japan, and our superfluous grain to various Asiatic ports, and lumber to the Spanish settlements on the Pacific; and to become rich by underworking and underselling the people of Hindoostan; and, to crown all, to extend far and wide the traffic in oil, by killing tame whales on the spot, instead of sailing around the stormy region of Cape Horn."

'All these advantages and more were suggested to divers discontented and impatient young men. Talk to them of the great labor, toil, risk, and they would turn a deaf ear to you; argue with them and you might as well reason with a snow-storm.'

If you would understand the driving power of America you must understand 'the divers discontented and impatient young men' who in each generation have found in the American wilderness an outlet for their energies. In the rough contacts with untamed Nature they learned to be resourceful. Emerson declared that the country went on most satisfactorily, not when it was in the hands of the respectable Whigs, but when in the hands of 'these rough riders — legislators in shirt-sleeves — Hoosier, Sucker, Wolverine, Badger — or whatever hard-head Arkansas, Oregon, or Utah sends, half-orator, half-assassin, to represent its wrath and cupidity at Washington.'

The men who made America had an 'excess of virility.' 'Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot live on nuts, herb tea, and elegies; cannot read novels and play whist; cannot satisfy all their wants at the Thursday Lecture and the Boston Athenæum. They pine for adventure and must go to Pike's Peak; had rather die by the hatchet of the Pawnee than sit all day and every day at the counting-room desk. They are made for war, for the sea, for mining, hunting, and clearing, and the joy of eventful living.'

In Emerson's day there was ample scope for all these varied energies on the frontier. 'There are Oregons, Californias, and Exploring Expeditions enough appertaining to America to find them in files to gnaw and crocodiles to eat.'

But it must have occurred to some one to ask, 'What will happen when the Oregons and Californias are filled up?' Well, the answer is, 'See what is happening now.' Instead of settling down to herb tea and elegies, Young America, having finished one big job, is looking for another. The noises which disturb you are not the cries of an angry proletariat, but are the shouts of eager young fellows who are finding new opportunities. They have the same desire to do big things, the same joy in eventful living, that you had thirty years ago. Only the tasks that challenge them have taken a different form.

When you hear the words 'Conservation,' 'Social Service,' 'Social Justice,' and the like, you are apt to dismiss them as mere fads. You think of the catchwords of ineffective reformers whom you have known from your youth. But the fact is that they represent to-day the enthusiasms of a new generation. They are big things, with big men behind them. They represent the Oregons and the Californias toward which sturdy pioneers are moving, undeterred by obstacles.

The live questions to-day concern not the material so much as the moral development of the nation. For it is seen that the future welfare of the people depends on the creation of a finer type of civic life. Is this still to be a land of opportunity? Ninety millions of people are already here. What shall be done with the next ninety millions? That wealth is to increase goes without saying. But how is it to be distributed? Are we tending to a Plutocracy, or can a real Democracy hold its own? Powerful machinery has been invented. How can this machinery be controlled and used for truly human ends? We have learned the economies that result from organization. Who is to get the benefit of these economies?

So long as such questions were merely academic, practical persons like yourself paid little attention to them. Now they are being asked by persons as practical as yourself who are intent on 'getting results.' And what is more, they employ the instruments of precision furnished by modern science.

You have been pleased over the millions of dollars which have been lavished on education. The fruits of this are now being seen. Hosts of able young men have been studying Government and Sociology and Economics and History. These have been the most popular courses in all our colleges. And they have been studied in a new way. The old formulas and the old methods have been fearlessly criticized. New standards of efficiency have been presented. The scientific method has been extended to the sphere of moral relations. It has been demonstrated to these young men that the resources of the country may be indefinitely increased by the continuous application of trained intelligence to definite ends. The old Malthusian doctrine has given way before applied science. The population may be doubled and the standard of living increased at the same time, if we plan intelligently. The expert can serve the public as efficiently as he has served private interests, if only the public can be educated to appreciate him.

When we talk about what is more or less vaguely called the 'progressive' movement, which at the present time appears in American politics, this is what is really meant. It is the appearance in force of a generation that has turned its attention to a new set of problems, and is attempting to solve them by scientific methods. It is believed that there is a Science of Government as well as an Art of Politics. The new generation has a respect, born of experience, for the expert. It seeks

the man who knows rather than the clever manager. It demands of public servants not simply that they be honest, but that they be efficient.

Its attitude to the political boss is decidedly less respectful than that to which you were accustomed. You looked upon him as a remarkably astute character, and you attributed to him an uncanny ability to forecast the future. These young men have discovered that his ability is only a vulgar error. Remove the conditions created by public indifference and ignorance, and he vanishes. In restoring power to the people, they find that a hundred useful things can be done which the political wiseacres declared to be impossible.

When I consider the new and vigorous forces in American life I cannot agree with your apprehensions; but there is one thing which you said with which I heartily agree. You said that you wished we might settle down to sound and constructive work, and get rid of the 'muck-raker.'

I agree with you that the muck-raker stands in the way of large plans for betterment. But it might be well to refresh our minds in regard to the man with the muck-rake. His character was most admirably drawn by Bunyan:—

'The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in His hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake, but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.

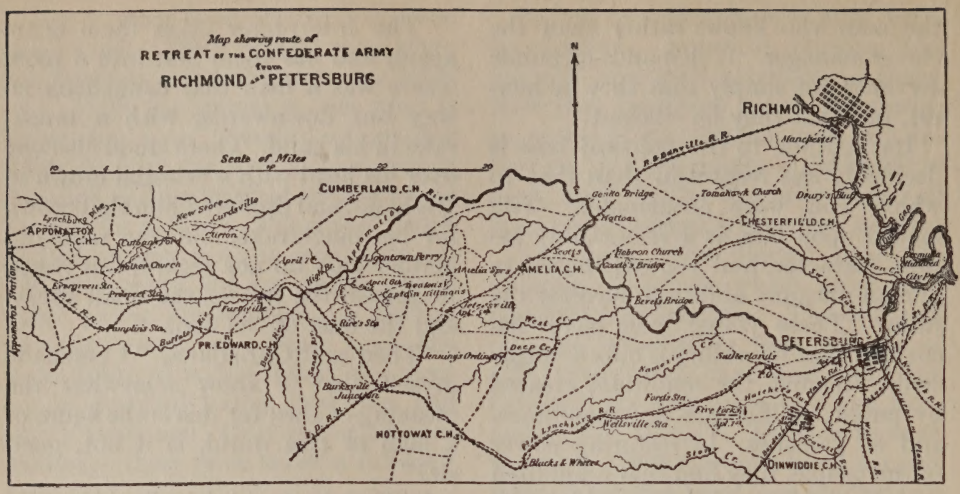
'Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is the figure of a man of this world, is it not, good sir?"

' "Thou hast said right," said he. . . .

' "Then," said Christiana, 'O deliver me from this muck-rake."

' "That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by till it is almost rusty. 'Give me not riches,' is scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand." '

The man with the muck-rake, then, is one who can look no way but downward, and is so intent on collecting riches for himself that he does not see or regard any higher interests. I agree with you that if we are to have any constructive work in American politics the first thing is to get rid of the man with the muck-rake, and to put in his place the Man with a Vision.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

I

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

LONGER are the shadows, richer are the colors of the evening clouds, deeper is the feeling as the close of the day draws near and the sun goes down: so was it with the War of the Great Rebellion as its end drew near. That momentous struggle had gone on for four long years. Much gallant blood had been shed, thousands of graves had been filled; and now, Sunday, the second day of April, 1865, — a memorable month and a memorable year in the annals of our country, — had come, and the church bells of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, were ringing for the morning service.

Bright over the city was the sun in the bending sky, the jonquils were glowing in the gardens, the southern woods were sweet with the bloom of the jessamine, and the fields were gay with the voices of birds and brooks, — but the gloom of the people was deep indeed. For an army of the North, having fought its way from the bank of the Ohio to the bank of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, a march of five or six hundred miles, had cut artery after artery of military supplies, had brought the miseries and horrors of war to the door of many a home, and had left behind it, especially in Georgia and South Carolina, a track of vast and ruthless devastation.

The Confederate armies that had contested with it so valiantly the bloody fields of Shiloh, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville, had been reduced by losses

and repeated reverses to a disorganized and desponding fragment. And on that very day Sherman's army, every flag and bit of clothing scented with burning pine, crouched like a tiger for a final, savage leap. A friend on duty in the Ordnance Office at Washington told me that it was unnecessary for the officers of that army, coming to settle their accounts after the surrender, to tell him where they had served, for before they could speak, the odor of burning southern pine had told the story.

So it may be said, and said truthfully, that on this fair Sunday morning all the territory of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi, with the exception of adjacent parts of Virginia and North Carolina, had been overrun and overpowered by the Federal forces; and although the people as individuals were unconquered, their hopes of success were fast turning to ashes. For the Confederacy — a martial embodiment of long and honestly held views of the Sovereignty of the States; a principle so sound and essential to the safety and dignity of our country, but asserted, alas! so untimely and at the cost of so much gallant blood and treasure by what we see now was a raving political delirium — had met with undreamed-of and untoward experiences. Her armies, to their surprise, had encountered forces equally valiant; and, instead of going on from victory to victory, had suffered repeated, almost mortal repulses. But keener, I am fain to believe, than the defeat at the hands of underestimated and too generally despised foes, was the disappointment and humiliation the South had met with from the aristocratic governments of the old world which had been counted on with absolute certainty to reach out warm hands of welcome. For they, with satiric politeness and despicable evasion, denied her recognition; and there was brought home the truth of what had long ago been said: 'Put not your trust in princes.'

Again, in the administration of civil affairs all had not gone well. Finances which might have been nursed into paramount strength had been terribly bungled, practically thrown away; as a result, hunger and want had become the tent-mates of every southern soldier in the field; and, as troubles go in pairs, faction and cabal born of irritable disappointment tore the Cabinet and Congress, day in and day out.

These surprises and adversities of four years were not without profound and serious results. The dearest and warmest lover of the Confederacy had to confess, in the spring of 1865, that Fortune had turned its face away from her, and that her strength was almost gone. So it was, indeed, and having heard the cheers and beheld the joy with which she was hailed by the friends of my youth at West Point, — and alas! how many laid down their lives for her! — I am free to say that I never think of her distressful last days without a sense of pity. Eager and yearning eyes of the Confederacy, are you looking for a friend among the nations? Oh, you shall look in vain: none, none will come; for the Spirit of the Ages has written the hated word Slavery in big letters across your breast; yet, in the memories of the sons and daughters of the men who fell for you, you will dwell transfigured as an image of sweet and radiant splendor.

The South's only hope, her rock, shield, and horn of salvation, now lay in the Army of Northern Virginia, which, after four years of brilliant moves and matchless courage, had been forced back from the Rapidan by the lack of numbers, but not of spirit, to the defense of the lines of Richmond. There, under severe fire, day and night, hopeless of ever again flying their colors defiantly as of old on the banks of

the Rapidan and Rappahannock, the veterans of Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor — and every star that shines and every wind that breathes over these fields calls them fields of glory — had stood in rags and hunger through the unusually cold winter days, receiving pitiful letters daily, letters full of heart-breaking home distresses, and often blurred and dampened with the tears of loving eyes. But, notwithstanding their own sufferings and those keener ones of hearth and cradle, they remained loyally, illustriously steadfast to their colors, and for comfort and strength went to the source to which we all go. Nightly they would gather, and on bended knees, with palm to palm, tears channeling their brave faces, ask God to guard and comfort their homes and little ones and at last to own and bless the Confederacy.

Since the Christian Era, what supreme hours the believers in God have gone through! How the beseeching, conflicting prayers have threaded suns and moons and hosts of stars in their travels toward Him! And He has heard them all, and wisely ruled for the best; and to-day He blesses the Southland with peace and plenty, and night and morning fills her lap with the fruits of the field.

Such was the state of the army; and as the bells were ringing that Sunday morning the gloom was deep and dark indeed.

So it was in the spiritual world; in the natural world no look brought any relief. For all the historic region of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge, from the James to the Potomac, had been so scourged and ravaged that it was a pitiful scene. It had been one continuous battling ground. In the previous autumn the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia's granary and gallery of beautiful views, which hitherto had been spared, was despoiled; for, after practically obliterating Early's army, — which, to weaken Grant's hold on Petersburg, had threatened Washington by way of the Shenandoah, — Sheridan laid waste with the torch that mountain-cradled, wheat-bearing, brook-singing valley.

But despite all these vicissitudes and the deepening shadows of impending disaster, the people of Richmond, suffering for the necessaries of life and witnessing daily the wide-spread dying out of enthusiasm for the Confederacy, and the rapid drying up of the streams of its resources, had not given way entirely to despair; in fact, they were surprisingly hopeful; their faith in the righteousness of their cause, the genius of Lee, and the courage of his army, was firm.

II

Sunday, — and the bells were calling the people to worship. Old and noted Richmond families uncovered at the door and reverently sought their pews at St. Paul's, seven out of ten of the women in mourning. In the solemn quiet sat the aged fathers, their hair falling white, and many a mother with high-bred face, sorrowing for the boys who would never come home. There in the subdued light of the sanctuary they sat, while the bells, which had clanged so joyfully at the birth of the Confederacy, reluctantly and sadly boomed their final notes, as if they already knew, what the congregation little expected, that when they should ring again on the next Sunday, at that very hour, the Confederacy would be on its deathbed, breathing its last.

Jefferson Davis, President of the ill-fated cause, above middle height, lithe, distinguished, neatly arrayed in gray, came up the centre aisle with modest,

dignified quietude of manner, entered his pew on the right and bowed his head in prayer. His spare austere face showed the effect of four years of care, as well it might, for who ever faced a longer and fiercer tempest? but he carried with him to St. Paul's, as everywhere, his habitual atmosphere of invincible courage and the never-failing bloom of urbanity. The organ droned the last of the colorless *Venite*, and the service began.

Along the sunshiny side of the empty streets, here and there, convalescents from the hospitals sauntered, pale, some armless and some on crutches. On its staff above the roof of the nearby capitol, the flag of the Confederacy drooped in the mild sunshine, the stars of its blue saltier shining from its folds above steeple and chimney and over the spring-time gladness of the fields. Out in Holywood, where Stuart lay with so many of the best and the bravest, and where Mr. Davis's dust is now resting, the robins, sparrows, catbirds, redbirds, turtle-doves and mocking-birds were building their nests among the evergreens and native trees.

Over the rapids, at the foot of the knolls of Holywood, the stately James flowed murmuring, by the shores of Belle Isle and the baleful walls of Libby Prison, from whose drearily grated windows looked hollow-eyed, half-starved Northern prisoners of war, who, as they heard the bells of Richmond ringing, no doubt recalled the bells of home and longed for release and peace.

It was Communion Sunday, and the sacred elements covered with a white cloth were on the table. Doctor Charles Minnegerode, the rector of St. Paul's, a diminutive, fervid transplanted German, was delivering his usual tense, extempore address, when the sexton, a portly man, with ruffles at his wrists and bosom, and polished brass buttons on a faded suit of blue, advanced up the aisle with soft but stately tread, and after touching the President on the shoulder with solemnity becoming his station and his one-day-in-the-week lofty importance, condescendingly handed him a message. Mr. Davis threw his blue-gray eyes rapidly over the fatal dispatch; he grasped his soft, creamy-white hat, rose, and withdrew calmly.

Hardly had he left the door before the sexton again marched up the aisle and, bending, spoke to General Joseph Anderson, who at once took his leave. Then followed two more grand entries —and I think the Confederacy, though wan her cheek, smiled faintly; for like everything born in America, she must have had a sense of humor. Heaven be blessed for the gift, and I hope they buried the dignified sexton in his ruffled shirt and suit of blue with brass buttons in due pomp; peace to his clay wherever it lies! At his fourth presageful march up the aisle, again with a message to a prominent official, anxiety seized the congregation, and like alarmed birds they rose at once and left the church; and not until the bewildered people cleared the door and mingled with the throng that had already gathered in the modest vestibule and on the pavement, was the purport of the message to Mr. Davis revealed. There in consternation they saw government employees of a department that occupied an opposite building frantically carrying bundles of public documents out into the middle of the street and setting them on fire. Then the appalling significance of it all broke on them, and they melted away to their homes in dread and anguish. The smoke of the burning records soon became the breath of panic, and by the time the sun went down and twilight came on, the city was in tragic confusion. Lee's lines were broken, and

Richmond was to be evacuated that night.

When I was in Richmond at the unveiling of Mr. Davis's monument, a few years ago, I went into the historic church and sat awhile. The sun was bright in the cloudless sky, the roses were fresh in the gardens, for it was June, and sweet was the silence in St. Paul's; and, thank God, sweet was the peace of the land! As I sat there in the stillness, the solemn past, as on a great and deeply shadowed river's breast, went drifting by, and it seemed to me a striking circumstance that the news of the breaking of Lee's lines, foreshadowing as it did the immediate collapse of the Confederacy, should reach its devout President in a church on a Sunday, and, remarkably enough, at the Communion service. Who knows whether, since the earnest prayers of so many had to be unanswered, it was not ordained in compensation, that the sacred place and the sacred hour should lend their serene and holy associations to this memory?

III

The lines held by Lee's army began on the north of Richmond, well out from its suburbs, and after circling them about to the east and south, led to Chaffin's Bluff on the James, some six or seven miles below the city. There they crossed to Drury's Bluff, uniting with a line of great strength that started on the bank of Swift Creek nearly opposite Petersburg, securing the railroad between it and Richmond, and barring all exit to our forces in the angle between the rivers. It was known as the Bermuda Hundred line. Those of Petersburg, the main or outer lines, began on the right bank of the Appomattox, ran eastward a while on the crest of a ravine, then bore away off southwestward to Hatcher's Run, and after crossing it turned westward till they came to what is known as the Claiborne Road, which they followed northward to the Run again. There they ended, seven or eight miles southwest of Petersburg, and at least thirty odd miles from where they started at the Brooke Pike north of Richmond.

From Chaffin's Bluff back to Richmond, they were several deep, and consisted generally of strong, traversed breastworks, connecting what is known as detached earthworks with heavy parapets and deep ditches, all fronted with abatis and skirmish-line rifle-pits. They still can be traced; and had you, reader, seen our troops try to carry them, as I did in front of Petersburg, on a hot July morning in the battle-summer of 1864, you would have discovered how truly formidable they were, and your heart would have beaten, I know, with mine, as the column, with flags flying, white and red bands rippling in the morning sun, moved to the assault and was mowed down by the enemy's guns. The gently upward-sloping ground over which the men advanced toward the crater, for that was the action, was as blue with the bodies of the dead as a field of gentians. Yes, indeed, their line of works was strong and they had as brave men as ever lived to hold them.

Longstreet's two divisions, Field's and Kershaw's, were in the works north of the James; Mahone of Hill's corps, in the Bermuda Hundred front; while the rest of Hill's troops and a division of Ewell's old corps under Gordon, the one that struck us so hard in the Wilderness, occupied the long Petersburg lines; Lee's cavalry were veiling his right, but widely scattered, having to forage for themselves.

Richmond and its immediate defenses were under Ewell, a serious and unconsciously amusing man on account of his natural eccentricities, and yet

one of the kindest, truest-hearted and most lovable that ever lived. He had lost a leg during the War, and when mounted, had to be strapped to his horse 'Rifle,' a flea-bitten gray, and was famous for his skill in 'deviling' turkey-legs. When well along in years he married a Widow Brown, and always in introducing any one to her, would say, 'Mrs. Brown, allow me to present my friend so-and-so.' Ewell was the man, too, who declared that he believed Stonewall Jackson was a lunatic for claiming that he could not use red pepper on account of its giving him rheumatism in the left leg!

What I am about to say in reference to Jackson is of very little concern to my fellow men, for his star is set high and will shine on long after this narrative is forgotten and its writer turned to obscure dust. But for some reason or other, brilliant as were his military exploits, he never won my admiration as a man, like Ewell, Lee, Longstreet, Stuart, and so many others; and had he died without uttering as sweet a sentiment as ever passed the lips of a dying soldier, his career and personality would not engage this pen for a single moment. But when that cold nature, just on the point of exchanging mortality for immortality, breathes softly between its ashen lips, "Let us cross over the River and lie down in the shade of the trees," and its spirit mounts on its heavenly way, I am conscious of one of life's mysteries, and feel another proof of God's abundance in blessing the world with tender feeling. Without this utterance, Stonewall Jackson would have been nothing more to me than a belated, uninteresting Roundhead, a dull, cast-iron military hero; but with it he is transfigured; and may the last moments of us all be attended with like visions of rest.

Besides a provisional force made up of employees, clerks, convalescents, and the like, Ewell had a small division of two brigades, chiefly heavy artillery, commanded by Custis Lee, the great general's son, to whom, while Custis was a cadet at West Point, Lee wrote as good a letter as ever father wrote to son.

Such in a general way was the extent and character of Lee's lines and the troops that occupied them just before the final campaign began. Our lines, conforming to theirs in direction, were built like theirs, and in many places were so very close to them that one could almost tell the color of a man's eyes.

What was known as the Army of the James, consisting of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth corps and a small division of cavalry under my classmate Mackenzie, — peace to his ashes! — held the lines north of the James and those of the Bermuda Hundred front. Facing Petersburg, with its right resting on the Appomattox, was the Ninth Corps, commanded by Parke; next came the Sixth, under Wright; then Humphreys with the Second, joining the Fifth, which had been led so long by the unfortunate Warren, and which now held the extreme left.

Sheridan, who had rejoined the Army of the Potomac with the First and Second divisions of his superb cavalry, having struck boldly across the country from the Shenandoah Valley, — and the ashes of its burned mills, barns, and stacks of harvested grain remember him yet, — had united them with their old comrade-division the Third, which had remained with the army, and posted them all well to the front and left of Warren.

Besides these land forces, we had also a number of war-vessels, several of them heavy iron-clads, lying with steam up in the James, off City Point. That was our base of supplies; and at the edge of the bluff overlooking the

James and Appomattox (for it is there they meet), was Grant's headquarters. I have no memory of the War more stirring than that which met the eye from that bluff by day or by night. The broad rivers at our feet, dotted with craft of all kinds: noisy, stubborn tugs, barges, steamboats, steamships, and delicately-masted sailing ships, some coming, some going, threading their way slowly and carefully through the anchored vessels; the bank lined with wharves and storehouses; the narrow space between them and the sharply-pitching, clay bluff, a swarm of army wagons, ambulances, soldiers, laborers, black and white; the deep steady rumble; the complaining screech of lifting anchors; the whistles hoarse and deep of the passing ships; and lo, plain coffins going aboard the Washington boat on the way home; all that and much more could be seen and heard from sunrise to sunset. It was pleasant when all the tumult was over and the hush of night had come, to look down on the river and see the dim red, blue, and yellow lights of the vessels, and all so still save some busy, puffing tug. It was pleasant but always half-way sad, for me, to hear the little bells on the men-of-war striking the lonely hours.

Out in the river among all those lights, at the date this narrative deals with, a trim steamboat called the Mary Martin was lying; and aboard was Abraham Lincoln. Knowing from Grant that he was about to move, the President's anxiety was so great that he could not stay in Washington, so he came down to be near his well-beloved army in its last trial.

Such then was the general character of our lines and theirs, and the forces in them at the beginning of the end.

Various figures have been given estimating the strength of Lee's army. That it was nearer fifty than forty thousand I am inclined to believe. But however that may be, Grant had more than twice as many; and, moreover, his army had had warm clothing and food in abundance, while Lee's had had neither sufficient food nor clothing, and the winter had been one of rigorous, miserable cold.

The following letter from Lee to the Confederate Secretary of War lifts the curtain on the dismal state of the army: 'Yesterday — the most inclement day of the winter — the troops had to be maintained in line of battle, having been in the same condition two previous days and nights. I regret to be compelled to state that under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days and all are suffering from reduced rations, scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail, and sleet. Their physical strength, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment.'

Although they were true of heart and their faithfulness reached to the clouds, there was something more than the lack of food and clothing that wasted the spirits of his men. Defeat had drawn near and was staring at them, and the future was growing blacker and blacker. On the other hand, for our men a sense of victory was kindling it as the sun flushes the dawn.

IV

Grant, having resolved to bring the issue to its ultimate trial, on the night of March 27 brought Ord from north of the James with three divisions of infantry, two white and one colored, and Mackenzie's cavalry. They took the positions Humphreys and Warren had occupied, these two veteran corps having been drawn out preparatory to moving for Lee's right. Leaving Parke, Wright, and Ord in the lines, Grant, with Sheridan leading, started

Humphreys and Warren on the morning of the twenty-ninth.

Lee was alert to his danger, and on the thirty-first struck Warren, who was feeling for his right, a heavy blow. Meanwhile Sheridan had gained Dinwiddie Court-House, four or five miles beyond Warren, and had moved toward Five Forks on his way to the South Side Railroad, about all of the enemy's cavalry having gathered in to head him off. Lee, realizing how important it was to check Sheridan, sent Pickett and Bushrod Johnson's divisions of infantry to the aid of his cavalry, and together on the thirty-first they drove Sheridan back to Dinwiddie, winning almost a complete victory over him. But threatened by Warren, they had to withdraw during the night to Five Forks, and there they threw up a temporary line of entrenchments.

As soon as Lee, in the course of the forenoon of April first, heard that Sheridan was likely to renew the offensive, he started several brigades to Pickett's help, for that point was vital; but before they reached him Sheridan, reinforced by Warren, had assailed Pickett and driven him with great confusion from the field, capturing thousands of prisoners and several guns, the uncaptured Confederates fleeing northward in utter confusion through the darkness, for it was just at nightfall that they met their overwhelming defeat.

Pickett's and Fitz Lee's failure to hold that position was fatal, and offered a singular instance of Fortune's bad turn of her wheel for Lee; inasmuch as, when Sheridan made his attack, the famous, long-haired Pickett, Gettysburg's hero, and the cavalry commanders, blue and gay-eyed Fitz Lee, gigantic and black-eyed Rosser, were engaged in planking shad on the north bank of Hatcher's Run, two miles or more in the rear of their resolute but greatly outnumbered troops. Although the fire was quick and heavy, it was completely smothered by the intervening timber, and notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the gallant Munford and the infantry brigade commanders, before they got to the front the day was lost; so at least the story was told to me by my friend Rosser, who lately and in honor went to his grave.

The news of this disaster did not reach Lee till about half-past seven, whereupon he telegraphed to Longstreet, in the lines north of the James, to come to Petersburg at once with one of his divisions; while Grant, as soon as the same news reached him, — he was sitting alone before a struggling camp-fire in a thick, dripping pine wood, for it was raining hard, — ordered all the guns to open on the Petersburg lines, and the Sixth and Ninth corps to assault at daybreak.

Longstreet, in response to Lee's dispatch, started Field's division by rail, and then set off with his staff across the country for Petersburg and Lee's headquarters. To his dying day he spoke of that night's long ride. Of course, our batteries having opened in obedience to Grant's orders, theirs replied; and, as Longstreet rode on, those revengeful batteries answered each other with jarring thunder, and heavy mortar-shells rose from fort to fort, the small, trailing red lights of their burning, sputtering fuses outlining against the pitchy sky their high curving way. Sometimes one was just rising for its flight as the other, coming down with accelerated speed, exploded with surly, tremendous roar. Few men ever took a ride on a dark night toward the boom of a hundred guns, under a sky like that.

It was about dawn when he reached Lee's headquarters at the Turnbull House, several miles southwest of

Petersburg. Lee was still on his bed suffering from rheumatism, an ailment which had troubled him, and sometimes seriously, for years. He had Longstreet come to a seat at his bedside, explained what had happened the evening before at Five Forks, and told him to go, as soon as his troops arrived, to the support of Pickett's men, on whom he laid no blame or reproach as they had had to meet greatly superior numbers. But within a few hours, and long before Field of Longstreet's division got to Petersburg, the crisis had come; Hill's lines had been broken, and it was no longer a question of regaining Five Forks, but of holding on to Petersburg itself.

The Sixth and Ninth corps made their assaults just as the gray light of morning was sifting in. They carried their points of attack, a mile or so apart, with great valor but with great loss, for the enemy defended their lines with uncommon bravery.

Not long since, toward the close of a lazy October day, I stood on the ground they won. The field, over which they advanced so firmly, sloped away to the east, and lay beautifully still in its autumn dream. The shadows were long, and a herd of cows at the lower edge of the pasture were feeding toward the gate, while some barefooted boys were approaching to let them go home through the bars for the evening milking. Here were no flags, no roar of guns or crash of bursting shells, no dead and bayoneted Confederates (for they stood to the very last), no wild cheers or trumpets pealing; but I thought I heard the mellow notes of a distant harp, and if I were asked whence they came I should guess that the harp was resting against the breast of Glory, and with swimming eyes her hands were sweeping the strings softly for the dead of both armies.

As soon as A. P. Hill heard of the Sixth Corps' successful assault he left his headquarters, which was not far from Lee's, to go to his disrupted lines. Accompanied by a single courier, he came suddenly, at the edge of a wood, upon two of our men belonging to Wright's Corps, who had pushed on through the breach. Hill drew his pistol and demanded their immediate surrender, whereupon they skipped behind a big tree and resting their guns one above the other against it, fired, killing him instantly. Soon his body was found, taken to Petersburg, and placed in an ambulance which started for Richmond, arriving at the south end of Mayo's Bridge about midnight. There the ambulance had to wait an hour or more owing to the tide of troops and flight of citizens pouring over the bridge out of the city. Once across, the men drove to an undertaker's shop whose doors had been demolished by the mob, and after groping awhile in the darkness their hands fell on a coffin. They washed the face of the punctilious and ever gallant man, and on pulling off his gauntlets found that the fatal shot had cut off the thumb of his left hand and passed directly through his heart, coming out at the back. Closing the lid tenderly over him, they put the casket into the ambulance, recrossed the bridge and wended their way up the south side of the island-dotted, royal James; and about two o'clock on Monday afternoon they buried him in the old Winston family graveyard. Many fields, as well they may, treasure his name; and when Lee was breathing his last, Hill's image with Stonewall Jackson's was in his dying eye.

That portion of Hill's corps to the left, as they faced their own works, of the point the Sixth Corps carried, fell backward and then rallied behind Gordon, who, although he had lost the right of his lines, was holding the

Ninth Corps under Parke from making further headway. Hill's other brigades, among them Cooke's, Scales's, Lane's, McRae's, and McGowan's, — cut off from falling back on Petersburg by the advance of the Sixth Corps through the gate it had opened with such high valor, — followed what are known as the Cox and the River roads up the south side of the Appomattox. Humphreys, who was nearest to them, pursued with Miles's division, which, after noon, gave them battle and defeat at Sutherland Station, the broken forces fleeing westward and joining those which, the night before, had set out to support Pickett. Owing to a wreck on the railroad Field's first brigade did not get to Petersburg till two o'clock, and it was sunset when the last arrived.

By ten o'clock all the outer lines of Petersburg, except those valiantly held by Gordon on the north side, were in our hands. Lee's situation was now exceedingly grave, and although his men were responding with great steadiness to the defense of the inner lines, the chances were barely even that he could hold on till night; and in case he could not, it was manifestly clear that the long-dreaded hour had come when both Petersburg and Richmond would have to be given up.

In view of the end which we now so clearly see was inevitable, I have sometimes thought it would have been better, sparing lives and days of suffering, had Lee asked terms then and there of Grant. For Mr. Lincoln who, like Solomon, had 'wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart,' was at City Point, only a few miles away; and, knowing his sagacity and his longing for peace, we can be sure that he would have dealt wisely and been abundantly generous. Besides, it might have proved a stroke on Lee's part attended with far-reaching and beneficent political results that would have stamped a fitting obverse to his military fame, inasmuch as Mr. Lincoln's terms, backed as they would have been by the honor and good faith of the veteran Army of the Potomac, might have outlined a policy so merciful and practical for bringing the states once more into harmony that, notwithstanding his cruel and awful death, the politicians would not have dared to repudiate it.

But, like Grant, Lee had been educated at West Point, and that stern national school so inculcates the theory of the subordination of the military to the civil authority that the thought of encroaching upon, much less assuming, the prerogative of the Confederate Congress and Executive, never entered his mind, however convinced he may have been of the lean chance of success.

And while I believe that he longed for peace with just as much holy eagerness as did Mr. Lincoln, yet we must bear in mind that only a few months earlier he had made overtures to Grant, and that Grant's response, dictated from Washington, shut the door with a slam on everything short of unconditional surrender. Meeting such a rebuff he had, as we all have, a natural unwillingness to beg for peace at the hands of a cold enemy; and this unwillingness was the stronger because of his belief in the righteousness of his cause.

However, is there real doubt that Mr. Lincoln would have let the South resume its rights of statehood under the conditions that now prevailed? I think not, for he knew, as we all know, that the brains and character of a state must be intrusted with the duties of carrying it on.

But Lee did not know, nor did the bulk of Mr. Lincoln's northern contemporaries know, the wisdom, depth, and natural warmth of Mr. Lincoln's heart;

much less did they dream of the way in which he would tower above the common level of his age; so, although it might have been a stroke of large and merciful consequence for Lee to have pocketed his rebuff and asked for terms, that he did not do it is not to be wondered at. Surely not, if we lift our eyes from this misty, transitory life up to that undistracted power called Destiny and see her looms all busy, their shuttles flying back and forth ceaseless till the fullness of time is come.

But let this conjecture engage attention as it may, Lee, after sending his dispatch to Mr. Davis, notified his corps commanders to get ready for withdrawal that night.

And now while the afternoon wanes, while Gordon holds his line, and Gibbon of our army after terrific slaughter carries two detached works in front of the inner line south of Petersburg; and while the heads of departments of Lee's army are getting their trains ready to withdraw as soon as night falls, the narrative will, before going further, avail itself of the pause to acquaint the reader with a general outline of the country through which both armies will be moving on the morrow. And I wish he could ride over the roads they took from Petersburg to Appomattox and see them with his own eyes; for I am sure the long-since-dead event would become alive again, and, at many a turn, roads and fields would speak to him, and tenderly too, of the past.

V

If any one has any particular interest in the movements, the map now will be of great help. But let me say that the scene of them all is the basin of the Appomattox, which rises well up toward Lynchburg and not far from the James. Its birthplace is in some broken hills covered with oak timber within sight of Appomattox Court-House, and from there it sets off for the rising sun. It curves often, has many stretches through woods where venerable trees on the opposite banks almost mingle their tops, their shadows dreaming below in the moving stream; it receives the waters of a number of deep-winding, tree-roofed, wood-duck-nesting creeks, and many a run with glittering ripples and sober pools, the homes of dace, minnows, and chub. Finally, it comes in sight of Petersburg, where it tumbles over some rapids between low bluffs, and then on to the James, which it enters at City Point, ten or twelve miles below Richmond (but only as the crow flies, for the stately river has many bends). It was up the territory between the rivers that the first marches were made by Lee's Petersburg forces; those in Richmond and the forts along the James moved southward to meet them on lines of march converging at Goode's Bridge across the Appomattox.

That river's biggest town is Petersburg, which is connected with Richmond by the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and with Lynchburg by what, in the days of the War, was called the South Side road, on account of its following the south bank of the Appomattox. It will be borne in mind that Lee depended at last wholly on those two railways for his supplies.

From Richmond a railroad runs southward to Danville, the point at which Lee hoped to unite his army with Johnston's, then trying feebly to head off Sherman, — whose animated face gave me more the idea of a blazing meteor when he talked than any face I ever met. This railroad crosses the Appomattox at Mattoax, twenty-seven miles from Richmond, and soon thereafter — nine or ten miles it is — reaches the old and now famous village of Amelia Court-

House, where Lee directed all of his scattered forces to assemble. It intersects the South Side Railroad at Burkeville, fifty-one miles from Petersburg and forty-eight from Richmond. It was by this road that Mr. Davis's train, leading several others, fled on that Sunday night.

There are Bevil's, Goode's, and Genito bridges over the Appomattox. The first one, Bevil's, upon which Lee relied to carry his forces across the river, is about thirty-five miles above Petersburg. On the south side of the Appomattox there are two country roads known as the Cox and the River roads, which lead up to Amelia; and on the north is another River Road which runs thither by way of Bevil's Bridge. This, as well as the Hickory and the Woodpecker roads, sets out from Petersburg up the divide between the Appomattox and the James. The Hickory joins the River Road after a while, but the Woodpecker wends aimlessly westward and loses itself at last in roads much like itself, which mingle, some to go to sleep in Chesterfield Court-House, some in Richmond. From Richmond there is an historic highway known as the Genito, which leads finally to a bridge of that name across the Appomattox. These, then, are the main roads, and I think the only ones that remember the two armies well; they wind through much deep and pondering forest, cross many creeks and pleasant runs, and smile back on many old friends, fields of wheat, tobacco, and blading corn. It is all truly Virginian, the home and burial place of more than one distinguished family, whose venerable mansions, once the abodes of culture and warm hospitality, look at you now with saddened, pleading eyes.

Mysteriously enough, besides the towering event on the upper Appomattox, this region witnessed another which cast the heaviest shadow that ever fell on any land, — the introduction of slavery by a Dutch man-of-war against the humane remonstrances of the first settlers at Jamestown. And lo! after two hundred and fifty years, — years of brave and high-minded effort to found a republic, and years blessed with sweet peace, prosperity, and fraternal brotherhood, — it witnessed the deadly struggle which grew mainly out of the slavery forced upon it in its infancy. These two waters, the James and Appomattox, draining the country which is the scene of this narrative, saw slavery's coming, and the Appomattox saw its ending; and both rivers will tell you now that they are glad it is gone.

In view of the fact that the names of officers, Confederate and Federal, will appear and reappear so often in the course of my story, I have wondered whether or not it would be of advantage to the reader to throw a rushlight as it were upon their personalities; but most of them are of such renown, especially Grant and Lee and Meade, and they have all been dealt with in so much detail by numerous writers, — including myself in *The Battle of the Wilderness*, — that it would be carrying coals to Newcastle to enlarge upon them here. Moreover, I have a dread of repeating myself, and although I served with, saw, and knew most of them, I shall trust to the reader's imagination to portray them duly in the light of their deeds.

On second thought, perchance the reader, like myself, is pleased if not aided by having as a side-light on great deeds the distinctive features of the actor's face, and so I will devote a line or two to Gordon and Parke who, when I digressed, were contending so fiercely, one to hold, the other to carry, the lines at Petersburg.

Gordon, to whom more than to any one Lee owed the salvation of Peters-

burg that day, was a man of natural eminence. Above medium height, he had a soldier's port, raven-black hair, a scar across his face, and as fierce and nearly as cruelly blue an eye as I ever looked into. When the Confederacy fell, he rose chivalrously to his reunited country's call. In his indomitable courage he was like Humphreys, who commanded our Second Corps; and if there were ever hearths on this green earth at which valor and honor felt at home, they were theirs.

Parke had smiling brown eyes and a heavy jaw, and wore side-whiskers; and about him was somewhat of the subdued air of scholarship, clothing his address and bearing in simple good manners.

VI

But to return to the action: Lee's troops at Petersburg, Longstreet's corps leading, began to withdraw as soon as night had fully set in; Mahone in the Bermuda Hundred lines, too, set off early. It was well on toward midnight before those in the field-works on the bluffs of the James and those in the lines around Richmond were under way. The delivery and promulgation of the general orders for these movements at one of the posts on the James that Sunday night, well deserve mention; and may the spirit of the occasion, signalized by reverence and recognition of a Power above all powers, breathe, God willing, on this narrative to the end.

Major Stiles, commanding a battalion of artillery at Chaffin's Bluff, had stood, so he tells us in his sterling *Four Years Under Marse Robert*, a greater part of the day on the parapets of his works, listening to the guns at Petersburg. Their dull reverberations, rapid and continual, so foreboded adversity that, before going to meet with his men for worship at nightfall, in a dimly lighted little chapel which they had built during the winter, he told his adjutant to remain in the office, and if any orders came to bring them to him at once. 'I read with the men,' says the major, 'the Soldier Psalm, the Ninety-first, and exhorted them in any special pressure that might come upon us in the near future, the "terror by night" or the "destruction at noonday," to abide with entire confidence in that "stronghold," to appropriate that "strength."'

The major says that, as he uttered these last words, a lad's open face with brimming eyes caught his attention and checked his speech momentarily. Just then the door opened, and there stood the adjutant with an official communication in his hand. Stiles asked him to stand for a moment where he was, and proceeded to tell the men what, he was satisfied, was the purport of the adjutant's message. The young major, for he was scarcely twenty-five years of age, then led them in prayer, imploring the 'realization of what David had expressed in the psalm — for faith, for strength, for protection.' After Amen had been said, all on bended knees and heads bowed, — deep must have been its holy pause, — the major rose and read Lee's orders. Softly, at the appointed hour, for our sentinels were within speaking distance, his men stole out of their works and, leaving their hollow tents standing, took up the march. Daylight, when it broke, found them miles away in Chesterfield; and there they lay down and fell asleep in a grove. And I hope their slumber was sweet, and that the lad's eyes, if he had dreams, saw home or heaven.

The abandonment of Richmond by the Confederate and State authorities, and by many of its prominent citizens, was marked by no such orderly and solemnly uplifting detail as distinguished

the conduct of Major Stiles and his command. For some strange reason, little or no fortitude and self-possession were displayed. On the contrary, as soon as it was learned that the troops were to evacuate the lines that night, frantic with disappointment or dread, they began to pour toward the railway stations and the canal, packing themselves and their belongings into the cars or on the sleepy boats, and by sundown all the roads leading south and west into the country, then veiling with twilight, were filled with groups of anxious travelers, some on foot, some on horseback, and many in vehicles, often hired at fabulous prices.

In all seriousness, how can this humiliating flight from the doomed city be accounted for? Was it because they feared that our troops (those who entered were under the firm hand of the mild and upright Weitzel) would turn barbarians and disgrace themselves and their country by outrages on persons and property? Or was it because there had been dreams of trials for treason and visions of gallows? Let the answer be what it may, the scene was not heroic, and was unbecoming in its contrast with the fame of Richmond, the valor of the Wilderness, the desperate stand at Antietam, the glorious charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, or the duel in Holywood. Let us not forget, however, that it was a day of panic, and be charitable; above all to the hundreds of minor officials, clerks, and employees in the various state and military departments, drawn from all over the South. For all of them I have nothing but pity in their distress; many were poor, far from home, and had only done their humble, tread-mill duties. But for all those who by hook or by crook had managed to keep out of the ranks, and especially for the oratorical, passion-inflaming politicians, of whom there were a goodly number, I have nothing, and they deserve nothing, but contempt. Who knows how much of the mutual rage and cruelty of individuals in both armies — for cruelty begets cruelty — is attributable to the blistering, wounding speech, the habitual, unmitigated abuse of the entire North, accompanied by taunting, boastful, and sneering arrogance, of that class before and during the War?

Let there be no mistake: to arrogance alone, in the final analysis, the South owed the North's resolution to conquer or die. And who can say whether, in some measure at least, the atrocities that disgraced Sherman's march and the spirit of vindictiveness which for a moment swept the North after Mr. Lincoln's assassination, may not be laid at the doors of these frenzied declaimers?

I offer no veiled or surreptitious excuse for our armies in burning houses and barns of rich and poor, or pillaging and ruthlessly destroying the property of those whose only offense was that their sons had dared to fight for honestly held principles and their homes. Nor do I exculpate the authorities, Northern or Southern, for the needless suffering of prisoners, or for the lack of care and humanity which made Andersonville a gruesome horror and filled row after row of graves at Elmira, Chicago, and Rock Island. To the very end of our country's history those graves will be a disgrace to South and North. No; the class I have in mind are the shrill, rabid, tongue-lashing, notoriety-craving and woe-breeding demagogues, whether born in the Northland or the Southland, who, by their rancorous, malignant speech, kindled the fires of our War. Read what appeared almost daily in the Southern press, consult the files of Congress, and mark the provocations and sometimes slanderous language in the proceedings of Abolition conventions.

So, then, fire-eaters, in dread of retributive justice for your malicious abuse of heaven-born speech; contractors, leeches, who had bled the Confederacy; and you, too, loudly-dressed hangers-on and gamblers, who infested Richmond but who had not the manliness to shoulder a gun, — catch the departing trains if you can and disappear for good and all! You made the evacuation of Richmond what it was, a disgraceful scene of terror; and when the Confederacy looks back, as I know it does, over those four troubled years, its eyes do not seek nor does its heart yearn for you, but for those self-possessed men of moral life, quiet demeanor, respectful speech, and honest convictions of the paramount rights of the state, and for the young men in the ranks who stood by its colors to the end. On them, as on the fathers and mothers whose prayers night and morning went up for the Confederacy, will it look through the misting past, with justly proud and affectionate eyes.

An occurrence is related as having taken place that Sunday night at the Danville station, which had and still has significance, — so at any rate it seems to me. And that we may note it, I will ask the reader to fancy that together we have crowded or wormed our way through the feverish multitude, till we are close to the cars in the dim, lamp-lit station. What a sea of distressed and needlessly alarmed men and women, — children are actually crying aloud, — swarming this way and that, are we in! The train, bearing Mr. Davis, the majority of his Cabinet, a car with a small amount of specie belonging to the Confederate treasury, and several coaches filled with Congressmen, distinguished personages, a clergyman or two, — think of shepherds abandoning their flocks under such circumstances! — and a few pale, sick and wounded officers and privates, has just left.

Other trains to follow are made up, their locomotives hoarsely sputtering, bursting into an impatient roar at times that drowns the babel of voices. The sinewy, middle-aged engineer, bare-headed, is leaning out of his cab, one hand on the lever, watching for the signal to be off; the young, smooth-faced fireman is ringing the bell, and sentinels, with bayonets fixed, are holding the eager, pressing mob back from the car-steps, letting only those enter who are properly authorized by superior officers.

But let us take a good look at that intent, flinty-faced, and sordid man, followed by a gang of slaves, who is forcing his way through the crowd into the presence of a sentinel. He represents the last of those creatures who dealt in his fellow mortals — at any rate that we have any knowledge of. Yes; take a good look at him, as at one of the wonders in an age of modern Christianity. His sorrowful-eyed slaves, male and female, left over from his last auction, — I hope for humanity's sake that there was not a little black child among them, clutching nervously its mother's hand, — are halted, and look around bewildered while he demands passage for himself and them.

The sentinel, a young man clad in gray, with that scornful and condemning look which the vocation of dealing in slaves naturally kindles, has brought his gun down, saying firmly as he bars approach to the cars, 'Lumpkin' (for that is a dealer's name), 'there is no room in these cars for you and your gang.' The slave-dealer remonstrates in vain, his eyes shooting flames of anger into the face of the stern, manly youth, and, at last, shamefully muttering oaths, leads off his gang. Lumpkin having gone, — gone to this world's scrap-heap, — now scan the boy-sentinel's face well, for in the

spirit of those words and that gesture he has made the last and by far the best argument before history's jury that the cause he loved and was willing to die for was not slavery. I do not know where fate led him, nor the number of years that fell on him, but I will guarantee that when death overtook him, his spirit on its upward flight was met by a noble company, and that in the reveries of the Confederacy his memory is green and dear.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LITTLE GRAY GHOST

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN'S STORY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I 'M Dennyson — Dr. Dennyson — and this is my only ghost-story. As a scientific man, I suppose I have no right even to a very little ghost, but this one came to me in the way of business.

Personally, I did n't want a ghost. I don't go in for anything of the kind, not even to the extent of reading the occult articles in the magazines. I see the thing this way. We're here to hold down the job — the long, long job of living — and it's enough to keep us busy. 'Functioning on this plane' is sufficiently stiff work for me. I've no time to waste thinking about other planes, and I don't believe anybody else has.

Besides, there is one thing I know — for I've seen it. The people who are really next to this 'functioning on the next plane' business are n't the ones who make a fuss about it. Spiritualism repels them. They don't go to séances. They don't conduct investigations. They don't even join the Psychical Researchers, but, by the Lord Harry, *they know*. And they don't care very much, either. They take it for granted. They've always known. But they don't want people to think them queer; they don't want to get into the newspapers. Usually it's only when they think you're another that they will discuss it at all. They are n't what you'd pick out for the spooky kind. Plump and sensible and easy-going, mostly. You'd never in the world spot one by the way he looked or talked.

There was Carruthers. He talked to me more freely than any of the others. A little Canadian traveling-man from Vancouver. Scotch blood. Sandy, stocky, sane. A good jollier, and sold big bills of goods. It would n't have added to his popularity at the head-office, though, if they'd known he had the Eyes that See. So, naturally, he did n't tell them. He would n't have told me, only, that night I came across him at Calgary, he was threatened with pneumonia and pretty ill. And

he was worried just then by the Little Gray One, and did n't know what to do about her. So he asked my professional advice, put himself in my hands, if you please, and I got interested and told him what I'd do in his place.

No, it was n't delirium, and Carruthers was n't any ordinary crank. Understand, I don't pronounce at all upon the value of his experiences as a basis for theorizing about the Beyond. I don't say they were n't hallucinations. I don't say they were. I suspend my judgment. So, by the way, did he. He did n't philosophize about them, himself. That attracted me.

We were snow-bound together at that hotel for three days. The first night he came in from a train that had been caught in the drifts for eighteen hours, and he slept in damp sheets on top of that. I wonder he escaped severe illness, but he knew enough to ask for a doctor, and my room happened to be next door to his, so I watched him pretty closely that night and it turned out all right. He escaped pneumonia — and I met my ghost.

Odd thought, is n't it, that perhaps — just perhaps, you know — the outer darkness a bit beyond our radiant, comfortable world of sense-perception, is full of pitiful, groping, bodiless folks? We take it from the scientists that there are colors we can't see and sounds we can't hear, but we're shy of believing there are people we can't touch. I like flesh and blood best, myself, but when I think about those possible Others, I feel sorry, the way one does about sick children or hurt animals. There is something in me that understands what being a maimed or naked soul might feel like.

Well, Carruthers and I talked for hours, and I think the man emptied his soul before me. What it all simmers down to, is this: those who have the Eyes claim that they begin to see queer things in childhood and get used to it. They learn early not to talk about it, too, for of course people call them little liars. It does n't seem, essentially, to be a very thrilling experience or a very interesting one. Carruthers knew no more about the ways of God to man than you or I. And he did n't pretend to, either. He said seeing spirits was n't a bit more interesting than seeing anything else, when you were used to it. The faculty shed no particular light on his own path and, apparently, was n't designed to give him personally any form of help: Rather, it was the other way about. the benefactions were on his side.

I asked Carruthers a lot of questions. Did n't it worry him terribly, I wanted to know, this moving in the middle of a cloud of unseen witnesses? He said not at all, not any more than the hundreds of faces we pass on a crowded city street worry the rest of us; really, it was an effect almost identical with that. Occasionally one face would show with increased distinctness against the crowded background and he would see it oftener. If it finally became as definite to him as flesh and blood, he would accost it. I did n't get a very clear idea of their methods of communication. Carruthers used human speech to them, but usually 'heard in his consciousness' what they had to say. You may make what you please of that.

Considered as spirits, I should regard Carruthers's friends as an amœba-like bunch. There seemed to be hordes of them unable to move on. 'Earth-bound' is the spiritualistic slang for the condition, I believe, but Carruthers did n't use any cant terms — that was another thing I liked about him. He simply said most of them are just dazed, dumb, helpless — amorphous Things that have slipped out of this world and have n't yet grasped the

conditions of living elsewhere. They are like jellyfish rocking in a tide-deserted pool. They have to be helped to deeper water. His idea of his own relation to them, so far as he could be said to have an idea, was that he was a missionary of a sort, a kind of Little Brother to the Lost. Curious contravention of our accepted notions, is n't it? Yet it is n't hard to understand when you look about and see how many people there are right around us who could n't draw living breath in anything like a spiritual atmosphere.

There are a few, however, who are different. If you love enough or hate enough it will keep you alive anywhere, — even in a world of shades.

I demanded some of his characteristic experiences. He told me lots of incidents, but he was curiously indifferent about them. After all, they were just what you might call the ghost-story of commerce, and rather a bore, you know. For instance, a man he had known came to him so vivid of aspect that he thought the creature still in the flesh, he was so actual. And, indeed, his death had only occurred a month before. But it was the flame of hate that gave him that glow. He was, as you might say, incandescent with the desire for revenge. He told Carruthers that his wife and the doctor conspired to poison him when he was ill, and that they were to be married. He wanted Carruthers to take it up — to frighten them; at least, to make their union impossible. But the traveling man refused to investigate. He said, sensibly enough, that it was n't up to him; that if he had a part to play toward these people, it was n't to execute their vengeances. He was willing to help them, but not to be played upon by them, nor taken possession of by their desires. So the man did not come to him any more.

He was shy of explaining what he said to his People. He called it giving them good advice. After he had once talked to one in this way, he seldom saw that one again. If they accepted his advice, they would mostly pass on out of his vision into farther and, he hoped, more blessed fields.

That 's the gist of the situation as I got it from Carruthers. He did n't know the answers to most of the questions I asked, and, as I said, he did n't find any of these experiences very absorbing — until the one I am telling you about.

Mind you, now, I 'm not pretending to give you a good ghost-story. This is n't that, at all. Carruthers was a matter-of-fact soul, and I 'm another. This is just a plain account of what he told me, and what I experienced myself.

It began down in California in the early spring. He went down from Vancouver to San Francisco on some business for the firm, and a man he knew asked him out to one of the big ranches over Sunday. It was an old-fashioned estate — they are mostly cut up now — big enough for a principality. On it grew everything a son of Adam the Gardener could desire. In particular, there was a whole square mile of blossoming cherry-trees, their shining masses of white interspersed here and there with dashes of pink almond-boughs.

I could live without California myself, and so, he said, could he. There 's something about it too positive, too magnetic, fertile, golden. It overwhelms you and wearies you with its gigantic beauty. But the pink-and-white glory of a square mile of cherry- and almond-boughs blooming in the spring sunshine — well, it 's worth seeing once in a lifetime, just to know that it can be true. It overwhelmed Carruthers, Scotchman from the North though he was. They 're used to big

things in British Columbia, too, but there was something about the lavish beauty of that orchard that upset him. He wanted to walk there alone, and accordingly went out to do so.

What he thought, what he felt, was after this fashion: here, at last, was something that satisfied, — something as big and beautiful as we dream the mercy of the Merciful may be. In this bounteous, fertile spot, men had not beaten their brothers down, or fought like beasts for pitiful advantage. It was an untainted place where restless spirits would not come, a place where he might breathe deep and throw off the oppression which he sometimes felt his peculiar vision to be. In such an orchard one might be as free as the first man in Eden.

As he was thinking this, he turned his head suddenly and saw moving beside him, timidly, but with determination, a small, gray, insubstantial figure, woe-begone and desolate, yet full, in some curious way, of vital fire.

He described her to me over and over. Out of the things he said, a picture of her built itself up in my mind at last. I think of her as having been a girl with deep-set gray eyes, a small, square face, clean-cut chin, and a slight figure so charged with what we call temperament and personality, that even death spared something of its mutinous charm. You know the type. Carruthers said her very wraith had a glowing, passionate quality, like the leaping of the flame in the chimney-throat, but, even so, was unobtrusive. She was not alive as flesh is alive, heavily, almost rebelliously, but rather as fire is — *all* living, do you see? Her garments were gray, the color of a mist that the sun is about to pierce, wavering, luminous. Faint rose-color seemed to tremble on her cheeks, but it might have been reflected from the almond-blossoms. When she faced him with a bird's quick movement her gaze was wide but steady, like the stare of a child at bay.

'What are you doing here?' he demanded abruptly, almost harshly. Her coming disturbed his joy in the Sunday peace of the orchard. He resented her presence, for he had felt himself free from all obsession.

She shook her head, but made no answer. He looked at her again, more closely.

'What are you doing here?' he repeated, more gently. 'You are not one of the stupid, helpless ones. You don't need me. You ought to be away — far away, in some better place than this.'

She evaded his question, then, by asking another.

'How is it,' she demanded, 'that you see me and speak to me? The people I have known all my life pass me by and look as though I were not there and had said nothing — and yet I have cried and cried to them.'

'I'm just made that way,' said Carruthers vaguely. 'Most other people are n't. That's all. Tell me, what are you doing here?'

Already she began to look less indistinct, less woe-begone. The flush deepened on her cheek; there seemed to come a light in her eyes. It was as if she glowed all over with joy at being understood. It brought her into closer touch with earth.

'I have tried so hard to make them hear!' she cried, 'so hard and so long! But now I have found you it will be easy. You will help me! You will put it right for me! You will go fetch Teresita and take care of her. Then I can go — everywhere!'

Of all the apparitions he had ever encountered, Carruthers affirmed, she was the only one who had pronounced personality and the gift of beguilement. He felt like telling her at once that he would help her in whatever way she

desired; then he remembered that this was not only unwise, but contrary to his fixed principles in such matters. He was vexed at himself for his instinct toward compliance, and so pressed his own side of the matter.

'Why,' he asked, 'have you not gone already?'

She looked at him in open wonder. 'You must know — if you know anything,' she said. 'I cannot go on while I hate. I must do my uttermost, my very uttermost, to set it right, and I must forgive.'

'Why have you not forgiven?'

The answer he received flashed into his consciousness as lightning flashes across the eyeball, as vivid, as intense as that.

'I cannot forgive Josefa — nor will I try — until Teresita is safe — with people who are good. Josefa took Teresita from me, and *that* is sin. There are things one must hate, and sins like that are of them. Sometimes to hate is almost sweet!'

Her eyes were on his face, but there was in them nothing evil, nothing malign. They were so limpid, childlike, and pure as she announced this transgression of the law of love, that Carruthers was puzzled and taken aback. So far as he knew, there is no exception to the rule that hate is Hell.

As he looked at her something recurred to him. Josefa — Teresita — where had he heard those names associated before? Suddenly he remembered. The remembrance was a horror. 'Are you Kitty Dundas?' he asked sharply. As he asked, he felt the stubbly hair rise slowly at the back of his neck; the scalp tightened upon his head, while his spine turned cold.

The Little Gray One nodded almost gayly, and with one small finger made an airy gesture toward a faint red line he now perceived about her neck.

'Good Lord!' Sandy Carruthers said. He was a gritty Scotchman, but he shivered, and fell back to think it over.

The name won't convey anything to most Easterners, but it did to me, for I was on the Pacific Coast when the region rang, briefly, with the case of Kitty Dundas. It was one of those things you can't get away from. Even in that land of outrageous crimes, there have n't been many stories so pitiful and terrible.

The facts were these: Kitty Dundas was the young daughter of a Scotch rancher in California. She had fallen in love with one of her father's workmen, a Spaniard named Pedro Rivara. Forbidden to have anything to do with him, she ran away and married him. Her father cast her off with curses for contaminating his blood. The girl and her husband struggled along until the birth of her child. She was ailing a long time, and absorbed in the baby, Teresita. Pedro neglected them both and became entangled with a Mexican woman, Josefa Josatti. When he disappeared with her, he most unnecessarily stole the child and took it along. The young mother worked with her hands until she had saved enough to follow them to San Francisco, where she believed they had gone. She had not been there long before, one day, in the street, she came upon Josefa carrying the baby, which was thin and ill. Kitty leaped for the child, but the other woman fought her off, and in the struggle, the Scotch girl stabbed her rival with the latter's own knife and killed her.

She was tried for murder and acquitted on the ground of self-defense, — that was a foregone conclusion, — but that was not the end of it. In some fierce revulsion of her hereditary conscience, the child proceeded to hang herself, leaving a note which said, baldly, that Josefa's blood was on her

hands, and she found proper repentance impossible; so she refused to live.

She executed judgment on herself. Her father had come forward and stood by her during the trial, and she left the child to him. She said it would be better off without her. But that was a mistake. What really happened was that Rivara disappeared, old Dundas died of apoplexy on hearing of his daughter's suicide, leaving a will made after Kitty's marriage which consigned his property to charities, and the child was taken to an orphan asylum.

Think of living and dying in such a tangle of fierce passions and brutal deeds, such stark, gross tragedy as that! Carruthers said it took away his breath even to imagine it, and he watched the Little Gray One with fascinated eyes. She had come through so much, that scrap of a pale thing flitting just ahead of him. Save for that faint red line about her throat — where were her scars?

Twenty years old when she died, just a child herself, yet she had experienced everything. She knew lawless passion, mother-love, the agony of separation from her own, jealousy, hatred, the red rage that murders. Last of all, she knew the terrible self-revulsion of a being endowed with conscience and with character — revulsion against herself as all this heaped-up tragedy had made her. Evidently it had made her something alien to her inmost fibre. She had spirit; she would pay an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, even though that meant surrendering her life for the base life she had taken.

Kitty Dundas had known and suffered all these things in her childish flesh. Yet, here, her spirit moved serenely in the Sabbath sunshine, under white cherry-boughs, with lifted head. She looked angelic, almost holy. Sandy Carruthers said it was beyond him.

I suppose he ought to have known the explanation. It was very simple. Everything in her earthly life had fallen away from Kitty Dundas, save one.

Carruthers had lagged behind her in his shocked bewilderment. She turned and waited for him to join her. If her last statement had been to him like a flash of lightning, what followed was a whole electrical storm. Literally, he staggered at the invasion of his consciousness by great waves of passionate pleading, of insistence, of assertion. He must get the child, she said, and take care of it, bring it up in the way it should go — the Scotch way. Teresita was Scotch, not Spanish, in her nature, her mother insisted; little, and plastic, and Scotch! And Teresita must be taken from the orphanage and reared in a home, as a girl should be, by people who were good. Carruthers was good, and he understood her. Simply, he must take the child. Not until this was done could she forgive Josefa and float free of earth. The thing *must be.*

She spoke as if it were all the simplest matter in the world, and as clear and desirable to him as to her. She was as direct, he said, as the Gospels, and as disconcerting.

The idea she proposed startled and repelled the man. As it happened, he was a married man, and childless. Thus, the thing she desired was possible to do, perhaps even natural. But he had never told his wife of his visions, and did not wish to tell her. Also, he resented deeply any suggestions as to his conduct in the world of sense from this other world with which he had been born entangled. It was his pride that his normal, natural life had never been affected by his second-sight. Furthermore, he had no desire to take a Pedro Rivara's child into his house or his heart.

'I'll not do it, indeed,' said Carru-

thers doggedly, squaring his shoulders and setting his lips.

He stalked along stiffly. The glorious morning was spoiled for him, and those wonderful aisles of bloom. He was as resentful and vexed as we all are when the call of practical philanthropy catches us in that mood of vague uplift. The Little Gray One drooped beside him, woe-begone again and fading, as though she had taken a mortal hurt. He felt himself brutal, and could not bear to look at her. It was a peculiarly unpleasant thought that he was adding the last touch to the cruelties that had been heaped upon her, and she such a slip of a thing! But he felt no further impulse to do her bidding.

'I wish you would go away,' he said shortly. 'You worry me.'

It seemed as if she were going to obey. She hesitated, wavered. Her garments grew fainter, her face indistinct. He found himself drawing a deep inhalation of triumph and relief. And then, sharply, distinctly, like the clashing of drawn swords, he felt the crossing of her will with his. The sense of opposition was so strong and sudden that he fairly gasped as he realized that of the two her weapon was not the weaker.

Looking at her, he saw that her radiant aspect had returned, stronger than before. She was more glowing, more vital. Her mutinous charm was more apparent. He dropped his lids uneasily, fairly dazzled by the sight of her. She said with her whole being, —

'No! No! I *cannot* go. Don't you see? There is no one but you whom I can make understand — and I must stay until you do my will!'

This was her explanation and her ultimatum. When he lifted his eyes she had disappeared, indeed, for the hour, but she had left with him an oppression of spirit that he was not to shake off. His heart felt as if some one had taken it and squeezed it in two hands. He was wretchedly unsure of himself. He could not dismiss the incident from his mind as he had learned, in the course of years, to dismiss other happenings of a super-normal nature.

To cut the story short, from that time forward Sandy Carruthers was hag-ridden, if you can apply such a term to such a visitation. The Little Gray Ghost haunted him, definitely, deliberately, persistently. She drifted beside him when he walked the streets; she took the vacant seat next him in the cars; she was visible against the plush cushions of his Pullman section; he saw her in restaurants, houses, theatres, even in church, where she seemed quite as much at home as himself. She followed him into offices and places of business. She came between him and his sales.

He ceased to see other apparitions. She had driven them away, perhaps. Instead, he was aware of a vast vacancy around him compared to which his previous world had been a cheerful, homelike place. He saw only her, and saw her constantly. Always he felt his spirit besieged; sometimes it was assaulted and shaken by the storms of pleading I have tried to describe. But Sandy Carruthers continued to go up and down the Canadian country and to and fro in it, selling goods for the firm at Vancouver, and smoking his old pipe between set lips. His grit was good.

He was an obstinate man and a hard-headed one, but grit is not everything. In time this pursuit got on his nerves. He had always taken his relations with the occult cheerfully and sensibly before this. He was 'born so,' that was all, and it was as much a matter of course as bread and butter, and as little to be dreaded. He found it impossible to take this in that way. He

had controlled all other wraiths within his vision. He could neither control nor influence her. He argued, begged, commanded, but she came and went as if she did not hear.

For the first time in his life he was afraid. Yield he would not, and yet, if he persisted, what might not happen to him in this strange contest of wills? Who knew what yet unused weapon she might not have that she could turn against him? That she seemed gentle was no argument. She had seemed so when living, until the hour came for her to use the knife. Living, she had feared nothing for herself or others. Was she to be less daring, dead?

Carruthers mulled over these things until he felt his nerve begin to break. He found himself dreaming strange dreams which made his bed hideous. In them he roamed a universe of undreamed-of and terrible colors; he listened to unimagined and awful sounds. He seemed to be viewing the wrong side of creation; to be hearing the discords of a groaning and laboring universe; to be seeing the frightful shadows cast by life.

Words failed him when he tried to tell me how these things moved him, but it was easy to understand. He asked me flatly if there was imminent danger to his mind in his condition. I was forced to admit that, even if I respected his account of himself and did not classify him with other victims of hallucination, he was, nevertheless, in a desperate way. I thought very badly, not so much of the fact of his obsession, since that was really a condition normal to his organization, as of the fact that he was bearing that obsession ill. I considered that he might see as many ghosts as he pleased, if only he were not afraid of those that he saw! Fear plays the mischief with us all. After this admission from me, he put himself in my hands.

We discussed these matters the second night I was with him at Calgary. The first night he was too sick a man to speak of anything. The next morning he was better, and we talked most of that day and evening over the fire in his bedroom. There was a blizzard on, I remember, and I did not go out all day long. The howling wind, the driving crystals of the snow, the whiteness and impenetrability of the world outside the windows seemed, somehow, to isolate me from everyday life and shut me into Carruthers's world alone with him. Thus, I listened more patiently and sympathetically than I could have done in my office, or anywhere else. I put aside my natural impulse to say, 'Nonsense!' I tried to understand and accept. I ended by talking to him as if he were sane and sincere, — quite a feat for a man of my training! — but I told him frankly he was in as bad a way as a man can be, and he grimly acquiesced.

Turning his case over in my mind that night, I reached a definite, if unusual, conclusion at last. Accepting the data he had given me simply, just as he did himself, there was an obvious method of getting rid of his present trouble, and I resolved to try the experiment of advocating it as a therapeutic measure. It was worth trying, though I smiled to myself as I reflected what some of my colleagues would say to me if they knew it. Fortunately, we don't have to publish all our experiments! Anybody but a stubborn Scotchman would have thought of this one for himself.

The next morning dawned sharply cold, clear, radiant, a day to put fresh life into the dying. It was thirty degrees below, the sun was bright, the world was white and glittering. When I came up from my breakfast, I found Carruthers sitting over a bright fire, comfortably drinking his coffee. He was quite him-

self in every way, said that he had slept well and was waiting to hear my advice.

I sat down across the fireplace.

'Well, Carruthers,' I said, 'I'm ready to prescribe for you, but I'm afraid you won't like the prescription.'

'I'm going to take it just the same,' he answered.

'To me,' I said, 'it looks this way. I might recommend a rest-cure, feeding, massage, electricity, and all that, for you, and try to work on your mind by healthful suggestion. That would be the right procedure with a person who saw apparitions because his nerves were out of order. But if I am to act as if I believed you — and somehow I am tempted to do it — I must prescribe as if your nerves are out of order because you have been seeing apparitions — which would appear to be a different matter and call for different treatment. This apparition makes one request of you, and states that her disappearance is contingent upon its being granted. It is a simple request. Why don't you just grant it and see what happens? Go find her child. See what it is like and take it to your wife.'

In spite of the agonies he had been through, the man stared at me with absolute incredulity.

'And do you mean to say you would *give in* to the creature?' he demanded, with a whole-souled scorn of me and my faint-heartedness.

This was putting it rather crudely, and I hesitated. I was about to tell him that it was merely a matter of therapeutics, and I wished him to make the experiment — but when I spoke it was to utter words that shaped themselves, without my volition, on my lips.

'Give in to the logic of the situation!' I found myself urging. 'Give in to the impulse of humanity! Why, Carruthers, you yourself have made me see the pity of the thing! Here are we, in the bright, actual, comfortable world; yonder is that bit of a Thing you have described to me, roaming the outer darkness in unrest because her child is here, neglected and unhelped. And the blame for it is her very own, her fault, her grievous fault. She took herself away and left the child to others. Remember that — for *that* is her deadly sin!

'Take it home to yourself, man! If you were in the place of Kitty Dundas and by some miracle you found at last a human being you could appeal to, pray to, argue with, somebody in the same world with that child and able to help it, would n't you be fairly wild with joy at getting into touch with him? You or I would do just what you say that little Thing is doing. It seems to me it is inhuman not to help her out. You could n't treat a living woman so. And the little Ghost is more helpless and more pitiful than any mother of flesh and blood. You are her only hope. Don't turn her down!

'Don't you see how it is? She was thinking about herself, her own soul, when she deserted the child. She was proud-spirited, going to pay with her life for her crime. But her right to do it was gone. Her life was mortgaged to the child. This business of being a parent is something you don't forget nor get away from — not in Heaven or in Hell! It is the tie that holds forever. It is the thing that binds His duties on the shoulders of God Himself!'

Carruthers looked at me blankly. The thing had not presented itself to him in that aspect. He communed with his Caledonian conscience, and his face softened.

'Man, there may be something in what you say,' he admitted. 'I promise you I'll see about it.'

I was silent. To tell you the truth,

I was utterly staggered, both at what I had said and at its effect on myself. Those words seemed put into my mouth from without. I believed what I said while I was saying it. I was convinced as by another mind. As I realized this, I, too, felt the grip of fear. For the instant the wraith of Kitty Dundas was as real a thing to me as it was to him — and I felt myself merely her mouthpiece!

'*I promise you*,' I heard him repeating, but in an altered voice, '*that I will see about the child*.'

He was not looking at me or speaking to me. His eyes were fixed on the open door between our rooms. His seamed, red face was awed and pitiful, as if he looked upon and sorrowed for a passion of pleading that was beyond all speech. His sturdy features were twisted and his very mouth writhed with his pity.

I can't tell you how acutely this affected me. The air of that room was charged with something I had never felt before. My blood raced in my veins. I heard the drumming of my heart. A door opened before me, and I, too, looked beyond the actual. It was as though the wind that blows between the worlds had caught me and lifted me up — up —. It was the strangest sensation — the most wonderful.

My gaze followed his. Did I see an outline of palpitant gray like a mist that the sun is about to pierce, wavering, luminous? Did I catch a glimpse of a face with deep-set eyes, more agonized and pitiful than any human face I ever saw?

'I promise you!' Carruthers cried again hoarsely.

Did I hear a sound like a sob of joy? A wonderful cry that was half farewell to the burdens of this world of sense, half welcome to the new emprises of the world of spirit? I would have sworn it then, by all the gods! Now, after years and in cold blood, I do not know. But I know this — that I fell on my knees in that place, shaken to the very soul, for the room seemed full of light, of cries, and I had a sudden consciousness of prayer and praise ineffable.

Sometimes I hear in my dreams a cry like that of hers. Always when I dream that death has set me free at last, I wake with that sound ringing in my ears as if it came from my own lips and were the breath of utter joy.

Well, that is all — quite all — except that Carruthers recovered quickly, and his wife doted upon the child. With his recovery vanished his dubious gift of second-sight.

As I told you, it is my only ghost-story. And even of it, you see, I am not sure. A man like me never is, and most men are like me. 'Neither will they be persuaded though one come from the dead.' For me, the Little Gray One walked in vain.

Thinking it over in my quiet hours, I say to myself that the Christ always knew whereof He spoke. There are no ghost-stories that are believed. There never will be, to the end of Time. I take it that there are not meant to be. For is it not the long anguish of walking by faith, and not by sight, that makes and keeps us men?

A DREAM

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

I dreamed — that God appeared to me,
And beckoned. Forth, in night, we went
To where a tall and lonely tree
With ropes of yew-dark bough was bent.
And, crowned by fiery sky of stars,
God said: 'Thou man! confess thy faith!
The word thou speakest saves or bars,
For here are gallows of thy death!'

II

Then staring at that gallows yew,
And all the starry witness, I
With ague shuddered, well I knew
That I must speak, and tell no lie;
For if in cowardice I fled
The clean confession of my hope,
God would not spare, but hang me dead
Within that twine of yew-dark rope.

III

Yet even while I strove to find
Breath for my words, to make them live,
There stabbed such pity thro' my mind
That I my happy life must give,
Give up my little day, my all,
With this my unrepentant breath,
And watch my choking body fall
Condemned by my own words to death.

IV

For surely what I had to tell,
The doubting story of my trust,
Denying faith in Heaven or Hell,
Would make me very gallows-dust
To this dark God stark standing there,
So like a tall black shadow flung
Up high on misty midnight air
By lighted lanthorn lowly swung.

V

And all my days of past delight,
As to a drowning man came by —
And all the litanies of night —
And prayed, and spoke me tenderly.
And all the perfume and the grace,
The stealing beauty of this earth,
Put out its fingers to my face,
And softly murmured me its worth.

VI

I saw my love with tender eyes,
And unbound hair, and girdle free;
I watched her darken with surprise,
And cry: 'Dost thou abandon me?'
And what could I but answer then:
'My flower, my pearl, my summer sky,
When God requires their faith of men,
What can they do, save speak and die?'

VII

I saw the pageantry of noon
Once more with gold and music pass;
I saw the silvery cold moon
Spill her last glamour on the grass,
I saw my dark leaf-gilded stream —
Whose twining waters draw me down
And down from gazing, till I seem
Myself to be that water brown.

VIII

I felt the last sweet wind creep up
To tell his tale from tree to tree,
And steal his last from honey-cup
And shake the fragrance over me.
I heard once more the cuckoo's call —
And ah! the misery of pain,
To know that once was once for all.
And I 'd not hear my bird again.

IX

I heard a last proud battle-cry,
And felt my pulses leap once more,
And saw the lances pierce the sky
And all the wizardry of war.
I felt once more the wings of sleep
Soft closing round my drowsy head,
And all my languid being deep
Within the snowdrift of my bed.

X

And as I choked, and manned my soul
For death, two stars came flying low,
As might some disembodied owl,
Circling unsighted, but for glow
Of its twin yellow eyes; then all
The owlish stars came clustering near;
And from its horrid grandeur tall
That gallows-yew bent down to hear.

XI

Then faint I spoke: 'I know my faith
But shadows that required of men;
And yet, O God! if only wraith
Of creed I hold, 't is all I can.
For well I know that it is base
To hide in gray hypocrisy,
And glib pretend, to save my face,
And say "I see" — who do not see.

XII

'This then, O God! is all my creed: —
In the beginning there was still
What there is now, no less, no more;
And at the end of all there will
Be just as much. There is no score
Of final judgment. Wonder's tale
Will never, never all be told.
There will be none without the pale,
No saint elect within the fold.

XIII

'If then this mighty magic world
Has always been, will ever be,
There must be laws within it curled
That spin it thro' Eternity.
I see twin equal laws obey
A sovran, never-captured Law —
For all this world would melt away
If Heart of Mystery we saw.

XIV

'And first of these twin equal laws
Is that dynamic force which flows
In life, — of every birth the cause, —
Replumes the tree, and swells the rose;
Inflames and clouds the violet Spring,
Inhabits all the mighty flood,
The breezes' lightest whispering,
The every impulse of our blood.

XV

'The spirit force that cannot tire
Of franchisement, and keeps no troth,
Nor ever rests from building spire
And painting colors on the moth.
A quenchless flame that licks all air,
And lights and drives the wandering star,
And dyes with gold the maiden's hair,
And rives with frost the granite spar.

XVI

'The second equal law is this:
Implicit deep in all increase
And stir of living things, there is
A nothingness, a fate of peace,
A night, a death, an ebbing down,
A fading out of life. The bush
That bourgeons dons a funeral gown,
And every tune contains its hush.

XVII

'All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own stilly death draws near.

XVIII

'And there 's between these Laws the leap,
And drive, and stir of endless war;
The sway from rage of lust to Sleep,
And all the cosmic whims that mar
Perfection. Out of Strife is born
All variance of shape and flight —
As clouds of mountain-sunset torn
From slumber gray by flare of light.

XIX

'Yet these two laws so fixed apart
As day and night, are brought to fold
Within that one and Sovran Heart
Whose secret never shall be told,
Yet shall thro' time, and thro' all space,
With mystery pervade the world,
And make it holy, like the face
Of dawn, that sun and mist have pearled.

XX

'That Sovran Heart is Harmony!
Its face unseen, its ways unknown.
'T is utter Justice; boundless Sea
Of Unity; and Secret Throne
Of Love; a spirit Meeting-Place
Of vital dust and mortal breath,
That needs no point of time or space
To bind together Life and Death.

XXI

''T is thus, O God! I see the Vast —
Self-fashioned, and Self-wonderful.
A jewel infinite, so fast
With secret light, can never dull.
It is all Space, so cannot fall,
It is all Motion, may not move,
It is of Time the very all,
And has within itself all Love.

XXII

'And that brief gathering of dust
And breath — myself — doth bear this All
Resemblance, both of outer crust
And inner fire, perpetual.
I, too, a battlefield of laws,
And rhymed with Harmony Divine;
I bear within myself the cause
Of me, the end of me is mine.

XXIII

'Yea, I am nothing but a gleam
Of mystery — a tiny pearl
Of sunlit water, but a dream
Immune from waking. Through the whirl
Of ages I shall never earn
Reality; and if I might,
I would not. Wherefore should I yearn
To darken joy, and strip delight.

XXIV

'The rush and stab of pain bemuse,
And snakes of evil coil me round
With slimy torment; dark with hues
Of Mystery, Grief and Pity hound
Me to rebel with aching heart —
Rebel, rebel until I die!
But, in my secret soul apart,
That all is rhymèd — that know I!

XXV

'If through our night stalk comrades Pain
And Wrong — 't is but the dipping half
Of Equipoise. This life again
I shall not live, and I would have
My living self in flower with love
Of Harmony — that so my death
Shall be no fall, and no remove,
But reconcilement's very breath.'

XXVI

I ceased. Then that dark, tall-up Thing
Of terror, that great shadow flung
On curtained Night, black-menacing,
Stretched hand to where the gallows hung.
And all the owlish stars abased
Their staring; and the yew-ropes twined
And caught me, where I desperate faced
It — all my vanished life behind.

XXVII

Then, in that bravery of soul
Which flames in icy clutching death,
I bade my parching tongue outroll
A last defiance of my breath:
'Thou art not Him I know! Thou hast
No part in all my vision. Thou
Art Dissonance and Hatred. Fast
Is my God throned. No God art Thou!'

XXVIII

Then all the firmament gave groan
Of death. And lo! *That* was not there!
The curious stars had winged, and gone
To their far glitter; all the air
Was crystal. Swift, that gallows-yew,
Unbinding all her branches, meshed
My face with shade; and sudden dew
With frost my nightmared soul refreshed.

XXIX

And there around me dark had flowered
With day; and summer moths as bright
As amethysts uprose, and towered
To gem with color all the night.
The blossoms smelled like noon, and shone
In crimson patines on the dark.
And — wonder! Caroling alone
In sky of night, I heard a lark.

XXX

A silent music — grass and leaf,
And stream, and whispered morning — blew
Around me; and a burning sheaf
Of Sun, in darkness, glistened thro'.
The breathless wind, of fire and frost,
Flew to the leaves, yet stirred not one.
And round me all the happy host
Of life was there, and yet was gone.

XXXI

No more were death and life apart,
No more the winter longed for June.
And oh! the marriage in my heart
Of sun and shadow, hush and tune!

It still was night, and yet was day!
O magic dream of God revealed,
Of waking sleep, and golden-gray —
O Utter Mystery unsealed!

EAST AND WEST

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

EVEN now they resound in my ears, those long, murmuring surges of the Indian Ocean, breaking in white tumultuous thunder on the palm-fringed strand below Madras. And ever with the voice of the breakers comes some echo of the Indian wisdom, high, masterful, insistent, as we pondered over it on a certain evening, when the moon made a golden road across the waves and painted pearl-shell rainbows in the white of the spray.

Mem-Sahib and I were paying a visit during the cold season, in one of the suburbs of Madras, at a huge, old-fashioned bungalow daubed with red stucco, in a big, park-like compound along the ocean. The wide, lazy river came down to meet the breakers, under banks laden with exotic greenery; a long bridge, beautifully arched, spanned the river, weather-stained in ochre and red; and in the evenings there were such sunsets as I have never seen elsewhere: heaped-up treasures of purple and crimson, with sheaves of golden rays, the deep upper sky flooded with transparent violet or green.

We were delighted with the glitter and the color of it, the rich green of the big forest trees, the golden midribs of the cocoanut-palms, the warm red of the fertile earth, the glow of birds and flowers and butterflies, in striking contrast with the barren rocks of the Deccan we had passed in coming

thither. But the supreme beauty was the ocean, the vast, sun-steeped carpet of blue, stretching away eastward and southward to mystery-laden, unknown realms, fringed with those musically thunderous surges that gleamed and broke, and gleamed and broke again, in the rhythmic breathing of Varuna's mighty life.

We picked up strange shells along the strand, wet with salt spray, winged and fluted, moulded to quaint forms by fairy fingers, tinged with elfin dyes, whispering of rare beauties beneath the shimmering plain of the sea. But most notable of the treasures gleaned on that far Eastern shore is the memory of a certain moonlit evening when we sat on the rocks beneath the palm-trees near an old shrine of Mahadeva, with the deep undersong of the surges filling the warm dusk, and talked of the wisdom of old days, as the Indian sages knew it.

We were a company of six, out there in the moonlight,—three natives of India and three Europeans: Ragunath Rao, former premier of a Mahratta state; Shreenivas Rao, a judge of the High Court; and Subha Rao, in his external capacity a pleader of the courts, but as to the interior man a disciple of the great Shankaracarya, supreme master and sage of Southern India, and local deputy of the present Shankaracarya of Shringeri, the great college of Vedantin learning in Mysore. Add two Englishmen, from the University of Madras, and, as sixth of the company, the writer of this epistle.

Ragunath Rao, short and supple, was a man of power, and with power's finest efflorescence, a warm and cordial sense of humor; his eyes were bright blue, a thing rare among natives of India, but now and then found among the best Brahmans of the Mahratta country or Kashmir. Shreenivas Rao was graver and more ascetic, but full of sweetness and gentle wisdom. But by far the most notable of the three was Subha Rao, the disciple of Shankara; his inward endowment outshone his outward seeming; one felt that on his brow rested the burden of a mighty tradition of wisdom, that through his lips there spoke the greater voices of old days. His training as a lawyer made him keen and analytic, but ever and anon the old echoes of things divine swept him from modern moorings and carried him forward on a full tide of inspiration.

As we sat there under the palms in the warm moonlight, the disciple of Shankara began to speak, in answer to a question from one of the Englishmen, a teacher of philosophic theory.

'I think,' he said, 'that one may best describe the Indian wisdom in this way: your modern Western science has been chiefly busy with two things, Matter and Force, the *Kraft und Stoff* of Büchner. From experimenting with various materials and elements, your science has gradually risen to the thought of universal Matter; and from handling different forces, mechanical and chemical, heat or electricity, you have gained the general idea of Force. And you perceive that Matter, in a certain sense, is one, continuous, infinite, eternal. Every atom is bound to every atom, to the great All of Matter throughout the universe. And so of Force. Men of wild imagination used to search for perpetual motion. We know now that the only kind of motion you cannot find, is motion which is not perpetual. All motion goes on forever: rivers, tides, winds, comets, worlds, stars. Every small particle of Force is but a temporary borrowing from the All of Force. Force, like Matter, is one, continuous, eternal, infinite. So your Western science has these two great generalizations: indestructibility of Matter and Conservation of Energy,

the eternity of Force. That is, indeed, the sum of Western science, in the larger view.

'Now we have our basis of comparison for our ancient Eastern science, which had, and still has, its masters. We are most concerned, we have always been most concerned, not with Matter or Force, but with Consciousness; and we say that, of the trinity, Matter, Force, Consciousness, the last is the greatest, since through it, and through it alone, we know the other two.'

'"Hypothetical names for our states of consciousness"?' quoted the English philosopher.

'Exactly,' the Madrasi answered. 'Matter can be known only through the activity of Force, causing phenomena, things knowable, as when an object reflects light to the eyes, and is seen; Force can only be known through its action on Matter, as when the power in the magnet lifts iron; but neither Force nor Matter, thus interdependent, can be known at all except through Consciousness. That is the father; they are the twin children.'

'How would you define Consciousness?' asked the Englishman.

'A definition of Consciousness?' answered the disciple of Shankara. 'Yes; here is one. Matter, say your textbooks, is that which is capable of manifesting phenomena. Force, I suppose, is that which is capable of causing phenomena. Then Consciousness is that which is capable of perceiving phenomena. The very word phenomena is idiotic, unless in relation to Consciousness. It means 'things appearing'; but appearing to whom? How can things be perceived without a perceiver? So Consciousness is the primary, these are secondary.

'Again: your materialists say that Consciousness is a product of Matter, because Consciousness is never manifested except through Matter, especially the matter of the brain. Therefore, they say, Consciousness is but a state of Matter, like heat or chemical action, a mere effervescence in the brain-pan. But consider. Force, too, is never manifested except through Matter. Is Force, then, also a product of Matter? Surely no one would say that. Matter is only the necessary condition for the manifestation of the activity of Force to us. Or conversely, as Faraday put it, Matter is never manifested except through Force; the atom may, indeed, be but the place of action of Force, and may, as he said, have no solid nucleus at all. Neither can manifest without the other. Yes, and we Indians add: Matter and Force cannot manifest except through Consciousness. So to your dogmas, the eternity of Matter and the Conservation of Energy, we add a third great generalization, the continuity of Consciousness. Consciousness, too, is continuous, infinite, eternal.'

'Subha Rao, you are talking like a professor of physics,' interrupted the Mahratta statesman; and from his tone one could divine the humorous sparkle in his blue eyes. 'Now go on, and speak as a Vedantin.'

'Very well,' the disciple of Shankara answered, 'our sages began with Consciousness; began, like the wise men they were, with the one thing they really knew, the one thing any one really knows. They began with Consciousness as they found it in themselves, as it is in each one of us, in you or me: the active consciousness of the waking, personal man. And they catalogued its manifestations: seeing, hearing, taste, touch, smell, feeling, thinking; ranging with them the forces that arouse them: light, sound, and the rest; also ranging beside them the active powers of man: speech, movement, will; the latter always inseparable from

Consciousness, as Force is inseparable from Matter in your Western theory.

'And they traced the consciousness of the personal man from morn till night: so much seeing, so much hearing, so much feeling, thinking, willing; from morn till night, from birth till death; with its outlook on men and women, fields and streams, ocean and sky.

'Here is the strength of the Eastern wisdom, the door of immortality. They traced consciousness from morn till night, from sensation up to feeling, thought; but they did not stop there, at the boundary. They found, indeed, that there is no boundary — that Consciousness is continuous upward and inward.

'Your science traces the light of the candle or the heat of the ember back to the sun. Ours traced the light of the mind, the warmth of the heart, back to its sun, Divinity. Not in theory, but in practice, by going thither. Let me try to tell you what they discovered.'

Ragunath Rao, our statesman, moved in his seat, leaned forward, and patted Subha Rao on the shoulder, encouragingly. One could feel his deep satisfaction in the words of his friend.

Our Vedantin went on: 'The Indian sages traced consciousness from morn till night, from waking to sleep. But they did not drop the thread there. When we sink into sleep, we do not cease to be conscious. We dream, and that, too, is a kind of consciousness. Our dreams are made up of a jumble of images and impressions. Things seen in waking, we see again in dream. Things heard, we hear again, as the *Upanishad* says. Thus I, at the moment of sinking to sleep after a day in court, hear a turmoil of loud voices. The mind-images of the day are viewed again, confusedly, in dream.

'Now we come to the great discovery of our sages. Dream is not the end. It is but the ante-room of a deeper consciousness beyond dream. And that deeper consciousness sometimes floods back into dreams, and makes them prophetic, visions of things to come, things already visible from the height of that inner consciousness. This third state we call *sushupti*, the state beyond waking and dream, which we call *jagrat* and *swapna*. And we know the consciousness of sushupti by attending to it. You, too, attend to it, and you will learn it.

'To describe its content? Yes, I can try. But first let me say that swapna and sushupti, dream and what lies beyond dream, are not reached in sleep only. In sleep, they are known apart from waking consciousness, in their distinct, separate character. But they may also be present in waking, as inner, deeper layers of consciousness. For we have day-dreams as well as dreams by night. We see the trees and the sky, but at the same time we are watching the images in our minds of the stuff of dreams, our thoughts and feelings. This may be voluntary, as in the conscious, will-driven act of recalling a fact or a name; or it may be involuntary, as a rush of feelings or memories floods our minds.

'So of sushupti, the third state, the consciousness that lies beyond dream. That, too, may be present as the background of our waking, though in most men it is quite unregarded, unheeded, and therefore unknown. But it breathes through the higher layers of dream-consciousness, of thoughts and feelings, both in waking and in sleep. In sleep, it reveals prophetic dreams. In waking, it inspires poetry, truth, religion. It is spiritual consciousness, consciousness of spiritual law, spiritual life. It is mirrored in the mind as the feeling for beauty, truth, righteousness.

'But to return to earth. In the daily waking consciousness of the personal man, things perceived are outward,

separate — if you wish, hostile; just as, among savages, all not of one's tribe are one's enemies. The realm of waking consciousness is the realm of separateness, contest, antagonism. We learn men by fighting them; nature, by fighting it. In waking, things are either present to our consciousness, or absent from it, as they are in the consciousness of a cat.

'In the next layer, swapna, — that which in sleep makes dreams and in waking makes feeling and thought, — things are no longer to the same degree outward; they are more inward; they float, as it were, in the inner sea of feeling; the things of feeling are loved or hated, desired or feared. So we think of people as lovers or enemies, not as merely present or absent, for our consciousness of people is largely in the second layer. So, through the second layer of Consciousness, we come into emotional and mental touch with other men; we hold their images before our inner eyes, ponder on them, love them, hate them, understand them, or misunderstand them, as it too often is. But in general we approach them through feeling and thought. And all that realm of life is two-sided; we love or we hate, we desire or we fear, we are ambitious or we despise.

'Then the third realm of Consciousness descends brooding upon that; its words are: unity, life, immortality. When it descends upon the mind, that begins to see oneness, law, the great sweep of forces, universal generalizations; true science and philosophy arise. When it descends upon feeling, bringing with it the word of beauty, it kindles feeling into poetry, aspiration, religion. When it descends upon the images we have made of men in our thoughts, it breathes love, unity, speaks of the oneness of the soul. When it touches the will, it tells of righteousness and immortality.

'When we have gone thus far in the consciousness which we have during daylight, it is a sign that we are growing ready to know the same consciousness in its purity, at the other side of sleep. I have read that Charles Lamb used to say, "Young man, tell me your dreams, and I will tell you if you are a poet." That is the clue. You enter into sleep. Through the consciousness of dream you rise to the consciousness beyond dream. That consciousness is joyful. It is dominated by three intuitions: the realization of one's own spiritual being, one's immortality; the intuition of other souls; the intuition of the One Soul, in which all souls rest, as men walk in the sunshine. It is a deep, strong consciousness, full of love, joy, peace; a consciousness of spiritual forces rather than of images, a consciousness of the immortal; in a word, in the third state, the soul realizes its own spiritual being, it realizes its brothers, the souls of others, it realizes the Father, the One Self of all beings. You can understand this third consciousness by entering it. You can enter it by attending to it. Attention is the key of spiritual life, as it is the key of scientific discovery. And spiritual life is the greatest of all discoveries.

'In this third state, the soul feels itself, its kin, its source. That is the great discovery of the East. You can verify it. You can pass through the door. But you must give your whole heart to this, as you do to your discoveries, your explorations, your adventures. This is the great adventure, worth all the others. It needs courage, keenness, love, will, as do all adventures. Try it.

'In this third consciousness, the soul stands on its feet, knows its own life as spiritual and immortal, thrills with the sense of spiritual power, rejoices in its spiritual kin, the souls of others, the immortals. We say that all souls enter

into this spiritual consciousness night by night, and come forth from it in the morning. That is what gives us life and strength each morning to take up the burden of the new day. If we fail of our draught of *amrita*, of nectar, we go mad and die. That is the fountain of life, the living water springing up in the heart, of which your Master speaks. The soul knows itself as immortal, joyful, divine.

'Even in the West, where this third consciousness is as yet little recognized or heeded, it is nevertheless abundantly present, coloring the upper layer of feeling and thought, as the sunshine colors the upper layer of the clouds, or as the moon there is gilding the upper layer of the waves. But, falling into the second layer of Consciousness, the layer of emotions and thoughts, this ray shares the nature of these; it takes the form of hopes and fears concerning spiritual life and immortality; for you cannot even doubt that of which you have no consciousness, so doubt itself is but the deflected light of the soul. Therefore that spiritual light is falling on the upper layer of your feelings and thoughts, begetting poetry, aspiration, genuine humanity, which is the recognition of others as souls, as our immortal kin, to be loved with the soul.

'Falling on the upper layer of your minds, that light from above finds itself in contest against the things which come from beneath: the world-view built up of images of outer things. Spirituality wars with materialism, and the battlefield is the mind. When the earth-images conquer, you call it scientific materialism. When the spiritual rays conquer, you call it religion. It is, in reality, all a question of states of consciousness.'

Subha Rao grew silent, evidently following an inner thought. In the deep quiet, we became conscious of the shrilling of innumerable cicalas, the tiny orchestra of Indian night, whirring and strumming in the darkness. Then Shreenivas Rao spoke, in that even, gentle voice of his: —

'Listen to the whirr of the crickets, the voices of the world, that fill our ears. But listen, too, to the sound of the ocean, the voice of eternity. We can hear it by listening to it.'

The disciple of Shankara began again, summing up what he had said: —

'That is the content of sushupti, the third consciousness; it is spiritual being, where the soul stands forth in the sunlight, with joy realizing his immortality; with love recognizing his spiritual kin; with awe bowing down before his Father, the One Divine Life.

'Think not that this sublime condition is the end. A glorious consummation surely, but the beginning only of true spiritual life. It is not Nirvana. Far from it. It is rather the first step on the ladder that leads to Nirvana.

'For our masters recognized beyond these three — jagrat, swapna, sushupti, which we may call physical, psychical, and spiritual — a fourth, the truly divine consciousness. In that, the man shares the consciousness of God Himself, viewing life from the standpoint of God. He no longer looks upward to God; he looks outward from the heart of God, and is one with other souls there. The three are now one: God, my neighbor, myself; all made perfect in the Divine, the Eternal. This is the end, if the Infinite is an end; this is the Brahma-Nirvana of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the complete conscious oneness with the Divine Being, which Krishna holds before Arjuna as his goal. That is our ideal of immortality — no mere continuation of a personal existence after the death of the body, but the consummation of all being, where man finds his true immortal individuality in God.

'Now we come to a cardinal part of our teaching, the consideration of the soul's state after death. We hold that the clue through this labyrinth is the study of the deeper states of consciousness during life. Consider the man who sinks to sleep. From waking, he passes first to dreaming, a disturbed consciousness, in part made up of impressions of waking life, in part drawn from above. From dream, he passes into the third consciousness — for the sage a high spiritual state of fully conscious soul-life; but for the most, a state from which they return with the sense of refreshment, but with no clear memory. Then, through the margin of morning dreams, the man returns to waking consciousness.

'So is it with death and birth. There is, first, the realm of dreams, painted by the imagination during life, so that they who return from temporary death describe conventional heavens and hells, or, as the mediums, describe their "summerland." But this is only the ante-room. The soul then passes on to a state, answering to the third consciousness, of spiritual refreshment and communion, where the inner nature grows, as the outer nature grows in this life; this is the true heaven, the soul's resting-place. Not a final rest, however, not permanent. When the impulse of aspiration which carried it thither is exhausted, the soul "is reborn through the impulses latent in mind," as the *Upanishad* says; it returns through the realm of dreams. And, just as, on waking in the morning, the man has no memory of the spiritual life he has rested in, even though he brings with him its refreshment, so the soul, coming to rebirth, brings with it no clear memory of heaven, yet carries with it the sweet freshness of childhood, the eager willingness to begin life again. But just as, on waking in the morning, the clear-eyed sage remembers the life of the soul which he has known in the realm beyond dream, so, on waking in a new birth, he remembers the heaven he has left, and the long past that his soul has experienced. Both Krishna and Buddha spoke of their memories, and others also remember: "Before Abraham was, I am," as your Master said.

'Thus, with continuity of Consciousness as our clue, we pass by sure steps from personal Consciousness to Divine Consciousness, one, continous, infinite. It is all a question of seeking. 'Seek and ye shall find.' Go inward, far enough and long enough, with the steady enthusiasm with which you go outward. You are chasing the reflection of the soul; go in the opposite direction, and seek the soul itself. Consciousness is a wedge, of which you know only the thin edge. Begin with that; follow it up, see how it opens, onward and upward, into the being of God.

'Now there is another law, of great moment. We have spoken of Consciousness alone, and of states of Consciousness. That was for convenience and clearness. To be accurate, we should have spoken of states of Consciousness and Will, for they go together, like your Matter and Force. Take a few illustrations. When in Baber the consciousness of ambition invaded the will, he came down on the plains of India and founded a new empire. When Shah Jehan grieved for his dead wife, the Taj Mahal rose into being. When Buddha's love for all mankind worked through his will, he opened the wide pathway to Nirvana. Will builds the house for Consciousness. Consciousness first makes the plan, and then inhabits the house.

'It is so with our evolution. All that Darwin has described is the making of better and higher vestures for individual consciousness. The Will is operative along with Consciousness from

the beginning. That is the driving power which raises the amœba and carries it along the road to manhood. It is this which makes protoplasm live, and no chemical change. Chemical change runs downhill, from unstable to stable compounds; life climbs uphill, and continually produces finer forms.

'Will builds the vesture for Consciousness. So you have the physical body built for waking Consciousness. And when Consciousness and Will are withdrawn, the building falls. Withdrawn whither? Into nothingness? No, but into a finer vesture built by the will, of etheric elements, just as the physical body is built of chemical elements. Your scientists already divine these etheric elements, going after them from without. We discovered them long ages ago, going after them from within. So we are familiar with the psychic body, which Saint Paul speaks of, the vesture of the second consciousness. And we also know the spiritual body, the fine, immortal vesture of the third consciousness. There is the fourth, the radiant robe of Nirvana, the "glorious body," the garment of righteousness. Each is built up, in due season, by the creative power of the Will, always inseparably united with Consciousness.

'This, then, you may say, is the proper field of our Eastern science: Consciousness and Will, directly experienced, and the deeper, higher layers of Consciousness, continued upward from waking life through the psychic and spiritual worlds toward the Divine. We have our rewards; not mechanical furniture of life, but life itself; not the fattened mortal, ready for the slaughter, but the immortal man, rising toward full divinity, entering more and more into the being of God, into the consciousness and will of God, growing in power, in bliss, in everlastingness.'

The disciple of Shankara ceased. The moon, which at first had strewn broad gold over the waves, had now passed the zenith, and was descending toward the feathered crowns of the palm trees. On the ghostly shore, the long surges were still thundering with their everlasting voices. While we had been talking, they had not been silent, though we had paid no heed to them; had, indeed, heard them not at all. Now, suddenly, we heard them once more.

An eloquent symbol. The long breakers were thundering there upon the strand, crowned with white spray in the moonlight. So are the voices of eternity breaking tumultuously upon our hearts, bearing their great message of immortal life, waiting for the divine moment when, outward voices ceasing, we shall give ear to them, and awake out of sleep.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PERSIAN QUESTION

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE appeal of Persia to the United States for assistance has given the American people as a whole an interest in the problem of the Middle East which they have hitherto lacked, but has at the same time presented to them a distorted view of the situation. The spectacle of a devoted band of patriots struggling to preserve their independence, must rouse the Americans' hatred of oppression, and appeal to their belief in the right of all peoples to govern themselves. If the only issue were Persia's independence, if the only factors in the situation were Russia and Persia, then indeed we might look with sympathy upon this appeal to us, if not with crusading fervor. The glories of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyrus and Xerxes, still cluster round the peoples living in the valleys of the mighty Tigris and Euphrates, and stir the blood of westerners whose own history is in comparison recent and prosaic. But sympathy is not comprehension, and the American people cannot well be blamed for not understanding what even Europeans as a whole seem to be slow to grasp — the fact that Persia, Morocco, Tripoli, are only three sides of the same question, each representing one movement of the pawns in the great international game of chess whose object is the control of the world.

The old Eastern question, as it looked to our fathers in the days when Disraeli and Gladstone were thundering at St. Stephen's, was concerned principally with Turkey in Europe, and to that fact the world in time became accustomed. We grew up on the knowledge that England and France considered their interests in the Mediterranean paramount over those of any other powers, and were prepared at all costs to maintain an autonomous Turkey which should, in turn, keep the Russians behind the Bosphorus. The victorious twain secretly divided the spoils of the Crimean War, Egypt to England, Morocco to France, and took possession, — not, indeed, by the crude method of annexation, but by the infinitely subtler ways of 'peaceful penetration' and high finance. Each was to recognize the dominant commercial and political interests of the other, and was to guarantee them against all comers. To their ally, Italy, the two *promised in time* similar 'rights' in Tripoli. There was, however, no apparent breach with the past; all these states retained their autonomy and their nominal allegiance to the Sick Man whom the Allies kept alive at Constantinople.

Then, with the building of the Suez Canal a new road to India was opened for England, and the reason for her interest in Egypt became clearer. She invested vast sums in Egyptian cotton and other industries, and undertook at enormous expense the construction of the dam at Assouan, which has largely increased the arable area of Egypt and been of great benefit to her population. Up the Nile pushed the English, toward the land they already possessed in Central Africa, and at last the projection of the Cape-to-Cairo railway made apparent the full amount that

England had at stake in Egypt. Egypt is more than a tributary state with a valuable export trade: it is the gate to India and the East, the spot where all English interests converge. At Gibraltar, England holds the mouth of the Mediterranean; in Malta she has the strategic point where all the commercial and naval roads up and down that narrow sea must pass; Suez and the Canal give her a unique control of the short passage to the East; Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea, with British Somaliland, holds safe the approaches to the Canal, and, as the English fondly believe, those to India, to the golden East, and that trade on which so many English fortunes are founded.

In the northern Mediterranean England has felt safe. Italy is friendly, and controls in Sicily and the heel of the boot the other side of the passage whose centre Malta holds; besides, Italy owns the Adriatic. An independent Greece, wholly of English creation and supported now against Turkey by English prestige, has in its grip the Ægean Sea and its islands, and furnishes a determined barrier to the extension of Turkish power. The island of Rhodes at the entrance to the Ægean, and the island of Cyprus in the extreme northeastern corner of the Mediterranean, both in English hands, give that country complete naval supremacy in that quarter. To the north of Turkey, in the very teeth of the advancing Cerberus, English money and diplomacy created and nursed through infancy the Balkan States, as buffers between the weak Turk and the strong Russian, which should thus postpone indefinitely the fulfillment of the Russian ambition, the control of the Dardanelles and the Ægean and a share of the Mediterranean trade.

On the north, then, as on the south, England felt safe. The pawns were well placed: it would not be necessary for the queens and knights to take the offensive.

But it very soon became apparent to the English that the Red Sea route was by no means the only road to India. Napoleon at one time surveyed the roads and investigated the feasibility of leading an army to India through Russia, down the Caspian, overland through Turkestan and Persia, and thence by sea down the Persian Gulf. His officers reported that, while arduous, it was perfectly practicable. As Alexander had used it before, so others (in their own conceit as able as either of the great conquerors) have been mindful of it since. Gradually Russia came to see that Persia alone stood in the way of her egress to the Eastern seas at what might be a most valuable spot for purposes of commerce, as well as a most significant spot for purposes of war upon the English dominion in India.

Already by audacity and diplomacy the Russian territory had been pushed to the very gateway of India in the Himalayas, to the doors of Afghanistan, where she found the wild tribesmen friendly, and ready apparently to aid her in an assault on India by the historic road thus far trodden by all India's conquerors save one. But the Persian route was simpler and less dangerous, and an attack from both sides at once should be crushing indeed. England saw herself circumvented, with Russia in possession of a water-route protected by the desert of Arabia from land assault and debouching into the sea much nearer to India than her own water-route through the Red Sea. Not only might the invading Cossacks pour down the valley of the Indus, in the footsteps of Alexander and Aurungzebe, but England's own sea-route might actually be blocked by Russian fleets operating from the Gulf of Oman. Promptly she 'came to the

rescue' of the Shah and extended her sphere of influence over southern Persia, only to be compelled, willy nilly, to recognize the Russian influence in northern Persia. Again, as in Africa, 'peaceful penetration' was the motto of both countries. Each was willing to bide its time for a more favorable moment.

Now, however, came a complete change in the game of chess, brought about by the alteration of the position of one very important piece on the board. Germany entered the lists with the selfsame plea of justification on her lips which the contestants already on the ground had originally put forward, and one, therefore, hard for them to deny, — the plea of might. To their excited outcries against such a trespass, she ironically replied that they, too, were trespassing without permission upon territory already occupied and owned for many centuries by Moroccans, Egyptians, Persians. The astute diplomatists of the Wilhelmsstrasse, who played the game with the utmost secrecy and finesse and with a splendid and indeed tangible object in view, succeeded in rearranging the whole scheme of international alliances. They saw nothing less than a Germano-Turkish alliance controlling a great belt of country stretching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, including half of Europe and the whole of Asia Minor, and so situated as to be an effectual bulwark against the Slav on the one side, and the English and the French on the other. Such a solid phalanx of interests might soon take Egypt, cut the English cord binding India to her, and thus carry off the capital prizes of the centuries. Moreover, India and Egypt, both conquered countries, trained to obey alien rulers for more than two thousand years, would bow before German efficiency as they had before Anglo-Saxon determination.

But to make feasible such a plan would demand the union of all German stocks under the banner of Prussia. Austria and Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria, all must aid. Turkey must be revived and reorganized, and proper transportation facilities furnished to tie together an empire capable of holding fast in its grip the connection between East and West, the destinies of Europe and Asia. Slowly, secretly, but surely, the various preliminaries were arranged. The German Emperor, filled suddenly with a desire to travel in the Holy Land, visited Constantinople, Syria, and the territories he hoped to use, spying out the land by a Pisgah glimpse, as it seems. A working alliance was made with Turkey, but it soon became apparent that the Sultan was bound by iron-clad agreements to France and England which his government could not in honor disregard. To rid the Turk of these hampering leading-strings, the Young Turk party, eager patriots, anxious to strengthen their country and throw off the shackles of England and France, was helped into the saddle, and the fetters on its hands were stricken off by the making of a new constitution.

General Von der Göltz, one of the ablest officers of the German army, was 'allowed' to spend several years in Turkey, in the pay of the Turkish government, building up a new and efficient army, trained in the latest methods and armed with the most recent equipment. And he has succeeded. The foreign military attachés, who witnessed the last Turkish manœuvres, have confessed that the new troops are as fine a body of men as any in Europe. Nor was the navy forgotten. Nevertheless, the understanding of the allies was that Austria should undertake the building of a navy and create suitable ports on the Adriatic as her share, and should act in concert

with the new Turkish fleet when 'the day' arrived.

From every point of view, the Adriatic — long, narrow, protected from the English and French fleets by the Italian peninsula, and allowing a fleet to operate against Egypt without the necessity of passing the impregnable Malta — would be an admirable asset of the allies. Without that asset, they could not hope in the end to prevail, unless the impossible should happen and a German fleet should fight its way through the Channel, past Gibraltar and the other numerous obstacles strewn by England in the path of her enemies. Moreover, with the French fleet on the ground, and aid certain from Italy, alarmed at the idea of Austrian dominance in the Adriatic, the Turkish fleet and harbors would be too far from the scene of action to furnish an adequate base from which to contest even for a time the naval supremacy of the Mediterranean. Great dockyards, complete machinery for repairing and outfitting modern fleets, excellent communication with the sources of supply at the Krupp factories, would also be essential, not only to win, but to maintain in after years that supremacy of the Mediterranean once won. Nor could there be any doubt that the utmost forethought and ability would be needed to consummate this part of the plan.

And most important of all, Turkey should undertake, under German direction, and with German capital, the building of an efficient trunk-line railway from Constantinople to Bagdad, which should become the great artery linking Berlin and Vienna with the Orient. This, too, would be a difficult and expensive task. Over mountains and rivers, through deserts and plains, the roadbed must be constructed with materials brought often from a great distance. The initial expense would be huge; the operating expenses could not fail to be large; the income, from a sparsely-populated country, chiefly given over to grazing and agriculture, must be small. The road would be palpably a military highway whose purpose could hardly be concealed or denied. Yet it was a necessity of the first importance: without it, the great scheme would fail; and when the scheme should succeed, the railway would be precisely the artery along which the trade of the East would flow through Vienna and Berlin to European markets; so that the ultimate profits on the investment could not fail to be enormous.

Meanwhile, the Wilhelmsstrasse had not been idle in Europe. Austria was thoroughly pledged to the new naval programme, and had a dozen first-class battleships in commission in 1911. An important step toward the realization of a better connection with the Adriatic had been insured by the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. Thus the complete control of a most important section of the eastern side of the Adriatic was gained, which is practically supplemented by the excellent harbors of Montenegro because of the very favorable relations between the newly-made king of the latter country and Austria. Certainly the Austrians will not scruple to rob him of crown and kingdom when 'the day' comes.

In Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, and Macedonia, the German and Austrian agents have been busy, with excellent success. The military attachés of one or the other are drilling troops in all of them, and the fortifications are being strengthened where necessary to insure the control of the roads and to allay the fears of the loss of independence by any one of the Balkan States; for the latter do not trust their allies even when they come bearing gifts. They realize, however, that in this case they are an

integral part of the scheme and are almost in a position to dictate terms.

When all should be ready the steps to take would be simple. Persia would give the allies the road to India, and the railway would not only convey troops to the front, but bring the spoils — the Eastern trade — to Europe. Persia would also place the allies in a position to attack Egypt on the one side, while Tripoli, already owned by Turkey, would allow a flank attack on the Nile and Red Sea from any point on its long eastern frontier. On the west it would open to attack the French in Tunis and Algeria. In Egypt, the Young Egyptian party would be a tool ready to do its utmost to knife its English 'protector' in hope of finding the hand of the Young Turk, guided by Germany, easier to evade. Above all, the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan throughout the Mediterranean world, and the tie of blood and religion binding the natives to him, would furnish in every case ample justification for any operations that expediency might dictate. Egypt, Tunis, and Morocco could be 'rescued' from the Infidel by the new Turkish army; Tripoli, Syria, and Macedonia could be 'subdued,' and thus a real control of the Turkish Empire gained simply through the enforcement of the Sultan's traditional rights. The Turkish and Austrian fleets, operating from the Adriatic *behind* the line of English naval stations, ought to prevent interference with the army on the mainland until too late. In India, the Young Hindus would be awaiting with open arms the arrival of a new champion, filled with the hope, already so often disappointed, that he would restore their independence.

England would not or could not send aid because, before the outbreak of war in the Mediterranean, the German fleet would have menaced England itself and roused the fears of starvation should the Channel fall for a fortnight into hostile hands, which ought to be sufficient to keep the Channel fleet at home. Indeed, without fighting a battle or incurring any considerable risk, the German fleet might so alarm the Admiralty as to cause them to weaken the Mediterranean squadron enough to give the Austro-Turkish flotilla a chance to fight a decisive battle which might leave the strategic points in their hands. Meanwhile, the mobilization of the German army, destination undisclosed by any of its movements, and the spreading of rumors of its immediate use against either France or Russia, would effectually occupy those countries at home and prevent their interference with the execution of the real object of the great scheme in the Mediterranean. It would not be necessary for Germany to do much openly, for the real movements would be ostensibly in other hands: her strategic position on the French and Russian frontiers, her great fleet, the realization of what she might do, ought to be sufficient to paralyze Europe until the real work should have been accomplished. The enterprise was difficult, hazardous perhaps, but feasible and, above all, glorious.

The late Moroccan incident seems to have been a blind, a feint, to mislead the foe as to the quarter from whence the assault might be expected. Of the great scheme, much had been begun but little finished. The new constitution was in operation in Turkey, and the administration was being remodeled, and the finances rescued from the condition of chronic bankruptcy which had always delivered the Sultan bound hand and foot to the English and French bankers, whose governments always insisted upon awkward 'arrangements' to insure payment of principal and interest. Independence of England and France was thus assured.

Moreover, the form of self-government instituted would have the sympathies of the western world with it and not against it in its struggles for efficiency, and so would be far less likely to furnish foreign governments with excuses for interference than had been the old so-called absolute rule. 'A free Turkey' is already proving itself a talismanic phrase to conjure with.

The army, however, was not yet large enough; the railroad only partially constructed; the Austrian navy not yet large enough to think of taking the offensive; the Balkans not yet fully Germanized; the moment had not come, and yet the enemy was restive and curious. Something ought therefore to be done, and the financial prostration of Russia seemed to make it likely that an aggressive movement against France could be undertaken without danger at home. It might win the territory asked for, and would at the very least compel England and France to reveal the well-kept secret of their relations. It would be well to find out, if it could be done without risk, whether the English promises to the French really would be kept. From England, laden with domestic troubles, no danger was anticipated. Nor would there be anything improbable in a German policy to extend the Cameroons to the Congo. No interest would be threatened except Belgium's, and that unfortunate country could not well resist. Advances to Spain had also revealed a willingness in that quarter to assist in robbing the French of some of their monopoly in Morocco, while the position of Spain at the mouth of the Mediterranean could not fail to be useful to the great scheme.

But the stroke at Agadir had most unexpected results. To the amazement of the Wilhelmsstrasse France was supported by England, which at once hinted at her cognizance of the larger issues involved. To the astonishment of the world — with the exception of a few astute bankers in London and Paris — a financial crisis of the first magnitude was precipitated in Germany by the recall of the French and English loans, and it became apparent that the vast business of the Fatherland was being done on credit, and that the country was without the ready money to begin a war, much less carry one on. Germany was practically in the hands of the foreign bankers, who refused to relieve the situation unless assurances of peace were given.

The financial condition of Russia had caused the Germans to move; so the crumbling of Germany's credit-structure showed England, France, and Russia, — the new Triple Entente, — that the moment had come to checkmate the great scheme itself. Hence the firm stand of France and England on the question of Morocco, the settlement of all doubts as to the readiness of England to support her ally, and the consequent retreat of Germany, at any rate for the time being. Then, to prevent the utilization of Tripoli against Egypt by the Germano-Turkish alliance, Italy was allowed to take possession. Tripoli, independent save for a nominal allegiance to Constantinople, would be always a menace, and must be placed in hands which would possess a definite personal interest in keeping it out of the hands of Germany, Austria, or Turkey. In addition, Lord Kitchener, England's most active and able soldier, was sent to Egypt, to organize the defense and prepare for any eventualities whatever.

If any proof were needed of the serious nature of the crisis which the English believe to be at hand, the appointment of this distinguished man would afford it. To strengthen the fleet in the Indian Ocean and protect India and the colonies without weakening the home

fleet, the colonies will build and maintain battleships. To quiet the discontent supposed to be seething in India, and at any rate remove its specious justification, the King has just announced at the Durbar the granting of a new constitution which will give the educated Hindus some of that share in the government of their country for which they have been clamoring.

In addition, an independent Persia, with a constitutional government and an American treasurer, means the complete destruction of English and Russian influence at precisely the moment when circumstances make it most essential. Such a Persia would be simply a plum ready to be picked by the owner of the Bagdad Railway at his own convenience. To checkmate Germany, a more definite control of Persia will be necessary than any independent state could possibly countenance. Persia for the Persians became unthinkable when it involved the dismissal by Mr. Shuster, for financial reasons, of most of the English and Russian secret agents, and the entire destruction of the system of underground wires by which the two powers had so long controlled the Shah's government. Neither England nor Russia can believe that the Persians themselves are really responsible for this movement for independence. They see Germany instigating and subsidizing it. The hands may be the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob.

Moreover, the establishment by Mr. Shuster of an efficient administration, the collection of a regular revenue, the training of an army, the education of the Persians in self-government, would at once remove the plausible excuse which England and Russia had given for interference in Persia in the first place. The English commercial commissions had reported that no civilization existed in Persia; that the Persians were incapable of self-government; and that the powers ought, therefore, to take control. To prove the falsity of this specious plea, to show the world that Persians could establish and maintain a model state according to the most approved western notions, was the prime object of the recent revolutions. The nationalist movement aimed at the cessation of foreign influence altogether, — whether from Russia, England, or Germany mattered little to the Persians, — and at the creation of a state capable of holding them all at bay. If the leaders are in league with Germany, the people certainly are not. The very degree of Mr. Shuster's success in providing a revenue; the steady and enthusiastic support accorded him by the officials, the Mejliss, and the populace; the manifest hatred of England and Russia evidenced by mass-meetings and processions, by violent denunciations of the foreigner by orators on street corners and priests in the mosques, only convinced the two powers that German influence was even stronger than they thought.

Accordingly, to Russia was assigned the active part in upsetting the new state. She quickly found that Mr. Shuster had committed 'grave' offenses against her citizens and consuls, and demanded his dismissal and the payment of indemnity. The determination of the Persians not to yield only showed the powers that they had not gone far enough; the troops were at once ordered forward; and the final ultimatum from the two powers, to which Persia at last acceded, demanded practically the definite recognition of the right of England and Russia to control Persia's destiny. As a guarantee, the Persians must sign away their financial independence. The allies are demanding heavy money 'indemnities' which they will take good care to make large

enough to preclude the possibility of their payment without recourse to a large foreign loan. This in turn will be furnished the unfortunate Persians only on such conditions as will effectually mortgage for years to come as many of their resources as can be found not already assigned to foreign syndicates. The powers will do their best to leave no money for future Shusters to collect. The Persians, poor wretches, cannot be allowed to govern themselves well or ill; they are misguided enough to live in a country possessed of strategical importance, and they must take the consequences.

The outcome does not seem at present to admit of much doubt. France will secure absolute control of Morocco; Italy will keep Tripoli; Russia and England will restore something like the old inefficient rule in Persia unless the Persians themselves force an annexation and partition which England certainly is anxious to avoid. Then the weak link in the German chain, the Balkans, can perhaps be severed by judicious promises, coupled to assurances from Russia of pacific intentions. Austria-Hungary is far from invulnerable. The Magyars have been planning for years a separation of the nations; the Czechs in Bohemia have been in potential revolt for centuries. and only await an opportunity; the Croatian peoples are more than anxious to assert their independence. The death of the present Emperor, likely to occur at any moment, is believed to be the signal for which the malcontents are waiting. Nor is it by any means clear that race-hatred and traditional dislike of Austrian rule would not be the strongest forces in those countries and lead them to take advantage of a state of European war to obtain the objects of national ambition jealously nourished for centuries.

Prussia is by no means popular in southern Germany; the Social-Democrats are vehemently opposed to war; and to carry the German Empire itself solidly for the great scheme, when its main objects should have been made public, might be no easy task even for the self-confident Wilhelm. At best the great scheme rested upon a coalition of many divergent interests which have oftener opposed each other in the past than worked in unison. To sow suspicion, to create discord, to rouse the 'national' spirit, and thus to weaken, if not destroy, the *entente* so carefully built up by Prussia, should be no difficult task.

And there will be plenty of time in which to win such battles with the pen. The German plans are so far from finished, the danger of financial depression, if not of national bankruptcy, is so great, that the German diplomatists have felt it to be imperative to take every possible precaution against the outbreak of hostilities at present. To this end the Imperial Chancellor has made the most emphatic disclaimers in the Reichstag of any intention on the part of Germany to take hostile action against either England or France within the last six months, and practically pledged his nation to peace for some time to come.

His speech was greeted by incredulous shouts of boisterous merriment from the Conservatives, and by open gestures of disapproval from the Crown Prince. It will be no easy task for the warlike Wilhelm and his aides to restrain the Frankenstein they have been so industriously putting together for the last fifteen years. But it must be done. War of any kind is expensive to-day, and the great scheme means that Germany must finance not only herself but Turkey and the Balkans. After all, as the *Saturday Review* reminded the English some months ago, 'We still hold our trump-

card, money; and that for the completion of Turkish plans is absolutely necessary, and can in the end only be obtained on reasonable terms, if at all, from France and Great Britain.' Until the domination of England, France, and America in the financial world can be decisively offset by German capital, little of the great scheme can be executed.

THE WILDCAT TRAIL

BY RICHARD RICE, JR.

HAVE you ever invested in a company to get amber out of the Aral Sea, or were you one of the enthusiastic victims of the 'Salt-Water Gold-Extract' swindle, managed some twenty years ago by a Baptist clergyman at Narragansett Pier? Do you happen to own, as I do, single shares in the trust that is going to put a dumb-waiter to the top of Mont Blanc, in the Seattle-Honolulu Aeroplane Projected Company, Limited, or in the Tunis and Timbuctoo Wireless Telegraph, with the right to send one thousand words, yourself, free of charge? If you are concerned in any of these great enterprises, you will have experienced that peculiar thrill of high adventure and old romance which alone inspires a man to participate (more than once) in the glorious deeds of our friend, the wildcat. But if you have never gone in for anything nobler than a steel bond, or if you have at most herded with the bulls and the bears and the shorn lambs, and have not followed the wildcat trail into the grander parts of the jungle, then I have a message for you.

But should there be a moral to my tale, I must beg you to add that for yourself; or else go to those steady financiers who never speculate, who only buy and sell securities: they can point the moral for you. And after hearing their fable of sugar and tobacco and oil and coal and beef, you may take your choice between becoming rich and buying another government bond. I can't help you there, for I am no more interested in becoming rich, or buying a government bond, or pointing a moral, than is the wildcat himself. Like the wildcat, I am interested only in adventure and in philosophy; hence I will have nothing to do with morals and securities. They are dull and unenlightening affairs. My message is the delight of a good honest risk. Now you have my point of view about both money and life, if you are one of those who distinguish between them.

But, you say, this is so impractical, so absurdly romantic! Are you sure? Take your wife and children, for instance: were they not once a good honest risk? What are you trying to make of them now, — securities! My dear sir, that is just what accounts for your present domestic *malaise*. You have been applying a financial system to romance. The trouble is not that your financial system did not apply; the real

trouble has been all along that your financial system itself is thoroughly unsound. Of course, the very fact that it did not apply to romance should settle that point. It is only a fear that you have forgotten what romance really is that bids me continue.

What the romanticist is always looking for is a good honest risk. Sometimes they come in the mail. You very likely know how that is yourself, but you probably throw them all into the waste-basket. I have learned, however, to distinguish between the specious and hypocritical prospectus, that argues, on grounds of plausibility, the honesty of its intentions, and the circular which merely announces to you the existence of a *bona fide risk*, offering, at the most, a few entirely extraneous inducements to join in.

I got one of the latter sort this morning. It came in a perfectly plain, unpretentious envelope from Portland, Maine. The heading was, 'THE LATIN-AMERICAN PEANUT COMPANY.' I always know these things instinctively, and as I read these first fine words, 'THE LATIN-AMERICAN PEANUT COMPANY, OPERATING THE BONGO RIVER PLANTATIONS IN YUCATAN,' with every syllable my enthusiasm rose. The romance of the thing! 'Capital, so and so,' — these little details are always unimportant. 'Directors, so and so,' — mysterious and alluring as figures at a masked ball. 'COME IN NOW BEFORE WE GO UP!' — this in red ink, rather ominous. 'ONE DOLLAR MAKES YOU A SHAREHOLDER. ONE HUNDRED SHARES PURCHASED NOW *may mean a fortune* WITHIN A YEAR! HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THAT PEANUTS ARE THE GREAT AMERICAN FOOD? NAME ANOTHER GROCERY AS COMMON! COMMON, BUT NOT COMMONPLACE! (Read *The Romance of the Peanut*, sent free to every subscriber for one share of our stock.) REMEMBER! NO CLIMATE FOR PEANUTS LIKE YUCATAN — NO CLIMATE IN YUCATAN LIKE THE BONGO BASIN — WE OWN THE BONGO — ALL WE NEED IS DEVELOPMENT!!'

Is not the art of advertising the great American art? Does this not itself show that we are really more interested in mind than in matter, if we only knew it? Like a good American, then, I was about to tear off the coupon, and invest — one dollar, — when my wife came in.

'Here is the milk-bill,' she said, 'it's eight dollars.'

'Wait!' I cried. 'We are about to make our fortune, we can pay it then. Listen to this.'

My wife listened, and as usual at once proceeded to moralize the matter. Of course, she concluded, if I only wanted to invest in a little financial dissipation, there was certainly as small a chance here as anywhere of getting anything else back; but the baby had to have milk, fifteen-cent milk.

'Let him be brought up on peanuts!' I cried, beginning to fill out the yellow blank. 'You always miss the point; who wants anything back? Is n't it enough to be operating on the Bongo! Is n't it more than enough to have such a circular to read aloud every morning before breakfast, like a collect for eternal hope! Ah, glorious peanuts! National food! What whiffs of memory you bring! The pathos of the street-corner, the glamour of the grand-stand! And besides all these practical inducements,' I continued, 'listen to this: — "WE INVITE all original holders of five hundred shares of our stock to make the voyage from New Orleans to Bongo AS OUR GUESTS, in the new steamship-yacht Filopena, to inspect for themselves these PROMISING PEANUT PLANTATIONS."'

The alliteration here seemed to me so fine that I looked up for applause.

My wife held out the milk-bill. 'The man is waiting,' she said.

Of course, if we are bound to be prosaic creatures bringing up a lot of milk-fed children, who will in turn settle down to a life of sheer health and success, put their money into sugar or pig-iron, and die softly on a fat bank account, we may feel that there is a fundamental fallacy in all the projects of the wildcat. I admit that, judged by our standards of success and pig-iron, the wildcat often appears to be a trifle eccentric. In fact, he sometimes will not measure up at all. But that is largely because our point of view ignores the fact that, without some original wildcat, long ago, we should have no pig-iron and no consequent success to judge him by to-day. The wildcat's habits are adapted to his own peculiar aims; we must judge him and them together.

Let us look a little closer, then, at this creature. In the first place, he never herds; he is alone in the jungle. To the rest of us herded animals, therefore, he looks fearsome and fanatical. Yet, after he has blazed out the wild strange trails, and we have seen his eye, aglow with their wonders, gleaming with possibility, do not we, dull minions of success, follow cautiously after, when the danger and the glamour are passed, and the heroic wildcat, the pioneer, has roamed further, alone? Without him, the epic hero and true Titan of modern progress, should not the rest of us poor miserable tenderfeet still be hiding our talents in the proverbial napkin, and would not Calumet and Trinity be only as valuable as so many unburrowed rabbit-holes?

The wildcat has always been a lonely being, 'a lonely thinker.' From the day when Hercules set out to gather the golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides, to the day when Sandy Nugget tramped over the Yukon Trail, he has wandered the wildernesses alone. No sociable three per cent comforts for him! With gigantic conceptions of possibility, he strides a continent for a shovelful of sand, he dives into the deeps for an oyster-shell. And what if, occasionally scattering his sand in our faces, he swears that it glitters like gold; and what if, rising with his oyster-shell, he cries, 'Behold my pearl without price!' — what sort of *success* have we to prove the contrary?

The true wildcat appeals to the heroic side of all of us; for he fascinates us, not with fraudulent plausibility, but with the lure of the barely possible. He talks little of the security, much of the risk; and, as he speaks, it is not the flush of success but the gleam of the venture that lights his eye. So did Raleigh fascinate the court of Elizabeth, he who began by risking his cloak in the mire for the golden favor of her smile. What did he know of El Dorado? What did any of them *know?* They were not looking for a security, — those were the days when a bit of gossip about a painted Indian and a name like Orinoco could launch a fleet. Those wild days, you say, are well passed; if you heard of a venture like that to-day, you would buy another steel bond and hurriedly take out more life insurance. 'Think of our wives and children!' Think, says the wildcat, of getting your dividends in Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight! Think, you careful ones, who bury your dollars in the dust of Pittsburg and float them in the gas of Barreltown, think of the sensations of the man with a share in those old ventures on the Spanish Main!

The speculative philosophy of the wildcat is not to be dismissed too quickly. Three per cent is prosaic, not because it is small, but because it is certain. This was the motto of Dick Whittington's fine animal, and he

handed it down to all his progeny. Was it certainty that made a Dutch burgher, in the year 1634, pay fifty-five hundred florins for a single tulip bulb, and watch its growth and its color as a gambler watches the red and the black at Monte Carlo? When it was perfect, a child broke the stem. What would your memory be if Barreltown burned to-morrow?

Occasionally, some one still understands this matter; and, though you say romance has vanished, it was scarcely yesterday that we proved the contrary. Up from the Caribbean to Wall Street there came a deep-sea diver, a man with a vision of gold scattered on a coral-reef, a man with an old story of the sea, such as you will always listen to, a story of treasure-ships, buccaneers of Tortuga, laden with the plunder of Mexican mines, and wrecked sometime in the days of Captain Teach on the Banner Reef off Jamaica. All this is history, of a sort; and the diver, having found the reef, came to New York to flash doubloons and pieces of eight, picked up on the sea-floor, in the eyes of respectable brokers and other philanthropists.

The reason he had not pocketed the whole treasure himself was twofold: first, he was a true wildcat; and, secondly, he had a theory that the enormous bulk of the treasure, in bar-silver, had become imbedded in the coral, which in two hundred and fifty years had grown over it. But with a small vessel, a daring crew, some dynamite, and a grand-stand of awe-struck stockholders, the matter might be exploited. Thirty thousand dollars, say, as against a possible three millions; one to a hundred; and about as many chances of success. Still, bar-silver from Tortuga buccaneers, and Spanish doubloons! Security? — not a mite; but possibility — unlimited! There were still men enough on Wall Street to see such a venture through. And, just to enhance the affair, they bought the old cup-defender, Mayflower; for though she herself might be as rotten as the ark, her name and fame were part of the romance of the sea. Also the name of the commander, Guy Scull, — now by the bones of Captain Kidd, could it have been better! No wonder they took their money out of leather, and soap, and glue, and storage beef, and put it into this venture, — their one venture untarnished by thoughts of dross and calculations of plausibility.

To add a special zest to the expedition, it started in the hurricane season, since, *between hurricanes*, the sea is of all times the quietest and most favorable for diving. Before long came the first reports, accompanied by a photograph. The photograph was taken from the main hatch of the Mayflower. and it showed Commander Scull gripping with his legs the ten-foot stump of the foremast, the highest thing above decks, while he signaled for help with his shirt. Behind him, an enormous sea, which had left the deck awash, rolled to the top of the picture. That was off Hatteras. But just before she sank, they were saved by a Swede, and in Savannah they fitted out again, — this time in a brigantine. 'A *brigantine!*' cried the awe-struck stockholders, 'we should never have thought of that!' And so, by February, they had passed Florida Straits and the Windward Passage into the blue Caribbean.

The Caribbean! with its trackless memories of ancient navigators: Columbus and Cortez; Pizarro, De Soto, and Ponce de Leon; Drake, Raleigh, and Granville; explorers and filibusters; the buccaneering crews of Morgan and Montbar, of Blackbeard Teach and Captain Kidd, whose flags, flying from St. Kitts and Tortuga, terrorized

the Spanish Main from the Orinoco to Darien. The great commanders and their ships: Nelson in the Victory, Rodney in the Formidable, Tom Truxton in the unconquerable Constellation; discoverers, pirates, admirals; men of vision and action. So who cared how it all ended?

Yes, you say, the thing sounds well enough written up, and in a book it would — and so forth. That is just the trouble. You think of romance only as something unreal, or at least unsafe, except in books, in the past, in history. You do not perceive that it is the vitalizing part of progress which you look askance at in this spirit of romance, — but very likely you are regarded as a pillar of society for your solid, blind opinions. Your social fortune was dug out of Calumet, after the wildcat had broken the sod; it blossomed with the sugar-cane, after Raleigh and the rest of them died poor. A hundred years ago, or more, you were a part of history. To-day you are what? — a success.

You still feel, however, do you not, that there is something very unsound in all this, — unless, perchance, it is all only meant for laughter? Well, I admit it. There is something wrong with the wildcat. You see, his romantic philosophy, being the quintessence of all philosophy, could not well be like your financial system. Philosophy, heaven knows, has got nowhere as yet, compared with money. You can't count on philosophy; it assumes no civic burdens; it has no reality.

Toward the end of the last century, a romanticist, one born out of due time, came to this country on an emigrant ship. He had seen Americans before; in fact, he was coming to marry an American woman in California. On the ship he met a man who appeared to him like a symbol, a personification, of something that had long been looming up with horrible ominousness. All the romanticist said about him was that, 'His eyes were sealed by a cheap school-book materialism. He could see nothing in the world but money and steam-engines. He believed in production, that useful figment of economy, as if it had been real, like laughter.'

You may imagine that the romanticist did not accomplish very much in America with these ideas. He laughed a great deal, and wept, too, and before long he disappeared over the edge of the known world in his yacht, Casco. He was not one of us; he belonged to history. From out the past his philosophy sounds more and more like laughter.

THE PROSPECTS OF ANGLO-SAXON DEMOCRACY

BY L. T. HOBHOUSE

English opponents of democracy have long been accustomed to quote American experiences in support of their case. 'The Government of the people by the people,' they tell us, 'is a pretty phrase. But what does it really mean? Look at the United States, which has never been burdened with a hereditary chamber, which knows no distinctions of rank, and elects the chief of the nation every four years. There are all the forms of self-government. How much is there of the reality? Get behind names, look at facts, and what do you find? Municipal corruption, the power of rich corporations, the omnipotence of the political machine, the misguidance of the electorate by the press. There is no government by the popular will, because there is no popular will to govern.'

How much of this indictment is true, Americans can judge better than an Englishman whose experience of their country has been too brief to make him an instructed observer, and too pleasant to leave him, perhaps, a wholly unbiased critic. But certain things must strike even a casual visitor to the United States who keeps his eyes open and takes any pains to sift the opinions which he encounters.

For example, coming from England, he can hardly fail to be impressed with the outward signs of a widely diffused prosperity, and the absence of those marks of abject and hopeless distress which stare him in the face whenever he walks the streets of an English town. He may be fully on his guard against superficial appearances, but he can hardly resist the impression that, whether because of its government, or in spite of its government, or in entire independence of the character of its government, the United States has somehow secured for a great mass of human beings the material basis of a healthy and happy personal life.

When, returning to his own country, he hears poverty and destitution ascribed exclusively to inborn defects of character, and declared to be curable by no change of institutions but only by the elimination of worthless stocks, he is confirmed in any skepticism which he may previously have felt as to this convenient method of saddling the sufferers with the responsibility for their wretchedness. At the same time, if he talks much to American men conversant with affairs, he will soon be disabused of the notion still prevalent on this side of the water that even thoughtful Americans are possessed of a cocksure confidence in the perfection of their institutions. In this respect what he learns cuts both ways. It confirms his impression that democracy in America has yet to make itself a reality, but it strongly suggests that the chief condition of success, the awakening of the popular mind, is in process of realization.

As a matter of form, democracy consists in the dependence of government on the machinery of the ballot-box. As a matter of substance, it consists in the

effective control of legislation and administration by the popular will. The condition of such control is that there should exist a popular will, and this can only be if there is a generally diffused interest in public affairs, a wide sense of civic responsibility, and a tolerably clear conception of the common good.

How far it is possible to realize these conditions the future alone can decide. They can never be achieved once and for all by any specific political reform. They can be maintained only by the continual effort of the ablest and most public-spirited men. The dictum of Mill, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, applies to the entire working of democratic institutions. They can be maintained only at the cost of continual exertion.

After the supreme effort of the Civil War it is probable that many of the ablest men in the United States took a rest from public affairs and let things slide. It would seem that they have discovered their mistake. To be convinced of sin, the churches teach, is the beginning of a new life, and politically it would seem that America is convinced of sin. That is to the onlooker the surest augury of hope.

Both in America and England the immediate problem confronting an awakened democracy is economic in character. But it presents very different aspects. In America it is essentially a problem of the control of colossal wealth which, through the political machine, and acting on the plastic material of the immigrant and the colored vote, constantly threatens to strangle public life. In England the Free-Trade system has arrested the economic tendency to monopoly, but has not sufficed to solve the problem of poverty. In fact, while America has to deal with her rich, England has to deal with her poor.

In one sense the problem is the same, for it is that of diverting from anti-social purposes and turning to social account the immense augmentation of wealth that modern industry places in the hands of those who exercise financial control. But in England the trouble is that, from whatever cause, the mass of the working classes are unable to secure that share of the constantly increasing wealth of the nation which would enable them to respond to the fuller requirements of civilized life. The rise in the general standard of comfort, which proceeded slowly but steadily until the close of the last century, has been checked by the serious increase in the cost of living. Though money wages have risen, the most careful statistics place it beyond doubt that 'real wages' are on the average lower than they were ten years ago. They show also that a considerable percentage of working people in regular employment is actually unable week by week to earn a sum which, after paying house-rent, would suffice to keep an average family of five persons in a sufficiency of food, clothing, and fuel for the maintenance of full health and vigor. When casual labor and seasons of irregular employment are taken into account, it is probable that quite thirty per cent of the laboring population finds itself at one time or another in this condition.

The further rise in prices in the present year brought matters to a head, and a series of strikes broke out in the summer, which were generally successful in redressing the balance to a certain extent. But to show how modest are the present ambitions of the English working class, it may suffice to say that the closest investigation of the measure of a 'living wage,' as above defined, — that of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, — goes to show that at present prices it can hardly be less than between twenty-three and twenty-four shillings a week for an urban laborer,

while the wage for which many of the unskilled laborers were striking was only one pound a week.

Much has been attempted during the last five years to remedy economic distress. For the most 'sweated' industries wages-boards have been established, which have fixed minimum wages for men- and women-workers. So far these boards have touched only the fringe of the question; and while the minimum has been fixed in some instances low enough, but far above the ordinary rate previously paid, it still remains to be seem what the ultimate economic effect will be. Meanwhile a pension system caters for the aged, and has materially reduced the percentage of pauperism; and a great scheme of insurance against sickness and unemployment has occupied Parliament throughout the present year. This scheme, however, puts a considerable burden both on employer and employed, the contribution of the state being less than one fourth of the whole; and many people fear that the relief and security it will bring will be paid for by an undue increase of the burden on insufficient wages.

It is the actual insufficiency of remuneration and the lack of hopeful outlook for the mass of weekly wage-earners that are exercising the minds of the mass of the working class, and rendering them comparatively indifferent to the political changes which are proceeding apace.

For in point of form the United Kingdom is, after a long period of stagnation, and even of reaction, again making rapid strides toward pure democracy. The attempt of the House of Lords to regain its power ended in its complete downfall. The limitation of its veto to a period of two years was a revolution which for the first time made the Commons of England really master in their own house. Yet such was the absorption of the country in industrial questions, and so generally diffused was the opinion that the veto was an anachronism, that the change went through in the end without a serious struggle and with scarcely a flutter of public opinion.

Yet the effects of the change are being felt at once through the whole arena of political controversy. Home Rule for Ireland immediately became practical politics. The old passions which that controversy aroused hover, the mere ghosts of their former selves, upon the scene, and the success of the measure to be introduced this year will depend entirely on the skill of legislators in handling some of the undoubted difficulties of detail which surround the adjustment of relations between two countries so distinct in character but so closely united by geography.

But alongside of Home Rule other democratic measures are pressing. The payment of members of the House of Commons, once held as a dream of extreme radicalism, has become an accomplished fact, and now, in place of further tinkering with the qualifications for the ballot, the Prime Minister has announced a bill establishing what is virtually manhood suffrage for the next session. This is a measure which the House of Lords may be relied on to throw out, but under the new Constitution it will be passed into law, unless unforeseen circumstances cut short the life of the Ministry before the present Parliament is dissolved. Along with manhood suffrage the question of women's franchise will be raised, and the point which is now really in debate is not whether women shall have the ballot, but whether it shall be extended to all women at once, as to all men, or whether some of the limiting qualifications abolished for men shall be re-enacted for women, so that the entire sex shall not be enfranchised at a

stroke. It is thus clear enough that the elaboration of the machinery of democracy, which has been arrested since the last great extension of the suffrage in 1884, has been suddenly resumed, and is being swiftly and, to all appearances, smoothly executed.

The cumulative effect of these changes, if they are carried into law, should, according to ordinary rules of probability, be very considerable. It is not that — apart from women's suffrage — any new class remains to be enfranchised. Since 1884, and even since 1867, the franchise has been wide enough to secure to the working classes any specific measure upon which they had unanimously agreed. But the complications of the governing machinery have been so many that democracy, even if successful in a frontal attack, has frequently been defeated in detail. In the first place the mere electoral machinery, in spite of the broad basis of the suffrage, has given an immense handicap to property. Owners may vote in every constituency in which they have property, and, in consequence, a considerable number of divisions are carried regularly by a non-resident vote. These qualifications will be swept away. Residence will become the sole basis of the franchise, every man will possess one vote only, and as between the different parties quite a number of divisions which have hitherto provided safe seats for the representation of material interests will now be thrown open to equal competition.

Then, the registration laws, with their complex conditions and the length of residence required, have indirectly disfranchised large numbers of artisans and even of professional men, who have frequently to move with their work, while the business of registration, being largely in the hands of the party machines, has been a stronghold of the influence of money in politics. Lastly, the absence of remuneration has militated against the entry of men without private means into Parliament. The changes now in course of being effected will establish for the first time the conditions of a thoroughly democratic House of Commons.

It may seem to Americans that at most this is only to bring English democracy to the point at which American democracy has long stood. But there is a material difference. No American institution has powers which, either by law or custom, approach those which the British House of Commons has long enjoyed, and which are now completed by the assertion of its formal supremacy over the House of Lords. The House of Commons not only has the powers of Congress and a state legislature in one, it also controls the executive, and when it passes a law it means it to be carried out. I would not contend that it is always successful. The courts have great powers of obstruction. The Civil Service, staffed by irremovable and very able officials, is often but feebly controlled by the Cabinet Minister who is the nominal chief of any one of its great departments. But when all is said, a House of Commons that means to have its way can get its way, and if the democracy can control the House of Commons it will have an organ of high efficiency. It will have as a matter of course powers which in the United States could only be gained by the difficult and doubtful method of securing a series of constitutional amendments. It is thus, in fact, possible that within a few years the United Kingdom may become a more effective democracy than any great state, with the exception of Australia.

This is possible. But let us glance for a moment at the forces operating on the other side. Politically more and more democratic, England remains socially a very conservative country.

Class distinctions remain a very real force, which makes its mark on elections and on government. It is still difficult for 'new' men without connections to win their way to the front. It is thought something of a triumph for one of the very ablest brains on the Liberal side to have gained, after three years in Parliament, the most insignificant office on the fringe of the Ministry.

What is more serious is that the great bulk of the Press is in the hands of the conservative interests, and but for the handful of wealthy men of great public spirit, whom one may count on the fingers of one hand, there would in fact be no effective presentation in journalism of Liberal and democratic opinions. There is not in London a single penny morning paper which supports either the Liberal or the Labor party. If a Liberal leader shows any weakness in the cause of his party, far from becoming an object of criticism, he at once figures as a statesman and a patriot in the mass of the papers that are read by his fellow countrymen next day. If he is strong and determined in democratic measures, he becomes the centre of a whirlwind of newspaper denunciation. Behind the Press are the more subtle influences of Society; and the Civil Service, while equally capable and honest, is in the main to be reckoned with as a permanent influence on the Conservative side.

Under such influences as these the political machine moves slowly, and of late there have been symptoms that a portion of the working classes, on the very eve of changes that may give them the victory, have lost faith in its efficacy. I have referred above to the immediate causes of the outburst of labor disputes which have been the feature of a year of great industrial prosperity and which, according to all indications, are by no means at an end.

The new movement is sometimes spoken of as Syndicalism, and is in some slight degree inspired by that French conception. The French workingmen have found that Parliamentary Socialism gives them very little. In the matter of dealing with a railway strike, for example, there was not, they saw, much to choose between a Socialist Minister and an ordinary middle-class Republican. They have accordingly turned away from Parliamentary action and cherish the hope, little likely to bear good fruit, of arresting the whole movement of industry by a general strike.

It is not likely that the idea of a general strike has had any influence worth considering on the minds of English trade-unionists. The only thing approaching to a general stoppage was the railway strike of last summer, a renewal of which is half threatened as I write. But the railway strike arose out of quite specific grievances peculiar to the railway servants, in which a great part of the public on the whole sympathized with the men; and if it could produce a widespread dislocation of industry, this is because the railway men could not obtain redress without stoppage, not because the working classes as a whole were ready to enter into a concerted plan for effecting an industrial revolution.

In fact, Syndicalism in England is simply a reversion to older methods, dating from a time when Labor was destitute of political influence. It represents the volcanic effort of unorganized or ill-organized work-people to do for themselves what the skilled engineers, spinners, miners, and other artisans have already done, namely, to secure by collective bargaining a fuller share in the fruits of industry. Emotional and fitful in its character, the move-

ment breaks out readily into strikes to which the more stable and highly-organized unions rarely resort. It depends on immediate success, and the conditions this year were favorable to success. Its difficulty is to maintain whatever ground it wins, for its material is hardly that of which stable organizations are formed, and when the victory is won its members are apt to think that all is over but the shouting. In particular it cannot withstand seasons of bad trade and slack employment, and the last great movement of the kind, that of 1889 and 1890, crumbled away in the lean years that followed hard upon that crest of industrial prosperity.

Nevertheless the revived movement is a real if not a very stable force. It must be reckoned on the side of both the hopes and the anxieties of democracy in England. Of the hopes, because it is all to the good that people should revolt against such conditions of labor as have been faintly indicated above; it is better that they should strike out against them, even if they strike blindly, than that they should forever acquiesce; for at least it proves that the spirit is not altogether dead within them. Of the anxieties, because the strike movement cuts across the political evolution which is making us a democracy and may conceivably arrest it before its work is done.

Strikes of unskilled and ill-organized masses mean disorder, and disorder throws the government against the strikers and destroys a coöperation which is urgently needed for the completion of political reforms. A railway strike, in particular, raises questions not only of the maintenance of order, but of the supply of necessaries to the great urban populations. In August the Government handled the difficulty in a way which called out the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the Press and of the material interests in general, but caused no little anxiety to those concerned for the peaceful and harmonious development of democracy. Troops were employed not only ubiquitously but ostentatiously. Encounters took place and lives were lost, the innocent, as is universally the rule in such case, suffering with the guilty.

Such things are applauded for the moment, but there is nothing of which the working classes retain so tenacious a memory. If the trouble is to come all over again, it is difficult to forecast the possible consequences. At the lowest there may be a complete break-up of the understanding between the forces of Liberalism and Labor, on which the entire progressive movement that I have briefly sketched has depended. On the other hand, if the recrudescence of trouble is to be avoided, it must be by the discovery of more drastic methods of improving the economic conditions of the poorer workers than any which have yet been devised.

The two evils which press on from thirty to fifty per cent of the population are low wages and irregular employment. What Parliament has done, and is doing, is to mitigate certain of the consequences of these evils, as by providing for old age, by assisting in provision for sickness, and so forth. But it is not directly combating the evils themselves if we except the three or four extremely 'sweated' industries in which the minimum wage is now established by legal authority. We may fairly say that the problem of the future of democracy in England depends on the possibilities of operating with success on these fundamental conditions of industry. This is what is meant by saying that the problem in England is one of poverty, whereas in the United States it is rather a problem of wealth.

In each country this standing eco-

nomic problem is crossed by certain others which in the two cases are widely different. In the United States there is the color problem and that of the white immigrant. From the first of these we in England are free. The second, though at times figuring largely in the Press, is not in reality serious. On the other hand, all our domestic development goes forward under a shadow of which Americans are happily unconscious. Our revenues are exhausted in military and naval preparations. The proceeds of expanding revenue flow into the War Office and the Admiralty, and it is with difficulty that social reformers snatch something on the way for purposes of Old-Age Pensions or National Insurance.

The European situation does not improve. The peace movement elicits plenteous abstract affirmations of the wickedness of war and the blessings of the peaceful settlement of disputes, but there is never a gun the less in any European armory. The total contempt for international right has been sealed, not by the Italian raid on Tripoli, but by the general acquiescence of the European governments in a proceeding from which none of them had anything to gain. The general sense of insecurity is necessarily enhanced. It becomes useless to talk confidence in the good faith of nations if it is at any moment possible for one power to seize the territory of another on less than a week's notice, with barely the pretence of a quarrel, and with not so much as the proffer of any alternative satisfaction of such grievances as could be collected. With the action of Italy we seem to be back in the middle of the eighteenth century and the seizure of Silesia, with the difference that in place of small standing armies we have the entire nation in every Continental country ready and trained to arms. As long as this situation remains, military exigencies dominate policy, and military exigencies are not favorable to democratic development.

In England matters have so far improved that the 'scare' which went to absurd lengths two years ago has died down. But we are still entangled with Continental alliances which serve no palpable interest of our own, and are dictated by the desire for support against the supposed menace of Germany. We are still in presence of an exceedingly active party which seeks to impose universal military service, and we are still regulating our naval expenditures, not by standards of our own, but by the budgets of another power. It is this last condition which directly cripples the work of government in applying the public revenues to the urgently needed work of social reform. The total expenditure of the country has increased from £113,000,000 in 1900–01 to £154,000,000 in 1910–11, excluding expenditure on revenue-producing departments. The expenditure on the Army and Navy has increased during the same years from £51,200,000 to £68,300,000. It is this constant increase which hamstrings measures for the internal development of the country, and cripples every effort to alleviate the widespread misery of the masses. A single illustration will suffice.

In the scheme of National Insurance against sickness it is necessary to raise the equivalent of ninepence weekly for every insured person. Of this the state is only able to contribute twopence. Threepence has to be taken from every employer and fourpence from every workman (threepence from an insured working-woman). With difficulty a remission has been secured for those whose weekly earnings do not exceed nine shillings, and reductions where the wage is less than fifteen shillings. But even so the difference falls on the

employer, and there remains a tax of sevenpence, paid by employer and employed between them, on the employment of any man for one week. That this is a direct tax on industry which may have serious reactions on the regularity of employment is obscurely felt by many, and openly urged by a few employers. But the answer to all objections is financial. The state is expending up to the limits of its present capacity, and the limits are set by the demands of the Army and Navy.

Whether the Government will be able to find means of relieving employers of this tax seems to depend not so much on anything that may happen here as on the question whether the German government, wrestling now as it is most honorably with the chauvinistic elements of its own population, will maintain or increase the existing rate of naval construction. The main lines of the British budget are laid down in the German chancellery. There was never a more fatal success than that first Dreadnought, which set the snowball of naval construction rolling.

Thus the permanent prospects of democracy in England are interwoven with those of Europe as a whole. England is not as free as the United States to work out her own salvation. Her progress depends for one of its conditions on the return to saner methods in international relations, a return which she may assist but cannot of herself control. But for this element of uncertainty, it would seem by no means too sanguine to predict that the internal difficulties which have been briefly referred to would adjust themselves.

There is on the whole in England, as in America, a certain strengthening of the sense of common responsibility, and an increased readiness to search out and eradicate the causes of suffering and of public evil. And these are the psychological conditions which, after all, lie at the root of the whole matter. The mere machinery of democracy is nothing. It is of value only as it avails to express the spirit of a people; and if that spirit is set on vain things, on amassing wealth which it has not the taste or judgment to spend, on the acquisition of territory which it does not need, or on the unreal shows of military glory, then neither the ballot-box nor the party machine will help it. But if it cares for things of more humdrum sound but more vital meaning, to combat disease at its source, to make of the city a home of beauty and comfort for the people instead of a home of dirt and din, to secure for every willing worker a fair share of the fruits of his work, and to provide out of the surplus for those who have fallen by the way, then it has a will that is worth expressing, and the forms of political democracy give it the means of realization. We can make no predictions in sociology, but in both countries it is fair to say that there exist the conditions which make such a democracy possible.

THE THIRD DIMENSION IN LAND-TENURE

BY WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

I

THE history of land-tenure is one long record of conflict between public rights and private interests. Every policy has been tried, from the extreme of common ownership with no exclusive possession to the extreme in this country of private ownership, so exclusive that the right of eminent domain — that is, the transcendent title of the public — amounts to little more than a standing invitation to the state to offer itself as the victim of a hold-up, or — what amounts to the same thing — to become an enforced purchaser at a voluntary auction. And yet, even in America, the theory that the public is the holder of the ultimate title is never lost sight of. Everywhere, land-tenure is a little less than that absolute ownership by which personal property is held, and this means that the possessor is only a tenant while the public is the real owner. That, perhaps, is why in legal parlance landed property is called real estate, because one's title to it is not so real as one's title to personal property.

No economic question has been more persistent, or occasioned more dispute, than this one of the degree to which the earth's surface shall be subject to private proprietorship, that is, the degree to which the public shall abstain from exercising its own proprietorship. The manner in which the individual may acquire possession; the security with which he may hold it as against the public's superior claim; the degree to which he may exercise control while in possession, and the extent to which he may project that control beyond the period of his actual possession; the freedom with which he may transfer it to others, — all these have been determined in divers ways in divers ages and in divers countries; and history shows that these varied solutions of the problem have had a profound influence upon the development of civilization at those various times and in those various climes.

Thus the difference in social conditions between France and the British Isles is presumed to be due in some part to their differing policies, of equal inheritance which makes for small proprietorship on the one hand, and of primogeniture which makes for large estates and landlordism on the other. This is only one illustration — and there are many — of the general principle that the limitations under which land is held for private use have a vital relation to human welfare. This being the case, it seems to follow that those limitations need to be determined in accordance with the social effects which experience has shown to follow upon a more or less restricted tenure.

The struggle between private interest and public interest is a constant one, surging now to this side and now to that. It may aptly be called an Herculean one, and, if Hercules may represent the public, Antæus may equally well represent vested interests. You remember how Hercules discovered that when Antæus touched Mother Earth

his strength was multiplied tenfold, and that the only way to overcome him was to hold him clear of the ground. So vested interests, when based upon land, seem to expand with a power well-nigh irresistible, and every now and then the public has to take advantage of some passing crisis to get a new grip. Joseph in Egypt took advantage of the famine to restore to the crown the land that, from his point of view, had passed too completely into private hands. And in modern times, famine has more than once been the occasion for stiffening the title of the tenant as against the feudal lord.

All this is merely to remind the reader of what the writer proposes to take for granted: that the tenure by which land is privately held, is and must ever be something less than real ownership, approaching it more or less according as the public, either in its own name, — as in this country, — or in that of the sovereign, — as in many countries, yields its prior claim; that the extent of this public concession and the stability with which it is adhered to, or, in other words, the nature of land-tenure, underlies the structure of society in almost as significant a way as the ground itself underlies the material structures erected on it; that vested interests, as they attach themselves to land, gain power to usurp the functions of the public; and that the public therefore needs to be alert for the protection of its own interests.

To these three observations, let us add a fourth: namely, that it is upon the frontier that private interests most readily become vested, and that the public most tardily awakens to its own rights. This need only be stated to be accepted. Every one is familiar with the process by which vast tracts upon the borders of civilization are either granted directly to exploiting corporations, or parceled out to homesteaders only as a disguise for their transfer from public ownership to that of the big proprietor.

But it is not only on territorial borders that this process goes on. It is upon the borders of unoccupied regions in every direction; and in these days new realms are coming into view on every hand. We are finding ourselves now and again upon a new frontier. The margin of the untamed sea has been such a frontier. It is only recently that the public has awakened to the importance of its right to the shore, but meantime the interests of the land-owner along shore had become vested, and he was deriving from his possession a power that never was contemplated in the tenure of land. So the public has had to buy back its approach to the shore. When water-power was developed, the private riparian owner annexed the water-power to his adjacent land, and when the public needed water to drink, it found that the land-owner who had annexed the water-power must be paid for the water the public must drink. And now the public is buying back the lands at the sources of navigable streams because private interests, in many instances the very ones that claim the water in the streams, have endangered the sources; have possessed themselves of the egg, and are setting about eating the goose that laid it.

The whole history of frontiers of every sort is one of appropriation by private interests, and subsequent struggle for recovery by the public. It is the purpose of this writing to call attention to the existence of certain new frontiers to which private interests are becoming awake, and along which is likely to be repeated the story of seizure and exploitation by private interests, and tardy and costly taking over by the public in the face of bitter and tenacious resistance.

We still speak of the sun as rising and setting, although we all know that it neither rises nor sets. In like manner we still define our land-holdings in two dimensions, although we know that, in many instances, the third dimension is the one the purchaser has most in view, and that, like Archimedes, what he really wants is a fulcrum to move the world. The whole conception of land-ownership has changed. In ancient times, area was a fair measure of use and of value, and it was to area alone that the tenant needed to be restricted. He might go down a few feet for a cellar or a grave, a well or a drain, or up a few feet for a habitation or a windmill, provided that he did not obstruct his neighbors' ancient lights. But beyond that, the third dimension would take care of itself. Man was a creeping thing. There was no danger of his soaring into the heavens above, or of his diving into the waters that were under the earth. When the curse was pronounced on him who should remove his neighbor's landmark, it did not contemplate his lifting it or sinking it, only his displacing it laterally.

But now all this is changed. Man has developed vast power to expand his possessions, both upward and downward. He burrows like the mole or the rat. He projects towers of Babel into the air as the octopus thrusts forth his tentacles, and tosses his tenants into them in baskets like that in which the old woman of Mother-Goose fame embarked on her mission to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky. He is learning to fly, and the realms of the upper air and the nether world are his. He still measures land in square feet and square rods, — when it is measured in cubic feet, its very nature changes and it becomes a commodity, — but the plane figure of two dimensions which the conveyancer thus bounds, by no means circumscribes the estate of which he gives possession. These metes and bounds define only a cross-section of that spacious solid of which the purchaser will claim exclusive proprietorship. The figure he has in mind, and from which he will warn off all trespassers, is a pyramid whose apex is at the earth's centre, and whose base sweeps the starry heavens. He buys a rectangle or a triangle, but he takes possession of an entire spoke of the great wheel of Ezekiel's vision, moving ever straight onward.

We are thus upon the immediate frontier of two unlimited realms already being explored and exploited: the boundless deep of the air above us, the dark unfathomed depth of earth beneath our feet. And in the name of laws made for two dimensions the tenant of lands bordering on these two realms is claiming possession of all he can reach in either direction. Those early maps of the United States in which the possessions of certain states extended to the westward indefinitely, have now been turned edgewise and indicate the topography of private possessions. A man takes up a homestead given him by the public, or sold him at a nominal price, ostensibly that he may till the soil and establish a domicile. But inside the poke which the public thus sells him he perceives the pig. He turns over the farm undisturbed to another, using the same horizontal dimensions as before, but reserving to himself the vertical dimension. This is an instance of where one may eat his cake and have it, too. He finds gold or copper or coal or oil beneath the surface, and he joins the combine to make the dear public pay as dearly as possible for the contents of the prize-package it gave him. The farm is still there. It is just as valuable as he and the government officials thought it was as a farm. But as a farm he is not interested in it. He bought the land

because he recognized in it a potential trapdoor by which he, like Aladdin, might gain access to the regions below, there to search for hidden treasure.

Or he buys a few square feet of soil in the great city, not to use it as an area to be occupied, but merely as a resting-place upon which, like Jack of the Beanstalk, he may plant his ladder and climb to the regions above; or, perhaps, as a perch for his aeroplane from which he may wing his way to the celestial city. As yet, he requires more area to start him upon his flights than to erect his sky-scraper, but doubtless he will soon get over that and will combine the two upon a single mundane area, placing his air-line station at the summit of the sky-scraper, connecting it by express elevators with the street below. Then expect a new logarithmic series of real-estate values.

Already the United States government is embarrassed by the expansive force of the third dimension. A crisis is on in Alaska because the Administration hesitates about parceling out the public domain; and the Administration is hesitating mainly because of this perplexing third dimension, which tradition says must not be mentioned between friends, but which obtrudes itself in a very troublesome way into Alaskan land-titles. Doubtless the government will evolve some more effective way than has yet been found to fix vertical limits, differentiating superficial areas from subterranean volumes.

But it is not alone in distant Alaska that the owner of areas is appropriating volumes in a way to menace the public welfare. Already in our great cities the private owner has piled Pelion upon Ossa, stacking up humanity in tiers or layers, thrusting his possession upward like a telescope, until he has multiplied by fifty the area which he purchased. And as a direct result the public, which he has thus trapped in his compression-chamber, must seek an underground exhaust, must burrow its way in and out. And then the same proprietor stands with outstretched hand to demand toll of that public for traversing with its subterranean passages the vertical lines that connect his boundaries with the earth's centre, — lines which once we called imaginary, but which have now become veritable live wires, not to be trifled with. In New York City there are already five different levels of transportation, three of them subterranean, and the citizens are still building sky-scrapers that will require more. People who labor in columns must now travel in levels. They must be delivered from their human standpipes as the penny-in-the-slot machines deliver chewing-gum, in packages of a size to suit the outlet.

It would seem a sound principle, would it not, that no single freeholder should be permitted to occupy his land to a greater height or a greater depth than would be permissible for all others also to occupy theirs in a similar way? Consider now what would be the conditions in any of our large cities if the whole area were to be built up to the height and down to the depth of the loftiest buildings. If the owners of a single square mile were to build to a uniform height of fifty or thirty or even ten stories, what would be the human result? We speak of hives of industry, and here the figure would apply most aptly. There is nothing more analogous to such a mass of human cells than the cellular comb of the honey-bee, — unless indeed it be an inhabited cheese, for the distilled sweetness of these cells will not be honey. What fissures would streets be then! What a network of subterranean galleries would be necessary to make passage-way for travel in and out and between!

We have had in the Triangle fire an

illustration of what may happen to human beings trapped in these modern cages only a few stories off the earth, but no one has yet conceived what might happen if by some sudden catastrophe, affecting a larger area of those serried cells, their human occupants were suddenly to lose their organized purpose, or be bereft of that intelligent, controlling, individual motive which we depend upon to unravel the congestion of a great multitude and to distribute it to its scattered abiding places. If this piled-up mass of humanity were to have its individual destinations suddenly obscured, or its passage to them cut off, — what then would happen?

But the possible catastrophe is no more appalling than the less dramatic but no less tragic social results of such an artificial and extreme congestion. What are the consequences, political, ecnomic, social, moral, of the action of these strange suction-chambers, into which great volumes of humanity are drawn each day, as whales of some species draw sea-water into their maws only to force it out again through meshes which extract from it all its organic life? The most obvious effects, and those we hear most about are the awful slum conditions; the oppression of the poor; the sacrifice of the children; the surrender of political control to those who are willing to endure the stifling atmosphere, who have learned to live like parasites upon the mass of those submerged and smothered in it, who have no large interests at stake, and are responsible to nobody; the consequent inevitable struggle of the really large interests to protect themselves by irregular and pseudo-political means; the complexity of safeguarding laws for so dense a population, and the difficulty of consistent enforcement, or even of adequate inspection.

On the economic side, sky-scraping puts a fictitious value upon certain centrally located lands at the expense of suburban lands, making impossible any ownership by the resident, and consequently by the voter; compelling the busiest people to spend a great portion of their lives in traveling to and fro, and irritating the proletariat by aggravating the gross inequality of privilege of which they have already too many reminders.

It will be said that congestion of population is a necessary accompaniment of the modern development of commerce and industry. One may not confidently dispute this proposition, but one may be permitted to doubt it. Commerce and industry have a way of adapting themselves to the exigencies of human welfare and then discovering that the changes which they have resisted are after all favorable to themselves. The front vestibule for trolley cars, and the air-brake for freight trains, once stoutly opposed as impracticable, are now viewed with favor by the trolley management and the big railroads, and the latter are even beginning to acquire a thirst for rate-regulation. It is probable that commerce and industry would as readily adapt themselves to factories and office-buildings one or two stories in height and spreading wide upon the ground. But if congestion of business and of population is favorable to commerce and industry, there is ample evidence that it is unfavorable to human welfare; and as between human welfare and commerce and industry, the latter must one day yield.

II

Apart from these most obvious and well-recognized evils of congestion, more adequate consideration is due to its dehumanizing effect upon that well-to-do portion of the city population that lives in sumptuous barracks with-

in the city limits, as far removed from natural and normal conditions of life as are the soldiers in our forts; and upon that other and greater portion of the day-time denizens who are pumped in and pumped out every day, rushing like the tides through the Hell Gate of Park Street or Fourteenth Street. This is a travesty upon human life, to be herded like cattle in the stock-yards, awaiting the car; then to be packed like sheep into crowded compartments, the clean and the unclean, the drunk and the sober; to be shaken together and bruised and trodden upon. Yet thousands must go through this process twice a day, and thousands more must rush in and out on shopping or other dissipating quests. Think, not of the 'old terrific feminine suburban' of Holmes's phrase, but of the finer and gentler and sweeter feminine, her dainty finery bedraggled, dust-laden, and absurd, mingling with the sordid, grimy, nicotine-scented, alcohol-soaked masculine, — all frantically elbowing, scrambling, struggling, tussling for a place in the merry-go-round; and having secured the place, sitting or standing, with grim endurance, in foul air and painful posture, while the wheels speed them on between their feverish labor and their feverish sleep. This can but be productive of pessimism, and pessimism is humanly unwholesome.

But while this is the condition in every large city, — and even in conservative Boston men are burrowing ways out with all the desperation with which men once tunneled their way out of Southern prisons, — at this very juncture other men are proposing to set for Boston a new record in the way of sky-scraping, and thus to multiply the area to be served by the new subways before they are fairly begun.

Who, that is not already paralyzed, can stand and view the Vanity Fair of New York's sordid streets of an evening without a shudder? And who wants to see Boston follow in New York's footsteps? To heap up human beings one above the other, thirty or forty deep, and leave the public to provide a way of escape for the caged creatures is not only a menace to society, physically, socially, politically, but as a business proposition is absurd. If a man is forbidden to invite into his sky-parlor more patrons than his stairs will accommodate, why should he be permitted to invite into his graduated inferno more than his share of the street will accommodate?

The third dimension is the key to the problem of congestion. If buildings were on the average half as high, congestion would be reduced. If they were one fourth as high, it would be reduced more. The man who builds additional stories is thereby adding to the difficulties of the city's problem. Is the city receiving any compensating benefits?

Every added story imposes upon the public much the same burdens as does an equal expansion upon the surface. Why should it not bear its share of the burden as an abutter? It may be said that the added story does not compel the municipality to lengthen its streets as does an added lot upon the surface; but length is nowadays no measure of the expense of street maintenance. Streets are the areas set apart for purposes of intercommunication. They are still being laid out on the lines traditional from those simpler times when the only communication to be provided for was travel on foot or by horse-power. Not enough account has been taken of the vastly increased need of reserved space for other kinds of travel and for other purposes than travel.

Air and light and recreation; water-pipes, gas-pipes, sewer-pipes; telephone, telegraph, trolley and police and fire-alarm wires; automobiles and car-

tracks, all have been added in recent times to the functions of a street. All call for space, all are maintained by the public either by taxation or by those direct but no less certain methods of assessment which the temper of the times prefers to taxation. An expansion in one of these particulars usually involves an expansion in all. Upon all the second story makes the same demands as the first. It would seem axiomatic that when floor-spaces are multiplied by thirty or forty or fifty, more street space must be provided. The high building with its multiplied occupants is the cause of street congestion; and of the consequent demand for subways and elevated structures; it imposes the same wear upon pavements, the same necessity for tearing them up at frequent intervals, the same demand for larger trunk-lines of sewer and water and wire; it makes the same increased demand for police service, and brings much more than an equal stress on the building-inspection service and the fire-department service, not merely adding the difficult problem of its own protection, but complicating and making doubly difficult that of protecting all other buildings and their occupants.

It may seem that the public is spared the burden of maintaining such lines of intercommunication between the occupants of the several floors as would have to be established between the occupants of an equal number of surface lots. But even this is not clear. As already intimated, public burdens are not all levied in the tax-list. Just who ultimately pays for free elevator rides, free delivery, free samples, free trading-stamps, free lunch, is not easily determined; but no better explanation of the high cost of living has yet been given than that we, the public, are paying in this way for the countless services that seem to be rendered us without charge. When somebody succeeds in getting something for nothing, — that acme of success for which we are all ready to sacrifice our last dollar, — it is safe to infer that the public somehow pays the bill. And when interior service is plentiful and free, we may be sure that the exterior somehow makes up for it. There is little reason to believe that, from the public point of view, or from any point of view except that of private and localized greed, a city heaped up is more economical, more convenient, or more potentially effective, than a city spread out; or that free elevator service between floors is any less a public charge than would be free trolley service between blocks.

What effect lofty structures may have upon the public and private rights of the wider neighborhood as to air and sunlight, might be a profitable subject of research for the Sage Foundation. For the question how it shall secure light and air for its inmates is no more serious than how it obstructs the light and air of others. The enforced twilight of those deep gorges known as streets, and of buildings even some distance removed; the absence of sunshine with its purifying influence upon pavements and surrounding walls and apartments; the changed direction of winds and air-currents, said to be particularly and sometimes violently illustrated by the flutter of wind around the Flatiron Building in New York, and certainly to be anticipated from the standpoint of the seafaring man or the aviator, accustomed to study the deflecting and obstructing effects of cliffs and bluffs upon an element to which he commits life and limb, — all these have a subtle and obscure but an undoubted hygienic and sociological effect, and suggest that the invader of the air, like the builder of a breakwater, must be held to account for any disturbance he may cause in the balance of nature.

III

One other burden these abnormal structures throw upon the public, which it is only now beginning to shoulder. Beauty is coming to be recognized as a necessity of life, — a true factor of the abundant life, — instead of as a mere luxury for the leisure class. Even that portion of the public that does not accept this new appraisal has begun to take account of beauty as a commercial asset. The mirror is being held up to our cities as never before. The landscape architect is abroad in the land, and we hear of parks and boulevards and river-basins and water-fronts and sky-lines. It is time. The water-fronts of our American cities fairly reek, and the dainty craft that ply between them must needs hold up their skirts as they enter and retire. And now we are thrusting teeth into the sky-line. Nothing is more grotesque (unless it be the panoply of bespangled billboards with which Boston emblazons her approaches) than the semi-toothless grin with which New York greets the friendly visitor to her shores. In the absence of upper teeth to engage the straggling molars and protruding bicuspids that project upwards, their display is suggestive of a redolent cob-pipe which the dame seems momentarily to have taken from between them as she extends a grimy hand in welcome, meanwhile belching volumes of smoke from her hospitable throat.

Some Martian astronomer, observing our modest planet through his mighty telescope as New York's profile turns into view, may startle the scientists of that canal-bedecked orb with the discovery of one portion of our mundane sphere where the planking has been ripped off and the spikes left sticking in the timbers. Perhaps if he looks more closely he may find other proofs to confirm his hypothesis that Terra is inhabited on the inside and that here is a place with the lid off.

The public, the real public-spirited public, is beginning to wrestle with the hard problem of adorning municipal features and beautifying municipal life. To do this requires public possession of the air and public regulation of the sky-line. And when the summons does come to a city to awake and put on her beautiful garments, these huge excrescences stand ready to complicate and obstruct the task. Will the skyscraper then stand ready to bear his share of the burden, and be assessed as an abutter for the improvement of the sky-line?

Let us turn now to another phase of this vertical expansion of superficial titles. When this reconnaissance was planned, it contemplated a virgin field which seemed to promise scope for exercise upon certain humorous aspects of the new aerial traffic. But since that date, several state legislatures have come into the arena with proposed laws to regulate the navigation of the air, and have thus dulled the edge of the humor with which a new departure may propel itself. Indeed, the humorous aspects have apparently received too much attention, for the proposal to establish laws of the road for aerial craft has in some instances been treated with undue levity. It may be too early to establish such laws, but it is not too early to begin their consideration. Already the proprietors of greenhouses have sought by common-law measures to protect their property, and presumably the same measures are open for the protection of our persons to us who have no property.

Those of us who still plod our weary way upon the plebeian earth may not be so much interested in the regulations by which aeronauts shall be kept from interfering with one another. We are more concerned about us terres-

trial creatures — how we are to be protected from that shower of paper-bags, banana-peel, peanut-shells, and cigar-stubs with which the amiable American blazes his triumphant way; and from the occasional plunge of the aviator who moults his wings, or of the derelict craft that he may have abandoned in mid-air.

The regulations by which passing air-ships shall be governed when their paths intersect will present new problems, and one of those problems ought to impress upon us the value of a certain early invention which marked a long stride in civilization, and which has not received the recognition due it. The discovery of the law of right and left should be ranked with that of the mariner's compass or the law of gravitation. Here was a law, simple, understandable, applicable to both parties. When we meet, we may both turn to the right or both to the left, both to port or both to starboard, and not collide. We may both shout 'Gee,' or both shout 'Haw,' without danger of confusing each other's oxen, and we pass each other safely while both keeping to the same side as measured from the individual base-line. We can both go to the right or both to the left of each other, but we can't both hurdle over or both dip under each other. Here will be large room for confusion and perhaps for quarrel.

This, however, is a digression by way of meeting the advocates of regulation halfway, as the Massachusetts legislature ought to have done. We need not go farther into the air, for our topic ties us to the ground. We are dealing not with rights of way or regulation of the highway, but with who shall own the way, and how rights shall be secured. If the possessor of a few square feet of the earth's surface may demand toll of the wayfarer who tunnels under his feet, may he not equally demand it of the aviator who flits over his head, or even of the wireless operator who wings a message across the space which he claims the right to inclose in a sky-scraper as high as future invention may make possible? And so long as the present policy prevails, will it be possible to establish aerial highways without taking possession of those belts or zones of the earth's surface to which they are attached by this curious tradition of an unlimited third dimension in land-tenure. This may involve us in another canal zone.

If it is too early to lay down laws of the road for flying craft, it is not too early to consider whether squatter sovereignty shall prevail in taking possession of this new and hitherto unoccupied realm on whose frontier we are now encamped. Nor is it too early to look sharply to precedents now being established and claims now seeking recognition, which may be turned against the public when the time comes to determine the rights of the air.

For, once conceded, the right of the individual to inclose and fortify all the air-space that lies between his acreage and the zenith, and all the subterranean space that lies toward the nadir, may well loom up as a vested right to regulate the use of air and air-currents, to fix the conditions of passage through them, and to control all the radiations and emanations from them, when the public arrives at a clear comprehension of its own dependence upon the possession of the air. It is not too early to take possession of the air in the name of the public and to reserve it to the use of the public, as the ocean is now reserved. The high seas the public has thus far succeeded in holding as its own. And that public is the biggest public the world knows. Here is one piece of property belonging to no nation or kindred or tribe, but vested in

the population of the planet. The recognition of the high seas as the common possession of all the peoples of the earth is high-water mark in the recognition of the brotherhood of man. Upon the bosom of the sea, no man is a trespasser. The rights of all are equal. Shall it be so with the air, or shall that be parceled out, not merely as the land is, but as an appurtenance of the land or a perquisite of the land-holder?

IV

This paper was conceived somewhat whimsically. The writer proposed to sit on the bleachers with the reader, to point out some of what seemed to him the rather diverting features of the game under the new rules, and to inquire what was to happen when men should have to hang lanterns upon their flagstaffs and chimneys and roof-clothes-lines to warn the belated airman off, or to guide him on his fluttering way to his expectant and perhaps anxious roost; when land-owners must paint 'no trespass' signs in huge letters upon their roofs, to be read aloft, and boards of health should have to blazon their no-spitting rules over the face of our public parks in letters of light, such that the sky-pilot might read, and even the wayfaring man though a fool might not disregard, their warnings and threatened fines; when the police should flit in aeroplanes, and fire departments should hurl themselves through the air by gasoline.

But as thought rambled on, it has found itself growing serious, and has convinced one thinker, if it has not convinced others, that land-tenure should be limited to the surface, that the public should take possession of the air and the solid earth, and that individual enterprise, when it invades those realms, should do so under restrictions laid down by the public, and of such a nature as to conserve public interests and limit the tendency to congestion.

One need not be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, but need only have faith in human ideals, to predict that man will not submit to such conditions of life as are imposed by even moderately lofty buildings, or that, if he continues to erect buildings of more than two or three floors, he will insist upon streets or squares as wide as the buildings are high.

Some nine years ago a writer in the *Atlantic*, calling attention to this matter, advanced a theory that sky-scraping secreted its own antidote, that the obligation to preserve the necessary space for light and air would compel the owner of a lofty building to control a considerable area around it, and so would tend at the same time to compensate for some of the evils of sky-scraping and to fix a limit to it as a business enterprise.

This necessity for light and air certainly obtains. It is only another way of saying that such additional private inclosures, piled one above another, if they are to exist at all, must be accompanied by additional public space in due proportion, whether in streets and parks, or in areas occupied only by structures of low altitude.

Whether the proprietors of lofty buildings have indeed adopted the policy of purchasing or leasing adjacent areas for these purposes, or, relying upon the neighboring owners to appreciate equally with themselves the folly of erecting similar structures on adjoining lots, have merely adopted David Harum's policy of doing it first, the present writer does not profess to know. He is concerned only with the fact, thus early set forth, that the lofty building is in effect a trespasser upon public rights and the rights of the neighborhood, and can exist only upon sufferance.

The predicted reaction has not yet set in, and it is doubtful if the limit of height has yet been reached, or will be reached, so long as private profit alone is considered and the public waives its rights and consents to stand the burden. The public certainly has rights if it chooses to assert them.

Is there any reason that a man who takes possession of an area should be free to reproduce that area over and over, any more than that, having received a coin or a treasury note, he should be free to counterfeit it? Or that, possessing a small piece of land adjacent to a body of navigable air, he should be more free to make land out into that air than that, when his land adjoins a navigable stream, he should be free to make land out into that stream; or that, when a city has been laid out with streets properly proportioned to areas, he should be more free to expand those areas by duplicating them vertically, than to expand, in any other way, the areas to be approached by those streets without at the same time contributing land for the expansion of the streets themselves; or that the public, under whose eminent domain he holds a title defined in two dimensions, should need to concede to him any control of the solid earth through which that public must find passageway to and from his estate, so long as it in no way disturbs the foundation of any legitimate edifice erected upon his share of the earth's crust?

Of course, there are already certain perpendicular limits fixed by city ordinance, by building laws, or by administrative rules, but the best interests of society demand that there should be not only a limit, but repressive measures before that limit is reached. And to our friends of the Single Tax, who, preferring half a loaf to no bread, and finding their ideal of public ownership impracticable under present conditions, are offering the single tax as an approximation to the ideal, let us propose the question whether, when they carry their point of taxing only the area upon which improvements are made and not the improvements made thereon, the discs of area which the possessor has flung up into the air should not be taxed as areas, which they are, rather than as improvements, which they are not. Why, since the many-storied structure entails so much of social and economic evil, should it be regarded as in any real sense an improvement?

One grave defect in modern municipal administration lies in the failure to distinguish between what are improvements from the point of view of human welfare, and what are improvements only from the point of view of taxable value. The two are not necessarily identical. From the human standpoint it will some time be necessary, as it is even now desirable, to define the vertical dimension as well as the two horizontal dimensions in determining land-titles.

Modern invention has brought us to the frontiers of two vast domains of which man is certainly to take possession in the near future, and, indeed, of which he is already taking possession. The vested interests have begun to appropriate all that they can reach of these domains. They have already gone far in annexing, at the expense of the public, the subterranean and aerial hinterlands which adjoin their terrestrial possessions. It is time for the public not only to stake out its own claim in the unoccupied region, but, by defining the third dimension in land-tenure, to limit the extent to which terrestrial surfaces may be telescoped upward or downward, and converted into solid aerial or subterranean possessions.

THE ONE LEFT

BY E. V. LUCAS

I

He had become very ill, — could hardly move from where he lay; and she, who loved him, and was to have married him, and spent all her waking hours in thinking what she could do for him, persuaded him to have a telephone installed and brought to his bedside so that he and she could talk, and he could talk with others, too. Every night he rang her up and they had a long conversation; many times in the day also. Nothing, as it happened, could have saved his life, but this modern device lightened his last weeks.

His death, although it blasted her hopes, made no difference to her devotion. She merely installed his memory in the place of his rich personality and loved that. He, almost more than ever, was her standard. What he would have liked, she did; what he would have disliked, she left undone. Although dead, he swayed her utterly, and under his dominion she was equable and gentle, although broken at heart. She took all things as they came, since how could anything matter now that everything that mattered was over?

One perplexity only had power to trouble her, and that was the wonder, the amazement, the horror, not only that so much knowledge and kindliness and sympathy and all that made for the world's good and happiness should be so wantonly extinguished; but that no touch of the vanished hand should be permitted to the one soul (now left behind) with whom his soul had been fused. This she could neither understand nor forgive. Religious she had never been in the ordinary sense, although such religion as must sway a true idealistic lover was hers; but now she broke even from such slender ties as had held her to orthodoxy. She threw off the creed of her parents as naturally and simply as if it were a borrowed garment, and sank into her sorrow, which was also her joy, without another thought of here or hereafter.

So it went on for a year or so, during which time his house had remained empty, save for a caretaker, — for she (who was rich) could not bear that any one else should live there, — and his room exactly as he had died in it.

II

One evening she dined out. Her next neighbor on one side was a young American engineer, and in their conversation they came in time to the topic of invention and the curious aptitude for inventiveness shown by the American race. It was a case, said the engineer, of supply following demand; all Americans required time- and labor-saving appliances, and they obtained them. Where servants abounded and there was no servant problem, as in England and on the Continent, the need for such contrivances was not acute. And so on. The conversation thus begun reached at last specific inventions, and the engineer told of a remarkable one which had come under his notice just before he left New York.

'You will probably not believe me,' he said; 'the thing sounds incredible; but then who would have believed once that there could be a telegraph, and still less a telephone? Who would have believed that the camera would ever be anything but a dream? I will tell you what this is. It is a machine in which you insert a portion, no matter how small, of a telephone wire, and by turning a handle you compel this piece of wire to give back every message that has ever passed over it.'

She held her heart. 'This really exists?' she forced herself to ask.

'Actually,' said the engineer. 'But when I left home the inventor was in a difficulty. All the messages were coming out all right, but backwards. Naturally the reproduction would be from the most recent to the less recent. By writing down the words and then reversing them the investigator could of course get at what he was wanting, — I may say that the invention is for the New York police, — but my friend is convinced that he can devise some mechanical system of reversing at the time which will make the messages read forward as they should. Just think of the excitement of the detective, listening through all the voices and ordinary conversations on the wire for the one voice and the one sentence that will give him his long desired clue! — But are you ill?'

'No, no,' she said, although her face was a ghastly white, 'no, it is nothing. The room is a little hot. Tell me some more about your inventive friend. Is he wealthy?'

'Indeed, no,' said the engineer. 'That is his trouble. If he had more money, or if he had some rich backers who believed in him, he might do wonders.'

'I should like to help him,' she said. 'This kind of work interests me. Could you not cable him to come over and bring the thing with him? I would gladly finance him. I want some sporting outlet like that for my money.'

'Cable?'

'Yes, cable. There are things that one does by impulse or not at all. The butler here will get you a form.'

III

She had been to the empty house that day with an employee of the telephone company, and they had extracted a foot of the precious wire. A few minutes ago she had held it in her trembling fingers and placed it in the machine. Now she carefully locked the door and drew the heavy curtain over it and carried the machine to the farthest corner of the room. There, with a sigh of relief and tense and almost terrible anticipation, she sat down and placed her ear to the receiver and began to turn the handle.

His voice sounded at once: 'Are you there?' It was quite clear, so clear and unmistakable and actual that her hand paused on the handle and she bowed her throbbing head. She turned on; 'Are you there?' the familiar tones repeated. And then the reply, 'Yes, who is it?' in a woman's voice. Then he spoke again: 'Ernest,' he said. 'Is it Helen?' Again her hand paused. Helen, — that rubbishy little woman he had known all his life and was on such good terms with. She remembered now that she had been away when the telephone was installed and others had talked on it before her. It could not be helped: she had meant to be the first, but circumstances prevented. There must be many conversations before she came to her own; she would have to listen to them all. She turned on, and the laughing, chaffing conversation with this foolish little Helen person repeated itself out of the past now so tragic.

To other talks with other friends, and now and then with a tradesman, she had to listen; but at last came her hour.

'Is that you?' she heard her own voice saying, knowing it was her own rather by instinct than by hearing. 'Is that you? But I know it is. How distinctly you speak!'

'Yes, it's me' — and his soft vibrant laugh.

'How are you, dear?'

'Better, I hope.'

'Have you missed me?'

'Missed you!'

And then the endearments, the confidences, the hopes and fears, the plans for the morrow, the plans for all life. As she listened, the tears ran down her face, but still she turned on and on. Sometimes he was so hopeful and bright, and again so despairing.

She remembered the occasion of every word. Once she had dined out and had gone to the theatre. It was an engagement she could not well refuse. It was an amusing play and she was in good spirits. She rang him up between the acts and found him depressed. Hurrying home she had settled down to talk to him at her ease. How it all came back to her now!

'Are you there, my dearest?'

'Yes, but oh, so tired, so old!'

'It is a bad day. Every one has been complaining of tiredness to-day.'

'You say that because you are kind. Just to comfort me. It's no use. I can see so clearly, sometimes, I shall never get well — to-night I know it.'

'My darling, no.'

And then silence, — complete, terrifying.

She had rung up without effect. He had fainted, she thought, and had dropped the receiver. She was in a fever of agony. She leaped into a cab and drove to his house. The nurse reassured her; he had begun to sob and did not want her to know it, and now he was asleep.

But there was no sleep for her that night. What if he were right, — if he really knew? In her heart she feared that he did; with the rest of her she fought that fear.

As she listened, the tears ran down her face, but still she turned on and on. She sat there for hours before the last words came, the last he was ever to speak over the wire.

It was to make an engagement. He had rallied wonderfully at the end and was confident of recovery. She was to bring her modiste to his room at eleven o'clock the next morning with her patterns, that he might help in choosing her new dress. He had insisted on it, — the dress she was to wear on his first outing.

'At eleven,' he had said. 'Mind you don't forget. But then you never forget anything. Good-night once more, my sweet.'

'Good-night.'

She had never seen him again alive. He died before the morning.

She put the machine away and looked out of the window. The sun had risen. The sky was on fire with the promise of a beautiful day. Worn out, she fell asleep; to wake — to what? To such awakening as there is for those who never forget anything.

IV

Every night found her bending over the machine. She had learned now when not to listen. She had timed the reproduction absolutely, and watch in hand she waited until the other messages were done, and her own voice began. There was no condensing possible; one must either each time have every conversation or stop it. But how could she stop it before the end?

Locking the door and drawing the

heavy curtain, she would sit down in the far corner and begin to turn. She knew just how fast to turn for others; so slowly for herself. When the watch gave her the signal she would begin to listen.

'Is that you? Is that you? But I know it is. How distinctly you speak!'

'Yes, it 's me,' — and the soft vibrant laugh.

'How are you, dear?'

'Better, I hope.'

'Have you missed me?'

'Missed you!'

THE PENITENT

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I WILL come back and be a child,
And put away from me
The daring and the dancing wild,
The dreams that troubled thee.

I will come back and softer sing
And tell thee stories true,
And make thee many a lovely thing
From out our drouth and dew.

But when thou sleepest, I will run
And dance upon the sward,
And tell the moon how I have won
Thy praise for my reward;

And tell the moon how I must stay
A child, and dream no more
Such dreams as I have sought to say,
That tempted me so sore:

And tell the moon and tell the night
How I have put from me
All day — until the dim twilight —
The dreams that troubled thee!

A KINGDOM IN THE SLUMS

BY MARY ANTIN

I

WHAT happened next was Dover Street.

Outwardly, Dover Street is a noisy thoroughfare cut through a South End slum, in every essential the same as Wheeler Street. Turn down any street in the slums, at random, and name it what you will, you will still observe there the same fashions of life, death, and endurance. Every one of those streets is a rubbish-heap of damaged humanity, and it will take a wise surgeon to mend it.

Dover Street is intersected near its eastern end, where we lived, by Harrison Avenue. That street is to the South End what Salem Street is to the North End. It is the heart of the South End Ghetto, for the greater part of its length; although its northern end belongs to the realm of Chinatown. Its multifarious business bursts through the narrow shop-doors, and overruns the basements, the sidewalk, the street itself, in pushcarts and open-air stands. Its multitudinous population bursts through the greasy tenement doors, and floods the corridors, the doorsteps, the gutters, the side streets, pushing in and out among the pushcarts, all day long, and half the night besides.

Rarely as Harrison Avenue is caught asleep, still more rarely is it found clean. Nothing less than a fire or flood would cleanse this street. Even Passover cannot quite accomplish this feat. For although the tenements may be scrubbed to their remotest corners on this one occasion, the cleansing stops at the curbstone. A great deal of the filthy rubbish accumulated in a year is pitched into the street, often through the windows; and what the ash-man on his daily round does not remove, is left to be trampled to powder, in which form it steals back into the houses from which it was so lately dislodged.

We had no particular reason for coming to Dover Street. It might just as well have been Applepie Alley or Letterbox Lane. For my father had sold, with the goods, fixtures, and good-will of the Wheeler Street store, all his hopes of ever making a living in the grocery trade; and I doubt if he got a silver dollar the more for them. Still we had to live somewhere, even if we were not making a living, so we came to Dover Street, where tenements were cheap. By this I mean that the rent was low. The ultimate cost of life in those tenements, in terms of human happiness, is high enough.

Our new home consisted of five small rooms up two flights of stairs, with the right of way through the dark corridors. In the 'parlor' the dingy paper hung in rags, and the plaster fell in chunks. One of the bedrooms was absolutely dark and air-tight. The kitchen windows looked out on a dirty court, at the back of which was the rear tenement of the estate. To us belonged, along with the five rooms and the right of way aforesaid, a block of upper air the length of a pulley line across this court, and the width of an arc described

by a windy Monday's wash in its remotest wanderings.

The little front bedroom was assigned to me, with only one partner — my sister Dora. A mouse could not have led a cat much of a chase across this room; still we found space for a narrow bed, a crazy bureau, and a small table.

From the window there was an unobstructed view of a lumber-yard, beyond which frowned the blackened walls of a factory. The fence of the lumber-yard was gay with theatre-posters and illustrated advertisements of tobacco, whiskey, and patent baby-foods. When the window was open there was a constant clang and whirr of electric cars, varied by the screech of machinery, the clatter of empty wagons, and the rumble of heavy trucks.

There was nothing worse in all this than we had had before, since our exile from Crescent Beach; but I did not take the same delight in the propinquity of electric cars and arc lights that I had at first. I suppose the tenement began to pall on me.

It must not be supposed that I enjoyed any degree of privacy because I had half a room to myself. We were seven in the five rooms; we were bound to be always in each other's way. And as it was within our flat, so it was in the house as a whole. All doors, beginning with the street door, stood open most of the time; or if they were closed, the tenants did not wear out their knuckles knocking for admittance.

I could stand at any time in the unswept entrance hall and tell, from an analysis of the medley of sounds and smells that issued from doors ajar, what was going on in the several flats, from below up. That guttural, scolding voice, unremittent as the hissing of a steampipe, is Mrs. Rasnosky. I make a guess that she is chastising the infant Isaac for taking a second lump of sugar in his tea. *Spam, bam!* yes, and she is rubbing in her objections with the flat of her hand. That blubbering and moaning, accompanying an elephantine tread, is fat Mrs. Casey, second floor, home drunk from an afternoon out, in fear of the vengeance of Mr. Casey; to propitiate whom she is burning a pan of bacon, as the choking fumes and outrageous sizzling testify. I hear a feeble whining, interrupted by long silences. It is that scabby baby on the third floor, fallen out of bed again, with nobody at home to pick him up.

To escape from these various horrors I ascend to the roof, where bacon and babies and child-beating are not. But there I find two figures in calico wrappers, with bare red arms akimbo, a basket of wet clothes in front of each, and only one empty clothes-line between them. I do not want to be dragged in as a witness in a case of assault and battery, so I go down to the street again, grateful to note, as I pass, that the third-floor baby is still.

In front of the door I squeeze through a group of children. They are going to play tag, and are counting to see who should be 'it': —

My-mother-and-your-mother-went-out-to-hang-clothes;
My-mother-gave - your-mother-a-punch-in - the-nose.

If the children's couplet does not give a vivid picture of the life, manners, and customs of Dover Street, no description of mine can ever do so.

Frieda was married before we came to Dover Street, and went to live in East Boston. This left me the eldest of the children at home. Whether on this account, or because I was outgrowing my childish carelessness, or because I began to believe, on the cumulative evidence of the Crescent Beach, Chelsea, and Wheeler Street adventures, that America, after all, was not

going to provide for my father's family — whether for any or all of these reasons, I began at this time to take bread-and-butter matters more to heart, and to ponder ways and means of getting rich.

My father sought employment wherever work was going on. His health was poor; he aged very fast. Nevertheless he offered himself for every kind of labor; he offered himself for a boy's wages. Here he was found too weak, here too old; here his imperfect English was in the way, here his Jewish appearance. He had a few short terms of work at this or that; I do not know the name of the form of drudgery that my father did not practice. But, all told, he did not earn enough to pay the rent in full and buy a bone for the soup. The only steady source of income, for I do not know how many years, was my brother's earnings from his newspapers.

Surely this was the time for me to take my sister's place in the workshop. I had had every fair chance until now: school, my time to myself, liberty to run and play and make friends. I had graduated from grammar school; I was of legal age to go to work. What was I doing — sitting at home and dreaming?

I was minding my business, of course; with all my might I was minding my business. As I understood it, my business was to go to school, to learn everything there was to know, to write poetry, become famous, and make the family rich. Surely it was not shirking to lay out such a programme as that for myself. I had boundless faith in my future. I was certainly going to be a great poet; I was certainly going to take care of the family.

My self-confidence was fed by the undiminished enthusiasm of the family in my cause. Since Graduation Day and its triumphs, my father's ambition for me had soared to such a height that he determined to keep me in school till I was prepared for college, when, he was sure, I could take care of myself; and there was no one to dispute the wisdom or justice of this course.

When it was time for me to choose a school, I made a memorable excursion into the suburbs, to interview Mr. Tuttle, at that time the principal of both the Girls' Latin and High Schools. In a matter so important as the choice of a school, I could not consider the advice of a lesser man.

II

A new life began for me when I entered the Latin School in September. Until then I had gone to school with my equals, and as a matter of course. Now it was distinctly a feat for me to keep in school, and my schoolmates were socially so far superior to me that my poverty became conspicuous. By these tokens I should have had serious business on my hands as a pupil in the Latin School, but I did not find it hard.

To make myself at home in an alien world was within my talents; I had been practising it day and night for the past four years. To remain unconscious of my shabby and ill-fitting clothes when the rustle of silk petticoats in the schoolroom protested against them was a matter still within my moral reach. Half a dress a year had been my allowance for many seasons; even less, for as I did not grow much I could wear my dresses almost indefinitely. And I had stood before editors, and exchanged polite calls with my teachers, untroubled by the detestable colors and archaic design of my garments. To stand up and recite Latin declensions without trembling from hunger was something more of a feat, because I sometimes went to

school with little or no breakfast; but even that required no special heroism; at most it was a matter of self-control. I had the advantage of a poor appetite, too; I really did not need much breakfast. Or if I was hungry it would hardly show; I coughed so much that my unsteadiness was self-explained.

Everything helped, you see. My schoolmates helped. Aristocrats though they were, they did not hold themselves aloof from me. Some of the girls who came to school in carriages were especially cordial. They rated me by my scholarship, and not by my father's occupation. They teased and admired me by turns for learning the foot-notes in the Latin grammar by heart; they never reproached me for my ignorance of the latest comic opera. And it was more than good breeding that made them seem unaware of the incongruity of my presence: it was a generous appreciation of what it meant for a girl from the slums to be in the Latin School, on the way to college. If our intimacy ended on the steps of the school-house, it was more my fault than theirs. Most of the girls were democratic enough to have invited me to their homes, although to some, of course, I was 'impossible.' But I had no time for visiting: schoolwork and reading and family affairs occupied all the day-time, and much of the night-time.

I rarely was in a mood to care whether my neighbors spurned or embraced me. My own life sufficed me. Everything of consequence was well with me. Poverty was a superficial, temporary matter; it vanished at the touch of money. Money in America was plentiful; it was only a matter of getting some of it, and I was on my way to the mint. If Dover Street was not a pleasant place to abide in, it was only a wayside house. And I was really happy, actively happy, in the exercise of my mind in Latin, mathematics, history, and the rest; the things that satisfy a studious girl in the middle teens.

From sunrise to sunset the day was long enough for many things besides school, which occupied five hours. There was time for me to try to earn my living; or at least the rent of our tenement. Rent was a standing trouble. We were always behind, and the landlady was always very angry; so I was particularly ambitious to earn the rent.

I had had one or two poems published since the celebrated eulogy of George Washington, but nobody had paid for my poems — yet. I was coming to that, of course, but in the meantime I could not pay the rent with my writing. To be sure, my acquaintance with men of letters gave me an opening. A friend of mine introduced me to a slightly literary lady, who introduced me to the editor of the Boston *Searchlight*, who offered me a generous commission for subscriptions to his paper.

If our rent was three and one half dollars per week, payable on strong demand, and the annual subscription to the *Searchlight* was one dollar, and my commission was fifty per cent, how many subscribers did I need? How easy! Seven subscribers a week — one a day! Anybody could do that. Mr. James, the editor, said so. He said I could get two or three any afternoon, between the end of school and supper. If I worked all Saturday — my head went dizzy computing the amount of my commissions. It would be rent, and shoes, and bonnets, — everything for everybody.

Bright and early one Saturday morning in the fall I started out canvassing: in my hand a neatly folded copy of the *Searchlight;* in my heart faith in my lucky star and good-will toward all the world.

I began with one of the great office buildings on Tremont Street, as Mr. James had advised. The first half hour I lost, wandering through the corridors, reading the names on the doors. There were so many people in the same office, how should I know, when I entered, which was Wilson & Reed, Solicitors, and which C. Jenkins Smith, Mortgages and Bonds? I decided that it did not matter: I would call them all 'Sir.'

I selected a door and knocked. After waiting some time, I knocked a little louder. The building buzzed with noise — swift footsteps echoed on the stone floors, snappy talk broke out with the opening of every door, bells tinkled, elevators hummed — no wonder they did not hear me knock. But I noticed that other people went in without knocking, so after a while I did the same.

There were several men and two women in the small, brightly-lighted room. They were all busy. It was very confusing. Should I say 'Sir' to the roomful?

'Excuse me, sir,' I began. That was a very good beginning, I felt sure, but I must speak louder. Lately my voice had been poor in school — gave out, sometimes, in the middle of a recitation. I cleared my throat, but I did not need to repeat myself. The back of the bald head that I had addressed revolved and presented its complement, a bald front.

'Will you — would you like — I'd like —'

I stared in dismay at the bald gentleman, unable to recall a word of what I meant to say; and he stared in impatience at me.

'Well, well!' he snapped. 'What is it? What is it?'

That reminded me.

'It's the Boston *Searchlight*, sir. I take sub —'

'Take it away—take it away. We're busy here.'

He waved me away over his shoulder, the back of his head once more presented to me.

I stole out of the room in great confusion. Was that the way I was going to be received? Why, Mr. James had said nobody would hesitate to subscribe. It was the best paper in Boston, the *Searchlight*, and no business man could afford to be without it. I must have made some blunder. *Was* 'Mortgages and Bonds' a business? I'd never heard of it, and very likely I had spoken to C. Jenkins Smith. I must try again — of course I must try again.

I selected a real estate-office next. A real-estate broker, I knew for certain, was a business man. Mr. George A. Hooker must be just waiting for the Boston *Searchlight*.

Mr. Hooker was indeed waiting, and he was telling 'Central' about it. 'Yes, Central; waiting, waiting — What? — Yes, yes; ring *four* — What's that? — Since when? — Why did n't you say so at first, then, instead of keeping me on the line — What? — Oh, is that so? Well, never mind this time, Central. — I see, I see. — All right.'

I had become so absorbed in this monologue, that when Mr. Hooker swung around on me in his revolving chair I was startled, feeling that I had been caught eavesdropping. I thought he was going to reproach me, but he only said, 'What can I do for you, miss?'

Encouraged by his forbearance, I said, —

'Would you like to subscribe to the Boston *Searchlight*, sir?' — 'Sir' was safer, after all. — 'It's a dollar a year.'

I was supposed to say that it was the best paper in Boston, and so forth but Mr. Hooker did not look interested, though he was not cross.

'No, thank you, miss; no new papers for me. Excuse me, I am very busy.' And he began to dictate to a stenographer.

Well, that was not so bad. Mr. Hooker was at least polite. I must try to make a better speech next time.

I stuck to real estate now. O'Lair & Kennedy were both in, in my next office, and both apparently enjoying a minute of relaxation, tilted back in their chairs behind a low railing. Said I, determined to be business-like at last, and addressing myself to the whole firm, —

'Would you like to subscribe to the Boston *Searchlight?* It's a very good paper. No business man can afford it — afford to be without it, I mean. It's only a dollar a year.'

Both men smiled at my break, and I smiled too. I wondered would they subscribe separately, or would they take one copy for the firm.

'The Boston *Searchlight,*' repeated one of the partners. 'Never heard of it. Is that the paper you have there?'

He unfolded the paper I gave him, looked it over, and handed it to his partner.

'Ever heard of the *Searchlight,* O'Lair? What do you think — can we afford to be without it?'

'I guess we'll make out somehow,' replied Mr. O'Lair, handing me back my paper. 'But I'll buy this copy of you, miss,' he added, from second thoughts.

'And I'll go partner on the bargain,' said Mr. Kennedy.

But I objected.

'This is a sample,' I said. 'I don't sell single papers. I take subscriptions for the year. It's one dollar.'

'And no business man can afford it, you know.'

Mr. Kennedy winked as he said it, and we all smiled again. It would have been stupid not to see the joke.

'I'm sorry I can't sell you my sample,' I said, with my hand on the door-knob.

'That's all right, my dear,' said Mr. Kennedy, with a gracious wave of the hand. And his partner called after me, 'Better luck next door!'

Well, I was getting on! The people grew friendlier all the time. But I skipped 'next door.' It was 'Mortgages and Bonds.' I tried 'Insurance.'

'The best paper in Boston, is it?' remarked Mr. 'Thos.' F. Dix, turning over my sample. 'And who told you that, young lady?'

'Mr. James,' was my prompt reply.

'Who is Mr. James? — The *editor!* Oh, I see. And do you also think the *Searchlight* the best paper in Boston?'

'I don't know, sir. I like the *Herald* much better, and the *Transcript.*'

At that Mr. Dix laughed. 'That's right,' he said. 'Business is business, but you tell the truth. One dollar, is it? Here you are. My name is on the door. Good-day.'

I think that I spent twenty minutes copying the name and room number from the door. I did not trust myself to read plain English. What if I made a mistake, and the *Searchlight* went astray, and good Mr. Dix remained unilluminated? He had paid for the year; it would be dreadful to make a mistake.

Emboldened by my one success, I went into the next office without considering the kind of business announced on the door. I tried brokers, lawyers, contractors, and all, just as they came around the corridor. But I copied no more addresses. Most of the people were polite. Some men waved me away, like C. Jenkins Smith. Some looked impatient at first, but excused themselves politely in the end. Almost everybody said, 'We're busy here,' as if they suspected I wanted them to read a whole year's issue of the *Search-*

light at once. At last one man told me he did not think it was a nice business for a girl, going through the offices like that.

This took me aback. I had not thought anything about the nature of the business. I only wanted the money to pay the rent. I wandered through miles of stone corridors, unable to see why it was not a nice business, and yet reluctant to go on with it, with the doubt in my mind. Intent on my new problem, I walked into a messenger boy; and looking back to apologize to him, I collided softly with a cushion-shaped gentleman getting out of an elevator.

I was making up my mind to leave the building forever, when I saw an office door standing open. It was the first open door I had come across since morning, — it was past noon now, — and it was a sign to me to keep on. I must not give up so easily.

Mr. Frederick A. Strong was alone in the office, surreptitiously picking his teeth. He heard me out good-naturedly.

'How much is your commission, if I may ask?' It was the first thing he had said.

'Fifty cents, sir.'

'Well, I'll tell you what I will do. I don't care to subscribe, but here's a quarter for you.'

If I did not blush, it was because it is not my habit, but all of a sudden I choked. A lump jumped into my throat; almost the tears were in my eyes. That man was right who said it was not nice to go through the offices. I was taken for a beggar: a stranger offered me money for nothing.

I could not say a word. I started to go out. But Mr. Strong jumped up and prevented me.

'Oh, don't go like that!' he cried. 'I did n't mean to offend you; upon my word, I did n't. I beg your pardon. I did n't know — you see — Won't you sit down a minute to rest? That's kind of you.'

Mr. Strong was so genuinely repentant that I could not refuse him. Besides, I felt a little weak. I had been on my feet since morning, and had had no lunch. I sat down, and Mr. Strong talked. He showed me a picture of his wife and little girl, and said I must go and see them some time. Pretty soon I was chatting too, and I told Mr. Strong about the Latin School; and of course he asked me if I was French, the way people always did when they wanted to say that I had a foreign accent. So we got started on Russia, and had such an interesting time that we both jumped up, surprised, when a fine young lady in a beautiful hat came in to take possession of the idle typewriter.

Mr. Strong introduced me very formally, thanked me for an interesting hour, and shook hands with me at the door. I did not add his name to my short subscription list, but I counted it a greater triumph that I had made a friend.

It would have been seeking an anticlimax to solicit any more in the building. I went out, into the roar of Tremont Street, and across the Common, still green and leafy. I rested a while on a bench, debating where to go next. It was past two by the clock on Park Street Church. I had had a long day already, but it was too early to quit work, with only one half dollar of my own in my pocket. It was Saturday — in the evening the landlady would come. I must try a little longer.

I went out along Columbus Avenue, a popular route for bicyclists at that time. The bicycle stores all along the way looked promising to me. The people did not look so busy as they did in the office building; they would at least be polite.

They were not particularly rude, but

they did not subscribe. Nobody wanted the *Searchlight*. They had never heard of it — they made jokes about it — they did not want it at any price.

I began to lose faith in the paper myself. I got tired of the name *Searchlight*. I began to feel dizzy. I stopped going into the stores. I walked straight along, looking at nothing. I wanted to go back, go home, but I would n't. I felt like doing myself spite. I walked right along, straight as the avenue ran. I did not know where it would lead me. I did not care. Everything was horrid. I would go right on until night. I would get lost. I would fall in a faint on a strange doorstep, and be found dead in the morning, and be pitied.

Would n't that be interesting! The adventure might even end happily. I might faint at the door of a rich old man's house, who would take me in, and order his housekeeper to nurse me, just like in the story-books. In my delirium — of course I would have a fever — I would talk about the landlady, and how I had tried to earn the rent; and the old gentleman would wipe his spectacles for pity. Then I would wake up, and ask plaintively, 'Where am I?' And when I got strong, after a delightfully long convalescence, the old gentleman would take me to Dover Street — in a carriage! — and we would all be reunited, and laugh and cry together. The old gentleman, of course, would engage my father as his steward, on the spot, and we would all go to live in one of his houses, with a garden around it.

I walked on, and on, gleefully aware that I had not eaten since morning. Was n't I beginning to feel shaky? Yes; I should certainly faint before long. But I did n't like the houses I passed. They did not look fit for my adventure. I must keep up till I reached a better neighborhood.

Anybody who knows Boston knows how cheaply my adventure ended. Columbus Avenue leads out to Roxbury Crossing. When I saw that the houses were getting shabbier, instead of finer, my heart sank. When I came out on the noisy, thrice-commonplace street-car centre, my spirit collapsed utterly.

I did not swoon. I woke up from my foolish, childish dream with a shock. I was disgusted with myself, and frightened besides. It was evening now, and I was faint and sick in good earnest, and I did not know where I was. I asked a starter at the transfer station the way to Dover Street, and he told me to hop on a car that was just coming in.

'I'll walk,' I said, 'if you will please tell me the shortest way.'

How could I spend five cents out of the little I had made?

But the starter discouraged me.

'You can't walk it before midnight — the way you look, my girl. Better get on that car before it goes.'

I could not resist the temptation. I rode home in the car, and felt like a thief when I paid the fare. Five cents gone to pay for my folly!

I was grateful for a cold supper; thrice grateful to hear that Mrs. Hutch, the landlady, had been and gone, content with two dollars that my father had brought home.

III

Mrs. Hutch seldom succeeded in collecting the full amount of their rents from her tenants. I suppose that made the book-keeping complicated, which must have been wearing on her nerves; and hence her temper. We lived, on Dover Street, in fear of her temper. Saturday had a distinct quality about it, derived from the imminence of Mrs. Hutch's visit. Of course

I awoke on Saturday morning with the no-school feeling; but the grim thing that leaped to its feet and glowered down on me, while the rest of my consciousness was still yawning on its back, was the Mrs.-Hutch-is-coming-and-there's-no-rent feeling.

The landlady, of course, was only one symptom of the disease of poverty, but there were times when she seemed to me the sharpest tooth of the gnawing canker. Surely as sorrow trails behind sin, Saturday evening brought Mrs. Hutch. The landlady did not trail. Her movements were anything but impassive. She climbed the stairs with determination, and landed at the top with emphasis. Her knock on the door was clear, sharp, unfaltering; it was impossible to pretend not to hear it. Her 'good-evening' announced business; her manner of taking a chair suggested the throwing down of the gauntlet.

Invariably she asked for my father, calling him Mr. Anton, and refusing to be corrected; almost invariably he was not at home — was out looking for work. Had he left her the rent? My mother's gentle 'no, ma'am' was the signal for the storm. I do not want to repeat what Mrs. Hutch said. It would be hard on her, and hard on me. She grew red in the face; her voice grew shriller with every word. My poor mother hung her head where she stood; the children stared from their corners; the frightened baby cried. The angry landlady rehearsed our sins like a prophet foretelling doom. We owed so many weeks' rent; we were too lazy to work; we never intended to pay; we lived on others; we deserved to be put out without warning. She reproached my mother for having too many children; she blamed us all for coming to America. She enumerated her losses through non-payment of her rents; told us that she did not collect the amount of her taxes; showed us how our irregularities were driving a poor widow to ruin.

My mother did not attempt to excuse herself, but when Mrs. Hutch began to rail against my father, she tried to put in a word in his defense. The landlady grew all the shriller at that, and silenced my mother impatiently. Sometimes she addressed herself to me. I always stood by, if I was at home, to give my mother the moral support of my dumb sympathy. I understood that Mrs. Hutch had a special grudge against me, because I did not go to work as a cash-girl and earn three dollars a week. I wanted to explain to her how I was preparing myself for a great career, and I was ready to promise her the payment of the arrears as soon as I began to get rich. But the landlady would not let me put in a word. And I was sorry for her, because she seemed to be having such a bad time.

At last Mrs. Hutch got up to leave, marching out as determinedly as she had marched in. At the door she turned, in undiminished wrath, to shoot her parting dart: —

'And if Mr. Anton does not bring me the rent on Monday, I will serve a notice to quit on Tuesday, without fail.'

We breathed when she was gone. My mother wiped away a few tears, and went to the baby, crying in the windowless, air-tight room.

I was the first to speak.

'Is n't she queer, mamma?' I said. 'She never remembers how to say our name. She insists on saying *Anton* — *Anton*. Celia, say *Anton*.' And I made the baby laugh by imitating the landlady, who had made her cry.

But when I went to my little room I did not mock Mrs. Hutch. I thought about her, thought long and hard, and to a purpose. I decided that she must hear me out once. She must under-

stand about my plans, my future, my good intentions. It was too irrational to go on like this, we living in fear of her, she in distrust of us. If Mrs. Hutch would only trust me, and the tax-collectors would trust her, we could all live happily forever.

I was the more certain that my argument would prevail with the landlady, if only I could make her listen, because I understood her point of view. I even sympathized with her. What she said about the babies, for instance, was not all unreasonable to me. There was this last baby, my mother's sixth, born on Mrs. Hutch's premises — yes, in the windowless, air-tight bedroom. Was there any need of this baby? When May was born, two years earlier, on Wheeler Street, I had accepted her; after a while I even welcomed her. She was born an American, and it was something to me to have one genuine American relative. I had to sit up with her the whole of her first night on earth, and I questioned her about the place she came from, and so we got acquainted. As my mother was so ill that my sister Frieda, who was nurse, and the doctor from the dispensary had all they could do to take care of her, the baby remained in my charge a good deal, and so I got used to her. But when Celia came I was two years older, and my outlook was broader; I could see around a baby's charms, and discern the disadvantages of possessing the baby. I was supplied with all kinds of relatives now — I had a brother-in-law and an American-born nephew, who might become a president. Moreover, I knew that there was not enough to eat before the baby's advent, and she did not bring any supplies with her that I could see. The baby was one too many. I resented her existence. I recorded my resentment in my journal.

I was pleased with my broad-mindedness, that enabled me to see all sides of the baby question. I could regard even the rent question disinterestedly, like a philosopher reviewing natural phenomena. It seemed not unreasonable that Mrs. Hutch should have a craving for the rent as such. A schoolgirl dotes on her books, a baby cries for its rattle, and a landlady yearns for her rents. I could easily believe that it was doing Mrs. Hutch spiritual violence to withhold the rent from her; and hence the vehemence with which she pursued the arrears.

Yes, I could analyze the landlady very nicely. I was certainly qualified to act as peacemaker between her and my family. But I must go to her own house, and *not* on a rent day. Saturday evening, when she was embittered by many disappointments, was no time to approach her with diplomatic negotiations. I must go to her house on a days of good omen.

And I went, as soon as my father could give me a week's rent to take along. I found Mrs. Hutch in the gloom of a long, faded parlor. Divested of the ample black coat and widow's bonnet in which I had always seen her, her presence would have been less formidable, had I not been conscious that I was a mere rumpled sparrow fallen into the lion's den. When I had delivered the money, I should have begun my speech; but I did not know what came first of all there was to say. While I hesitated, Mrs. Hutch observed me. She noticed my books, and asked about them.

I thought this was my opening, and I showed her eagerly my Latin grammar, my geometry, my Virgil. I began to tell her how I was to go to college, to fit myself to write poetry, and get rich, and pay the arrears. But Mrs. Hutch cut me short at the mention of college. She broke out with her old reproaches, and worked herself into a

worse fury than I had ever witnessed before.

I was all alone in the tempest, and a very old lady was sitting on a sofa, drinking tea; and the tidy on the back of the sofa was sliding down.

I was so bewildered by the suddenness of the onslaught, I felt so helpless to defend myself, that I could only stand and stare at Mrs. Hutch. She kept on railing without stopping for breath, repeating herself over and over. At last I ceased to hear what she said; I became hypnotized by the rapid motions of her mouth. Then the moving tidy caught my eye, and the spell was broken. I went over to the sofa with a decided step, and carefully replaced the tidy.

It was now the landlady's turn to stare, and I stared back, surprised at my own action. The old lady also stared, her teacup suspended under her nose. The whole thing was so ridiculous! I had come on such a grand mission, ready to dictate the terms of a noble peace. I was met with anger and contumely; the dignity of the ambassador of peace rubbed off at a touch, like the golden dust from the butterfly's wing. I took my scolding like a meek child; and then, when she was in the middle of a trenchant phrase, her eye fixed daggerlike on mine, I calmly went to put the enemy's house in order! It was ridiculous, and I laughed.

Immediately I was sorry. I wanted to apologize, but Mrs. Hutch did n't give me a chance. If she had been harsh before, she was terrific now. Did I come there to insult her? she wanted to know. Was n't it enough that I and my family lived on her, that I must come to her on purpose to rile her with my talk about college — *college!* these beggars! — and laugh in her face? 'What did you come for? Who sent you? Why do you stand there staring? Say something! *College!* these beggars! And do you think I'll keep you till you go to college? *You*, learning geometry! Did you ever figure out how much rent your father owes me? You are all too lazy — Don't say a word! Don't speak to me! Coming here to laugh in my face! I don't believe you can say one sensible word. *Latin* — and *French!* Oh, these beggars! You ought to go to work, if you know enough to do one sensible thing. *College!* Go home and tell your father never to send you again. Laughing in my face — and staring! Why don't you say something? How old are you?'

Mrs. Hutch actually stopped, and I jumped into the pause.

'I'm seventeen,' I said quickly, 'and I feel like seventy.'

This was too much, even for me who had spoken. I had not meant to say the last. It broke out, like my wicked laugh. I was afraid, if I stayed any longer, Mrs. Hutch would have the apoplexy; and I felt that I was going to cry. I moved toward the door, but the landlady got in another speech before I had escaped.

"Seventeen — seventy! And looks like twelve! The child is silly. Can't even tell her own age. No wonder, with her Latin, and French, and —'

I did cry when I got outside, and I did n't care if I was noticed. What was the use of anything? Everything I did was wrong. Everything I tried to do for Mrs. Hutch turned out bad. I tried to sell papers, for the sake of the rent, and nobody wanted the *Searchlight*, and I was told it was not a nice business. I wanted to take her into my confidence, and she would n't hear a word, but scolded and called me names. She was an unreasonable, ungrateful landlady. I wished she *would* put us out; then we should be rid of her. — But was n't it funny about that tidy? What made me do that? I never meant to. Curi-

ous, the way we sometimes do things we don't want to at all. — The old lady must be deaf; she did n't say anything all that time. — Oh, I have a whole book of the *Æneid* to review, and it's getting late. I must hurry home.

It was impossible to remain despondent long. The landlady came only once a week, I reflected as I walked, and the rest of the time I was surrounded by friends. Everybody was good to me at home, of course, and at school; and there was Miss Dillingham, and her friend who took me out in the country to see the autumn leaves, and her friend's friend who lent me books, and Mr. Charles, who put my poems in the *Transcript*, and gave me books almost every time I came, and a dozen others who did something good for me all the time, besides the several dozen who wrote me such nice letters. No, a single landlady could not spoil a world so fair as mine.

[The story of Mary Antin will be concluded in the April number. — The Editors.]

THE PERSISTENCE OF RELIGION

BY GEORGE HODGES

There is a theory which finds the spire of the New England meeting-house in the mountain peaks of Arabia.

Tracing back the process of evolution, we come first to London, where the clean sweep of the Great Fire gave Sir Christopher Wren his opportunity to experiment in steeples; and then to Venice, where the campanile is a shining example of a tower beside a church but separate from it; and then to Alexandria, where the famous lighthouse on the isle of Pharos contributed to the religion of Mohammed both the form and the name of the minaret; and then to the 'Tower of Babel' at Borsippa, and the *zikkurats* of the temples of Babylonia and Assyria. A zikkurat is a huge quadrangular mass of brick, rising in diminishing stories, — as a child places a big block on the floor, and puts a smaller one on it, and on that a smaller still, — and is ascended by a winding balustraded stair to a shrine on top.

This, according to the theory was the ritual equivalent of a mountain.

Into the flat lands between the Tigris and Euphrates came the ancestors of the Babylonians and Assyrians out of the mountains of Arabia. There they had worshiped the storm-god, who dwelt upon the heights among the clouds; with whom they communed, like Moses, by climbing up and making their offerings and saying their prayers upon the summit. And because there were no mountains in their new country, they erected beside every temple a little mountain in the yard. Thus the zikkurat, and then the minaret, and then the campanile, and then the steeple of the parish church!

Professor Jastrow suggests this explanation of the origin of church spires in his *Religious Belief in Babylonia and*

Assyria![1] The theory is but a minor incident in an illuminating book, like the suggestion of Professor Carter in his *Religious Life of Ancient Rome*,[2] that the lack of bath-tubs in English houses in the period of the Georges was due to the action of Witigis, King of the Goths, in cutting the aqueducts of Rome when he besieged that city in the sixth century. The aqueducts being cut, the Roman habit of bathing ceased; and since Rome prescribed the fashions of Europe, the Germans, the Franks, and finally the English, learned a civilization in which the bath had ceased to be a luxury and had become an infrequent necessity. Whether the theory is capable of proof or not, the fact remains that the present grows like that out of the past. Thus the spire becomes a convenient symbol of the persistence of religion.

The word which Bergson uses in his *Creative Evolution*[3] is not persistence, but duration. This denotes not merely a lapse of time but a continuous contribution to progress. Bergson finds that time is an integral factor of life. It both implies and produces change. The duration of religion signifies an everlasting reality which is forever changing. It means that the fact of change, instead of discrediting religion, shows the kinship of religion with all living things. It is expressed now in the peak of a mountain on which it builds an altar, and now in the tip of a steeple to which it fastens a cross, and through all differences endures and grows.

Bergson says that 'our intellect, in the narrow sense of the word, is intended to secure the perfect fitting of our body to its environment.' Meanwhile, our soul is endeavoring to bring to adequate realization and expression the relation between man and God. One of these processes results in the gradual development of civilization, whereby we are fitted to the conditions of the visible world. The other process results in the gradual development of religion, whereby we are fitted to the conditions of the invisible world. Religion, therefore, is one aspect of that unfolding life of which the other aspect is civilization. Like civilization, it proceeds out of the imperfect by a series of experiments. Some of these experiments fail, a few succeed; but the failures are almost as important as the successes, and make almost as valuable a contribution to religious betterment. Thus fetichism and polytheism and pantheism were experiments in religion, as absolute monarchy and slavery and the feudal system were experiments in civilization.

This doctrine of duration is opposed to the theory of a closed universe. Thus Bergson rejects two current explanations of the world.

The explanation which he calls mechanism affirms that the world in all its possible developments was contained in the primordial cosmic vapor, so that a 'sufficient intellect,' examining that vapor before the beginning of time, could have accurately foreseen what animals would be found in the woods of England in 1869, — that being the year in which Huxley made the statement. Bergson says that in such a doctrine time is indeed still spoken of, but without serious meaning. 'One hears the word, but does not think of the thing. For time is here deprived of efficacy, and if it *does* nothing it *is* nothing.'

The explanation which he calls finalism affirms that the world is being

[1] *Religious Belief in Babylonia and Assyria.* By Morris Jastrow, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] *The Religious Life of Ancient Rome.* By Jesse Benedict Carter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *Creative Evolution.* By Henri Louis Bergson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

made, not only out of materials contained in the cosmic vapor, but according to a plan formed from all eternity. The universe has been thought out completely; all things were determined before the world was; whatever happens is in accordance with a programme arranged to the last detail. Finalism, however, is only mechanism inverted. For an infinite push, the 'impulsion of the past,' it substitutes an infinite pull, the 'attraction of the future.' It does not take time into account. 'If there is nothing unforeseen, no invention or creation in the universe, time is useless again.' It is 'a perception which would vanish, like a rising mist, for a mind seated at the centre of things.'

Creative Evolution, as distinguished from mechanism and finalism, recognizes in the factor of time a continual cause of change. Life is affected by matter as water is affected by earth. Down comes the water from the spring and makes its way in directions which are determined by obstacles. Here it flows freely, there it cannot flow at all. Thus flows life. Hence the difference between plants and animals and men. Between the impulse of the past which makes the water spring out of the earth, and the attraction of the future which makes it flow downhill, are all the changes and chances wrought by time and matter. The universe is forever growing by combinations ever new. Nothing can be perfectly predicted, because into every equation enters the indeterminable factor of time. Halley's comet returns, indeed, according to the calculations of astronomers, but never to the same world. Now it alarms the army of Harold and encourages the army of William, now it attracts the intelligent interest of people with telescopes, and even in the sky its behavior perplexes the most learned observers.

Bergson does not discuss the nature of the force which is thus mysteriously and continually making use of time to construct this perpetually unexpected world. Alfred Russel Wallace, in *The World of Life*,[1] states his own conviction within his first few pages. He maintains that these complex outgrowths imply 'first, a creative Power, which so constituted matter as to make these marvels possible; next, a directive Mind, which is demanded at every step of the process which we term growth; and lastly, an ultimate Purpose,' which he holds to be the development of Man. Nothing so plain as this appears in Bergson's book, whose excellent index does not contain a single mention of the word 'religion.' But the religious implications of this philosophy of life are evident.

Bergson's doctrine of duration forbids us to consider religion as a closed matter. It is a process of adjustment to the world invisible. Primitive religion is as imperfect as primitive civilization. The instinct of adjustment is imperative, and man is trying to accomplish it as regards his whole environment. He must be in right relations with the physical, and the social, and the spiritual world in order to attain peace and happiness. The history of religion reveals his unceasing endeavor to live aright with the unseen powers. Thus it is varied and progressive, like the history of science. Thus also it is unfinished. Each new age writes its new chapter. Man increases in his knowlege of God as in his knowledge of the world.

It is an interesting coincidence that the literary year whose most important contribution to the discussion of human life is Bergson's *Creative Evolution* should be uncommonly rich in studies of various phases of religion. Here,

[1] *The World of Life.* By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

for example, is a group of books beginning with Professor Jastrow's account of the religion of Babylonia and ending with Professor Carter's account of the religion of ancient Rome, and including between them *The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East*,[1] by Alfred Jeremias of the University of Leipzig; *Great Religious Teachers of the East*,[2] by Alfred W. Martin of the New York Ethical Culture Society; *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*,[3] by Franz Cumont of the University of Ghent; and *The Five Great Philosophies of Life*[4] by William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College.

These books agree in describing the ancient world as profoundly religious. Its surviving literature is almost entirely religious; its remaining buildings were most of them erected for the purposes of worship; and its outstanding men were either religious leaders or else kings, commanders, and statesmen who believed themselves to be the sons or servants of the gods. Of course, the history of the past is only in small measure a history of the people. It is only in recent times that the historian has concerned himself with the affairs of plain citizens. Very likely the various importunate interests of the visible world competed then, as now, with the interests of the world invisible. The perspective may possibly throw out of proportion the emphasis which was then placed on religion. Beside the temple stood the palace, and around them both were the dwellings of the people. The towers of the temples overtopped the other buildings, but so do the steeples of our churches, except in a few great cities where the office-buildings exceed them.

It is nevertheless true that, next to law and war, the most conspicuous fact in the life of the ancient world was religion. And law and war were servants of religion. Professor Jastrow describes in detail how the state decided its policy in peace and its movements in war by divination, seeking to discover the divine will in the appearance of the livers of sacrificial animals, and in the combinations of the stars.

Professor Jeremias sees a faint shining of the stars in many a cloudy page of the Old Testament. His idea is that ancient life was so lived under the stars that these mysterious lights entered into all thought and language, and survived emigration and changes of religion. Centuries after the Hebrews had outgrown the star-worship of their remote ancestors, they still talked in terms of the stars. The signs of the zodiac are found in Jacob's blessing of his twelve sons. Many of the illustrations which are cited to prove this astral inheritance are unconvincing, but there is enough to show that the Old Testament people were the descendants of generations of deeply religious ancestors.

Then out of these vague regions, whose old cities are both dead and buried, and whose old creeds are filled with names which we cannot remember, where our guides are anthropologists and archæologists, appear at last the forms of men with whose greatness we are familiar.

Under their leadership, the religions which still rule the East came into being. Mr. Martin has sketched for his Sunday evening congregations the

[1] *The Old Testament in the Light of the Ancient East.* By Alfred Jeremias. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] *Great Religious Teachers of the East.* By Alfred W. Martin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism.* By Franz Cumont. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

[4] *The Five Great Philosophies of Life.* By William DeWitt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Co.

lives and teachings of some of these supreme prophets. It is a curious fact that Confucius and Gotama and Zoroaster lived in the same age. The Apostles of China and of India were contemporaries, and the Apostle of Persia preceded them by so few years that they were born about the time he died. Moreover, Socrates and Plato, and Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides were all alive in that same fifth century before Christ, which may well be called the Golden Century.

The Old Testament world was filled with confusion. The Assyrians were conquered by the Babylonians, and the Babylonians by the Persians, and the Hebrews were under the oppression of each of these dominant powers in turn. The images of the old gods were broken in pieces in the destruction of the cities which they could not save, and the old faith in the gods seemed to be shattered with them. The religions described by Jastrow and Jeremias ceased to exist. But that was only a seasonal change in the everlasting persistence of religion. It was the winter which is followed by the spring and the summer, or the night which precedes the day. The fifth century was a time when the sun arose shining out of the ancient mists.

That Gotama and Confucius are still living forces in the Eastern world is made plain in Professor Reinsch's timely book, *Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East.*[1] Within the past few years the Japanese have revived the festival of Confucius; that is, they have returned to the ancient custom of paying an annual public honor to the memory of this sage and hero. The Japanese chivalry takes its code of Bushido from the teachings of Confucius. It was under the inspiration of his words that the soldiers of Japan went into the war with Russia. At the same time, there is a restoration of Confucianism in China. The men of the progressive movement are studying the writings of Confucius in the light of contemporary history, and are finding them dynamic. And while Confucius is thus the source of the controlling ethical ideals of the East, Gotama is the supreme teacher of religion. He is the greatest unifying force in the Orient. 'His thought and life have been and are the chief centre of the common feelings and enthusiasms of Asia.'

There is a new Buddhism whose emphasis is not on resignation but on energy. Nirvana is now defined not as self-annihilation, but as self-possession and mastery of mind, 'gained through the application of the most concentrated energy in mental processes through generations.' Thus these old religions, whose origin was in the Golden Century and whose ministry seemed to be directed only toward the calm and peace of a quiet and unchanging life, are found to contain new and surprising forces. Gotama and Confucius, being re-read, are perceived to be equal to the new day in India, in China, in Japan; and were never more alive than they are at present.

The entrance of Confucianism and Buddhism into the world whose classical religions were those of Babylonia and Assyria had its counterpart in the entrance of the philosophies and the mysteries into the world whose classical religions were those of Greece and Rome. It had come to pass again that the ancient creeds had failed to satisfy the minds and hearts of men. The gods still lived in the epics and in the arts, and in the customary ritual of common life, but they were no longer worshiped. Neither the poetry of Greek religion, nor the prose of Latin religion, gave

[1] *Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East.* By PAUL S. REINSCH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

heed to man's increasing sense of his need of salvation. They did not take serious account of sin. They were not religions of redemption.

President Hyde shows how the philosophies were brought forward to meet this need. Epicurus taught men to attain happiness by increasing their pleasure; Epictetus, by decreasing their desires; Plato, by subordinating the lower to the higher; Aristotle, by serving the higher with the lower. Professor Cumont shows how the mysteries appealed to those who were indifferent to the philosophies. Cybele and Attis came from Asia Minor. Isis and Osiris came from Egypt. These religions were akin to the nature-worships of the primitive world. Each of them reënacted, in ritual and symbol, the annual tragedy of the winter and the following miracle of the spring. At the heart of each was the death and resurrection of a God. Into that death and resurrection the disciple entered, dying to sin and rising again to a life of righteousness.

The chief of the Oriental religions which contended with Christianity for the control of Occidental life was Mithraism. The philosophies came from Greece, the mysteries from Egypt and from Asia Minor; Mithraism came from that ancient land which alone in the East had survived the wreck of old empires and was still strong enough to rival Rome: the land of Persia. It was the contribution of Zoroaster to the persistence of religion. Professor Cumont knows more about Mithraism than any other scholar, and his chapter on that subject is both valuable and interesting. The ruined shrines of Mithra have been found in nearly all parts of the Roman Empire, from the glens of Scotland to the sand of Sahara. The religion had its sacraments of the divine bath and the divine feast. It exalted Mithra as the saviour of the world. It promised the rewards of heaven and the punishments of hell. It gave to our calendar the name of Sunday for the first day of the week, and the date of Christmas, being Mithra's birthday taken over by the conquering church. In the third century of our era the contest between the faith of Mithra and the faith of Christ was still so close that Renan could say that 'if Christianity had been checked in its growth by some deadly disease, the world would have become Mithraic.'

The religion of Mithra was equipped for its competition with Christianity by its definiteness of doctrine and of organization. The two faiths brought two new elements into the history of religion. Each presented a creed and a church. 'There were certain clearly defined things to be believed; and more important yet, there was an equally definite set of things to be done.' Occidental religion, for the most part, had been neither theological nor ecclesiastical. Its teachers had been poets and philosophers, who had interpreted the myths and traditions as they pleased; and its priests had been gentlemen whose ministrations at the altars of the national religion had formed a part of their function as state officials.

Mithraism was handicapped by its endeavor to bring along with it an outgrown and discredited mythology. Religion persists by virtue of its ability to accept the results of experiment and experience, and to start anew and free. The heart of the philosophies was in the teachings of Christ, and the heart of the mysteries was in his death and resurrection. But He stood splendidly free.

Moreover, as Professor Carter reminds us in his interesting lectures, Mithraism had two other serious disadvantages. It was separated from history by the fact that no such person

as Mithra had ever actually lived; and it was separated from progress by the fact that it was not concerned with social betterment. 'To lift up those who have fallen beneath the feet of the progress of the world, to care for those who are of no apparent profit or good to society at large, to give to those who cannot give again, these are the deeds which, even in our modern parlance, we call "real Christianity." It is this note which has awakened a response in millions of human beings during these nineteen centuries. It is the essentially new thing which has come into the world.' Mithraism knew nothing of it.

Christianity thus came, like Judaism, into a world already religious. Its most difficult contentions were not with sin, but with religion. Its history was foreshadowed in the experience of Christ Himself, who was opposed and put to death, not by the wicked, but by the orthodox, by the conservative maintainers of the existing religious situation. Already, in the Revelation of St. John, the great fight begins between the Empire and the Church. Dr. Moffat, in his *Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament*[1] dates the book in the reign of Domitian, when the Roman emperor, not content with allegiance, was beginning seriously to enforce the demand for adoration. The book is written to sustain those who are under persecution. A like condition of suffering and contention appears in the Epistle to the Hebrews, whose splendid roll-call of the heroes of faith in the past is intended to encourage those who were called to be heroes of the faith in the difficult present.

For the militant purposes of this contention the Christian religion developed both the creed and the church. It is indeed true, as Professor Clarke says in *The Ideal of Jesus*,[2] that the early churches were both many and varied. 'They were not all alike, for some were patterned after the Jewish synagogue and some after the local organizations of the Gentile world, but they were all aimed at the one purpose, and therefore all were Christian churches.' Presently these loosely organized societies were combined into one strong, centralized church. It was patterned after the Roman Empire, as the earlier forms had followed the Jewish synagogue. This 'one sole organization, single and unique,' Dr. Clarke seeks in vain in the 'Mind of Jesus,' and he is inclined to infer that it is contrary to that ideal. But Bergson's doctrine of duration carries with it the element of the unexpected. The brook as it trickles down the hill may part into many little streams, but a barrier will bring them all together into a strong river. They must join their forces to get through the barrier.

That is what the churches did when they were confronted by the mighty barrier of the empire. After that was broken, the barbarian invasion made another barrier. There had to be one sole organization, single and unique, one church, one creed. Time implies change, because time is measured by obstacles. The adjustments which are needed to overcome the obstacles constitute the development of the original idea into the institutions which express it.

Thus the organization of religion may vary according to varying conditions. Jesus, as Dr. Clarke says, left in the world 'a life to be lived.' He left also a church whose function was 'to protect it and to utilize it.' The constant problem, then, was how to construct the church so as to fulfil its

[1] *Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament.* By JAMES D. MOFFAT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] *The Ideal of Jesus.* By WILLIAM NEWTON. CLARKE. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

function best. The persistence of religion consists in its continual adaptation to its environment. Thus the organization of religion may properly be congregational in an age when that form of polity works; and quite as properly, in another age, episcopal; and, in another, papal.

The missionaries who went up from Rome to meet the invading barbarians were engaged in a twofold task. They were both to convert and to civilize these new people. They brought with them not only Latin Christianity, but Latin culture. Across the gulf which parted the Roman Empire of the Cæsars from the Roman Empire of the Popes, these men built bridges. They fulfilled a pontifical function. Over they came, carrying in one hand the writings of Augustine, and in the other the writings of Virgil. They found the barbarians receptive. The conquering soldiers realized that beyond their own might of arm was another might of mind, and still another might of soul. Thus they went to school and to church, and the missionaries taught them.

The result of this combination of culture and Christianity was what Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor calls *The Mediæval Mind.*[1] The two influences worked together — now culture prevailing, now Christianity prevailing — to shape both the persons and the events of the Middle Ages. Thus they appear in Charlemagne and in Bernard, in Héloïse and in Santa Clara, in Thomas Aquinas and in Dante. These interactions Mr. Taylor traces in his learned and delightful book.

The changes which were thus wrought in the institutions of religion are symbolized by the difference between the Romanesque and the Gothic in architecture. The church which had worshiped in the sunlit sanctuaries of Italy, amidst wide wall-surfaces and clear windows and broad spaces open to the eye, now erected in Germany those vast cathedrals whose spires and clustering chapels and stained windows expressed both a new sense of individuality and a new sense of mystery.

All this was dominated by a new authority. For the men who brought the old culture and the old religion were manifestly the intellectual and spiritual superiors of the men who were remaking Europe. The conquerors could neither read nor write. In the presence of their teachers they were like children, who are not to be reasoned with, but to be instructed. Accordingly, as Mr. Taylor says, 'an attitude of humble inferiority before Christianity and Latin culture was an initial condition of mediæval development.' And, as he says again, 'when this Christianity, so mighty in itself and august through the prestige of Rome, was presented as under authority, its new converts might well be struck with awe. It was such awe as this that acknowledged the claims of the Roman bishops, and made possible a Roman and Catholic Church — the most potent unifying influence of the Middle Ages.'

Against the conventionalizing influence of such an authority, there were two mediæval protests. The monks and the mystics proclaimed the independence of the individual. The monk freed himself from the regulations made by the priests. He was a layman who had determined never to go to church again. He turned his back upon the altar and upon all the ancient order of worship, and found what seemed to him a better church in a cave or in the woods, where he had no sermons and no sacraments, but sought God in his own way. The mystic freed himself

[1] *The Mediæval Mind.* By Henry Osborn Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Co.

from the limitations set by the theologians. In the place of the ancient creeds, and even in the place of the ancient scriptures, he had a new, immediate, and individual revelation of divine truth.

Mr. Taylor makes his readers acquainted with these independent and original persons, from whose writings he quotes freely. Some were hermits, like Bruno the Carthusian; some lived in a monastery, but came out to take part in the affairs of the great world, like St. Bernard; some lived outside the monastery, and devoted themselves to preaching, like St. Francis. At the same time the devotion which thus comes to flower and fruit in monasticism appears in another form in chivalry. Beside the saints are the knights, Roland and Tristan and Lancelot and Parsifal.

The time came, indeed, when the wise church won back these individualists. The original protest survived mainly in the chronic quarrel between the abbot and the bishop, and between the friar and the priest. The altar was the heart of the monastery. But at the beginning, as Dr. Allen says in his *Christian Institutions*, the monks, 'taking their flight from the world, practically left the church behind them, carrying with them no bishops, making no provision for ritual or sacrament. To these things they were indifferent, if not averse.'

These men are all alike in their enthusiasm for ideals. They have set before them a way of life along which they are advancing through many obstacles to a celestial city. This city the mystics saw in vision. In silence and solitude, asking no help from sacrament or book, they contemplated God. They addressed themselves to meditation.

This exercise Hugo of St. Victor compares to the kindling and final clear burning of a fire. First, there is smoke, with flame flashing here and there; then the *victrix flamma*, 'darting through the heap of crackling wood, springs from branch to branch, and with lambent grasp catches upon every twig; nor does it rest until it penetrates everywhere and draws into itself all that it finds which is not flame. At length the whole combustible material is purged of its own nature and passes into the similitude and property of fire; then the din is hushed, and the voracious fire, having subdued all, and brought all into its own likeness, composes itself to a high peace and silence, finding nothing more that is alien or opposed to itself.' The spiritual *victrix flamma*, burning out all that is hostile and unworthy in us, flames up into ardent and pure love of God.

Mediæval mysticism was a revolt against a presentation of religion which took little account of experience. In it, the individual asserted himself in the midst of religious conditions which suppressed or at least subordinated individuality. Dr. Workman, in his *Christian Thought to the Reformation*,[1] describes the situation. The salvation of the individual 'was conditioned from first to last by his belonging to a corporation in whose privileges and functions he shared; through whose sacraments his life was nourished; by whose graduated hierarchy, though but the meanest servant of the Church, he was linked in the supreme Head; whose saints shielded him by their merits or helped him by their intercessions. Through this corporation alone he was brought in touch with the Saviour; outside the corporation his soul was lost.' It was a sublime idea. It made its effective contribution to the persistence of religion. It

[1] *Christian Thought to the Reformation.* By Herbert Brook Workman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

was needed for the spiritual good of a majority of mediæval men. But it was only one aspect of the truth. Over against the priest, emphasizing the institution, has always stood the prophet, emphasizing the individual. In the Middle Ages the prophet was a mystic.

The mystic stood upon the basis of his own actual experience. He knew that God could be found without the assistance of the church, because he himself had found Him. He had no need of any theologian to teach him. Thus Tauler said, 'The dwelling in the Inner Kingdom of God, where pure truth and the sweetness of God are found, is not something that can be learned from the masters of Paris.' The effect of this faith was to change plain people into saints. Dr. Rufus Jones, who this year follows his *Studies in Mystical Religion* with a sympathetic account of *The Quaker in the American Colonies*,[1] shows how in this country as in Europe, and in modern times as in the Middle Ages, mysticism has transformed the common life into holiness and beauty: —

'Farmers, with hands made rough by the plough-handle, in hundreds of rural localities not only preached messages of spiritual power on meeting-days, but, what is more to the point, lived daily lives of radiant goodness in simple neighborhood service. Women who had slight chance for culture, and who had to do the hard work of pioneer housekeeping, by some subtle spiritual alchemy were transformed into a virile sainthood which made its power felt both in the Sunday gathering and in the unordained care of souls throughout the community.'

The collision between the Puritans and the Quakers illustrates the inevitable collision between the mediæval church and the mystics. In the church, religion had been resolved into a system; the mystics perceived that it is a life. They protested against a completed revelation of God, as Bergson protests against the idea of a closed universe. The spirit, they said, still speaks to man. Truth, they insisted, is not static and complete. Man is meant to grow in all knowledge, whether of heaven or of earth. The process of making formulas and using them to build walls across the way of progress was opposed by the mystic, as it is opposed by the man of science. Whenever he came upon such a wall, he tried to break it down. He wanted a free thoroughfare for truth in all directions.

Then came Luther with a sledge-hammer. All the old protests of the monks against the regulations of the priests, and of the mystics against the limitations of the theologians, were magnified, centred, and made effective in him. Dr. McGiffert's *Martin Luther, the Man and his Works*,[2] and Dr. Preserved Smith's *Life and Letters of Martin Luther*,[3] bring us into the near presence of the man who changed the course of history. He came, like Gotama in the midst of a conventionalized Brahmanism, insisting on realities, demanding to know whether traditions were true or not, and maintaining that every age must have the right to express itself in its own way in religion. 'I propose,' he says, 'to terrify Satan'; and by Satan he meant all hindrance to the free pursuit of truth and the free living of the Christian life. He exalted the individual. 'He gave Protestantism a new conception of the relation between religion and life.

[1] *The Quaker in the American Colonies.* By Rufus Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[2] *Martin Luther, the Man and his Works.* By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. New York: The Century Co.

[3] *Life and Letters of Martin Luther.* By Preserved Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Instead of finding its highest manifestation apart from the ordinary relationships and occupations of this world, it is in them, according to Luther, that religion best expressed itself. Asserting the great sacredness of all callings, he changed the whole tone of society.'

Thus Luther belongs to the company of those great men who have vindicated, each in his own time, the principle of the development of religion. He is akin to Francis and to Benedict, and akin also to Plato and to Gotama and to Confucius. It was made manifest again in him that religion cannot be confined within a system, and cannot be restrained by any church or creed. It possesses the irresistible dynamic of growth. Periodically in the course of history it has been thought to be completed. Now, say the ecclesiastics, we have a perfect church; now, say the scholastics, we have a complete formula of truth. But always a new generation makes these great claims ridiculous.

Religion is as incomplete as civilization. It is true, indeed, that the heart of the one as of the other, is to be found in the life and words of Jesus Christ. But it is also true that our understanding of the implications of His life and words, whether for civilization or for religion, is like our understanding of the implications of the earth and of the stars.

'Any claim for finality in the Christian religion must be based on its power of perpetual development.' This is said by Dr. Rashdell in his *Philosophy and Religion*.[1] He adds, 'Belief in the continued work of the Holy Spirit is an essential element of the Catholic Faith.' And again he says, 'In the pregnant phrase of Loisy, the development which the church is most in need of at the present moment is precisely a development in the idea of development itself.'

Religion will develop, in spite of all opposition of conservatives, and of all errors of radicals. It has changed, and is changing, and will change. The process calls for no apology, and requires no defense of indefensible positions. It is not a retreat, but an advance. It is a part of the everlasting vitality of religion.

[1] *Philosophy and Religion*. By HASTINGS RASHDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XVII

A FLAT IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Mr. Philip felt rather limp after the state visit, but he took Mary out to lunch, and he did n't refer to the recent interview with the Proconsul.

'When is your time up at the Lane, old girl?' inquired the vain young fellow.

'Quite soon now, Phil-ipp.'

'And then what are you doin'?'

'I am going to take Gran'ma to Brighton for a fortnight, and then I'm going to tour the provinces as Lady Agatha in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, until Mr. Wingrove's new play is put into rehearsal at the Millennium.'

Mr. Philip had ordered a half bottle of Number 68, it is rather important to mention, although it had gone up half a crown in spite of the fact that some people thought it was quite expensive enough already.

'Goin' to be leadin' a full life, ain't you, Polly?'

'Seems like it, does n't it, Phil-ipp!'

'Well, I think you ought to turn up those beastly provinces, I do really. You are much too good for 'em. I don't know much about it, of course, but it seems to me that such art as yours is wasted on the bally provinces.'

'Perhaps you are right, Phil-ipp,' said Mary the demure. 'But I love the dear old things.'

'If I were you, Polly, I should never play out of London if I had to play at all.'

Polly admitted there might be something in this view. Still she would miss the dear old provinces terribly, and perhaps they might miss her.

And then Number 68 began to display considerable boldness.

'There's a little flat in Knightsbridge, a toppin' little hole, that I think we might go round and look at, old girl, don't you? Very cheap for the position, and the landlord will paint it throughout and we can have possession any time we want it.'

Polly did n't mind going to look at it, as she rather liked looking over such things.

The flat was charming. A little high up perhaps, but there were two delightful rooms that overlooked the park. It was one of the most tempting spots in the metropolis. Yet there was one serious drawback, which in the opinion of Philip, however, was almost a merit. It was likely to be much sought after, said the house-agent; any delay in taking it might be fatal. They could only be allowed a week in which to make up their minds.

Yes, the flat was charming, they agreed as they walked up Piccadilly. And only a week in which to make up their minds! Still, that was really rather providential if you looked at it from Philip's point of view.

'Was n't it, Polly?'

'Why do you think so, Phil-ipp?'

'We've got to make up our minds at once, have n't we?'

'I've made up my mind already, Phil-ipp. It is the very place for you;

so much moderner and pleasanter and lighter than the Albany.'

'Yes, old girl, but I should n't think of it for a moment without you.'

'Why not, Phil-ipp?'

'Oh, I should n't.'

A bald reason, perchance, but a manly conviction had given it currency.

'But that's absurd, Phil-ipp. Why should a mere chorus girl —?'

'Look here, Polly,' said the fierce young man, 'you must n't suppose I'm going to be chipped by you. If I take that flat you've got to come and live in it, and, Polly,' — and for all they were just opposite the Burlington Arcade the vain young man took a firm grip of the arm of Mary the obdurate — 'I'm bally well goin' to take that flat.'

'Are you, Phil-ipp?'

'Yes and I'm goin' to take it now.'

'What, now, Phil-ipp?'

'At once. Come on back to the house agents.'

'But they are half a mile away, Phil-ipp?'

'Never mind; it's a nice day for a walk.'

'But what about Granny; and what about the great Proconsul; and what about Lady Shermerdine of Potterhanworth?'

'Oh, let 'em go to blazes — that is, old girl, I beg pardon.'

'I should just hope so. And let go my arm, Phil-ipp; people are looking at us.'

'Well, let's cut back again.'

'But, Phil-ipp.'

'You said yourself, that it was the nicest position in London, and only nine hundred and fifty a year, which seems rather ridiculous considerin' —'

'Considering what, Phil-ipp?'

'Considerin' the way they stick you for three rooms and a private bathroom.'

'Yes, Phil-ipp, but then think of the address!'

Never, however, in the whole course of his career, not even when he had scored those three goals against Scotland, had Mr. Philip shown more invincible determination than at this moment. If there was not to be a scene in Piccadilly and a paragraph in the evening papers, Mary would have to do as she was told.

'Phil-ipp, you are behaving anyhow.'

'Less of it, Polly.'

'Less of what, Phil-ipp?'

'Your cheek — you cat.'

Unbridled insolence, which we are sure no girl of refined instincts and decent nurture — do you think so, madam? It is an excellent rule never to contradict a lady. All the same that is the manner in which Phil-ipp admonished her, and her salary was a hundred a week, and was likely to be two hundred presently; and the ex-noncommissioned officer on duty at the entrance to the Burlington Arcade pricked up his ears disapprovingly at such language being used to a lady — and his trained observation told him she was a lady, although her face had rather more powder on it than it ought to have had.

Down the street again they are going now, though still conducting their heated argyment. Granny would be furious and so would Mother. And Father would cut him out of the succession, which of course he could n't, and that perhaps was almost a pity; she would have to give up the provinces and break her contracts, and everything would be so uncomfortable for everybody —

'Except, old girl, for you and me.'

'But that's rather selfish, is n't it, Phil-ipp?'

Phil-ipp dared say it was a little, but yet not altogether, because after all,

was n't it the way of human nature? Not a very conclusive piece of reasoning, young fellow, but Mistress Polly was bound to admit that superficial as it was it would bear thinking over.

'Be a pal to me, Polly, and I'll be a pal to you, old girl; and we'll be as happy as the birds in the springtime; and you'll see that my people will come round all right, and you'll see that Granny will forgive you!'

And here they were at the office of Messrs. Thompson and Allardyce in Wilton Place, not so far from the church.

'That's the very old thing for us,' said Phil-ipp, waving his hand across at the church. 'And I say, old girl, let us see if we can't persuade Granny to give a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, and I'll persuade old Min Wingrove to bring all the brightest people in London, and we shall rather wipe the eye of No. 88, old girl, shan't we, when they see the pictures in the papers.'

XVIII

IN WHICH THE CONSEQUENCES ARE DAMNED WITH NO UNCERTAINTY

Muffins and Chayney tea in Grandmamma's withdrawing-room were not out of place, because the afternoon had been really so strenuous; and moreover Grandmamma herself did not appear to view the guilty pair with the eye of disfavor. But that was breeding, doubtless. Not that Mr. Philip entered into any exhaustive inquiry. When you are in the seventh heaven, even the eye of Edmund Kean's god-daughter may be bereft of some of its terrors.

'We had such a lovely lunch at Pagani's, Granny dear.'

'Had you, my dear? How interesting.'

Did Granny mean it was interesting, or did she mean it was n't? You see you never quite know, — do you? — when the elocution of old ladies who have kept pretty good company for about eighty-four summers is so very clear cut.

'And what do you think, Granny? I have been with Phil-ipp to take a perfectly lovely little flat on a three years' lease in Knightsbridge, overlooking the park.'

'With whom have you been, my dear?'

Now we do think that was just a little unkind of Granny, don't you?

Mary's elocution, though, in the opinion of Mr. Hollins, and he's an authority, was worth two hundred a week to the Lane; so it came in very useful just now, and showed that she was not going to be put out of court as easily as all that.

'With Phil-ipp, Granny dear.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine, I presume, my dear.'

Granny's presumption was correct; and a few more muffins were indicated, Mary seemed to think, for all that her lunch at Pagani's had been so terrific.

The planetary bodies have been behaving quite nicely this afternoon so far. Therefore it need surprise no one that Mary received a special message by wireless with her second cup of Chayney tea.

'Take Granny into your confidence now, my dear,' it ran. 'She has had quite a nice nap; her rheumatism has scarcely troubled her at all to-day; she can't help liking your Phil-ipp, although she has tried her hardest not to; and she is rather inclined to think that it may do no harm to teach —'

Yes, it is doubtless right to keep that part of the message off the records at present.

Mary flung her arms round the neck of Granny, in perilous contiguity to the real lace of Siddons.

'What would you say if Phil-ipp and

I were to get married, Granny — quite soon; and we had a sort of a little honeymoon at Brighton with you.'

This was the pickaxe with a vengeance, Miss Mary. Jupiter was very much in the First House this afternoon.

Granny did not say anything immediately; still, having had a good nap, she sustained the inquiry with admirable composure.

'Very precipitate, my dear; and very unwise, I fear. Have you given sufficient consideration to the step?'

'We've both thought it over, ma'am,' said Mr. Philip, who really felt he was walking on air just now.

'The step seems singularly unwise to me, Mr. Shelmerdine.'

'Why does it, Granny?'

'The reasons, my dear, are many, and hardly such as to call for enumeration. In the first place, I understand that Mr. Shelmerdine's family is much opposed to the match.'

'They are bound to come round, ma'am, if we give them time,' said Mr. Philip.

Grandmamma was not so optimistic.

'Not, of course, Mr. Shelmerdine, if you will permit me to say so, that in the circumstances one regards the sanction of your parents as a *sine qua non*.'

The young man concurred with Grandmamma, more explicitly perhaps than he ought to have done.

'And then there is the question of your vocation, Mr. Shelmerdine. You have none at present, I understand.'

'I'm goin' to see about Parliament at once, ma'am.'

Still, Grandmamma was afraid that things had altered strangely since her time; but this was a nice young man in spite of his unfilial attitude; and if a girl really felt she had to marry, there can be nothing so very wrong in marrying a nice young man. But things had altered since her time, thought Granny. Nice young men hardly behaved in this way in 1851, the Exhibition year; which rather goes to show, we are afraid, that in some things the wisest of old ladies are as prone to misread the signs and portents as the lesser mortals.

Mary and Philip, however, kept their exuberance for a crowded and glorious five minutes in the Private Piggery, wherein the lucky young dog inveigled himself for the purpose of putting on the coat with the astrachan collar.

'We must get it all fixed up at once, old girl, and we'll waste no time about it. We'll do it in style, at a church, don't you think — not that I don't prefer the other way, like any other chap if he had his choice, but that's a bit rough on the girl, is n't it?'

Mary thought he was rather a dear to think of the girl's side; and he thought that she was rather a dear to think that he could be a dear for thinking of his obvious duty. And there they were, you see. Now please don't be cynical, you young ladies of Newnham and Girton; it will be your turn presently, and when it comes, my dears, take the advice of your Uncle John and behave as much as you can like Philip and Mary. But see that the door of the Private Piggery is closed when Jane is passing, otherwise it may have a tendency to put ideas in the heads of pretty young parlor-maids; and Grandmamma has found occasion to tell Miss Jane privately more than once that she has quite sufficient of those already.

'We'll send out invitations for anywhere you like, old girl, and we'll get old Minnie Wingrove to collect all the brightest people in London; and the papers will make such a fuss that we shan't half wipe the eye of Grosvenor Square, shall we?'

Should they go to Algiers for the honeymoon?

'Yes, Phil-ipp, but who is going to look after Granny at Brighton. She goes there every March, you know, by advice.'

'We'll go to Brighton, then,' said Philip, 'or a tour round the world, or anywhere.'

So they left it at that; and the lucky young dog proceeded on foot to the nearest of his clubs, for all that he felt like an airship really, and engaged in a game of snooker pool with two eminent criminal barristers — that is to say, two eminent members of the Common Law Bar — and was very soon the poorer by the sum of two pounds sterling.

Then the young man sat down and wrote a little line to Mary, which ran to four pages and was absolutely superfluous, because it was really about nothing at all except to remind her that she was the dearest and best, etc. And then Mr. Wingrove sauntered into the Club in his magnificent mannah, and then the floodgates opened.

'I've done it, Min.'

XIX

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

The nuptials of Philip and Mary were not so brilliant as they might have been, perhaps, had Father and Mother attended them, but everything was very nice and cheerful all the same. The bridesmaids were five ladies of the Profession, including Marge; and excluding Timothy, who was a page in an extraordinarily smart blue suiting, which he had to be most careful how he sat in it. It was n't Dr. Bridge who played the organ, but a gentleman quite as clever, think some who heard him on the festal afternoon. The ex-brother-officer remembered where the ring was put; Philip remembered to kiss Mary, and everybody thought the Bride looked absolutely sweet, and that Philip was a very fortunate young man. And in the judgment of Arminius Wingrove, Grandmamma in a fine new hat was right in the foreground of the picture.

Everything was just as it should have been; everybody looked pleased and happy; and when forth the organ pealed the noble work by Mendelssohn, all agreed that they made a mighty handsome pair.

There was no reception at the Hyde Park Hotel; but Mr. Hollins bade all and sundry attend a tea-party on the classic boards of Drury. Grandmamma cut the cake that Mr. Hollins had provided; and Marge and Timothy ate thereof not a crumb more than was good for 'em, although both came very near the limit.

The first fortnight of the honeymoon was spent in Paris. They looked at pictures, and saw new plays, and went racing on Sunday, and walked in the gardens of Versailles, and did a hundred other cheerful things, and were most marvelously happy. And Mary, who hardly cared a bit about such matters, bought herself a new hat.

They were tempted to go on to the Riviera, but duty prevailed and they went to Brighton on the fourteenth day. Granny had gone to that famous physician on her twenty-sixth annual excursion; and Mary felt that she must keep her eye upon her, for all that she was such a hale and vigorous old thing.

Granny was discovered in very nice lodgings along the sea-front, in the care of a landlady very civil and voluble and a mistress of the art of plain cooking. Everything very pleasant and comfortable, and a sitting-room with a balcony overlooking the King's parade. It really seemed that the young couple might put in a fortnight very profitably here, while their chosen residence in the metropolis was being painted throughout.

They had their little adventures, of course, this happy pair, because Brighthelmstone is the home of so many romances. For one thing they attracted attention when they walked abroad. Philip was sure that it was the hat from Paris; Mary was absolutely convinced that it was the coat with the astrachan collar. At any rate they had their adventures, and some at least will have to be recorded.

One morning, as they proceeded almost arm in arm but not quite, looking as though they had just bought the cosmos by private treaty and were completely satisfied with the transaction, they walked right into a bath chair which was accompanied by a Sealskin Coat and a Himalayan Dust Spaniel.

Salutations necessary, being right up against each other, so to speak.

'How d'ye do, Adela,' said the Culprit, who in his happiness seemed to have nothing to conceal and nothing to defend. 'You know my wife, don't you?'

The wind was certainly blowing very chilly from the northern heights this morning. 'T is a little way it has in March at Brighthelmstone.

Papa was not so bad as he might have been.

'Introduce me,' said his Britannic Majesty's former Ambassador to Persia.

So Papa was introduced to the Bride; and she afterwards told her husband that he was like any other Papa, only a little more so. And she being a girl of sense, as well as of spirit, Papa did n't seem to mind talking to her a little, particularly as she knew so much about rheumatism, because it was Granny's complaint. Had Lord Warlock tried the new treatment? No, what was that?

The new treatment called for explanation. Duly forthcoming with minuteness and lucidity. No, not a designing minx, mesdames, altogether. Tact certainly; but it had its roots, remember, in a heart as sound as a bell, overflowing with practical sympathy for all the world and his wife.

'Grandmamma has a book about it and a special apparatus. It has done her a power of good — a power of good. She will be delighted to lend them, I'm sure — that's if you care, Lord Warlock. It's a wonderful thing, and I'll bring it round this afternoon and show you how it works.'

'Thanks,' said the ex-Ambassador to Persia. 'And I'll be devilish obliged.'

Husband though was not doing quite so well with the Sealskin Coat, we are afraid. Brighton so dull and tiresome, so fogyish, so cold, hotels so unpleasant; and all the time the fair speaker announced these drawbacks, she looked not so much at the young man who ought to have married her, but out of the corner of a cold blue eye at the person who was talking to Papa as if she knew all about his complaint.

'Thank yah,' said Papa, touching his hat, — one of those hard square felt ones whose ugliness nought can surpass, — as the procession passed on. 'The Suffolk. Don't forget.'

A designing minx — madam, we do not agree. Mere tact, as we have already said, and as we are sure yours is, dear lady, when you converse with an earl. And it is as perfectly clear that her quick, spontaneous, practical sympathy had left its mark even on that unpromising subject.

Not such a fool as I thought he was, not to have taken this gal off my hands, reflected the Unpromising Subject within the precincts of his bath chair. And then, with the air of one who nurses an injury, he proceeded to inquire of the seventh unmarried daughter, —

'Well Addie, my gal, what do you think of the *mésalliance?*'

'One does n't profess to be a judge of chorus girls,' said the rude girl, jerking the unfortunate Himalayan Dust Spaniel right off its feet.

'The poor old dear,' said Mary to her belted knight. 'The same complaint as Granny. I'm going to take him her apparatus and show him how to work it, and I've guaranteed that he will be able to walk upstairs after he has used it a week.'

'Have you though. But how you dared, I'm blest if I know.'

'Cow-yard, Phil-ipp. He's rather a dear, really.'

'A most disagreeable old gentleman and the worst manners of any privy councilor in London.'

'A libel, Phil-ipp. I'm sure he's not so bad as all that. Anyhow, if he is, I shall try and reform him.'

XX

ADVENTURES RARE AND STRANGE

It was opposite the Metropole that they came upon adventure the second. Two gentlemen of somewhat informal aspect, one of whom was in need of a shave and whose hats were light green, greeted Mary as if they were half afraid to do so and yet did n't like to pass her by.

'Thought perhaps you might n't remember us, Mary.'

'Remember *you*, Horace. Could I ever forget you? And, why I declare, it's Johnny!'

And Mary shook hands with Horace and Johnny so simply and so cordially — for all that she had married a Toff — that they were obliged to confess that they were quite sure she could n't.

The next moment Horace and Johnny were being introduced to the Toff; with rather a display of wariness on their part, because provincial stars who have had to carve out their own destiny have not much use for the Breed, and they owed him a grudge as well for having robbed the profession of an idol. So when the Toff held out his hand and appeared pleased to meet them, it was not so certain that they were pleased to meet him.

'Horace Allwright, Philip, the very first Pickles I ever played to — and the best.'

'Oh, go hon,' said the Star of the North, blushing to the roots of his hair, which was red and therefore made his pleasure the more conspicuous. But he was n't going to stand any swank from Eton and Ch: Ch:, and the rather fierce eye of this fine, natural comedian said so pretty distinctly.

Mary was undefeated though, and Johnny Dubosque, not being so great a man as Horace Allwright, and consequently having less in the way of dignity to look after, was soon behaving as if nothing had happened.

'But I expect you'll never come to the provinces again, Polly,' said Johnny Dubosque sadly. 'I said to Horace it was all up with *us* as soon as you got to the Lane. But you'll be turning up the Perfession altogether now.'

Mary said it might be so, and Johnny Dubosque sighed deeply and informed the Toff in a burst of confidence that her place could never be filled.

'Come across to the Metropole, old chap, and 'ave a drink,' said Horace Allwright, in a sudden and overwhelming burst of hospitality.

Modest libations were ordered by Mr. Horace Allwright in a rather loud manner, with a lemon squash for Mary, although this was mere natural politeness on her part.

'We shall not see her equal as Cinderella, not in our time, my lord,' said Mr. Horace Allwright in a very audible aside to the Toff, in order to keep in touch with the public.

'Of course you will, Horace, and

many a better one,' said the Uncrowned Queen of Blackhampton.

Not so far off were a pair of contemporaries, out of sight perchance, yet by no means out of hearing.

'Why, if it is n't that d—d fool Shel, with his mésalliance!'

'No — yes!'

'Rather nice though, in spite of the friends of the family.'

'Let us go and pull the leg of the silly old fool and make him turn out for us to-morrow.'

Whereupon the contemporaries rose from their table, — very finely grown young men and superbly tailored, as all distinguished athletes should be.

'Why, Shel, old man, how are you?'

Hearty hand grips were exchanged, although the Twin Brethren of the Boards were not feeling so very robust at present.

'Fancy meeting you here!'

There was no particular reason why they should n't, but it is always a useful opening card. And then the Olympians were introduced to Mary, and pretty keenly did they scrutinize her, although they pretended so well that they were doing nothing of the sort that it would have taken a woman to have told what the sly dogs were at.

And then Miss Mary trod very hard on the foot of Eton and Ch: Ch:, which begged pardon humbly and introduced Mr. Allwright and Mr. Dubosque, and piously hoped to its Maker that it had n't got mixed in their names.

'Pleased to meet you, gentlemen,' said Mr. Horace Allwright, spaciously. ''Ave a drink.'

The Olympians had had a drink already, but they had no objection to having another; and this accommodating disposition caused Mary to take them into favor at once, and they were invited to sit down.

''Ere's a health to the bride,' said Mr. Johnny Dubosque.

'Thank you, Johnny.'

'I was just a-tellin' his lordship,' said Mr. Horace Allwright, 'that she was absolutely the finest Cinderella I've ever played to, and I've played to some of the first in my time, let me tell you. Good 'ealth, gentlemen.'

And while Mr. Horace Allwright was happily engaged in pledging the health of the company, Mary proceeded to transfix the first Olympian with such a staunch, straight, and demure gray eye that the heart of the famous athlete was literally pinned against the antimacassar of yellow plush upholstery which had been provided by the hotel for the use of its patrons.

'His lordship 's drawn a winner in the lottery, gentlemen,' continued Mr. Horace Allwright; and in this the first Olympian was strongly inclined to concur.

'Cut it out, Horace,' said the Uncrowned Queen of Blackhampton with a very arch glance at Johnny Dubosque. 'It is n't cricket, is it, Johnny? in these fashionable watering-places. And I won't have you pull the leg of my Phil-ipp by calling him my lord when he's promised me solemn to stand for Mr. Lloyd George.'

'You have n't, Shel!' quoth the Olympians, feeling it was up to them to say something and that this was something they might say.

'Oh, but he has,' said the Uncrowned Queen; 'and I should never have married him if he had n't, should I, Phil-ipp?'

And she transfixed both the Olympians this time with that demure glance of tremendous impact.

'Oh, but I say, Mrs. Shel,' quoth the first Olympian, beginning to feel a glow within, 'what about his Governor, you know?'

'I don't know about his Governor, Mr. Wilbraham, because I'm not received in the Family at present.'

And this time the glance came right home to the Twin Brethren, who at once began to feel like bucking up a little.

'But you are bound to be, Mrs. Shel, are n't you?' said Mr. Wilbraham, with great tact.

'Why am I bound to be?' inquired the Uncrowned Queen, whose good gray eye had begun to play the dickens with the second Olympian.

'Oh, you are, you know. Is n't she, Toddles?'

Toddles was strongly of opinion that she was.

'Well, of course, if you both really think that —'

But in the secret recesses of his nature Toddles was even more strongly of opinion that if she persisted in looking at him in that way he would be bound to kiss her.

'Are you and Mr. Wilbraham any good at snooker? Yes, I can see it in your eyes. Well, Phil-ipp and Johnny and I will play the three of you for a sovereign.'

'Done with you, Mrs. Shel,' said the Olympians with promptitude.

And then Mrs. Shelmerdine looked very demurely at Horace Allwright, and imposed the condition that the stakes should be deposited with the marker, as her success in life was entirely due to the fact that on principle she never trusted a man who came from Leeds.

'But I come from Leeds, myself,' said Toddles, who of course was none other than the popular Yorkshire cricketer when he had time to spare for the game.

'Why not?'

'Yes, why not. But how could you tell I came from Leeds, Mrs. Shelmerdine?'

'By your trousers.'

Horace and Johnny roared long and loud at this brilliant sally. The natural insight of these famous comedians had taught them already that if Toddles had a weakness it was an undue pride in his trousers, which of course the young man was quite entitled to have, since they were the work of Mr. Foster of London and Oxford.

'Now don't let her pull your leg, old man,' said Philip, who, as usual a little behind in the uptake, had only just begun his roar. 'She'll rag the life out of you if you'll let her.'

Without further preface or apology an adjournment was made to the billiard saloon, which was down a very long corridor. En route Mr. Wilbraham, whose name in athletic circles was Weary William because he was never in a hurry, confided to Toddles that she was every bit as nice off the stage as she was on it.

To which Toddles, in whose cognomen a meaning has yet to be discovered, rejoined that 'He was always a far-seein' old swine.'

Mary liked a light cue and used it in a manner which did not suggest the novice. By what means she had gained her skill it would be best perhaps not to inquire. At least it is hardly likely that Grandma had taught her.

The Olympians also had misspent their youth a little, and Horace Allwright's father had been a billiard-marker, so it was quite as well perhaps that Mary was so skillful and that Philip was able to say he was a pupil of Mr. John Roberts, Junior. The master might not have been very proud of him though, to judge by the way he started, but he improved as the game went on, and as Johnny Dubosque knew Stevenson to talk to, the game was quite worth looking at in the opinion of a somewhat saturnine looking gentleman who sat in the corner drinking Schweppe's ginger ale and picking winners out of the *Sportsman*.

The game was twenty-nine all, and there was only one ball left on the table,

and that was 'a sitter' on the brink of the left-hand top pocket, which Mary, who had played amazingly well all through, had left there to her unfeigned sorrow. It was all over but the shouting when Toddles proceeded to deliver his cue, for it really was a shot that one who had used his youth as he had done could not very well have missed with his eyes shut.

In the most unaccountable manner the famous centre forward missed the shot with his eyes wide open, promptly apostrophized his Maker, and insisted on paying the stakes.

'You did that a-purpose, Mr. Toddles,' said Mary sternly, 'and I scorn to take your money. I am not a suffragist yet, but that's the kind of thing to make me one. Why, a woman can't even have fair play at a game like snooker.'

Followed a heated controversy. Mr. Toddles would not confess to his guilt, which was really so flagrant that Mary wondered how he dared deny the charge. Horace Allwright and Weary William lied circumstantially to support the misdemeanant, but Mary refused to accept the stakes, and in this we venture to think she was right.

There was only one method of composing the quarrel, and that was to play the match over again. And this time, it is sad to relate of three excellent sportsmen, good care was taken that there should be no doubt whatever about the issue.

'And now you have taken us on at this game, Shel,' said the first Olympian, 'we shall expect you to turn out for us to-morrow against Brighton and Hove Albion.'

'But I have n't kicked a ball for years.'

'So much the worse for you. It 's for the benefit of the widow and young children of a good chap, and you were always a great draw for the public.'

'Was I?' said Mr. Philip, apprehensively, for he read in the eyes of Mary that his doom was sealed.

'Were you, Phil-ipp! Might never have kicked three goals against Scotland, might n't you? Why, of course, you 'll play; especially as it 's a benefit match.'

'But I have n't kicked a ball for years and years, and I've got no gear either.'

'We'll soon fix you up with some gear, won't we, Mrs. Shel?' said the exultant Olympians.

'Ra-ther.'

Poor Philip protested bitterly; but he knew, alas! that at a quarter past three on the morrow, after an absence of four years, he was doomed to reappear in the ranks of the famous amateur team whom he had helped to make history.

XXI

PHILIP RENEWS HIS YOUTH

The morrow would be a great ordeal, particularly in a bran new pair of boots, for a chap who had not kicked a ball for four years; but Mary was adamant, and the Olympians too. A benefit match; a great draw for the public; do him all the good in the world. You see, Mary thought it wise to pull Philipp out of his shell a bit.

'And we'll have some special bills printed,' said Toddles, with something suspiciously like a wink at the future Lady Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth.

'Oh, no, for God's sake!'

'You should n't have given it away, Mr. Toddles,' expostulated Mary.

'You won't half get a licking tomorrow,' said the shop-boy with broad satisfaction as he tied up the parcel. 'The Albion's playing its full league-team.'

'But the Olympians are playing the team that won the Arthur Dunn cup,' said the future Lady Shelmerdine of

Potterhanworth, with something suspiciously like a wink at Toddles, 'and if you've got any sense, boy, and you ought to have lots with that high forehead, you won't put your weekly sixpence on the Albion to-morrow.'

Great things were promised for the morrow, but Mary put in some more useful work that afternoon. About four o'clock she carried round Granny's apparatus, together with the book of the words, to Papa at the Suffolk. She was received by his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia; had the honor of drinking tea with him; discussed rheumatism in general; showed the working of the apparatus, and even demonstrated it not without symptoms of success; and in less than an hour had made such an incursion upon the regard of this widower of ripe experience, that he was fain to inform the seventh unmarried daughter over dinner, 'that young Shelmerdine's wife was a devilish sensible woman and he hoped to see more of her.'

Tact, natural goodness of heart, a sunny temper, and a practical disposition, — these be great qualities, you young ladies of Newnham and Girton.

The apparatus could do Papa no harm; Mr. Joseph O'Flatherty, his lordship's valet, was strongly of that opinion and said so to her ladyship's maid, whose name was Adele but had been changed to Lisette for obvious reasons. Whether the apparatus actually brought material benefit to Pa, we are not in a position to state positively; but there can be no doubt that indirectly the apparatus had a tonic effect upon Papa's general system.

The day of the match had now arrived, and that was such an important affair, being for the benefit of the widow and five young children of the late Joe MacPherson, as honest a player as ever handled the ball when the referee was n't looking, that it will be necessary to supply some sort of an account of this historic function.

It was a crowded and glorious day for Mary and Philip; and it really started pretty soon after breakfast, when those famous men, namely and to wit Toddles and W. W., rang the bell of Granny's lodgings and were ushered into the front sitting-room on the first floor. At the moment of their arrival Mary was trying over on the piano, which had several of its notes intact, although none of them in tune, the latest manifestation of the genius of Mr. Rubens.

'Please don't let us interrupt you,' said W. W., laying a suspicious-looking brown-paper parcel on the table.

Mary, however, took this for mere natural politeness. 'Oh, you've brought them, I see. Do let me look.'

Now what was it, do you suppose, that she wanted to look at? Wait, if you please, until W. W. has cut the string of the parcel with a pocket-knife that was given him by his Aunt Marian, contrary to the advice of his parents, about the time he wore his H.M.S. Indomitable.

Five hundred handbills were in the parcel, printed by the Brighthelmstone Steam Printing Company, Ltd. Mary seized eagerly the one so solemnly presented to her by W. W., while Toddles, more demonstrative than he, grinned effusively from ear to ear.

Mary read the following: —

GRAND FOOTBALL MATCH

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND FIVE CHILDREN OF THE LATE JOE MACPHERSON

THE OLYMPIANS *vs.* BRIGHTON AND HOVE ALBION

The Honorable Philip Shelmerdine has arrived in Brighton, and will positively reappear at inside right

THIS AFTERNOON AT 3.15

'I think that will about fix it, Mrs. Shel,' said W. W. proudly. 'We'll have these distributed all over the place; and we've got some bigger ones, too, to go on the hoardings.'

Mary, distributing her handbills along the King's Parade, assisted by her two companions in guilt and at least four other Olympians who had been specially coöpted for the purpose, while Philip with his hands in his pockets was trying to look supremely unconscious of the fact that his leg was being pulled frightfully, came upon a Bath Chair, a Sealskin Coat, and a Himalayan Dust Spaniel.

'Are you feeling any benefit this morning, Lord Warlock? and please let me give you one of these. And you, Lady Adela, must take one, please. It is *so* important.'

'Thank yah,' said his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia. 'If it's votes for women I think they ought n't to have 'em, although, mind you — Benefit for the widow and five children of late Joe MacPherson — very praiseworthy object — shall be happy to subscribe a sovereign.'

The Sealskin Coat, though, did not appear to look at the object in that Christian light. Having perused the handbill with an eye of disdain, she folded up the handbill neatly, and without making any observation upon the merits of the case, placed it in her muff. But as soon as she returned to the Suffolk she addressed an envelope to the Lady Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth, 88 Grosvenor Square, London W., and therein enclosed, anonymously of course, the announcement of the Honorable Philip's arrival and reappearance. A rather feeble thing to have done, really, and hardly worthy of mention, except that it shows the level to which human nature can sink in its moments of reaction.

Philip was greeted effusively by the rest of his brothers in arms, who had now arrived at the Magnificent; and the Bride was introduced to them all. The report of her charms had been carried to them by Toddles and W. W., who were sealed of the tribe of her admirers already. And it had been agreed by the whole team that if she never did anything else, the fact that she had caused the finest inside-right save one in the country to return to this important position after a lapse of four years, must ever count to her for grace.

Poor Philip was in a rather nervous state when he drove on to the ground in a brake, with his ten companions, and with Mary on the box-seat. That enterprising young woman had already elected herself to the important position of commander-in-chief of the famous team of amateurs, which contained no less than nine international players. But self-assertion had less to do with this achievement than simple merit. She was one of those gifted people who instinctively, yet quite pleasantly and unobtrusively, take charge of everything and everybody. Already *persona gratissima* at the Suffolk, already saluted by the most dignified constables in Brighton, on terms of intimacy with the master of the longest pier, she had taken the Olympians under her wing in the most comprehensive manner.

The spectators came in their thousands, because it was Saturday afternoon, and the Albion were announced to play their full league-team, and the Olympians with their nine international players were ever a great attraction. But the start was delayed ten minutes and a great concourse was kept waiting because Mary had brought her Kodak. She took charge of the Albion as well as their opponents; posing them for the camera and appearing to know each of them by name,

although she did n't really; but it was all done with the charm and the naïve assurance that had made her so famous with the public.

'Beg pardon, ma'am,' said the Secretary and Manager; 'don't like to hurry you, but the crowd is getting a bit restive.'

'Oh, tell the band to play, "Rule Britannia," and it will be all right,' said Mary.

And in this her judgment was perfectly sound.

'Now boys, look your best,' said she. 'Smile, please. Just imagine you have knocked out the Villa, which of course you will next Saturday, because I've made up my mind that you are going to, and I'm a proper mascot, as they know in the North. Not too broad, Joe Pierce, because of the plate. Ve-ry nice — ve-ry nice, in-deed. Thank you, boys; and just see if you don't beat the Villa, although of course you are going to lose this afternoon.'

So much for her handling of the democracy, which was brilliantly successful. The whole team were her humble servants to command, now that she had exercised her powers upon them. Her handling of the aristocracy — not that these idle class-distinctions obtain upon the field of play — was equally happy. She was entirely responsible for the fact that the game began seventeen minutes late, but nobody seemed to mind particularly, 'Rule Britannia' having been twice repeated.

A very good game it was, and a keenly critical crowd was vastly entertained. The famous inside-right had not been forgotten, although the public memory is short as a rule. At first, in his new boots, he had, like Agag, to walk delicately; but he soon began to improve, and presently got on better than he had expected. Although he had not played football for four years, he was in fairly hard condition, as he took pretty regular exercise of one sort or another. Still, the pace was so hot at first that he felt it would be bound to kill him. But when at last he had got his second wind, and beautiful stealing passes began to come his way from the famous centre-forward with whom he had shared many a triumph, the old magic seemed somehow to return. He began to enjoy the proceedings thoroughly, and so did the spectators.

The Albion scored a good goal quite early in the game, but just before half-time the centre-forward made the scores equal. Then the band played again, collecting-boxes were sent round the ground for the benefit of the widow and young family of the late Joe MacPherson, and Mary herself took charge of one of them, and of course her box got twice as much as anybody's else, which was bound to be the case, since she looked so charming, and her way with the great British public was very charming also.

Who was the lady wearing the ribbon of the Olympians, who was getting sixpences and shillings for her box while the others had to be content with pence for the most part? Who was the lady with that wonderful way with her, whose handsome face — and it really did look handsome just now, for all that it was so square and sensible — was so familiar on picture postcards and in illustrated papers?

The famous Miss Caspar from Drury Lane. No wonder her manner was so captivating. No wonder it was so pleasantly sure of itself, when all London had been times and again to watch her put on the Prince's slipper; and the Honorable P. Shelmerdine, the son of a lord, and in his day a very fine player and doing very well this afternoon, had been lucky enough to marry her.

Yes, the lady with the collecting-box was undoubtedly lending rare distinc-

tion to the proceedings. Sixpences and shillings and even half-crowns were raining into her box from the reserved enclosure. The widow and young family of the late Joe MacPherson would undoubtedly gain very substantially from her efforts, as other deserving objects had done in the past, and were likely to do in the future.

The rakish green hats of Horace and Johnny were well to the fore, and the fact that Mary could n't possibly miss them cost their owners half-a-crown apiece. And Horace Allwright, as he proudly disbursed this sum, remembered that in the near future a benefit performance was going to be given at the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton, for one who had served the public long and faithfully, but who now had fallen upon evil days.

'I say, Mary, old girl,' said Horace, 'that reminds me, we are giving a complimentary matinée at Blackhampton on Tuesday week for poor old Harry Merino, — you remember poor old Harry, — and you are such a great power in Blackhampton that I thought perhaps —'

'Why, of course,' said Mary. 'Half-a-crown, please, Horace. Yes, of course, put me down for "Arcadee" and "Nelson," and — now, do I ever forget?'

'No, you don't, old girl,' said Horace Allwright humbly, and Johnny Dubosque echoed him.

'That's all right, then. And don't say another word to the man at the wheel, because we are losing money. Thank you, sir, so much. A very good cause — poor old Joe was one of the best.'

How she knew that poor old Joe was one of the best it is difficult to say. But at least she seemed able to convince the reserved enclosure that the case of Joe's widow and family was worthy of their charity, for when she delivered her box into the care of the Secretary-and-Manager soon after the game had restarted, that gentleman was astonished at the amount of money there was in it.

Mr. Philip, in his new boots, struggled manfully through the second half of the game, although there was precious little skin left on his toes by this time, and he wondered how he was going to live to the end, since there did n't seem to be a breath left in him. But something of the old magic had come back. If he could only kick a goal for his side he would feel that his life had not been lived in vain.

As luck would have it, this desire was gratified. Still, this may not be altogether surprising, having regard to the fact that every movement of those mutilated toes engaged the sympathetic interest of a mascot mighty in the North, and in the South also if it came to that. There was only about ten minutes to play; the score was still at one all, when another of those beautiful slow-stealing passes came from the centre-forward, and Philip, knowing that it was now or never, drew the bow at a venture in the inspired way he did in his prime. And somehow he happened to time his effort at the psychological instant, just as a full-back knocked him into the middle of next week.

That is how the Albion came to lose the match, although the result did n't matter really, since very spirited and skillful play had been shown by both sides, there was nothing at stake, and a good cause had prospered. But Philip was the proudest and happiest man in Brighthelmstone as he staggered to the dressing-room with his poor feet, and knowing full well that he would hardly be able to walk for a fortnight.

(To be continued.)

A BOYS' SCHOOL IN UTOPIA

BY A UTOPIAN

THERE exists a wide-spread complaint against the kind of workman turned out by our American educational system. People have been looking in vain to see the universities which they have cherished at the expense of millions of dollars turn out scholars and statesmen of the first rank. They recognize great ability, great power, and great learning, but not inspiration. Perceiving at the same time a pernicious spread of luxury, in a generation whose proportion of indolent persons is great, they begin to doubt the wisdom of their investment.

The schools and colleges meanwhile have been made aware of their shortcomings by a constant fire of criticism, dating from I don't know how far back. A well-to-do parent finds his son at twenty-four years old running errands on State Street. He turns to the private school which his son attended and asks, 'Why did you teach my boy Latin, French, and German, and make him read the first three books of *Paradise Lost*, and Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, etc.? Look at him now — doing arithmetic from morning till night, and it will be two years at least before he is any use on "the street." You have not prepared him for life.'

The justification given by the school for this young man's training has been two-fold: first, that any work has the disciplinary virtue of all work, so that it does not much matter what the work is so long as it is work; second, when the baffled parent has complained further, 'But why should not you have provided work which fitted my son directly for the life he is going to lead, instead of work which fitted him for a life he is not going to lead?' the school has replied, 'There will be time enough to learn the work which is to be done in later life, therefore now we offer those studies which result in culture; for the school should give a broader outlook than would be possible in preparing directly for a life's work.'

Here is an antagonism between culture and drill. Both must have their due, but the school, in trying to meet the claims of each, tried to kill two birds with one stone. A means of obtaining culture, that is, the study of the classics, was applied to the use of drill in work, with the hope that culture would also be gained. Conjugations and declensions were made odious because there is poetry in Latin and Greek, and in the end the *Iliad* of Homer was used as a drudge. Is it strange that the boy came out with neither culture nor habits of work?

Hearing such criticism, the old-fashioned schoolmaster may explain that the natural scholar never finds fault with this method, while the boy to whom Homer is a drudge gets as much culture as he will get at all by being forced to work at the classics. He would have us know that all knowledge, especially all poetry not directly of our own time and nation, is enclosed by a tough husk, and until the young scholar is made to crack this husk, whether he wishes to or not, he cannot get the taste of the hidden meat; he therefore might

as well learn to work in this way as in any other. There is undoubtedly truth in this view, and yet scarcely any one is satisfied with the results, from the point of view either of culture or of work; and the heart of the matter is, that to use for drill what should be studied for its own truth and beauty is not culture. This fact vitiates the value of such material for drill as well, for though it is good for boys to butt against a hard task, the use of which they cannot see, and at times to conform to a uniform standard with other fellows, even when that standard is an artificial one; nevertheless, when the school life is followed immediately by the relaxations of college life; when the work that is done, and the results which are obtained, are allowed to relapse into oblivion and are proven to have no purpose beyond self-culture, the value of school discipline is for the most part lost.

When we turn from the old system to examine the remedies which have been adopted, we find little relief. So-called practical subjects are added to the number of studies already inadequately learned in school, so that a boy has a harder time than ever to learn anything thoroughly. The attack upon Latin does not propose to substitute anything which works out better; and the amount of any practical subject that is given in a preparatory school does not count for much beside the practical knowledge required by the world.

A criticism other than the attack upon the classics hits nearer the mark. The brain is not a library or store-room into which knowledge is to be imported and stored, but rather it has the attributes of a muscle which must be exercised. Yet in our education there is an incongruous difference between the treatment of the brain and the treatment of the muscles. If a man wishes to learn to dig, he starts at once to dig. But with the brain it is another story: 'the educated' have exercised it for some fifteen years before beginning to use it appreciably for any practicable purpose — a custom which has been doggedly continued, in spite of the growing dissatisfaction.

There are then two evils in our system which have been assailed by the criticisms of the day, and which as yet have not been adequately remedied: first, the confusing of studies for culture with disciplinary work or drill; second, the failure to appreciate the real needs of the brain. But there is a deeper evil which includes them both, and which has been but vaguely appreciated in current criticism. This is not a question of subject-matter, it is not wholly a question of method. It is the evil inherent in the study of Latin, Greek, or any other subject, when it cannot be recognized as palpably useful to one's fellow men. I do not mean useful at the end of a long period of time by the fruit of some remote and undefined mental advantage, but useful in ways which are felt by the community in which one lives. Athletics has its hold on schools and colleges because it is the one conspicuous opportunity for the free play of a man's better instincts. What is done on the athletic field is done *for the school.*

In the early days of our country, when education meant simply intellectual development, the hard discipline of nature, the farm work and household work, were so near to each individual, and the question of earning a living was so pressing, that the more fundamental part of education was taken as a matter of course. This is no longer true. And now we are dangerously near to letting the foundations of education crumble away while we putter over the superstructure.

The really old-fashioned educational

system upon which ours is founded had a vigorous common sense about it. School ended for the boy at fourteen or fifteen, the freedom of college began at once, and the boy must stand on his own feet. An intellectual standard of a comparatively uniform type was demanded of college graduates. Roughly speaking there was, outside of mathematics and the limited number of sciences then studied, only one system of thought of any importance to be learned, and this involved a real knowledge of Latin and English literature. To be without this was to be, in a sense, unfit. The college provided the simple and direct means of mastering this system; and young men set themselves to the task of acquiring it. The pressure of real life therefore was felt throughout the system, and the spirit of earnestness permeated education. In other words, the *use* of one's studies was not lost sight of as now.

We cannot go back to the simple and vigorous régime of the past, nor would we think of abandoning the richer opportunities of to-day. Yet we are none the less bound to solve the problem, as the older generation did, of learning to work while young. Therefore something must be found to replace the pressure which the world and its overshadowing difficulties formerly exerted.

The function of the school is to develop the individual in relation to the community in which he lives, in relation especially to his use. The change which is needed is one which will affect the attitude of mind of the schoolboy. Instead of coming to school to be served by highly-paid experts and scholars, the student should be taught that he must do the serving; that what he does is not for himself, but *for the school.* The great primary lesson of life is that we must serve our country; why then should not education begin by our learning to serve our school? I do not mean by this that a pupil must get high marks for the sake of the school. This is dinned into him already. It is an artificial stimulus. He knows that so far as the school is concerned it is only a point of pride, for the real good of high marks is a good to himself. I mean he must serve the school by taking some responsibility, such as he would take were the school a community in which each individual must do his share of the work.

There are two great advantages which becoming of use will bring the boy: first, direct contact with facts; second, responsibility.

Let us imagine a school planned as a community, in which much or all of the necessary work of maintaining life is shared or accomplished by the scholars; and let us imagine the different opportunities for the learning of practical lessons by experience in such a school. In the first place, there is transportation. Much can be learned by carrying one ton of weight one mile in distance, whether by hand or horse, by steam, electricity, or gasolene. A small farm school which should make its boys carry all provisions from a distant railroad station, maintaining horses for this purpose, raising hay to feed them, etc., would have an enormous advantage over some of our large private schools, in developing a certain form of common sense; and if such experience were given on a large scale in schools throughout the country, and the problems of transportation were thus made personal, some of the current hallucinations about 'big business' would be dissipated.

Another opportunity is the school newspaper. A school paper should be an organic part of school life, instead of a froth which floats over the top of it. If masters could make the paper an organ of their own, with scholars work-

ing under them, it would give a great impetus to the practice of writing. It is a foolish superstition, this letting the boys 'do it all themselves.' Any normal boy would rather do something which is worth while under a man than do something which is not worth while 'all himself.'

Accounting and banking enter into the life of every school. These are not such mysteries as boys are brought up to suppose, for the handling of money is not, as we are sometimes vulgarly taught, demoralizing, but tends rather to produce exactitude, fair-mindedness and veracity. Here the opportunity for sound instruction is great.

The employments of weaving, of bronze work, of furniture construction and the like, as taught in sloyd schools, are interesting in this connection as presenting opportunities for production, and perhaps for export trade. Any one of these would be an unmitigated nuisance if introduced artificially for the sake of developing a special side of school life; yet any might come naturally as following some natural advantage which the school possessed, and might become of inestimable benefit to the inhabitants. The George Junior Republic, for instance, has a bakery which has a good trade outside the Republic, not simply because friends will buy its products out of sentiment, but because it can sell bread in neighboring towns. The Thompson's Island Farm and Trade School has an excellent weather bureau; and were our school in Florida we should have orange groves, in Dakota wheat-fields and a flour-mill, and so on; the education always taking color from the uses and strength of the community to which the school belonged.

There are, besides, the problems of lighting, of heating, of caring for the grounds, of plumbing and carpentering, even of laundry work and cooking. It is all very well to take some of these responsibilities off the boy's shoulders, but why should he be guarded from them all as if they were harmful, or only allowed to come in contact with them in vacations or as a sort of play? Each is a trade, industry, or art; and a large part of life consists in these simple matters of maintenance. A boy will therefore profit much by a period of farm life, in which he and his fellows are thrown upon their own resources so that there is no avoiding the physical dirty work involved, or in a little different way, by experiences like the week-end camping trips taken by the boys of the Thatcher School in California. To be sure, — financially, that is, in relation to the outside world, — our school exempts its scholars from the burden of maintenance, and may or may not find it expedient to establish an internal financial system. Moreover, the responsibilities and details of lighting, of heating, of providing, are not easy to deal with. If, however, some part of them can become a feature in a school-boy's life, there is a solid gain to him, and whether these particular duties be given or withheld, a fellow should in some way learn what it means to earn his passage. Thus the school may keep the aim of self-sufficiency and eventual self-support clearly before its citizens.

The community life brings a great deal of education of the most fundamental sort, incidentally. It teaches the dependence of one part of the social mechanism on another, and the relation of the parts to the whole. It tends to counteract the dangerous tendency of class differentiation. It shows the uses of wealth, and the nature of accumulation, with its responsibilities and dangers. It shows the importance of manual work, and at the same time the preëminence of thought. In a small community these lessons are

written in a language which boys can understand, and it is good for them to get a first-hand knowledge of the simple factors which make up the complicated problems of political economy. There is something farcical about the study of economics for men who have not worked for a living, bought and sold, or by some other actual experience learned what these facts are about which the lecturer is speaking. To many men each year in business brings increasingly an appetite for the thought and discussion upon economic questions which were to them in college as philosophy to a child.

Not only in such instances as this, but by the whole course of study in school and college, a boy is kept away from the stuff upon which the mill of his mind is to work. Both by his years of recitations at school, and by his endless listening to lectures in college, is he kept away from facts. If to see a fact in the distance were sufficient, such instruction might suffice; but to get the feel of a fact, to be able to gauge it, to know whether it kicks or bites, is what a man needs. And we may see examples of failure in our systematic education throughout the length and breadth of the country when, in city elections, the man and his followers whose principal education has been in the streets and bar-rooms, obtain the power.

Greater than the value of contact with facts is the value of responsibility. In a man's life, it is the arrival of some responsibility which arouses his powers and makes durable the qualities of manliness. The effect of responsibility is instantaneous. It is like a magnet in its power to charge the individual with the faculties needed for the matter in hand: a light is generated among the fragments of information. Even after a systematic education, these fragments seem to lie in the mind in a chance order until this light appears and shows them ready for use; then abilities develop which never would develop, even with practice, without responsibility.

Why are we ever allowed to get a training without putting it to use? The learner should test his acquirement in some market, however small, for we ought to use our powers while acquiring them, or soon afterwards, and it is but rarely that a science or an art requires a long, wasteful preparation. The advanced forms of knowledge can wait till the appetite for them is keen, as it is sure to become in a boy who, feeling the responsibility of duty, recognizes that advanced knowledge will help him to perform that duty. But now the rich men's sons, and often poor men's sons, too, who attend private and public schools lacking responsibility, and being kept constantly at work, whose standard of excellence is artificial because arbitrarily chosen by masters, become pauperized, literally pauperized, so that they do not know how to be of marketable service to their fellow men, and cannot become so until their whole attitude of mind is changed and they have begun at the bottom and worked up again. In our community school the dealing with real facts involves the taking of real responsibility, and the discipline of real work will be the result.

The attempts to introduce self-government into schools do not by any means necessarily accomplish the same purpose, and often do not succeed in establishing a whit more self-government than the old-fashioned system unwittingly provided. A minute supervision over the boy's life is preposterous in the light of his real opportunities for doing wrong, not only in vacations but during play hours, and that part of his life which counts is this free part. There is moreover a vicious trick in the manner in which these attempts

have sometimes been made. This is to give, consciously or unconsciously, the appearance of self-government, without the reality. One instance of this is the introducing of a form of legislature, in order that boys may play at government. All such mockery is an injury to the self-respect of both boy and master. There must be a frank and genuine control of the school and the lives of its citizens, and where this control does not rest with the boy himself it must rest with the master; for a clearly defined placing of responsibility is as vital to a school as to a business. But the aim of self-government is to give boys the whole responsibility for their own lives.

It is often urged that a policy exactly the reverse of this, namely, the lifting of burdens from the young, gives them a better chance of all-round development. It is said that boys who go to work in the world early are narrow, — they have efficiency in one direction at the expense of character. The force of this is borne out by the fact that intelligent men who have missed a college education are almost invariably eager to have their children obtain one. We hate to see boys taking part in men's work too young, and it is unquestionably better for the community to have the maturity of young men postponed. Be it so; but this freedom from responsibility is not education. It is the other factor in growth, the positive bringing on of maturity, or from the boy's point of view the meeting of difficulty, the assuming of burdens, which is education. The exemption from the sterner duties of life is but temporary, simply a postponement, and the measure of exemption is the measure of ultimate responsibility. To meet the conditions of growth, then, the school must see that responsibilities come gradually, and always with suitable relaxations following the assuming of new burdens. Sooner or later the burdens must be borne, and it may be safely said that as we approach the goal of self-subsistence and self-government in the schools, the complaints against the kind of workmen turned out by our system will disappear.

I have assumed in this paper that the American system is one coördinated whole, in spite of the apparent diversity in its institutions which may make such an assumption seem inappropriate. Its colleges, its graduate schools, its high schools, private schools, trade schools, and the rest, vary much in method and aim, producing the most diverse types of individuals, and yet, virtually, the pace is set by half a dozen universities in the East, — that is, east of the Mississippi River, — the private schools falling directly into line, and the public schools pursuing similar ideals. It is easy to point out trade schools, and many departments in other institutions, to which the criticisms outlined above do not apply. In public schools, too, the pressure of bread-winning, or the personal influence of teachers, often counteracts what evils there may be, and produces earnest workers. I do not wish moreover to ignore the schools where the principles here advocated have been given a trial and have met with unequivocal success, such as the George Junior Republic, the Mount Hermon School, and others. I deplore that these, instead of being exceptional, are not characteristic of the American system, and for the purposes of this discussion I believe it justifiable to consider that system as a whole.

When we look at the good side of the picture, when we see the health and happiness, the ennobling influences in our private and public schools, there seems a certain folly in suggesting change. The best teachers, I believe, as a rule, are the most indifferent about

revising their institutions. They feel that, so long as the teachers know how to teach, we borrow trouble when we attack the method. In the great essentials, boys are self-educated, and take their guidance from the home or from the world; and in the schools, good teachers can accomplish good results under any system. They know, besides, that both discipline and culture can be acquired from any work, if the spirit in which that work is undertaken be the right one. They also know that there is an excellence in their system which cannot readily be replaced. Ideas and subjects are introduced, step leading to step in the sequence best suited to the natural growth of the mind, according to a general scheme which grew like a tree, by a long, slow process, involved in the whole advance of civilization.

All these considerations overshadow the possibility of change, and joined to them will be the cry of each master for his subject. The German teacher will say, 'What, will you give up German?' and the chemistry master, 'What, will you give up chemistry?' and so on, — the supposition being that in the quest for a practical use of learning we shall upset the whole scheme by which intellectual development has heretofore been attained.

I believe there is no ground for this fear. In the first place, all the subjects taught, including even mathematics and chemistry, have in reality been given for the sake of culture, and rightly they should be provided for under this head. By solving the problem of culture we shall find a place for them. In this matter, schools have been greatly handicapped by a false notion in the community, — a superstitious feeling about 'an education,' as though it were a talisman. Some persons think it can be bought and sold, believing that the more they pay the better it will be. By an education they mean that which gives a cultivated tone, as though tone could be bought. It is hard for them to realize how incidental books and learning are to the man of culture, and how little money or advantages or anything counts beside a few simple moral influences.

Our prosperity was built up by men of stern habits of work, and these habits must be transmitted to each new generation, or culture will count for nothing. The American boy is by nature honest, patriotic, and eager to improve — he wishes to become a worker if given a chance. Do not let him be dazzled by the intellectual fire-works of modern thought under the names of progress, broad-mindedness, or culture. Tenets as old as civilization are more needed to-day, and all higher education, all culture, all scholarship, is based upon a sound and clean relation to the primary duties of life.

Let us then imagine the natural place which literature, art, and the like, take in an enlightened community, and reproduce the same conditions as nearly as possible in our school; and not heed those who look for culture as if it were a solid.

The community form of life will, in the nature of the case, make it easier for a boy to realize that he must be self-supporting. His first lesson will be to make himself useful to the school, because if he does not do so he will not get along well. With this lesson stamped into his constitution, he is in a much stronger position with regard to whatever subject he may be interested in than under the present régime, whether he is to make that subject the means of his becoming directly useful to his school, or whether he is going to pursue it for its own sake as recreation.

The resources from which the boys of the last fifty years drew their education must be made available to him.

Let our community-school maintain laboratories, libraries, text-books, and tutors, and provide lectures, music, and pictures. When some task has been undertaken which involves devotion and hard work, the worker ought to be led by the influences around him to devote his spare time to whatever is renovating and beautiful. Besides exercise for the body, and studies like Natural History which bring direct contact with nature, there is occasion in every man's life for art, music, and poetry, and this creates a finer use within the school for the study of literature and its sisters. But the student's activities should not lie only within the school, especially in science. He needs access to the nearest university, and even while living in school a pupil could be sent out to work under original workers, if he has shown unusual aptitude in some direction. If he shows a real devotion to writing and research, exempt him from tasks which would interfere with a literary career. Give him free play, for the school can afford to do this as well as the community. Let the school recognize literature, and science also, as an end in itself, at least an end which when attained makes the boy richer in mind, and happier; and this can scarcely be unless he can contribute in some way to the happiness of the school. Put a premium on any form of production, whether a translation, an exposition, a botanical discovery, a scientific device, or a work of art or piece of poetry which is desirable in itself. The principle which vitalizes work is that it shall be for something or somebody other than one's self, and technical training involving effort wasteful except for self-development is only good where the ultimate use of that training is known. In general, then, and except in special instances, the activities in our school, after the maintenance of life is provided for, should be such as to make the school life itself happier, more varied, and more complete.

For culture as well as drill the community life is best. It gives the opportunity for suiting the work which will develop him best to the boy's individual needs. It teaches all the fundamental lessons of citizenship by affording natural social experiences; that is, by practical examples. Work of many kinds lies ready to hand, for masters or managers to give or to withhold, for, as has been pointed out, the school stands between the pressure of the world and the scholar, and can allow as much or as little exemption from responsibility as it chooses. The relation of practical work to literature, science, and art is kept healthy, because practical work is recognized as a means, and the higher studies as goals.

Finally, boys may here become good citizens through knowing early what citizenship means, acquiring this lesson by experience, not by hearsay; learning before all else to do useful work for the community in which they live, and regarding culture as a means of accentuating, broadening, and deepening their abilities to serve their country, for they are to receive all exemption from responsibility as a debt of honor to be repaid by accepting a higher responsibility as men.

WHITE ROSES

BY L. P. JACKS

'THE expedition failed,' said the Historian, 'because the commander was not allowed to select his own crews. The government of the day was corrupt and insisted on manning the ships with men of its own choosing. Some were diseased; others were criminals; many had never handled a rope in their lives. Before the fleet had doubled Cape Horn one third of the crews had perished and the rest were mutinous. The enterprise was doomed to failure from the start.'

'The whole planet is manned in the same manner,' said the Pessimist, as he helped himself to one of our Host's superlative cigars. 'I'm sorry for the Commander, whoever he is.'

'What precisely do you mean?' said the Professor of Philosophy, holding a lighted match to the end of the Pessimist's cigar.

'I mean,' said the Pessimist, 'that the prospects of the Human Expedition can't be very bright so long as Society has to put up with anybody and everybody who happens to be born. I suppose there *is* a Human Expedition,' he went on. 'At least you fellows always talk as though there were. But who selects the crew? Nobody. They come aboard as they happen to be born, and the unfortunate Commander has to put up with them as they come — broken men, jail-deliveries, invalids, sea-sick land-lubbers, and Heaven knows what. Who in his senses would put to sea with such a crowd? Humanity is always in the condition of your expedition when it doubled Cape Horn — dead, dying or mutinous. And what else can you expect?'

The Host now glanced uneasily at the Professor of Philosophy, whose treatise on *The World Purpose* was famous throughout three continents. The Professor was visibly arming himself for the fray: he had just filled his claret glass with port. 'Remember,' said the Host, 'that we must join the ladies in twenty minutes at the outside.'

'I'm not going to argue,' replied the Philosopher, after a resolute sip of his port, 'I'm going to tell you a story.'

'Tell it in the drawing-room,' said the Son of the House, who had taken his pretty cousin down to dinner; 'that is to say,' — and he spoke eagerly, as if a bright idea had struck him, — 'that is to say, of course, — if it will bear telling in the presence of ladies.'

There was a roar of laughter, and the Son of the House blushed to the roots of his hair.

'I am inclined to think,' said the Professor, 'that my story, so far from being unsuitable for the ladies, will be intelligible to no one else.'

'We'll join the ladies at once,' said the Host, 'and hear the Professor's story.'

The Pessimist, who was fond of talking, now broke in. 'That,' he said, 'is most attractive; but not quite fair to me. I should like to finish what I had begun. And I doubt if my views will be quite in place in the drawing-room. Besides, the Professor must finish his port. I was only going to say,' he

went on, 'that the having to put up with all that comes in human shape is a very serious affair. It seems to me that we all arrive in the world like dumped goods. Nobody has "ordered" us and perhaps nobody wants us. Our parents wanted us, did you say? Well, I suppose our parents wanted children; but it does n't follow that they wanted *you* or *me*. Somebody else might have filled the book as well, or better. It 's a matter of absolute chance. For example, my father has often told me how he met my mother. There was a picnic on a Swiss lake. My father's watch was slow, and when he arrived at the quay the boat that carried the party was out of sight. It so happened that there was another party — people my father did n't know — going to another island, and seeing him disconsolate on the quay, they took pity on him and made him go with them. It was in their boat that he met my mother. The moral 's obvious. If my father's watch had kept better time I should never have been in existence. ['A jolly good thing too,' whispered the Son of the House.] Neither would my six brothers, nor any of our descendants to the *n*'th generation. Well, that 's how the whole planet gets itself *manned*. That 's how the crew is chosen. And that 's why the expedition gets into trouble on rounding Cape Horn.'

'It 's a capital introduction to my story,' said the Professor, in whom, after his second claret-glass of port, one would hardly have recognised the Author of *The World Purpose*. 'I wish the ladies could have heard it.'

'I venture to think,' said our Host, 'that the ladies will understand the story all the better for not having heard the introduction. You see I am assuming that the story is a good one.'

'Thank you,' said the Professor.

'I say,' broke in the Son of the House, 'I say, Professor, it 's a pity you did n't take that question up in *The World Purpose*. That 's an awfully good point of the Pessimist's, and a jolly difficult one to answer, too. I should like to see you tackle it. Why, I once heard the Pater here say to the Mater — '

'We 'll go upstairs,' said our Host.

'About ten years ago,' the Professor began, 'I was traveling one night in a third-class carriage to a town on the East Coast. My two companions in the compartment were evidently mother and daughter. The mother had a singularly beautiful and intelligent face; and the daughter, who was about twelve years old, resembled her. They were dressed in good taste, without rings or finery, and, so far as I am able to judge such things, without expense.

'Prior to the departure of the train from the London terminus, I had noticed the two walking up and down the platform and looking into the carriages, apparently endeavoring to find a compartment to themselves. They did not succeed, and finally entered the compartment where I was. Whether I ought to have been flattered by this, or the reverse, I knew not.

'I could see they wanted to be alone, and I felt a brief impulse to leave them to themselves and go elsewhere. It would have been a chivalrous act; but whether from indolence, or curiosity, or some other feeling, I let the impulse die, and remained where I was.

'The girl began immediately to arrange cushions for her mother in the corner of the carriage, and from the solicitude she showed I gathered that the mother, though to all appearance in health, was either ill or convalescent. By the time I had come to this conclusion the train was already in motion, or I verily believe I should have obeyed my first impulse and left the carriage. I am glad, however, that I did not.

'When all had been arranged I noticed that the two had settled themselves in the attitude of lovers, their hands clasped, the girl resting her head on the mother's shoulder and gazing into her face from time to time with a look of infinite tenderness. And it was some relief to me to observe that, lover-like, they seemed indifferent to my presence.

'I was reading a book, though I confess that eyes and mind would constantly wander to the other side of the carriage. I am not a sentimental person, and scenes of sentiment are particularly objectionable to my temper of mind; but for once in my life I was overawed by the consciousness that I was in the presence of deep and genuine emotion. Finally, I gave up the effort to read; a strange mental atmosphere seemed to surround me; I fell into a reverie, and I remember waking suddenly from a kind of dream, or incoherent meditation on the pathos and tragedy of human life.

'I looked at my companions and I saw that both were weeping. The girl was in the same position as before. The mother had turned her face away, and was looking out into the blackness of the night. Tear after tear rolled down her cheek.

'They must have become conscious that I was observing them, though God knows I had little will to do so. I took up my book and pretended to read; and I knew that an effort was being made, that tears were being checked, that some climbing sorrow was being held down. Presently the lady said, speaking in a steady voice, —

'"Do you know the name of the station we have just passed?"

'I told her the name of the station; asked if I should raise the window; spoke to the girl; offered an illustrated paper, and so on through the usual preliminaries of a traveler's talk. The answers I received were such as one expects from people of charming manners. But nothing followed, for a time, and I again took up my book.

'The book I was reading, or pretending to read, was a volume of the Ingersoll Lectures, bearing on the back the title *Human Immortality*. Once or twice I noticed the eyes of the woman resting on this; but I was greatly surprised when, in one of the pauses when I laid down the book, she said, —

'"Would you mind my asking you a question?"

'"Certainly not."

'"Do you believe in the Immortality of the Soul?"

'As a teacher of philosophy I am accustomed to leading questions at all sorts of inopportune moments, but never in my life was I so completely taken aback. However, I collected my thoughts as best I could and, though the subject is one on which I never like to speak without prolonged preparation, I briefly told her my opinions on that great problem, as you may find them expressed in my published works. Possibly I spoke with some fervor; the more likely, because I spoke without preparation. She listened with great attention; and as for the young girl, her face was lit up with a look of intelligent eagerness which, had I seen it for one moment in my own class-room, would have rewarded me for the labor of a long course of lectures.

'I had still much to say when the train drew up at the platform of C——.

'"I'm sorry not to hear more," said the lady, "but this is our destination."

'"And there's Dad!" cried the girl.

'A man in working clothes stood at the carriage-door.

'"Good-by," said the woman, warmly shaking me by the hand, "you have been most kind to me."

'"Good-by," said the daughter, "You're a dear old dear!"

'And with that she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me fervently three or four times. I was greatly surprised, but not altogether displeased.

'They were evidently a most affectionate family. As the train moved off the three stood arm in arm before the carriage-door.

'"Got two sweethearts to-night, sir," said the man.

'"And without jealousy," said I. "I congratulate you on each of them."

'"I hope you'll forgive my daughter," he said, "she's an impulsive little baggage."

'"She may repeat the offense the next time we meet," I replied; and we all laughed.

'It was a joyful ending to what had been, in some respects, a painful experience.'

'I don't see the point of your story, Professor; and I am at a loss to imagine what it has to do with my introduction.' This from the Pessimist.

'The story has only begun,' said the Professor, who was sipping his tea.

'Those kisses at the end were jolly hard lines on a man who dislikes sentiment,' said the Son of the House.

'I did n't find them so,' answered the Professor. 'But remember they were only the kisses of a child.'

'The best sort!' growled the Pessimist.

'True,' said our Hostess. 'The judgments of children are the judgments of God. But let the Professor go on.'

'It was seven or eight months later,' the Professor resumed, 'when on opening the *Times* one morning my attention was caught by an item of news relating to the town at which my two companions had alighted from the train. The news itself was of no importance, but the name of the town printed at the head of the paragraph strangely arrested me, and served to recall with singular vividness the incident of my previous journey. I found myself repeating, in order and minute detail, everything that had happened in the carriage, some of the particulars of which I had forgotten till that moment. The end of it was that I became possessed with a strong desire to visit C——, though I had no connections whatever with the place, and had never stayed there in my life. I knew, of course, that it was an interesting old town, with a famous cathedral, and I remember persuading myself at the time, and indeed telling my wife, that I ought to visit that cathedral without further delay. As the day wore on the impulse grew stronger, and eventually overpowered me. I traveled down to C—— that night, and put up at one of the principal hotels.

'The next morning was spent in the usual manner of sight-seers in an ancient town. Reserving the Cathedral for the afternoon, I visited the old wall and the dismantled quays, and wandered among the narrow streets, reading history, as my habit is, from the monuments with which the place abounded. About noon I found my way to the spacious market-place, and began inspecting the beautiful front of the old Town Hall.

'I suddenly became aware of a man on the opposite pavement, who was watching me with some interest. What drew my attention to him was a large mass of white roses which he was carrying in a basket; for, as you know, I have been for many years an enthusiastic rose-grower, and there is nothing which attracts the mind so rapidly as any circumstance connected with one's hobby. The man was dressed in good clothes; and it was this that prevented me at first from recognizing him as the person who had met my two com-

panions at the station seven months before.

'Seeing that I had observed him, he crossed the street.

'"You remember me?" he said. "Well, I have been looking for you all over the town. Had I known your name I should have asked at the hotels."

'"But how did you know I had arrived?" I asked.

'"My wife told me you were here."

'"She must have seen me, then," I said.

'"Yes, she saw you. She saw you arrive last night at the station. And she saw you later, standing under an electric lamp, in front of the Cathedral."

'This struck me as odd, for I had purposely waited till near midnight before going to the Cathedral, that I might see the exterior in the light of the moon; and I had been confident that not a soul was about.

'"How is she?" I asked, for I remembered my previous impression that she was an invalid.

'"Oh, much better," he answered "in fact, quite restored. It's a great comfort."

'"It was very kind of her to send you to look for me," I said. "Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of seeing her later on in the day — and your daughter as well. You remember I congratulated you on your two sweethearts."

'"Yes," he answered, "and you were not far wrong in that. But would n't you like to take a turn round the old town first? It's a wonderful place and full of interest. And I know it through and through."

'I was greatly puzzled by his manner. His speech and address were certainly remarkable for a working man; and I confess that for a moment the thought crossed my mind that he was some sort of impostor, and that I should be well-advised in having nothing to do with him. I suppose it was his basket of roses that reassured me.

'"Well," I said, "I've seen a good deal already. But I've no objection to seeing it all again. I'll put myself in your hands."

'"Splendid!" he cried. "It's an ideal day and we'll have a high old time! And it'll please the missus to know that I've taken you round. What do you say to going up the river first? There's a glorious reach beyond the bridge. And the sun's in the right position to give you the best view of the Cathedral."

'"Nothing would please me better," said I; and we set off at once toward the river.

'"That's a splendid lot of roses in your basket," I said, as we took our places in the boat, he sculling and I steering. "Frau Carl Druschki, unless I'm much mistaken."

'"Yes. I grew them on my allotment. I'm taking them home to my wife."

'For some time we talked roses. He had a theory of pruning, which differed from mine, and led to a good deal of argument. Finally, he dropped his sculls, and taking a piece of paper from his pocket, drew on it the diagram of a rose-bush pruned according to his method. We had forgotten the Cathedral.

'I took his drawing and began to criticize. "Oh!" he said, "let's drop it. We're missing one of the noblest sights in England. Look at that!" And he pointed to the heights.

'As we dropped down the river half an hour later my companion, who had been silent for some time, again broke out on the subject of roses. "It takes time and patience and thought," he said. "More perhaps than it's worth. If it were not for my wife, I should give it up. She's desperately fond of them."

'"That's the best of reasons for not giving it up," I answered. "I happen to be a great admirer of your wife."

'"That's another link between us," said he. "She's the best wife man ever had. She's worthy of all the admiration you can give her."

'"She's worthy of all the roses you can grow for her," I said.

'"By God, she is!" he answered.

'We grew confidential, and a story followed. He told me that he was the illegitimate son of a baronet; that his father had made him an allowance to study art in London; that he had married his model, in opposition to the wishes of his father; that the Baronet had thereupon thrown him over for good and all; that he had failed to make a living by art; that he had got an engagement with a great furnishing-house as a skilled painter; that he was earning four pounds a week in doing artistic work in rich men's houses and elsewhere; that he was now engaged in restoring some fifteenth-century frescoes in a parish church. His wife earned money too, though he did not tell me how, and his daughter was being trained as a singer. "We're all more or less in art," he said, "and we're a very happy family."

'By this time we were back at the landing-place, and as the man stepped ashore, he said, "It's about time I took these roses to my wife. We'll just walk along to where I live, and I'll show you the rest of the sights afterwards. I'll take you to the Cathedral when the afternoon service is over."

'As we walked through the streets the man kept up an incessant stream of talk, pointing to this and that, and discoursing with great eagerness on the history and antiquities of the town. It struck me as strange that he never waited for any answer but passed from one thing to another without a pause. Presently we stopped in front of a small house, one of a row of villas.

'"This is where I live," he said, and stopped on the doorstep.

'"Good!" I cried, "and now you will take me in and reintroduce me to your charming wife."

'"I'm sorry," he answered, "but the thing's quite impossible."

'I was so startled by this unexpected answer that, without thinking, I blurted out the question, "Why?"

'"Because," he said, "she's in her coffin. She died at four o'clock this morning."

'At the words he sank down on his doorstep, put the basket of roses on his knees and bowed himself over them in a passion of tears.

'The door opened, and the young girl, who had been with me in the train, ran down the steps. Sitting down beside her father she put her arms round his neck and said, "Daddy, Daddy, don't cry!"'

The Professor ceased and there was a long pause.

'Did you discover,' said the Pessimist, at length, 'why the two were weeping in the train?'

'No need to ask that,' said our Hostess. 'The woman had received sentence of death.'

'Did you ever follow it up,' said the Historian. 'What, for example, became of the young girl?'

'She was married to my eldest son last week,' said the Professor.

'I knew the Pessimist's introduction would not be needed,' said our Host.

'It was the introduction that reminded me of the story,' said the Professor.

THE FAIRY TOUCH

BY CLARENCE STONE

In the course of a steady tramp across a forest, climbing over fallen trees, breaking through briers, skirting impenetrable thickets, it may happen that you come suddenly upon an open place of pleasant grasses, domed by a high blue sky at the tops of the circling trees, and joyous with a peculiar quality of radiant sunlight, so that the air seems fluid filtered gold. It is as if a fairy touch had thrown wide a hidden window upon another world; yet in the gladness with which you greet the revelation there stirs a vague memory, as if the place had once been known.

So, in making a way through the woods of external existence, in working in order to live, there come similar sudden and exquisite interludes, — as the sight of geraniums glowing in the thick air of a slum, or a glimpse of an old man brooding alone in the dusk. And at such times the feeling is not of a dim foreknowledge, as when stepping into a glade; it is a conviction that here, at a fairy touch, a door has opened an instant through the bristling hedge of affairs, and a vision has been granted into the heart of life.

There are people who have the fairy touch. In the intimate human associations, held together by kindred blood or by kindred ideals, these folk of the fairy transmutation serve the same invaluable purpose which genius does in the world at large; they open the hearts of men and bring them close. The little circles where we relax and commune, where we recurrently meet a few persons and pleasures, and are met at times by sorrow, owe much of their unity and flavor to people often of indifferent accomplishment — but of the fairy touch. Indeed, they are not only like genius, they have genius. The difference between them and the men of more durable achievement is but a difference of strength and of concentration. Surely they understand; and the gift of expression is theirs, though it be but fleeting, fragile, shadowy.

To strangers they seldom favorably appeal. Apparently they are doomed to slovenliness of the body, they are careless about clothing, they have eccentricities of behavior, such as going barefoot about the lawns of a house where they feel at home. Yet when such a one sways over the keys of a piano, playing Schubert's Serenade from memory, for he cannot read music, playing with a poignant personal interpretation, he will shake the heart of a man as a leaf flutters at dawn, and will sink vibrant roots deeply into that man's being. Once known, these elfin envoys are irresistible; for the eager spirit of man, unsubdued under its crust of experience, responds, whether he wishes it or not, to the magic of those who have never lost, but instead have enlarged and enlightened, that inspired sense of the wonder of life which is back of the luminous eyes of a child. They are messengers of Psyche, and at their touch clear vision comes for a little while.

What better work could there be than this, — to quicken the inner life

of men and take them, for a time, from the dusty rut where they fight for food or follow the phantoms of ambition? And not to attempt this deliberately, as is done for a price by mimes on the stage, but with unpremeditated ardor to express something of strange loveliness that relieves, or newly interprets, the pressure which each must bear.

Nor do they need premeditation, since, unerringly sensing moods as men of the soil or the sea sense weathers, a fine efficiency of self-effacement enables them to merge themselves absolutely in a drifting emotion, then to keep it clear and increasing, so holding those whom they know forever in friendly debt. As when, being at the mercy of the travel lure, you happen upon a man of the fairy touch whom choice and circumstance combine to keep close at home, and yet get from him gripping pictures of alien races and places, even though he speaks at second hand. Somewhere he has met and liked an English wanderer, and he, who has never been beyond the sea, has so caught the atmosphere, perhaps because the man who spoke was homesick and intense, that better than the many who go much abroad, and with a glimmer of romance, he brings the sight of workmen at their games in the English fields, shouting and laughing through the long summer twilight.

It seems inevitable that such men shall be somewhat patronized, even if they be liked, by the average practical person, busy with surgery or the sale of stocks and bonds. The fairy folk can point to no definite success; they cannot say to themselves, 'There goes a chap who owes his life to me: I snipped out his appendix just in the nick of time'; or, 'But for me that woman might be in the poorhouse: I got hold of her money as she was about to waste it in wildcat speculation, and now it brings her more than four per cent.' For the elf clan, earth holds nothing of this. In a material way they do not arrive. Yet if a man has not the type of intellect and energy required to plan and competently carry through an insurance company, so lessening the physical and mental stress of many lives, does he not deserve very sincere admiration if, simply by living, he lessens spiritual tensions more truly dangerous than any lack of shelter or food?

There is a certain submerged bookkeeper of this sort, a man whose work is but a bit of routine, not vital to any process of the complicated corporate machine which pays his wage. But this obscure copyist of accounts is valuable: he has not forgotten, and lets no one who knows him forget, something most of us lose early — that life is intended to be rich in jolly moments. Business itself cannot quench him, and if you hunt him out at his desk he will glance up at you with a blink of his tired eyes, and immediately there will come over his queer face such a look of roguery, so delicate an expression of invincible glee, that you have to smile vigorously to forestall an outburst of apparently meaningless laughter — an appalling thing in the quiet of a room where fifty clerks are sombrely crouched above their scratching pens. Wherever you meet him he will endanger your reputation for sanity. He sees life as a pageant of preposterous episodes, and his lean dry face assumes such subtly absurd expressions, and he emits such odd intonations, that he will victimize and reduce to maudlin mirth the gravest of men, and send him buoyantly upon his way.

Another of the fairy touch finds fun unceasing in the anxiety of his parents that he shall be thought seriously employed. No financial pressure makes it needful for him to be busy at money-getting, nor has he an inclination

toward any of the professions; and in the judgment of those who know him intimately he justifies idleness by extracting from it rare valuations. However, his parents have at last agreed that their son is a student, and though it is doubtful if he has read twenty books in the years since his university made him bachelor of arts, his room is referred to as 'the study.' Entering the house with a friend, he will announce in a loud and ironical voice that he wishes to undertake some important research work in the study, and will request his mother to see that the servants do not rattle pans in the kitchen or indulge in audible conversation. He will then go to his room, close the door with a snap, fling himself on a couch, and begin to relate a series of diabolical and unflinching anecdotes. Having effervesced in this fashion for a while, he will stop suddenly and begin to build wonderful word-pictures. Most of his days are spent in solitary rambles through buried corners of the earth, forgotten places like the islands off the west coast of Scotland, or the villages and fields of the Canadian habitant, but preferably the country of his ancestry and his youth, a land of dense woods, wide marshes, and broad tidal rivers. Here he wanders on foot, or drifts in a canoe down the winding inlets, or lingers with the tide-water people, a pretentious, droll, and lovable relic of earlier days. He talks of it all, slowly, precisely, gesturing deliberately as he utters what it means to him. He has an impressive feeling for the moods of great rivers, for the majesty of night and noon upon still forests, he knows the varying lights and shadows that lie upon the marshes from sunrise until twilight, he revels in rain, loves the roar of mighty winds battling with giant trees, and translates cloud-formations into speech. An hour with him leaves a live memory of fantastic humor, and, far deeper than that, stirs the sense of human oneness with the splendor and mystery of the outer world.

A faculty found often in those of the elf blood is an altogether trustworthy instinct for decoration, coupled with an ability to bewitch their intimates into better taste without leaving a trace of soreness. One such, who in spite of his thinning hair seems an eternally juvenile sprite, will come into the house of a friend and, in the midst of cutting capers with the children, will remark of an unoccupied wall-space that it might be brightened by a bit of color; or he may make lacerating comments upon a portière, and the comments will be so deft that they will lacerate only the portière, never the proprietor thereof. And when next this fairy fellow comes, perhaps there will be a bundle under his arm, a curtain he has made of dull brown burlap and deep brown velvet a remarkably apt improvement on the portière of his censure. As for the barren wall-space, some day he will bring a little landscape that he has burned into wood and colored; simply a road running through green hills, but it is a road that leads to high noon of the heart, and the green hills lift up exceeding promise. Surely he has the fairy touch.

Yet all this summoning of gladness and gayety for others is too frequently a cloak to cover drab despair. It is as if the fairy touch were given in partial compensation, an inadequate relief from a depression never entirely evaded; for in the lives of these people come silent times when there is felt the presence of an utter disaster. It may be a fundamental doubt and pessimism, an overwhelming realization of the magnitude of human pain; and it may be mere weariness, for the fairy folk are apt to have been lonely only children, the hope of a father of great practical

vigor, or the last of a family for generations prominent and serviceable, and they are burdened by the consciousness of an inability to fulfill expectations, to carry on the tradition acceptably; and it may be an underlying dreary resentment of that attitude of amused contempt which is the judgment rendered on them by the great majority who measure a man solely by what he has done. Well, if the fairy folk were truly so measured, they would rank high among men. Service for the state, law, finance, commerce, art — all these are converging endeavors toward a nobler and more joyous individual life, a more mellow and enlightened communal contact, man with man. And along this same road of betterment the people of the fairy touch irresistibly lure those they know, by the charm of personalities whose zest of appreciation belittles the unrest of desire.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PAYING FOR PLUSH

To serene-faced people whose placidity is due to the large waist-measure of their pocket-books this little article can but seem another variation on the dissonant and monotonous theme entitled 'The High Cost of Living'; and since people of that brand are not convinced or even discomposed by contradiction, I shall waste no words in attempting to convince them that I myself am not of the proletariat, and that my complaint is not against the high cost of the things I want to buy. The cause of my outcry is the idiocy of a world which professes to wish to sell me what I want, but which will only let me have it inextricably tied up with other things which I would not choose as a gift.

Observation among my acquaintances, and frequent discussions with them of this burning theme, convince me that I am one of a numerous class of would-be purchasers, and I intend this article to break the too-patient silence in which we have suffered, and perhaps to reach the alert ear of the 'American Business-Man,' who, we are so often informed in admirably written advertisements, is one flame of fervent endeavor to supply the wants of his customers. Let him, therefore, after this general statement of my theme, listen to specific details.

The railroads claim to sell me comfortable transportation, but in order to buy this commodity I must pay for bevel-edged plate-glass mirrors, unsanitary carpets, contorted wood-carvings, and plush-covered seats which my hygienic soul abhors. I not only do not wish to pay money for these articles, — I would willingly pay to travel free from them; but they are united with a Siamese indissolubility to the act of proceeding from one city of my native country to another; they are all as costly as they are ugly and unsuitable, and I have studied enough political economy to be aware that nobody pays for them but my fellow travelers and myself.

Another thing I would like to buy is that indeterminate collection of

objects known picturesquely as 'dry goods.' Can I? No, along with my tape and shoe-string, towels and stockings, I must pay for a luxurious palace in which these articles are arranged; I must pay for expert shop-window decorators who spend their blood and brains in making 'tasty' combinations of undershirts, umbrellas, and neckties, and in evolving a weird and execrable art of 'window-display,' which I not only dislike personally, but which I deplore as a direct incentive to extravagance; I must pay for an auditorum where highly-paid singers perform to the accompaniment of music-machines; I must pay for tons of cotton-batting used in Christmas decorations, for miles of ribbon for Easter fêtes, for carloads of bunting for Fourth of July adornment. For well do I know that the shopkeeper is no misguided philanthropist, forcing these horrors upon me out of the benevolent bad taste of his heart. I pay for them — not he. And I do not want them.

To rouse to life another old complaint of mine, I have only to look through the huge plate-glass windows of an automobile show-room at the mirror-varnished, nickel-plated, leather-upholstered, padded machines, the real function of which is to convey people from one place to another. I cannot afford to own an automobile because nobody will make one reliable as to machinery and at the same time severely plain as to fittings. If I take this remark to manufacturers of motor-cars, they laugh at my ignorance of the psychology of my compatriots. 'Nobody would buy one if it did n't look as expensive and shiny as everybody else's,' they tell me inelegantly. I am convinced that they lie. That is what I am writing this article about. I *know* they lie.

When I take my family back to the city after a summer outdoors, I would like to buy, along with my roof, some sunshine and clean air. These desirable commodities are to be had, but invariably connected, a study of apartment-houses proves, with pseudo-magnificent entrance-halls, with mock-onyx and imitation palms, as though I should wish to buy a bar of soap or a loaf of bread and be able to purchase it only on condition of buying also an assortment of pinchbeck jewelry. Worse, for at least I could throw the paste diamonds into the river, whereas I must not only pay for my imitation palms, but walk past them every day of my life. It is true that there are apartment-houses where the onyx is genuine and the palms rooted in real earth, but there the prices soar beyond any but Pittsburgian purses. Besides, the point is that I do not want to buy a gorgeous entrance-hall, real or imitation. I want sunshine and clean air.

And I am convinced — hence this plea — that I am not the only American who would like to buy the real essentials of life without paying for highly undesirable non-essentials — to be able to see a good play, for instance, without paying for a costly *foyer*, particularly since its costliness is apt to be due to an elaborate decoration, the rococo style of which scarcely solaces me for the drain on my finances.

The purveyors to the public evidently do not agree with me. A short time ago, when there was a great cry against high fares on a certain railway line, one of the directors said conclusively: 'Put on a plain car with rattan seats and no carpets, mark it, in letters three feet high, "SECOND CLASS," and we could afford to offer half-a-cent-a-mile rates on it. The only expense would be to run it empty for a while.'

I do not believe him. I think he and hundreds of business-men are overestimating the vanity and childishness of the public to which they cater. I

cannot speak with certainty for all parts of the country, but I can answer for my own section that there would be such a rush for rattan seats and clean floors that the plush and carpets of the 'first class' would be left to the proverbial 'princes and fools' who monopolize those unsavory luxuries in Europe.

I am not stating an air-rooted orchid of a theory. It has been proved true in so many branches of industry that there is no doubt about it. People who buy lead-pipe or threshing-machines are not forced to pay for velvet curtains and silver fixtures. Why should I be? To my mind such things have no more legitimate connection with my purchases of clothes or transportation or food or sunshine or furniture.

I am not parsimonious; I am not poor — not being from Connecticut I have no more than the ordinary human reluctance to being done out of my money; but when I take a mental stand in the midst of our over-padded, over-mirrored, over-luxurious, overheated 'civilization,' and look about me, I am tempted to imitate the action of a shrewd business friend of mine — owner of a superb department-store — when he visited Monte Carlo. He entered the gorgeous golden *salons* of the Casino, and casting one lightning-like glance at the splendors about him, clapped his hands to his pockets and fled with the rapidity of panic fear.

He knew! He had turned that trick himself.

AN AVIAN DREAD

THE *Atlantic Monthly* has committed itself, through a contributor, to the statement that 'birds are, for the most part, detestable.' I shall not contest this declaration. To the writer of 'The Avian Superstition' birds may be detestable; to me they are formidable, terrible.

I am not a coward. I have removed mice from traps, I have dissected the slippery angleworm, I have handled the beautiful garter-snake. But of birds, whether lark or loon, titmouse or turkey, *I am afraid.* Almost all birds are beautiful: I cherish the memory of swallows circling farm-house chimneys, of the grosbeak flitting through snow-laden branches, with the recollection of the Bay of Naples, or of the purplish pink of England's moors. The notes of birds are beautiful; I like even the raucous call of the peacock, reminding me of the weary yet unwilling bedtimes of my childhood. But of the birds themselves, I am afraid.

When I was four years old, I started one day to cross my grandfather's barnyard. Suddenly, with a swoop, a gobble, a roar, a turkey-cock was upon me. Paralyzed, I fell prone upon the ground, where the dragon perched himself upon me, beating me with his wings, tearing at my clothes with claws and beak. Fortunately the hired man was at hand; he seized the beast by his hideous neck, and bravely hurled him clear across the yard.

It was not only the whole, live bird of which I was thenceforth afraid, — it was dead birds or birds' feathers, in feather-dusters, on hats, anywhere. I suppose it was because the gobbler's talons tore only my clothes that my family did not take my accident seriously. Other little girls, they assured me, had been flopped by turkeys, but none had ever died of it. My brothers delighted to tease: sometimes I drew my napkin from its ring to flirt a turkey feather into my face, sometimes my bare and shrinking arm met a mass of down in the sleeve of a dress. Well do I remember the night when they convinced me that there were feathers in pillows and I rose and slept on the floor!

Now, my family have ceased to tor-

ment, but they still laugh at me, reason with me. I must conquer this absurd obsession. Once my father came to me with a dead bird in his hand.

'My dear,' said he, 'see this beautiful flicker; see his red crest, see —'

I looked at my father, determined upon my good; I looked around the room. The bird was between me and the doors.

'Father,' I said, 'if you come a step nearer, I shall jump through this window.'

I should have done just that. I should have hated it, for glass makes ugly cuts; but I should have jumped none the less.

Twice have birds spoiled great experiences for me. One was my first walk with a young man. He was in college, he was admired by the town; an hour before the time, I was ready. The day was heavenly, no mortal was ever happier than I. Down the street we went, in sight of every one, — especially of Essie Little, who also admired him, and whom I disliked excessively, — and out on the country road to a beautiful woodland path.

Hardly had we set foot in it than we came upon a dead crow, whereupon I lost all sense of what I was saying. I had succeeded in stammering my way back into coherence, when we came upon another crow, and another. I was ashamed to confess my infirmity to my companion. I began to giggle hysterically. In this condition I continued until I reached my own door, having made a perfect idiot of myself, and having fixed my young man's affection firmly upon Essie Little.

The second time I committed myself to greater ignominy. I had become a student at a university, where I was invited one afternoon to tea with Miss K., an alumna of the university, who was regarded by us all with great awe.

'And now,' said she, when I had finished my third cup, 'I am going to show you my brother Louis's birds.'

The words strangely enough struck no terror to my heart. I knew 'Louis's' birds, wonderful colored plates in magazines and books. I had one of his pictures in my room, a group of flamingoes against a gray-green sky, which was to me more wonderful than the Mona Lisa. Overwhelmed with pleasant anticipation, I followed Miss K. But she did not lead me into the library, where I expected to examine volumes of drawings; she took me upstairs, to a room lined with deep-drawered cases and odorous with disinfectants, and there she closed the door. Sickeningly it dawned upon me that the birds were real, dead birds, and not pictures of birds.

I do not remember seeing my old friend the turkey that afternoon, nor yet an ostrich, but I saw all the other birds in the universe. I am not certain that I did not see a roc. I held a South American humming-bird in my hand while Miss K. showed me the under layers of white which made the outer crimson so brilliant; protective color was made clear to me on a partridge, *laid upon my lap!*

Finally, Miss K. brought from a deep drawer a whole armful of bird, a flamingo, rosy, pink, mounted with hinges in his joints. Him she stood upright near me, and called upon me to admire.

'Louis says —' she began; but what Louis said I did not hear.

For the thing winked at me, and I fell, sliding from my chair to the floor.

I remember nothing about my resuscitation, except that it was accomplished with tenderness and alarm, and that my hostess reproached herself for the close, odorous room. Not even to spare her pain did I confess. I felt as if I had committed an unpardonable

breach of manners, as if I had emptied my soup into my lap or eaten with my knife.

In the dormitory I sat myself down and reasoned with myself. I would cure myself or die. I firmly asserted the non-existence of fear, I called vanity to my aid, shame, ambition. I was certain that I was cured.

Until yesterday. Then, in the same barnyard, I came upon a turkey, in a wire-inclosed pen, and him I addressed with boasting, not seeing that the door of the pen was unlatched. In an instant he had thrust forth his incredible neck, had opened his terrible mouth.

I might have slammed the door upon him, I might have fronted him boldly. I did neither. I shrieked, I ran, I tore to the house, in the full view of a dozen relatives and friends, while he pursued me, roaring, snorting, gobbling his fiendish exultation.

So I am still obsessed. But perhaps I am partly cured. Perhaps I shall be able to endure sight of dead bird or wink of flamingo. Perhaps a turkey is not a bird, perhaps he is only a reincarnated dragon.

It must not be hoped from the above that I shall yield my Thanksgiving white meat to those who are braver or more sensible than I. For I do have sense enough to know that a dressed turkey, stuffed with good Maryland bread-filling, or with better Pennsylvania German potato-filling, bears no more relation to a live turkey than a *marron glacé* does to a chestnut bur.

ON BEING EAVES-DROPPED

THERE are gaps in every language. To be sure, we may boast that our own English is fairly complete, that its stock of terms, phrases, and idioms is large enough to cover almost every conceivable thought, concept, or situation in the experience of life; yet unto him who is capable of detecting the subtler flavors and aromas of life's occasion, and who observes things with a deeper sympathy, there is frequently revealed the inadequacy of our language, in thoughts that are as yet unworded, and in situations that have thus far gone unlabeled. Such a man can testify that there are gaps even in the King's English.

For example, one could almost wish that the verb 'to eaves-drop,' were capable of a passive mood: 'to be eaves-dropped.' Such a term would meet a real deficiency in our vocabulary. Everybody knows what it is to eaves-drop, — willfully to overhear what is intended for other ears. And, alas, in these days of crowded street- and railway-cars, where men and women are brought into a contact with each other that is often undesirably close, every one can recognize the applicability of our verb in its passive mood: 'to be eaves-dropped,' to be forced by circumstances to overhear things which are not only intended for other ears, but to the exclusive possession of which other ears are very welcome. Surely it is a situation in which we all have been placed, one which is becoming common enough in modern experience to justify its proper label.

Of course it is a situation which finds its being not alone in the realm of hearing, but in the realm of all things sensuous. Not only are we obliged to hear things to which we would fain be deaf: we are obliged to see and feel and smell things of which we would choose to remain unconscious. We are not only eaves-dropped by the tyranny of circumstances: we are made unwilling participants in a vast assortment of trivial commerce in which we are conscious of being no better than interlopers; and the fact that we are rebel-

lious interlopers, seized by ruthless circumstance and thrust all expostulant into occasions whose privacy we have no desire to share, serves only to accentuate our intrusion.

Is it not reasonable to presume that much of our modern tragedy of overwrought nerves finds its origin in our 'being eaves-dropped'? The normal nervous system is capable of receiving and assimilating a certain number of sensuous excitations, and up to the saturation-point it is profited by the exercise. But an overfeeding of sensuous excitation inevitably engenders a certain spiritual dyspepsia, which by the way is a great deal worse than its physical counterpart, for the simple reason that it includes its physical counterpart as one of its many manifestations.

The trouble with us is that it is beyond our power to excuse ourselves from 'life's full board' when we have had enough. We must perforce sit and eat long after we are surfeited. The experience of 'being eaves-dropped' is but a small sample of our helplessness. We cannot, like a telephone, hang up a receiver and end the connection. The receivers of our nervous systems are always off the hooks; the connections are always open.

It may be that Nature, give her time enough, will ultimately evolve a physical organism that shall be equipped with some device akin to the electric switch, by pressing which its sensuous connection with things external can be terminated at will. Think how blithely such a creature would go through one of our nerve-shattering days! Behold him, in the early morning, issuing from his habitation, ruddy of countenance and bright of eye, full of vigor and zest after his perfect night's repose. He goes through his daily routine, picking and choosing the sensations that shall impinge upon his receptivity. Is there a conversation conducted in his hearing, with strident tones and bad grammar, which he prefers not to hear? Does his path lead him beside some unsightly dumping-ground upon whose accumulations of filth he is fain not to gaze? Does an easterly breeze bring to his nostrils the wonderful fragrances of Moon Island? Does the motorman jog his car ahead through a crowded thoroughfare by means of those diabolical starts and pauses whereof we all wot? By an abrupt exercise of the will he has but to spring the metaphorical switch, and click! the connection is broken and the offended sense lies temporarily atrophied.

O Fortunatus! we sufferers, embodiments of an early and an unperfected physical organism, salute thee.

Who can tell? Perhaps Nature is even now at work, theorizing and experimenting, to produce this type of human being. Meanwhile, for us of this actual present, there would seem to be left but a temporary expedient. When Jack the Giant-killer was bidden to that ominous feast with the Ogre, at which he knew he should either have to devour all that was set before him or suffer sundry disastrous consequences, he prepared himself for the ordeal by buttoning under his jacket a capacious sack. Every properly educated youngster can tell us the story: how Jack at the feast, watching his chance, slipped most of his spoonfuls of food into the mouth of the sack, and filled his own mouth only when the Ogre's eye was upon him; and how by this ingenious trick he came triumphantly through the ordeal.

The present is an age of artificial devices. Rare indeed is the man — and rarer still the woman — in whose physical make-up there is not something false, either eyes or teeth or hair. Happy thought! Why should we not

have our nervous systems equipped with a false paunch, into which we may surreptitiously dump all superfluity of sensations, and save our own nervous capacity for those which we cannot escape because the Ogre Necessity has his eye on us!

It is not all fancy. Our welfare, so far as the humble observer of life can discover, consists in our ability to cultivate a certain insensibility to outward facts and influences. Of course there was a time when such an insensibility to external conditions was fatal. Back in the Stone and Iron ages, the acuteness and alertness of the senses was of prime survival value, and the more acute and alert they were, the more was their value enhanced. But verily, it would seem that the whirligig of Time has made a complete revolution. That trait which was at one time our great safeguard would appear to have become our great handicap.

Nowadays, our health, our poise, our serenity, our length of life, are dependent, not so much upon the acuteness as upon the callousness of our senses; and one of the most valuable accomplishments which a modern man can cultivate is the power to exclude all undesirable or unnecessary sense-excitants by an effort of self-control.

THE PRIVILEGES OF AGE

I HAVE always longed for the privileges of age, — since the days when it seemed to me that the elderly people ate all the hearts out of the watermelons. Now it suddenly occurs to me that I am at last entitled to claim them. Surely the shadow on the dial has moved around it, the good time has come, and the accumulated interest of my years shall be mine to spend. Have you not had the same experience? For many years, as you may have noticed, the majority of the inhabitants of the earth were old. Even those persons over whom we were nominally supposed to exercise a little brief authority were older than we, and we approached the dragons of our kitchen with a deprecating eye. But now the majority has moved behind us; most people, even some really quite distinguished people, are younger than we. No longer can we pretend that our lack of distinction is due to immaturity. No longer can we privately assure ourselves that some day we, too, shall do something, and that it is only the becoming modesty of youth which prevents our doing it at once.

One thing, willy-nilly, we have done, — or rather nature has done it for us. She is like von Moltke. 'Without haste, without rest,' is her motto, and knowing our tendency to dally, she quietly takes matters into her own hands. Suddenly, unconscious of the effort, we awake one morning and find ourselves old. If we can only succeed in being old enough, we shall also be famous, like old Parr, who never did anything, so far as I am aware, but live to the age of one hundred and forty-five.

In order properly to appreciate our present privileges, let us consider the days of old and the years that are past. It was in the time before motors, and we rode backwards in the carriage. We did not like to ride backwards. In traveling, we were always allotted the upper berths. There was no question about it. We could n't expect our venerable aunt, or our delicate cousin, or our dignified grandmother to swing up into an upper berth, could we? And in those days they cost just as much as lower ones and we paid our own traveling expenses. How expert we grew at swinging up and swinging down! Naturally the best rooms at the hotels went to the elder members of the party. In coaching, our place was always

between the two fattest! 'O Isabella is thin! she can sit there!'

And what did we ask in return for these many unnoticed renunciations? Only the privilege of getting up at five to go trout-fishing, or the delight of riding all morning cross-saddle to eat a crumby luncheon in a buggy forest at noon. We wondered what the others meant when they said that the beds were not comfortable, and we marveled why the whole machinery of heaven and earth should be out of gear unless, at certain occult and punctually recurring hours, they had a cup of tea. And why was it necessary to make us unhappy if they did n't have a cup of tea?

Young people are supposed to be mannerly, at least they were in my day, but old people may be as rude as they please, and no one reproves them. If they do not like a thing, they promptly announce the fact. The privilege of self-expression they share with the very young. Which reminds me, I detest puddings. Henceforth I shall decline to eat them, even in the house of my friends. Mine is the prerogative no longer to dissemble, for hypocrisy is abhorrent to the members of the favored class to which I now belong. They are like a dear and honored servitor of mine who used, on occasion, to go about her duties with the countenance of a thunderstorm. 'Elizabeth,' said I, once, reprovingly, 'you should not look so cross.' 'But Miss Isabella,' she remarked with reason, 'if you don't *look* cross when you *are* cross, how is any one to know you are cross?'

Speaking of thunderstorms, I am afraid of them. I have always been afraid since the days when I used to hide under the nursery table when I felt one coming. But was I allowed to stay under the table? Certainly not. All these years have I maintained a righteous and excruciating self-control. But old ladies are afraid and unashamed. I have heard of one who used to get into the middle of a feather-bed. I shall not insist on the feather-bed, but I shall close the shutters and turn on the lights and be as cowardly as I please.

The two ends of life, infancy and age, are indulged in their little fancies. For a baby, we get up in the night to heat bottles, and there are certain elderly clergymen whose womenkind always arise at four in the morning to make coffee for them. That is not being addicted to stimulants. But the middle span of life is like a cantilever bridge: if it can bear its own weight it is expected to bear anything that can possibly be put upon it. 'Old age deferred' has no attractions for me. I decline to be middle-aged. I much prefer to be old.

Youth is haunted by misgivings, by hesitancies, by a persistent idea that, if only we dislike a thing enough, there must be some merit in our disliking it. Not so untrammeled age. From now on, I practice the philosophy of Montesquieu and pursue the general good by doing that which I like best. Absolutely and unequivocally, that which I like best. For there is no longer any doubt about it: I have arrived. I do not have to announce the fact. Others realize it. My friends' daughters give me the most comfortable chair. They surround me with charming, thoughtful, delicate little attentions. Mine is the best seat in the motor, mine the host's arm at the feast, mine the casting vote in any little discussion.

O rare Old Age! How hast thou been maligned! O blessed land of privilege! True paradise for the disciples of Nietzsche, where at last we dare appear as selfish as we are!

OREGON'S INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM AGAIN

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Pacific University,
Forest Grove, Oregon.

To the Editor of The Atlantic:—

Sir:—

So many times has it been said that our whole scheme of government is still an experiment, that the remark may be considered commonplace and trite. Less hackneyed, however, is the thought that these individual commonwealths may be looked upon as political experiment-stations, laboratories, where, one after another, different ideas in social, political, and economic domains are being tested to demonstrate their fitness.

One of the latest expositions of these political devices is the article by Senator Bourne of Oregon (in the *Atlantic* for January, 1912).[1] If any one might speak from experience as to these measures it surely ought to be the senior senator for the Beaver State. In considering his arguments, however, we must remember that the political weapons which he advocates are in the experimental stage; and, in order that the experience of the few may serve the many, the working defects as well as the actual advantages should be weighed. Regarding the point of view of the present writer I may add that he has passed all but the last year or two of his life in a commonwealth that may be called conservative, and that when he came to view the working of the 'Oregon System' at the time of the general election of 1910, he found the experience interesting and enlightening, if not wholly convincing. Moreover, the fact that all Oregonians are not one in opinion on the subject of the System was brought home to him with particular emphasis.

Taking a few of Senator Bourne's points, in dealing with the Initiative and Referendum, it is possible to arrive at somewhat different conclusions, although agreeing with him that, as instruments, these two devices seem to have accomplished much. It is not unfair at the outset to emphasize this fact, that the Initiative, Referendum, Recall, 'Statement Number 1,' and the other features of the Oregon System, are but outward manifestations of the real change, which is essentially a political awakening of the electorate. These weapons seemed to be the best at hand, and they were used effectually; but it is possible that the same spirit, working through another medium, might have accomplished the same results.

This is speculation, but it is certain that if the use of the Initiative and Referendum is educative, their use demands, not only an educated, but a technically educated electorate, if ordinary legislation is to be accomplished by the direct method. The comparison between the legislature with its seven hundred odd bills and the electorate with thirty-two measures (1910) causes the Senator to conclude that each of the latter received such consideration as to allow intelligent choice.

[1] See also in the *Atlantic* for October, 1911, a paper on the same subject by Hon. S. W. McCall. — The Editors.

It is true that a pamphlet with over two hundred pages was issued to all registered voters in time for each to read and ponder; but whether such consideration actually took place is another question. Conversation with voters of various types might lead one to think that a few large issues were considered and discussed long and earnestly. The figures of the vote on the various measures (see January *Atlantic*, page 144) bear out this surmise. Perhaps the most intense interest was in two constitutional amendments and a bill dealing with regulation of the liquor traffic. On each of these there was a heavy vote, probably nearly the full vote of the state. One amendment (which would have established statewide prohibition) drew a vote of 104,761; the bill which should have given legislative effect to this amendment called out 106,225 votes.

The second amendment (a modification of the local option law, and as offsets to which the two foregoing measures were directed) received 104,100 votes. Comparing these figures with the figures relating to other measures, it is fair to infer either that public interest was less widely aroused in other cases, or else that the measures were local in purpose and were considered more especially in those regions where they were of vital importance. On some of these measures the vote was less than 78,000.

A sidelight on the interest taken in the legislative and constitutional measures is given by an experience in one of the smaller incorporated municipalities. It was thought advisable to have a public discussion of certain of these measures, and two public meetings were arranged. At each meeting a few of the more important measures were explained by men who had some knowledge of the matters, and then a general discussion was to follow. At the first meeting some forty men appeared, and at the second about twenty-five. Either the electorate of this community was above the average in understanding of public questions, or there was no widespread interest.

Before leaving this phase of the question, as to the ability and interest evinced by the electorate, it is probably not too much to say that no electorate is capable of grasping the details of legislation which involves more than a well-defined issue. In Oregon, even if the voter were in a position to acquaint himself with a detailed understanding of a bill, his interest is not apt to lead him to do so. Take, for instance, an example from the general election of 1910. Some years ago Oregon rejoiced in four Normal Schools, one State University, and one Agricultural College. The log-rolling which accompanied the passage of the appropriations for these institutions caused the suspension of all the Normal Schools, and for a time the training of teachers had to be accomplished in other institutions, if at all. In 1910 the feeling that there should be one school of this kind resulted in an initiative measure for the reëstablishment of one which was situated in Monmouth. Two other localities, which had previously rejoiced in a State School of this kind, were not to be outdone, and two more initiative petitions were circulated, and the electorate had the choice of reëstablishing all three or any portion thereof. It speaks well for the general intelligence of the Oregon electorate that only one of the schools was recreated. And yet the question may fairly be asked, what knowledge, on the part of the whole mass of voters, in regard to matters like this is to be expected? An examination of the figures of the vote shows that it was merely a matter of chance that provision for any school was made, and that the re-

establishment of all four schools was avoided.

It is Senator Bourne's opinion that the measures drawn under the initiative are more clear, and more carefully and intelligently framed, than those which pass the legislative body. He says, 'Knowing that the bill will be subjected to the closest scrutiny of all the people for four months, the framers of the bill, desiring its passage, naturally endeavor to remove every reasonable objection, to make all its provisions perfectly clear, and especially to remove every indication of bad faith. A bill to which there are many serious objections would stand little chance of adoption by a popular vote. When thus drawn and submitted, a bill is in the best possible form, and there is no possibility of its being made the instrument for the enactment of what are commonly called "jokers."'

This is a somewhat roseate view. In more than one instance the measures submitted in 1910 can scarcely be called so clear and obvious as this. Take, for instance, the amendment, which was passed, 'giving cities and towns exclusive power to regulate liquor traffic within their limits.' Here the Prohibition forces, which opposed its passage, claimed that they were unable to fathom the depths of its language, and it was held by more than one lawyer that just the effect which would result would not be known till tested by the courts. Even to-day the full significance of the amendment is in doubt.

Another amendment, also passed, permits 'people of each county to regulate taxation for county purposes,' and abolishes 'poll taxes.' That this amendment was to allow the various counties so to modify their systems of taxation as to introduce, through later legislation, some form of single tax, ought to have been understood by every voter, on account of the campaign of education waged weeks in advance of the general election. And yet it was charged, before and after the ballot, that the clause in regard to the poll tax — which no longer existed — was inserted to draw votes, and that many a vote was cast blindly. To-day there is much doubt as to the exact meaning of this amendment and its relation to other parts of the constitution.

Another amendment, which drew a vote of 81,397, had a title which contained eleven distinct propositions (many of them excellent, by the way), and it was held that the Secretary of State, while having done his best, was unable to compress the whole of this wonderful measure into one title. Opponents of the measure claimed that this proposition alone, of the thirty-two, would practically establish a new constitution; and it is certainly not too much to say that fully to understand all the features of this amendment required that a voter should be not only a lawyer, but a student of political philosophy. Still another amendment not only permitted a 'three-fourths verdict in civil cases,' as Senator Bourne puts it in the list accompanying his article, but very distinctly modified the procedure in the courts, which organizations are still in process of adjusting themselves.

Answering Congressman McCall's charge that the Initiative and Referendum practically abolish the function of the legislature, Senator Bourne very properly shows that this is not the case. Alas! the making of bad or foolish laws is as prevalent in Oregon as in most of the other commonwealths. Nevertheless, it seems to me as if that which ought to be intended as a tremendous weapon, which the electorate holds in reserve, is rapidly becoming a popgun for the most insignificant of game. Consider again that list of measures submitted to the electorate

since the beginning of the System in 1902. In 1904 there were two propositions before the voters; in 1906, eleven; in 1908, nineteen; and in 1910, thirty-two. As the number has increased there has come a correspondingly numerous brood of local and technical matters. Is there not the danger here that in legislation, both constitutional and ordinary, Oregon is running away from the lines of reform which are being worked out through the Short Ballot? It is coming to be conceded that the ballot with a long list of officials to be voted for is tantamount to admitting that inefficiency and corruption are being not only tolerated, but encouraged. If the average voter votes more intelligently when he is able to concentrate on the choice of two or three men, instead of upon a list of from a dozen to forty, why is it not reasonable to conclude that he will use his intelligence to better purpose when he helps decide a few rather than many legislative propositions?

Again, granting that the direct interposition of the electorate appears to be one of the instruments whereby our political problems may take a step toward solution, acting always on broad lines and on clearly defined principles, we still have legislatures with us — necessary evils, perhaps, as they are so often called, but nevertheless absolutely necessary. What then is the proper relation between the electorate acting in a legislative capacity, and the representative legislature?

In Oregon one hears the charge that, since direct legislation has been introduced, the character of the legislature has deteriorated; that there has come a feeling of irresponsibility, a determination to let the electorate bear the onus of bad or inefficient legislation. There are times when some legislators seem to take the attitude that, if voters do not like the measures enacted, they have the privilege of referring them to a general election and thus assuming the burden from which the legislators themselves have freed their souls. If this comes generally to be the case, and it is not unreasonable to suppose it may, there has been no gain in the long run.

The real value of these instruments of direct action on the part of the electorate is to use them as goads to spur the representative body to better action. With this end in view it would be wise to throw a few more difficulties about the employment of the Initiative and Referendum at the outset; but in the end the merit of the whole plan depends upon the education of the voters. If the electorate is capable of deciding questions of general interest, through the enactment of laws or through amendments to the constitution, surely it is not too much to ask that the same public intelligence shall insist upon securing legislatures of more commanding presence than we are accustomed ordinarily to see.

In Oregon the Initiative and Referendum, Recall, Direct Primaries, and the like, are new toys; and so long as the newness is not worn off the people will play with them. But the time approaches when we shall settle down to view them soberly, and to realize their possibilities for better political conditions and social advance. But that time cannot arrive until we have admitted that we are still experimenting, and that we occasionally do make mistakes which are a light unto the feet of others.

Yours respectfully,
LESTER BURRELL SHIPPEE.

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YOUTH

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

How shall I describe Youth, the time of contradictions and anomalies? The fiercest radicalisms, the most dogged conservatisms, irrepressible gayety, bitter melancholy, — all these moods are equally part of that showery springtime of life. One thing, at least, it clearly is: a great, rich rush and flood of energy. It is as if the store of life had been accumulating through the slow, placid years of childhood, and suddenly the dam had broken and the waters rushed out, furious and uncontrolled, before settling down into the quieter channels of middle life. The youth is suddenly seized with a poignant consciousness of being alive, which is quite wanting to the naïve unquestioning existence of the child. He finds himself overpoweringly urged toward self-expression. Just as the baby, born into a 'great, blooming, buzzing confusion,' and attracted by every movement, every color, every sound, kicks madly in response in all directions, and only gradually gets his movements coördinated into the orderly and precise movements of his elders, — so the youth suddenly born into a confusion of ideas and appeals and traditions responds in the most chaotic way to this new spiritual world, and only gradually learns to find his way about in it, and get his thoughts and feelings into some kind of order.

Fortunate the young man who does not make his entrance into too wide a world. And upon the width and depth of that new world will depend very much whether his temperament is to be radical or conservative, adventurous or conventional. For it is one of the surprising things about Youth that it can so easily be the most conservative of all ages. Why do we suppose that youth is always radical? At no age are social proprieties more strictly observed, and Church, State, law, and order, more rigorously defended. But I like to think that youth is conservative only when its spiritual force has been spent too early, or when the new world it enters into is found, for some reason, to be rather narrow and shallow. It is so often the urgent world of pleasure that first catches the eye of youth; its flood of life is drawn off in that direction; the boy may fritter away his precious birthright in pure lightness of heart and animal spirits. And it is only too true that this type of youth is transitory. Pleasure contrives to burn itself out very quickly, and youth finds itself left prematurely

with the ashes of middle age. But if, in some way, the flood of life is checked in the direction of pleasure, then it bursts forth in another, — in the direction of ideals; then we say that the boy is radical. Youth is always turbulent, but the momentous difference is whether it shall be turbulent in passion or in enthusiasm. Nothing is so pathetic as the young man who spends his spiritual force too early, so that when the world of ideals is presented to him, his force being spent, he can only grasp at second-hand ideals and mouldy formulas.

This is the great divergence which sets youth not only against old age, but against youth itself: the undying spirit of youth that seems to be fed by an unquenchable fire, that does not burn itself out but seems to grow steadier and steadier as life goes on, against the fragile, quickly tarnished type that passes relentlessly into middle age. At twenty-five I find myself full of the wildest radicalisms, and look with dismay at my childhood friends who are already settled down, have achieved babies and responsibilities, and have somehow got ten years beyond me in a day. And this divergence shows itself in a thousand different ways. It may be a temptation to a world of pleasure, it may be a sheltering from the stimulus of ideas, or even a sluggish temperament, that separates traditional and adventurous youth, but fundamentally it is a question of how youth takes the world. And here I find that I can no longer drag the traditional youth along with me in this paper. There are many of him, I know, but I do not like him, and I know nothing about him. Let us rather look at the way radical youth grows into and meets the world.

From the state of ' the little child, to whom the sky is a roof of blue, the world a screen of opaque and disconnected facts, the home a thing eternal, and "being good" just simple obedience to unquestioned authority,' one steps suddenly into that 'vast world of adult perception, pierced deep by flaring search-lights of partial understanding.'

The child has an utter sense of security; childhood is unconscious even that it is alive. It has neither fears nor anxieties because it is incorrigibly poetical. It idealizes everything that it touches. It is unfair, perhaps, to blame parents and teachers, as we sometimes do in youth, for consciously biasing our child-minds in a falsely idealistic direction; for the child will infallibly idealize even his poorest of experiences. His broken glimpses and anticipations of his own future show him everything that is orderly, happy, and beautifully fit. He sees his grown-up life as old age, itself a sort of reversed childhood, sees its youth. The passing of childhood into youth is, therefore, like suddenly being turned from the cosy comfort of a warm fireside to shift for one's self in the world. Life becomes in a moment a process of seeking and searching. It appears as a series of blind alleys, all equally and magnificently alluring, all equally real and possible. Youth's thirst for experience is simply that it wants to be everything, do everything, and have everything that is presented to its imagination. Youth has suddenly become conscious of life. It has eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

As the world breaks in on a boy with its crashing thunder, he has a feeling of expansion, of sudden wisdom and sudden care. The atoms of things seem to be disintegrating around him. Then come the tearings and the grindings and the wrenchings, and in that conflict the radical or the poet is made. If the youth takes the struggle easily, or if his guardian angels have arranged things so that there is no struggle, then

he becomes of that conservative stripe that we have renounced above. But if he takes it hard, — if his struggles are not only with outward material conditions, but also with inner spiritual ones, — then he is likely to achieve that gift of the gods, perpetual youth. The great paradox is that it is the sleek and easy who are prematurely and permanently old. Struggle brings youth rather than old age.

In this struggle, thus beset with problems and crises, all calling for immediate solution, youth battles its way into a sort of rationalization. Out of its inchoateness emerges a sort of order; the disturbing currents of impulse are gradually resolved into a character. But it is essential that that resolution be a natural and not a forced one. I always have a suspicion of boys who talk of 'planning their lives.' I feel that they have won a precocious maturity in some illegitimate way. For to most of us youth is so imperious that those who can escape the hurly-burly and make a sudden leap into the prudent, quiet waters of life seem to have missed youth altogether. And I do not mean here the hurly-burly of passion so much as of ideals. It seems so much better, as well as more natural, to expose one's self to the full fury of the spiritual elements, keeping only one purpose in view, — to be strong and sincere, — than to pick one's way cautiously along.

The old saying is the truest philosophy of youth: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.' How impossible for a youth who is really young to plan his life consciously! This process that one sometimes sees of cautiously becoming acquainted with various ideas and systems, and then choosing deliberately those that will be best adapted to a concerted plan, is almost uncanny. This confidence in one's immunity to ideas that would tend to disarrange the harmony of the scheme is mystifying and irritating. Youth talks of 'getting' or 'accepting' ideas! But youth does not get ideas, — ideas get him! He may try to keep himself in a state of spiritual health, but that is the only immunity he can rely upon. He cannot really tell what idea or appeal is going to seize upon him next and make off with him.

We speak as if falling in love were a unique phase in the life of youth. It is rather the pattern and symbol of a youth's whole life. This sudden, irresistible seizure of enthusiasm that he cannot explain, that he does not want to explain, what is it but the aspect of all his experience? The youth sees a pretty face, reads a noble book, hears a stirring appeal for a cause, meets a charming friend, gets fired with the concept of science, or of social progress, becomes attracted to a profession, — the emotion that fixes his enthusiasm and lets out a flood of emotion in that direction, and lifts him into another world, is the same in every case. Youth glories in the sudden servitude, is content to let the new master lead wherever he will; and is as surprised as any one at the momentous and startling results. Youth is vulnerable at every point. Prudence is really a hateful thing in youth. A prudent youth is prematurely old. It is infinitely better, I repeat, for a boy to start ahead in life in a spirit of moral adventure, trusting for sustenance to what he may find by the wayside, than to lay in laboriously, before starting, a stock of principles for life, and burden himself so heavily for the journey that he dare not, and indeed cannot, leave his pack unguarded by the roadside to survey the fair prospects on either hand. Youth at its best is this constant susceptibility to the new, this constant eagerness to try experiments.

It is here that youth's quarrel with the elder generation comes in. There is no scorn so fierce as that of youth for the inertia of older men. The lack of adjustment to the ideas of youth's elders and betters, one of the permanent tragedies of life, is certainly the most sensational aspect of youth. That the inertia of the older people is wisdom, and not impotence, is a theory that you will never induce youth to believe for an instant. The stupidity and cruelties of their management of the world fill youth with an intolerant rage. In every contact with its elders, youth finds them saying, in the words of Kipling: —

> We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade and alien planets arise,
> That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or the ancient well-head dries,
> Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure 'neath new skies.

Youth sees with almost a passionate despair its plans and dreams and enthusiasms, that it knows so well to be right and true and noble, brushed calmly aside, not because of any sincere searching into their practicability, but because of the timidity and laziness of the old, who sit in the saddle and ride mankind. And nothing torments youth so much as to have this inertia justified on the ground of experience. For youth thinks that it sees through this sophism of 'experience.' It sees in it an all-inclusive attempt to give the world a character, and excuse the older generation for the mistakes and failures which it has made. What is this experience, youth asks, but a slow accretion of inhibitions, a learning, at its best, not to do again something which ought not to have been done in the first place?

Old men cherish a fond delusion that there is something mystically valuable in mere quantity of experience. Now the fact is, of course, that it is the young people who have all the really valuable experience. It is they who have constantly to face new situations, to react constantly to new aspects of life, who are getting the whole beauty and terror and cruelty of the world in its fresh and undiluted purity. It is only the interpretation of this first collision with life that is worth anything. For the weakness of experience is that it so soon gets stereotyped; without new situations and crises it becomes so conventional as to be practically unconscious. Very few people get any really new experience after they are twenty-five, unless there is a real change of environment. Most older men live only in the experience of their youthful years.

If we get few ideas after we are twenty-five, we get few ideals after we are twenty. A man's spiritual fabric is woven by that time, and his 'experience,' if he keeps true to himself, consists simply in broadening and enriching it, but not in adding to it in arithmetical proportion as the years roll on, in the way that the wise teachers of youth would have us believe.

But few men remain quite true to themselves. As their youthful ideals come into contact with the harshnesses of life, the brightest succumb and go to the wall. And the hardy ones that survive contain all that is vital in the future experience of the man, — so that the ideas of older men seem often the curious parodies or even burlesques of what must have been the cleaner and more potent ideas of their youth. Older people seem often to be resting on their oars, drifting on the spiritual current that youth has set going in life, or 'coasting' on the momentum that the strong push of youth has given them.

There is no great gulf between youth and middle age, as there is between childhood and youth. Adults are little more than grown-up children. This

is what makes their arrogance so insulting, — the assumption that they have acquired any impartiality or objectivity of outlook, and have any better standards for judging life. Their ideas are wrong, and grow progressively more wrong as they become older. Youth, therefore, has no right to be humble. The ideals it forms will be the highest it will ever have, the insight the clearest, the ideas the most stimulating. The best that it can hope to do is to conserve those resources, and keep its flame of imagination and daring bright.

Therefore, it is perhaps unfair to say that the older generation rules the world. Youth rules the world, but only when it is no longer young. It is a tarnished, travestied youth that is in the saddle in the person of middle age. Old age lives in the delusion that it has improved and rationalized its youthful ideas by experience and stored-up wisdom, when all it has done is to damage them more or less — usually more. And the tragedy of life is that the world is run by these damaged ideals. That is why our ideas are always a generation behind our actual social conditions. Press, pulpit, and bar teem with the radicalisms of thirty years ago. The dead hand of opinions formed in their college days clutches our leaders and directs their activities in this new and strangely altered physical and spiritual environment. Hence grievous friction, maladjustment, social war. And the faster society moves, the more terrific is the divergence between what is actually going on and what public opinion thinks is actually going on. It is only the young who are actually contemporaneous; they interpret what they see freshly and without prejudice; their vision is always the truest, and their interpretation always the justest.

Youth does not simply repeat the errors and delusions of the past, as the elder generation with a tolerant cynicism likes to think; it is ever laying the foundations for the future. What it thinks so wildly now will be orthodox gospel thirty years hence. The ideas of the young are the living, the potential ideas; those of the old, the dying, or the already dead. This is why it behooves youth to be not less radical, but even more radical, than it would naturally be. It must be not simply contemporaneous, but a generation ahead of the times, so that when it comes into control of the world, it will be precisely right and coincident with the conditions of the world as it finds them. If the youth of to-day could really achieve this miracle, they would have found the secret of 'perpetual Youth.'

II

In this conflict between youth and its elders, youth is the incarnation of reason pitted against the rigidity of tradition. Youth puts the remorseless questions to everything that is old and established, — Why? What is this thing good for? And when it gets the mumbled, evasive answers of the defenders, it applies its own fresh, clean spirit of reason to institutions, customs and ideas, and finding them stupid, inane, or poisonous, turns instinctively to overthrow them and build in their place the things with which its visions teem.

'This constant return to purely logical activity with each generation keeps the world supplied with visionaries and reformers, that is to say, with saviors and leaders. New movements are born in young minds, and lack of experience enables youth eternally to recall civilization to sound bases. The passing generation smiles and cracks its weather-worn jokes about youthful effusions: but this new, ever-hopeful, ever-daring, ever-doing, youthful enthusiasm, ever returning to the logical

bases of religion, ethics, politics, business, art, and social life, — this is the salvation of the world.' [1]

This was the youthful radicalism of Jesus, and his words sound across the ages 'calling civilization ever back to sound bases.' With him, youth eternally reproaches the ruling generation, — 'O ye of little faith?' There is so much to be done in the world; so much could be done if you would only dare! You seem to be doing so little to cure the waste and the muddle and the lethargy all around you. Don't you really care, or are you only faint-hearted? If you do not care, it must be because you do not know; let us point out to you the shockingness of exploitation, and the crass waste of human personality all around you in this modern world. And if you are faint-hearted, we will supply the needed daring and courage, and lead you straight to the attack.

These are the questions and challenges that the youth puts to his elders, and it is their shifty evasions and quibblings that confound and dishearten him. He becomes intolerant, and can see all classes in no other light than that of accomplices in a great crime. If they only knew! Swept along himself in an irrationality of energy, he does not see the small part that reason plays in the intricate social life, and only gradually does he come to view life as a 'various and splendid disorder of forces,' and exonerate weak human nature from some of its heavy responsibility. But this insight brings him to appreciate and almost to reverence the forces of science and conscious social progress that are grappling with that disorder, and seeking to tame it.

Youth is the leaven that keeps all these questioning, testing attitudes fermenting in the world. If it were not for this troublesome activity of youth, with its hatred of sophisms and glosses, its insistence on things as they are, society would die from sheer decay. It is the policy of the older generation as it gets adjusted to the world to hide away the unpleasant things where it can, or preserve a conspiracy of silence and an elaborate pretense that they do not exist. But meanwhile the sores go on festering just the same. Youth is the drastic antiseptic. It will not let its elders cry peace, where there is no peace. By its fierce sarcasms it keeps issues alive in the world until they are settled right. It drags skeletons from closets and insists that they be explained. No wonder the older generation fears and distrusts the younger. Youth is the avenging Nemesis on its trail. 'It is young men who provide the logic, decision, and enthusiasm necessary to relieve society of the crushing burden that each generation seeks to roll upon the shoulders of the next.'

Our elders are always optimistic in their views of the present, pessimistic in their views of the future; youth is pessimistic toward the present and gloriously hopeful for the future. And it is this hope which is the lever of progress, — one might say, the only lever of progress. The lack of confidence which the ruling generation feels in the future leads to that distrust of machinery, or the use of means for ends, which is so characteristic of it to-day. Youth is disgusted with such sentimentality. It can never understand that curious paralysis which seizes upon the elders in the face of urgent social innovations; that refusal to make use of a perfectly definite programme or administrative scheme which has worked elsewhere. Youth concludes that its elders discountenance the machinery, the means, because they do not really believe in the end, and adds another count to the indictment.

Youth's attitude is really the scien-

[1] Earl Barnes.

tific attitude. Do not be afraid to make experiments, it says. You cannot tell how anything will work until you have tried it. Suppose 'science confined its interests to those things that have been tried and tested in the world,' how far should we get? It is possible that your experiments may produce by accident a social explosion, but we do not give up chemistry because occasionally a wrong mixture of chemicals blows up a scientist in a laboratory, or medical research because an investigator contracts the disease he is fighting. The whole philosophy of youth is summed up in the word, Dare! Take chances and you will attain! The world has nothing to lose but its chains — and its own soul to gain!

III

I have dwelt too long on the conflicts of youth. For it has also its still places, where it becomes introspective and thinks about its destiny and the meaning of its life. In our artificial civilization many young people at twenty-five are still on the threshold of activity. As one looks back, then, over eight or nine years, one sees a panorama of seemingly formidable length. So many crises, so many startling surprises, so many vivid joys and harrowing humiliations and disappointments, that one feels startlingly old; one wonders if one will ever feel so old again. And in a sense, youth at twenty-five is older than it will ever be again. For if time is simply a succession of incidents in our memory, we seem to have an eternity behind us. Middle-aged people feel no such appalling stretch of time behind them. The years fade out one by one; often the pressure of life leaves nothing of reality or value but the present moment. They enjoy almost a new babyhood, while youth has constantly with it in all its vividness and multifariousness that specious wealth of abrupt changes, climaxes, and disillusions that have crowded the short space of its life.

We often envy the sunny noon of the thirties and forties. These elders of ours change so little that they seem to enjoy an endless summer of immortality. They are so placid, so robust, so solidly placed in life, seemingly so much further from dissolution than we. Youth seems curiously fragile. Perhaps it is because all beauty has something of the precarious and fleeting about it. A beautiful girl seems too delicate and fine to weather a long life; she must be burning away too fast. This wistfulness and haunting pathos of life is very real to youth. It feels the rush of time past it. Only youth can sing of the passing glory of life, and then only in its full tide. The older people's lament for the vanished days of youth may be orthodox, but it rings hollow. For our greatest fears are those of presentiment, and youth is haunted not only by the feeling of past change, but by the presentiment of future change.

Middle age has passed the waters; it has become static and placid. Its wistfulness for youth is unreal, and a forced sentimentality. In the same breath that it cries for its youth it mocks at youth's preoccupation with the thought of death. The lugubrious harmonies of young poets are a favorite joke. The feeling of the precariousness of life gives to the young man an intimate sense of its preciousness; nothing shocks him quite so much as that it should be ruthlessly and instantly snatched away. Middle age has acclimated itself to the earth, has settled down familiarly in it, and is easily befooled into thinking that it will live here forever, just as, when we are settled comfortably in a house, we cannot conceive ourselves as ever being

dislodged. But youth takes a long time to get acclimated. It has seen so many mysteries and dangers about it, that the presence of the Greatest Mystery and the Greatest Danger must be the most portentous of things to it.

It is this sense of the preciousness of his life, perhaps, that makes the boy so impatient of discipline. Youth can never think of itself as anything but master of things. Its visions are a curious blend of devotion and egotism. Its enthusiasm for a noble cause is apt to be all mixed up with a picture of itself leading the cohorts to victory. The youth never sees himself as a soldier in the ranks, but as the leader, bringing in some long-awaited change by a brilliant *coup d'état*, or writing and speaking words of fire that win a million hearts at a stroke. And he fights shy of discipline in smaller matters. He does not submit willingly to a course of work that is not immediately appealing, even for the sake of the glorious final achievement. Fortunate it is for the young man, perhaps, that there are so many organs of coercion all ready in the world for him, — economic need, tradition, and subtle influence of family ambition, — to seize him and nail him fast to some profession or trade or activity, before he is aware, or has time to protest or draw back!

It is another paradox of youth that, with all its fine enthusiasm, it should accomplish so little. But this seeming aimlessness of purpose is the natural result of that deadly fear of having one's wings clipped by discipline. Infinitely finer, it seems to youth, is it to soar freely in the air, than to run on a track along the ground! And perhaps, youth is right. In his intellectual life, the young man's scorn for the pedantic and conventional amounts almost to an obsession. It is only the men of imagination and inspiration that he will follow at all.

But most of these professors, these lawyers, these preachers, — what has been their training and education, he says, but a gradual losing of the grip of life, a slow withdrawing into an ideal world of phrases and concepts and artificial attitudes? Their thought seems like the endless spinning out of a spider's web, or like the camel living upon the fat of his own hump. The youth fears this sophistication of thought as he would fear losing his soul. And this seeming perversity toward discipline is often simply his refusal to let a system submerge his own real and direct reactions to his observation and experience.

And yet as he studies more and more, and acquires a richer material for thought, a familiarity with words, and a skill in handling them, he can see the insidious temptation that comes to thinking men to move all their spiritual baggage over into that fascinating unreal world. And he admires almost with reverence the men who have been able to break through the terrible crust, and have got their thinking into close touch with life again; or, best of all, those who have kept their thinking constantly checked up with life, and are occupied with interpreting what they see about them. Youth will never be able to see that this is not the only true and right business of thought.

It is the glory of the present age that in it one can be young. Our times give no check to the radical tendencies of youth. On the contrary, they give the directest stimulation. A muddle of a world and a wide outlook combine to inspire us to the bravest of radicalisms. Great issues have been born in the last century, and are now loose in the world. There is a radical philosophy that illuminates our environment, gives us terms in which to express what we see, and coördinates our otherwise aimless reactions.

In this country, it is true, where a certain modicum of free institutions, and a certain specious enfranchisement of the human spirit have been achieved, youth may be blinded and drugged into an acquiescence in conditions, and its enthusiasm may easily run into a glorification of the present. In the face of the more urgent ideals that are with us, it may be inspired by vague ideas of 'liberty,' or 'the rights of man,' and fancy it is truly radical when it is but living on the radicalisms of the past. Our political thought moves so slowly here that even our radicalism is traditional. We breathe in with the air about us the belief that we have attained perfection, and we do not examine things with our own eyes.

But more and more of the clear-sighted youth are coming to see the appalling array of things that still need to be done. The radical young man of to-day has no excuse for veering round to the conservative standpoint. Cynicism cannot touch him. For it is the beauty of the modern radical philosophy that the worse the world treats a man, the more it convinces him of the truth of his radical interpretation of it. Disillusion comes, not through hard blows, but by the insidious sappings of worldly success. And there never was a time when there were so many radical young people who cared little about that worldly success.

The secret of life is then that this fine youthful spirit should never be lost. Out of the turbulence of youth should come this fine precipitate — a sane, strong, aggressive spirit of daring and doing. It must be a flexible, growing spirit, with a hospitality to new ideas, and a keen insight into experience. To keep one's reactions warm and true, is to have found the secret of perpetual youth, and perpetual youth is salvation.

TRADE-UNIONS AND PUBLIC POLICY

DEMOCRACY OR DYNAMITE?

BY HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Only a prophet, or the son of a prophet, would undertake as yet to forecast the ultimate results of the McNamara case, but it is clear that organized labor has been dealt a staggering blow. The brave talk of leaders of that movement is in part a mere whistling to keep up courage, and in part the result of failure to understand the situation, which from their point of view is about as bad as possible. For a generation the leaders of the American Federation of Labor have been advocating purely 'trade' policies, — collective bargaining, the joint agreement, the union or 'closed' shop, the control of apprentices, the direct and indirect restriction of output, with the strike and boycott always in reserve as possible weapons. Direct political action they

have eschewed, and a separate labor party has been anathema to them. The McNamara case represents the complete bankruptcy of the trade policy.

The reason for this failure is simple. In the present state of industry and the law, the employer is stronger than his men. The law protects his property, and if he is willing to fight out the issue, he wins, in any legally conducted struggle, with the aid of hunger and the courts. If labor conditions are bad and if the means of information are unusually good, public opinion may sometimes bring even a recalcitrant employer to terms; but, under ordinary conditions, one who is determined to fight to a finish can defeat his men if they keep within the law. Unionists have not recognized this fact, and have not recognized that American employers in general, despite lip-service to the principle of labor organization, do not believe in trade-unions. This lack of discernment has led unionists to a futile and disastrous reliance on 'trade' policies.

If the employers had been conciliatory, all might have been well; but they have preferred, on the whole, to fight the men's organizations, and in a long series of labor conflicts, running back to the great Homestead strike twenty years ago, have carried on successful war against them. During recent years, while the men have been struggling vainly for the closed shop, employers have been pursuing the union-smashing policy with increasing vigor and success.

In the course of the struggle, the unions have sometimes gained their ends by persuasion. Failing that, some of their members have resorted to threats and intimidation. Thence the transition has been easy to brickbats, and thence to dynamite. *Facilis descensus Averno.* Whether a strike can succeed in the face of stubborn opposition, if force and the possibility of force be eliminated, is a question at least open to grave doubt. In any case neither leaders nor rank and file have set their faces resolutely against every manifestation of violence. They could not do so; for though they may not have recognized it consciously, a background of potential violence was almost an essential condition to the successful pursuit of trade policies in the face of determined opposition from employers buttressed by the law.

In view of these conditions, the public has looked with some indulgence upon a certain degree of lawlessness, feeling that the men often had a good cause, and that the strike was a necessary means of obtaining justice. The logical result of such indulgence now stands revealed in the McNamara affair, and public opinion recoils in horror from what it has itself helped to create. What does it all mean? We may well have reached a turning-point in our industrial and, perhaps, in our political life.

For the unionist it means a profound searching of heart and, perhaps, a change of leadership. It is unnecessary to discuss the charges of incompetency and bad faith so freely hurled at Mr. Gompers and his associates in this unhappy affair. Given the American employer as he is, these leaders are now shown to have been guiding labor into a *cul-de-sac* whence it could escape only by using force. The weapon of violence is now struck from its hand, and it must find a new one. Shall it be actual revolution or political action? The second alternative appears more probable, provided the courts leave open the possibility of progressive legal action.

Labor, it is to be hoped, will now see that the whole power of society will be exerted to repress the private use of force, will see that that way lies no

salvation, will see that the old leaders have been unconsciously encouraging violence, and will, therefore, turn definitely from those leaders and their counsels and strike out in the new paths of direct political action, just as labor has done in England with such marked success. The Socialist party may well be the residuary legatee of the McNamara case, or we may possibly see an entirely new labor party. In either case, the result would be almost wholly desirable; for the labor movement would be proceeding along lines where results, though slow, would in time be possible of realization, because the rights and grievances of labor could be presented effectively at the bar of public opinion. Labor cannot get its progressive rights by its own unaided struggles. Such attainment involves a progressive change in ideas, laws, and institutions that can come about only as a result of informed public discussion. The difficulty with the trade policy is that it involves such discussion only between the two parties directly interested.

If the McNamara case should lead to a distinctly political labor movement, thoughtful persons might well rejoice. Such a movement would undoubtedly be democratic, radical, probably socialistic; it would have comparatively small regard for property rights, and comparatively great regard for personal human rights; it would certainly cause members of the American Liberty and Property League to lie awake nights over its unsafe notions; it would do much blundering politically unless it were unexpectedly well led; it would probably advocate some economically impossible measures; and it would exercise a tremendous influence for good in our political, legal, and economic development. Under our two-party system of non-representative government we lack the machinery for getting at the facts necessary for intelligent public judgment of many important questions, and we have no proper organization to formulate and express such judgment. A labor party might well be of service in both the formation and the expression of sound public opinion.

To turn from the labor group, what will be the attitude of the public in view of the astonishing revelations and reticences of the Los Angeles trial? 'The public,' so-called, includes the farmers, the artisans in small places, the smaller tradesmen everywhere, and to some extent the large ones as well, the salaried and professional classes, in so far as they are not closely attached to large employers — in a word, it includes all those who are not directly parties to the struggle, those who are not employers or employees in organized trades, or in industries where men work in large masses. Heretofore, this public, brought up in a tradition of ultra-individualism, has viewed suspiciously the combination of workmen in frank recognition of a class-interest; it has resented the invasion of the 'individual liberty' of the non-union workman by the union-shop policy; it has listened sympathetically to the employer's complaints of interference with the efficiency of his business; and it has reprobated the attack on civilization involved in the use of brickbats and dynamite, though it has rightly been unwilling to believe that any considerable proportion of union men favored the use of such weapons. On the other hand, it has had an uneasy consciousness that somehow the employer was getting undue power, and it has been inclined to give the union the benefit of the doubt as the only agency offering in any way to redress the balance; it has felt that so long as the methods used were not too outrageous, some allowance ought to be made, be-

cause in the industrial world, save on the Fourth of July, all men are not free and equal.

To a public in this frame of mind have come the McNamara revelations. It has the confession of leaders in one union to two dynamite outrages; it has reason to believe that men in this same organization have been responsible for a long series of similar events; it has seen the leaders of organized labor rushing to the defense of these now self-confessed dynamiters; and now that the confession has come, it sees the leader of them all with nothing better to offer than the excuse that he has been cruelly deceived, and it finds itself wondering whether the whole labor movement is not run primarily for the benefit of a coterie of more or less lawless leaders.

In this new frame of mind, the public will doubtless be inclined to endure with far less equanimity than heretofore the inconvenience, suffering, and danger brought upon it by strikes, and to demand more insistently that employees patch up their differences with their employers without blowing society into bits with dynamite. Moreover, as the employer is usually the one who invokes the law, and the worker, so far as the public is informed, the one who places the dynamite, it is led to the conclusion that the employer, after all, was right in fighting these lawless organizations, as it now thinks them. Both the facts and the logic underlying this conclusion are confused, but the resulting state of mind contains possibilities of no less grave danger on that account, and it throws on employers a tremendous responsibility.

The American employer has on the whole been opposed to trade-unions. He recognizes the right of labor to organize, but — it must not make trouble about wages, it must not 'interfere' with the management of the shop or the conditions under which labor is carried on; it must not do any of the things for which, primarily, unions come into existence. So long as this simple condition is complied with, the employer favors the organization of his workers — otherwise not. As a result of the McNamara affair, employers' union-smashing organizations are likely to find their hands strengthened in the righteous work upon which they are engaged, and are likely to push on with it. Let a union overstep the law ever so little, and they will pounce down upon it; the successful pursuit of trade policies will be even more nearly impossible in the next decade than it has been in the past.

A secondary effect may well be more considerate treatment by employers of their workers individually. They have won a great victory; they have labor down; they can afford to be magnanimous. Workmen's compensation, the installation of devices for sanitation and safety, welfare work of all kinds, these and other similar lines of action they may take up with even greater enthusiasm than heretofore. The employer is beginning to find that such work in the long run pays in dollars and cents. Furthermore, he honestly wants to do something for his employees. The things he wants to do are useful and will improve the condition of the laborer, but they will not solve the labor problem. The solution of that problem is just the task the employer must now set himself.

He can solve it temporarily by repression. Pittsburg has solved it for twenty years in that fashion, and today she sleeps on a volcano. Let the men of the American Manufacturers' Association and their like have their way, as they probably can do in the existing state of the public mind, and we shall have peace in the labor world —

peace without justice, and dynamite at the end; for dynamite is the weapon of the man who feels that he can get justice in no other way. If employers wish such results on a nation-wide scale, let the repressive policy go on.

The labor-smashers, with their narrow vision, cannot be expected to see in the labor movement anything more than a sordid struggle for higher wages and shorter hours, combined with meddling interference with shop-rules by an ignorant and irresponsible walking delegate; the workers themselves for the most part may see it from the same point of view; but the situation demands a broader vision. Is it too much to expect broad-minded employers to catch a glimpse of the idea that the old labor movement, with all its blundering, represented a struggle toward the democratization of industry? That movement may have been stupid, it may have hampered the efficiency of production, it may have contained elements that necessitated its destruction, but the fundamental moving spirit in it was socially right, for it was the spirit of democracy. Even the demand for 'recognition' of the union, that *bête noir* of American employers, with its concomitants of the closed shop and exclusion of the non-unionist, was at bottom democratic, for it meant that the men themselves demanded a share in determining pay and conditions of work. The battle for democracy in industry is lost for the present. Will the employer be wise enough to recognize that the wrong has triumphed because the right directed its attack unwisely? Will he realize that this hour of triumph gives him opportunity unexampled for public injury or for public service?

In the slow growth of real democracy, perhaps the most difficult problem at present facing us is the democratizing of industry, the reconciling of economic efficiency through large-scale production with non-autocratic management, making industry responsive to the needs and wishes of the men who work in it, and of the public whom it serves. This has given rise to the labor problem and the trust problem. The business man has been blindly struggling for what he considered his rights in both relations, that is, trying to maintain the *status quo*. Only a handful of concerns in the country are making any serious attempt at genuinely democratic organization. The old oligarchical arrangement looks so much simpler and easier, the men, in general, are so ill-fitted to participate intelligently in store and factory management, and the old system appears on its face so much more efficient, that few employers have the imagination or the courage to try anything fundamentally new. Instead, they insist on 'running their own business,' and trying to keep their men contented by means of welfare work, pensions, and similar improvements that leave control of important matters in the hands of the employer. Consequently no progress is made toward the solution of the real problem, which is to make the employer's business not simply his business, but that of every man concerned in carrying it on, and of the public that is served by it. Unless the employer can now be brought to realize that his failure to face this problem is a fundamental cause of the McNamara affair and all it represents, and unless he can be brought to undertake the solution of the problem, it must be confessed that the prospect for the immediate future is not rosy.

It is idle to believe that the employer could for long ride victorious on the backs of a race of conquered workmen. Civilization has progressed too far for that, and revolution would

quickly shatter such a society in pieces. But society cannot and will not endure, as the alternative to this, the breakdown of civil order and the creation of anarchy whenever employer and workman cannot come to terms.

It may be said, then, that the only escape is through socialism, public ownership and operation of the social industries. But merely to make industry public is to offer no guarantee of democracy within industry. Wages, hours, and conditions of work may be determined from above just as much as in privately-owned industry. Witness the New York street-cleaners' strike. Through the weeks of that strike nothing was more evident than the inability of the men to get their side of the case heard. The case may have been weak, but in any decently organized industry there ought to be a chance for a fair presentation of grievances, a full discussion of them, and a settlement that represents more than the mere fiat of some individual. Public employment offers no guarantee of any such thing; like private employment it is usually undemocratic. The solution must be worked out by adjusting the relations between employer and employed in public and private industry alike, and not by merely making private industry public.

From all this one definite conclusion seems to emerge. Orderly social progress at present is conditioned on employers' recognizing that their business is no longer their own, that its social responsibilities outweigh their individual rights in it, that they must serve the public so well that it will be satisfied with their administration, and must forward as rapidly as they can the process of democratization within industry itself so as to secure from their workers the necessary measure of coöperation in public service. Only by this means can they retain their leadership in the world of industry. They seem for the moment to have triumphed over the dynamiters. Would they make that triumph real? Let them accept the necessary condition. They must make their choice — shall it be democracy or dynamite?

JOHN BURROUGHS

(Born April 3, 1837)

BY JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN

Away with clocks and sun-dials! Time and I
Have made a compact — this to be my boon —
To hear the evening thrush, and know the hour,
Yet feel it noon.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ARBITRATION TREATIES

BY ROLAND G. USHER

I

SOME years ago, the United States advisedly changed the policy of isolation which had obtained since the days of Washington for one of participation in international politics; but the significance of this step, the obligations under which it has already placed us, the benefits it has already conferred upon us, the probable good and possible ill that may in future be its consequences, do not seem as yet to be generally understood by the nation. Yet the issue raised by the arbitration treaties, now awaiting confirmation by the Senate, is nothing less than that of the position and influence of the United States in international affairs: the question of our relations, not only with England and France, but with Germany, Russia, Mexico, Cuba, China, and every country that has or hopes to have a place in world-politics. Paradoxically, the arbitration treaties were born not simply of an enthusiasm for peace, but of the interests and ambitions of the great nations of the world. In gazing too fixedly at the commercial and humanitarian reasoning proving the desirability of peace, and even the necessity of freedom from the burdens of war, we close our eyes to the no less striking and infinitely more significant facts which demonstrate that the nations of the world possess interests and ambitions irreconcilable with the supposition of peace, and impossible of decision at Hague Tribunals.

An idea is current that the arbitration treaties are attempts by England and France to *secure* an offensive and defensive alliance with us against Germany. To such statements in the Senate, the reply was made that the idea was entirely preposterous, a statement which was literally correct, but which the newswriters promptly interpreted as a denial of any real significance in the treaties save a humanitarian desire for arbitration. Needless to add, this was the avoidance of Scylla only to be wrecked with a vengeance upon Charybdis. The Senate, like the newspapers, misconceives the international position of the United States. They see us, in the Miltonic phrase, 'a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks, as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.'

Our swelling millions of population, our coffers overflowing with agricultural and industrial wealth, our towering cities and our prosperous towns, rouse their enthusiasm to such a pitch over the unprecedented growth of a civilization where there was an untamed wilderness a few generations ago, that they believe us capable of anything and think us as important as they feel. But such a method of reasoning minimizes our real strength, and loses sight of our real weakness. The cardinal error in studying our foreign policy is to regard the United States as possessed of the physical strength and strategical position indispensable

to a nation which would obtain as of right a share in influencing the fortunes of Europe and Asia.

II

In fact, our greatest strength is at the same time our greatest weakness. From the assaults of foreign fleets and armies we are invulnerable. To be sure, our sea-coast is vast in extent and for the most part unprotected. A Japanese fleet might, indeed, land an army at Seattle, Los Angeles, or San Francisco without serious opposition; a German fleet might land an army anywhere on the Atlantic coast which could sweep aside our militia and occupy New York or Boston at will. *Sed cui bono?*

The British found out in the Revolution that the occupation of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia put them no nearer the military possession of the continent than they were before, and that marching through provinces was not subduing them. No doubt the seizure of New York would temporarily cripple the commercial and railroad enterprises which centre there, but even from a military point of view, its capture would be of little significance, for it is not a strategic spot in the European sense of a place from which an army could menace the safety of the whole country, and whose possession is conceded to be the equivalent of conquest. Its possession would not make the conquest of the country any nearer than before; and, as for holding the country in permanent subjection, it is probable that no foreign army large enough for such an occupation could be maintained in New York or any other American city at such a distance from its real base of supplies.

Nor is there any inducement to lead a foreign nation to attempt so hazardous an enterprise; we possess nothing she wants that force would be necessary to obtain, while a war with us would certainly expose her to the dangers of annihilation in Europe at the hands of those enemies who are waiting patiently for the commission of some such capital blunder. The timid may reassure themselves: the breadth of the Atlantic makes fleets and coast defences relatively unnecessary as pledges of the maintenance of our national independence.

This very invulnerability, however, prevents us from becoming a dominant or even an important factor in European politics. If they cannot menace us with armed reprisals, or with wars for conquest, we are equally unable to menace them. The eagle is the terror of the barnyard, not because she mews her mighty youth upon the mountain top, but because she may invade the barnyard and carry off its inhabitants bodily. The fact which is an unmixed blessing in domestic affairs, which allows us to beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning-hooks, becomes our greatest weakness, once we desire to play a part in the affairs of the world.

III

In truth, disguise as we may the unpalatable fact, it still remains the truth that it is the international situation, the close balance of power between rival nations, rather than the position of the United States, that makes us a factor in international politics. There has never been, since man first began to record his acts and thoughts, so complicated a situation as exists in the world to-day. The foreign policy of the United States must be based upon an understanding of the Persian question and the great scheme of Germany, upon the Egyptian problem and the aims of England, upon affairs in India and China, and not at all upon the

facts about America which to the casual observer would seem to be conclusive. In brief, the important element in our foreign policy is not our designs and ambitions, but the ambitions, strength, and position of other nations. To grasp its fundamentals will require a sketch of factors many of which had been long at the root of European affairs when Christopher Columbus first saw the dim outlines of Guanahani through the mists of the gray dawn.

The delicate balance of the European situation, its vital importance to every European nation, above all, the interrelation of its parts, largely make the United States a factor in international affairs. France fears not only Germany, but Spain and England. Germany, eager to secure control of the Baltic, finds herself menaced on the east by Russia, with the same ambition, which can be gratified only at Germany's expense; and on the west by France, thirsting to avenge the loss of Alsace. England is imperiled whether the Germans attack her, or seize France or Belgium, for a strategic position on the Channel might allow the Kaiser to revolutionize the European situation. At the same time the control of the Channel by England puts German trade in jeopardy, for the long and hazardous voyage round the British Isles fairly forces Germany to use the Channel as a road for her commerce, and inevitably makes its possessors her natural enemies. The existence of Belgium as the strategic point of the European side of the Channel, Germany's possession of Lorraine, the gateway to Paris, the English control of the Channel, make it impossible for these three nations to view each other except with fear and apprehension. Each holds in its hands the possibility of jeopardizing the other's prosperity, as well as the ability at any moment to menace the other's very independence.

Nor are we now in the days when it required so long to mobilize an army, so long to march to the scene of action that the party attacked had usually time to prepare a pretty effective resistance. Modern warfare has made imperative a different sort of an army to resist invasion from a collection of peasants armed with pikes and bows or a body of yokels equipped with flintlocks and fresh from the plough. As Lord Roberts has just forcibly pointed out to the English people, the modern army cannot be equipped and drilled for efficient service in the few short weeks which even a tardy advance by the invader might allow the invaded for preparation. The horrible destructiveness of modern armament and its terrible efficiency leave no alternative but destruction or a constant readiness to meet whatever your adversary might do, should he completely disregard all right and justice. Europe presents the aspect of an armed camp, not in the least because it fails to appreciate the desirability of peace, but because it sees no other method of avoiding the certain evils which would flow from a war for conquest. Each sees its rivals' opportunity for evil only too well to put much faith in their protestations of pacific intent. Behind modern armament is not so much a desire for war, as a fierce determination to preserve national independence and the integrity of the national domain at all costs.

At the same time, the complexity of the problems of no single group of states, whether in Europe, in the Middle East, or the Far East, could possibly give the United States prominence. In each the natural antipathies counteract each other. Only the fact that every nation is anxious to maintain or win power and wealth in Europe *and* Africa *and* Asia can make us important to any of them. We must realize that only as European questions are them-

selves factors in the larger problems of the anxiety of England about India, the fears of France for Morocco, the ambition of Russia and of Germany to seize India, can they concern the United States at all. European politics had to become world-politics, Asiatic and African questions had to become European, before the United States could begin to play a part in their solution. We have ourselves no vital stake in any one of these fields, and normally, therefore, cannot, even if we would, risk the same stake as the European nations do; the Atlantic on one side, and the Pacific on the other, insure our independence more absolutely than could the fleets and coalitions of centuries. Only the creation of world-politics by *other* nations can give us a share in it.

For the United States, the most vital fact is that no nation has the same natural allies in all parts of the world. England and France are at one in opposing the extension of German authority in Europe, but nothing but their extreme danger in the Mediterranean at the time of the Crimean War and the peril to which they have been exposed in Europe since the Franco-Prussian War has buried the enmity of deadly strife in America and especially in India. Russia is the firm ally of both England and France in Europe; she is their deadliest foe in the Black Sea, in Persia, in India, and in China. Yet, to oppose Germany, we see Russia and England amicably enough uniting to crush Persian independence. Germany must secure French and English aid to secure herself against Russian aggression on the east, but finds her very allies her greatest competitors in trade, and the most determined opponents of her expansion on the west. At the very moment, nevertheless, at which the British lion and the German eagle are loudly threatening to tear each other's flesh in Europe, when the Crown Prince is publicly indicating his sympathy with the war party, and when the Imperial Chancellor's declarations of pacific intentions are being greeted with roars of derision in the Reichstag, we find the two guarding the railroad to Pekin together, and acting in concert about the Chinese loan.

The variety of the interests of these nations makes it impossible for them entirely to trust or distrust each other, to keep or reject each other's friendship. England, who needs Russia's aid in Europe and in Persia, cannot act too determinedly in her opposition to Russian advance in Afghanistan and Manchuria. Germany, who hates the Russian in the Baltic, must secure at least his acquiescence to her designs on England and France before the great scheme can be executed.

In all this the United States has no personal interest, nor does she possess any strategical position, or military or naval strength, that would permit her to play a decisive part in the field on either side. It is, however, none the less true that we are a great factor in the international situation, and may be some day a decisive factor. The United States seems in some ways to be indispensable to England and to France, and therefore is an extremely desirable ally for Germany. The economic and financial condition of these countries will make clearer what the possibilities of our position really are.

IV

England and France realize that each needs the support of the other's capital. Both are keenly alive to the fact that a new force of amazing potency has been born of the new international credit structure and the new finance. The growth of trusts and corporations, the sale of bonds to for-

eign investors, the placing of large government loans in foreign countries, has made the world's financial and credit structures so interdependent that a disaster in one country would be sure to induce a crisis in others. Moreover, wealth is not capital: only ready money which is not at the moment tied up in investments or business, is capital in the international sense; and at any one moment that country is really the strongest which has the most ready money to devote to defraying the excessively large expenses imperative in modern warfare. France and England see that they control between them the bulk of Europe's funds available for loan or investment, and they are alive to the fact that this capital places in their hands, for the present, the control of the international situation, because to wage a war of sufficient size to change it would require larger sums of ready money than any other single country could furnish.

Until the summer of 1911 the truth of this aspect of the situation was not fully grasped by most statesmen, to say nothing of the general public, — being concealed by the fact that the private debts and loans of the citizens of a country are not only, as a usual thing, far greater in amount than its public indebtedness, but, being private and changing rapidly (even from week to week) in complexion, their amount is rarely, if ever, known. Thus, when the war scare of that summer caused the wholesale recall of English and French loans in Germany and the sale of German stocks, bonds, and securities on all the European exchanges, it became apparent that the operation had not only deprived the Fatherland of the ready money needed to begin an offensive war, but had brought her commercial and financial world to the verge of actual bankruptcy.

To maintain this ascendancy — whose extent, though not its existence, was now first apprehended — is, of course, the chief safeguard of England and France against Germany's plans; and, with Russia crippled by war and mortgaged to the French Rothschilds, and Belgium's financial powers united to the latter family by the ties of blood and interest alike, there was in the world only one possible rival. To the west lay a land whose coffers already overflowed with capital sufficient to finance vast enterprises. Moreover, it was so highly organized that it could be manipulated by a few men, although the net yearly incomes of the businesses in their hands were many times that of the national government. Suppose that this easily available capital were placed behind the German coalition! The much-abused trusts and railways of this country give us our stake in the international game; they alone *compel* recognition. Had not that recognition already been accorded, had not this country been already pledged to England, perhaps the German Emperor's request to Wall Street for a war-loan this last summer might not have been declined.

Still other influences make an alliance with the United States imperative for England and France. The former is absolutely dependent on foreign supplies for her food, and her rapidly diminishing supply of the raw materials — coal, iron, and steel — needed to create, equip, and maintain a modern navy in a state of high efficiency, is causing her statesmen great anxiety. The only ample supply of all these articles so essential to England's safety, not in the hands of her enemies, is found in this country, and the very fact that we are three thousand miles away from Europe in the opposite direction from the probable seats of war makes these supplies easily available because it simplifies the task of maintaining

communications. Moreover, war would certainly stop the regular trade between England, Egypt, India, and Australia, so that were it not for American cotton, wool, and other raw materials, the great English factories must suspend work. Nor have the English forgotten that she was enabled to fight Napoleon successfully because she was able to continue manufacturing when the rest of Europe was forced by the war to stop. Should the war force *her* to stop, what then would be the consequences?

In other words, without the assistance of the United States, England might starve; her fleet might in time become inefficient; and a commercial crisis of the worst description might occur. Nor would this be all. Unless a market for her goods could be found in the United States, unless she could procure from the United States the quantities of manufactured goods necessary for the war, which because of the war she could not herself make, her factories might just as well suspend work and her people prepare to suffer from cold and nakedness. She is no longer as self-sufficing as a century ago, nor is her supremacy in manufacturing anything like as great as it was when the Industrial Revolution was in its prime.

Nor would the situation in France be widely different. She can feed herself in time of peace, but with her men in the army she could neither supply food nor the manufactured goods imperative for equipment and for the daily use of the population at home. *And England could not supply her with either.*

The economic supremacy of England is no longer as overwhelming as it was in the days of Bonaparte. And then, for such goods as France does make, mainly luxuries, she must depend upon a market in the United States when the markets of Europe are closed. But, chiefest of all, without the aid of the English fleet, whose maintenance may depend wholly on the United States, she is lost. Only the fear of that fleet now keeps the Germans out of Paris, so the latter declare. Hence, although the United States is not herself a factor in the game at all, upon her active coöperation may depend, perhaps, the very existence of the chief factors, not only in European but in Mediterranean and Asiatic politics.

If it is our money and coal, our grain and steel, that Europe wants, why does she not make her arrangements with the trusts and Wall Street, who, the magazine writers seem to think, control the situation? The answer is simple. The private citizens of a great nation cannot undertake overt acts, for which the country would be responsible in time of war, without the consent of the national government. Whether the money of the trusts, or the wheat raised by Dakota farmers, makes us a desirable ally, the European nations can deal only with the government, for it is only against the government that they have any remedy for breach of faith or of contract. Besides, only with the government's aid and, in fact, only with the approval of the people in general, can either France or England receive the degree of assistance which alone will avail.

V

Why now should the United States consent? Why should she welcome an alliance which would apparently force her to assume responsibilities which are not essential to her own prosperity and safety? Above all, why should the interests of the people as a whole be risked to furnish a market for the wares of the trusts, and high rates of interest for capitalists, as many 'discerning'

people will at once assume the object of the whole transaction to be?

It is a grave error to suppose that England is less essential to us than we are to her. It is an equally grave error for the 'average' man to suppose that she is more essential to the trusts than she is to him. Without the services of the English merchant marine to carry our foreign trade, our factories must shut down. We are at present producing at a rate far beyond our own capacity to consume, and the English and French market for our surplus goods would be absolutely necessary to us, if European war should divide that continent into two camps, one of which would be closed to us by the presence of the English fleet on the other side.

Nor can we choose the side of Germany. We must cling to the power which owns *both* the bulk of the merchant marine of the world, *and* the navy which can maintain an open road to its own ports and those of its allies. England's geographical position places her squarely between us and Germany and would force us to deal with England before we could reach her. Shipping subsidies would not avail us much: it would take decades to create a merchant marine large enough to replace that part of the English fleet now occupied with our trade; until our navy is large enough to challenge England's with some chance of winning battles, it is foolish for us to build ships which England will capture in the next war; and, until our navy can contest England's supremacy of the Atlantic, we cannot dream of dispensing with her assistance in peace and war. If we must depend upon her at all, it is better to depend upon her altogether, for the benefit is mutual.

In addition, we need large quantities of English and French manufactured products which we do not make, the eastern wares they control, and their capital to use in developing our natural resources. But, above all, we must ally with England if we propose to have colonies, dig canals, and have a share in the exploitation of the Far East. Only crass ignorance of modern conditions, only a complete lack of imagination, could lead any one to suppose that we took possession of the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and Panama without English consent. Nothing, in fact, but England's refusal to countenance interference prevented the concerted action of Europe against us in the Spanish-American War. We own colonies eight thousand miles away, largely by reason of the assistance of the nation whose fleets control the sea. We need a navy ourselves, not so much to *maintain* our colonies in existence, — for England will not countenance the presence on the seas of a fleet large enough to dictate to her, — but to relieve the English fleet of the necessity of protecting from other fleets than her own the ocean highway to America, and our possessions in the Gulf of Mexico and the Far East.

As a matter of fact, the present arbitration treaties cannot create an alliance between the United States and England, because the alliance was consummated years ago and we are already enjoying its fruits. To be sure, the day had come when the ambitions of the United States coincided well with English plans. Ever since the days when Louisiana was first purchased, the men of the Mississippi Valley had dreamed of the extension of the sway of the United States over all Central America and the Gulf. Burr's treason, the Mexican War, Walker's filibustering expedition, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine against the possession of Mexico by Napoleon III, were only the forerunners of the events which are giving us complete control of Central

America by the same methods of *pénétration pacifique* by which England, France, and Germany have extended their colonial empires.

For a long while, as the treaties show, both France and England successfully and vigorously opposed our schemes; but of recent years their opposition has been withdrawn as the price of a new alliance with the United States based upon a new conception of world-economy. Germany evinced a desire to interfere in Venezuela, and the difficulty of the Mediterranean and Persian situations made it clear that no strength could be spared for the Western Hemisphere. Hence the two nations turned over to the United States their claims to Central America and their treaty and property rights to dig a canal. We were to keep all other nations out.

In the Far East, too, there was only one strategic spot the two did not hold, and only one they could not take for fear of European complications. The Spanish-American War solved the problem by giving the United States an excuse to seize the Philippines, and thus added to the holdings of the alliance that great group which controls the eastern side of the South China Sea and furnishes them with a base of supplies and a citadel safe from assault so long as they can command the sea. Incidentally, these colonies would provide the United States with an avowed interest and a tangible stake in the Far East which would enable her to begin the realization of the dreams that sent Perry to visit Japan before the Civil War.

Moreover, the English see in the Panama Canal a new road to India, the one of which Columbus had dreamed, longer certainly than the road through the Suez Canal, not much shorter perhaps than the passage around Africa, but incomparably safer than either. Should Russia's plans or Germany's great scheme actually succeed in reaching India through Persia, the allies would still have a military road to the East of the first consequence and a trade-route of value.

Those who can read the handwriting on the wall have already seen the clear proof of this new policy in the tacit renunciation of European treaty rights forbidding us to dig canals or project spheres of influence over Central America; in the sight of a United States army camped on the Mexican frontier; in our creation with undignified haste of a Panama republic; in our overturning governments and countenancing filibusters and revolutions in Honduras and Nicaragua. The natives at last realize the truth — that we intend to control and, eventually, to annex their countries. Already the finances of most of these unhappy states are in American hands; already their customs are assigned to American 'syndicates'; their plantations bought by, or mortgaged to, Americans. In fact, our private citizens already own the whole Gulf and its inhabitants, body and soul, just as the French do Morocco, the English and Russians, Persia, and the Italians, Tripoli.

Yet, strangely enough, the real truth about these so-called Wall Street transactions, their identity with European action in Africa and Asia, seeps but slowly into the minds of the American people. They cannot grasp the fact that bankers are not personally involved at all; are only agents for the national government in a transaction to which the government cannot openly be a party itself, and occupy the same position the Bank of England and the Bank of France have held in similar transactions in a dozen localities. They cannot see that the United States controls the banker in this case, that his appointment was made in London and

Paris, and not in Washington, that the lack of a bank supported by the government compels us to intrust the task to a private citizen, but only to one whom foreign governments and bankers can implicitly trust.

So, again, Wall Street's refusal of a loan to Germany last summer, and its participation in Chinese railroad loans, and its share in the negotiations for a new loan to the Chinese republic, are not proof of its desire to influence politics, but are the clearest possible proof of our alliance with England and France, and of the fact that we have been, at last, accorded a place in the great game for the conquest of the world. A moment's thought will show that England and France did not cancel all their treaty obligations with this country and permit us to undertake the wholesale rearrangement of affairs in Central America in order to make money for Wall Street; and that the insistence of the United States government that an American citizen should share in the Chinese loans could not have been successful unless the United States held a relationship to other nations which in itself would make impossible a demand whose only purpose was the aggrandizement of an individual. Wall Street is not the United States government.

The United States government is just at present using Wall Street as its agent in delicate foreign matters where it cannot itself appear. And these issues in which the United States is thus indirectly playing a part concern the safety and future of the world, and are necessarily based upon larger conceptions than the making of dollars for individuals. To throw open the subscription list for these bonds as the magazines desire, to allow the general public to invest in these political enterprises, would deprive the United States government of the absolute control it must exercise over them, and which it can have only so long as the 'loan' is in one firm's hands. It would, furthermore, result in the withdrawal of European support, without which the schemes themselves are impossible.

VI

The arbitration treaties merely give formal notice to Germany and Russia of the firm intention of the three contracting nations to maintain their *former* alliance at all costs, under all circumstances. They mean that the alliance is based on such fundamental and vital factors in the life and policy of the three that no war between them could ever win for any one of them successes commensurable with the certain risks and probable losses. They say: we cannot afford to fight each other; everything, therefore, shall be submitted to arbitration; but the fact of significance is not the arbitration, but the realization that their mutual interests make war impossible. The treaties are merely a public confession of this fact. The real issues the treaties raise for discussion in the Senate are not those of alliance or the expediency of arbitration in general. We should ask ourselves whether we want colonies at all in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Philippines, in the Pacific, or elsewhere; whether we want to pass in at the open door that leads to the Chinese trade; whether we wish to have a part in world-politics; whether we wish Washington to be, some day in the distant future, the centre of an Anglo-Saxon empire controlling both hemispheres. And we must recognize frankly that the only alternative is to remain forever satisfied with what we have, and a readiness to accept whatever influence in the world's affairs the Europeans may allow us.

The announcement that the United

States is willing to conclude a similar treaty with Germany is not at all inconsistent with the view just propounded. Germany and the United States could never have a controversy over which it would be ever worth either's while to go to war; neither could possibly fight the other except on the sea, where she could win nothing of value, and might lose much of consequence by exposing herself to other attacks; a money indemnity for wrongs suffered must, in any case, be arranged by arbitration, whether the arbitrators are members of a permanent court or assemble for the purpose. Both powers have, in addition, everything to gain from arbitration.

Germany thus assures herself of the presence of her whole fleet at home to protect herself and menace England; she could not under any circumstances afford to weaken it to attack us, and she will now be relieved of the possibility. The United States, on the other hand, may jeopardize the affairs of the alliance at any moment by taking independent action against Germany of such a nature as to make war necessary. England and France, dependent on American food and trade, could not allow Germany to prevent them from trading freely with us, as she would certainly at once attempt in case of war, nor run the risk of having English merchant ships captured for carrying contraband.

In fact, a war between Germany and the United States would immediately put in peril the European, Mediterranean, and Asiatic situations, and probably bring about the general world-war, which every one is anxious to avoid. England and France therefore, and Germany as well, are most desirous of preventing us from precipitating a struggle in which they may lose not only colonies and wealth, but their very independence, when we are physically prevented from risking our own national existence, and cannot therefore be deterred from action by the same fear of vital consequences. We do not wish to fight England and France; we cannot be allowed to fight Germany.

Doubtless, the industrial and intellectual arguments for international arbitration, and the evident swing of public opinion toward it, have influenced deeply the action of the contracting nations in the present treaties; but these considerations have dictated the form that the agreement should take rather than its making or its terms. Instead of using a secret defensive and offensive alliance, or a formal agreement whose terms should be secret but whose existence should be acknowledged, the nations have adopted the most popular form of international agreement. It is a significant and, indeed, a great step in advance, to bring them to the point of declaring publicly that they *prefer* peace to war, whatever may be the motives that actuate the declaration; but it is still true that the relative strength and ambitions of nations, rather than legal conceptions and ethical notions, govern their actions.

THE GERMAN WOMAN

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

I

LAST year, on one of the first days after I had arrived in Berlin, I took part in a large meeting devoted to the discussion of some problems of student life. A committee of leading professors had made a motion, and some of the most influential men of Berlin spoke warmly in its favor. Then a young woman stood up and opposed it. She spoke quietly but firmly. There was strong objection to her arguments; eloquent speakers fought in favor of the original motion. But the young woman almost alone held her own, and soon gained ground. When it finally came to a vote, the majority followed the banner of the young leader of the opposition. There were only a very few women in the whole assembly: it was distinctly the influence of woman's oratory over a large group of important men. Twenty years ago that would have been entirely impossible in Germany. A young woman would never have dared to take the lead in such a momentous debate; and if she had ventured to oppose acknowledged leaders, her mere effort would have been resented, and this resentment would have swelled the other party. I felt that a new time for the influence of German women in public life had come.

A few weeks later I had to make a large number of appointments of secretaries, librarians, and so on, for the new Amerika-Institut of the German Government. To all with whom I consulted it seemed from the start most natural that I should appoint women, and, accordingly, I saw in my office scores of candidates who applied for the various positions. This gave me ample opportunity to become acquainted with the social standing of those young women who nowadays seek employment in Germany, and every hour added to my surprise at the greatness of the change. Most of them came from families which twenty years ago would have considered it impossible for their daughters to accept any paid positions or to seek an independent life-activity.

At about the same season I began my university lectures as Harvard Exchange Professor, and when I saw more than a hundred women students scattered among the men in my lecture-room, I could not help thinking of my student days when one solitary American woman was the spectacle and the sensation in the lecture courses which I attended in Leipzig. This revolution of affairs is most remarkable, and yet to every one the new order seems a matter of course.

Soon afterward I was present at a great banquet at the seventieth birthday of a leading jurist. The best-known professors of law made speeches, and the celebrated guest of honor told in enthusiastic words how he had devoted his life to the idea that one nation ought to have one law. Then a young woman arose with a champagne glass in her hand. She brilliantly chose to interpret the words of the speaker to mean that the nation ought indeed to have one

law only, that is, the same law for men and women, and that the women must, therefore, have the same rights as the men in public life. In all my life in the Fatherland I had never before heard a woman making a toast at a public dinner.

A few weeks later I myself spoke in the leading woman's club in Berlin. Who would have thought of women's clubs in Germany twenty years ago! That night everything looked exactly like a club in New York or Boston. The whole attitude of the audience, the introduction, the questions after the lecture, the refreshments, the whole make-up, everything, reminded me of well-known sights, and I should have believed myself to be in a real American woman's clubhouse, if the president had not finally led me to a beautiful little parlor, over the entrance of which the sign said 'smoking-room.' It was a room of cosy lounging-places for the young ladies when they enjoy their cigarettes. I could not get rid of the question: Where is my Germany of yesterday?

There cannot be any doubt that America and the American woman have a large share in these changes of German public opinion. Of course such movements cannot come from without; mere imitation would be ineffective in questions which touch so deeply the inmost problems of the nation. The social organic conditions must be given in the inner life of the country, and it is not difficult to recognize the factors in Germany which necessarily led toward this change in woman's life. Nevertheless the far-reaching emancipation of women in American life, and their important participation in the public functions of society, have given a remarkable impulse to the German movement.

The reasons why the American nation came so much earlier to an anti-conservative view of women's rights are evident. The American view of life since the puritan days has been individualistic: the aim of society is the development of the individual. It is true that puritanism in itself did not favor the participation of women in public tasks, but this individualistic spirit of puritanism and of all American philosophy of life necessarily forced American society to the acknowledgment of equal rights for women and men as personalities. The German view has been that the individual lives for the social good; the claims of the personality must therefore be subordinated to the claims of the community, and this devotion begins with the smallest community, the family. Man and woman must live not for their own sake, but for their family's sake. The individual wishes of the woman must therefore be subordinated to her functions as member of the family.

But no less important than such a general philosophy of life was the difference in the practical conditions of the two countries. America was a pioneer land which had to be opened in a physical and in a social sense. This absorbed the energies of the men. Commercial, legal, and political life took hold of the male population so completely that the higher cultural interests had to go over into the care of women, and that secured to them an independence which was not seldom cultural superiority. Furthermore, America has still to-day one and a half million more men than women, while Germany has a million more women than men. This traditional scarcity of women necessarily created an over-estimation and a readiness to allow women an exalted place.

Many other elements of American life have worked in the same direction: America thus became in the last century the most progressive country

on earth on the question of women's rights. Slowly — in the eyes of many Germans and in the eyes of almost all Americans, far too slowly — Germany has followed. But here, as in many other movements it has proved that Germany is very reluctant to enter through a new way, but as soon as it has entered it rushes forward on that way with unexpected speed and energy. Certainly much still remains to be done, and he who listens to the radical speeches of certain revolutionary reformers would fancy that the greatest part is still to be done. But every sober spectator is bound to acknowledge that the change is simply astonishing, even if he does not sympathize with every feature of it.

Yet we ought not to forget that while this movement is something new for recent Germany, it is not at all new for the Germans as a historic people. The Germans of mediæval times were in the same situation in which the Americans were in their pioneer days. The men's hard work absorbed their energies so completely that every cultural interest, especially education and learning, was left to the church and the women. They were the refined element as against the barbaric men, and their superiority was acknowledged and sung. To learn from books was considered unmanly, and only after the Renaissance did the hour arrive when the new scholarship became men's work. In the sixteenth century the German woman was decidedly considered the equal of man; in the seventeenth century man alone enjoyed the higher education, and this scholarly education then became more and more the condition of professional life. The position of women steadily went down, entirely through the inferiority of her education. It needed concerted action at the end of the nineteenth century again to effect a fundamental change in the social possibilities of German women.

But it would be entirely misleading to fancy that this new German movement has a unified character. In reality it is a large number of movements, which to a certain degree even interfere with one another and which have very different tendencies. Common to all of them is only the desire to improve the position of the female members of the social organism.

II

The most conspicuous efforts of the women of the last decade were those which tried to secure open paths for the woman of unusual gifts. Such a movement was necessarily most conspicuous because it dealt with a prominent few, and not with the colorless masses. It was so easy to point out the injustice and the harm done to the community, if the genius of a talented woman had no chance for the highest development of its inborn energies. A woman with unusual talent, perhaps, for scholarship in a special field, had to remain intellectually sterile because the highest schools were closed to her and the universities forbidden. The scientific life of the whole nation had to lose from such a narrow policy. This was the argument which appealed most easily to the German mind, and steadily the hindrances were removed. There is to-day no longer any reason whatever why any woman of unusual gifts should not enter into full competition with any man and should not reach the highest point of which her powers are capable. Public opinion even favors her work.

And yet it can hardly be said that this particular movement which refers to the cultural aristocracy of women has brought any important change. We see efforts upon efforts, but the total

outcome is, after all, disappointing. The German experience demonstrates again what the experience of more radical countries has shown before, that the creative work of women is fair and may represent highly estimable qualities and values, and certainly does not stand below the average of men's, but nowhere reaches the highest mark.

Just as in America, so in Germany, no woman has as yet attained a scholarly achievement of striking character, still less of true greatness. We must not forget that fields like literature and painting and music have always stood open to women, and that there the same limitations are observable. Germany has some splendid women painters and some delightful authoresses, but no one feels impelled to connect with their names the hopes for a new great upward movement. There is no one among them whom the Germans would compare with Arnold Böcklin, the artist, with Gerhardt Hauptmann, the poet, or with Richard Strauss, the musician. All that the women have given here, as in America, are some best-sellers in fiction, and their like in painting and scholarship. The movement in favor of the exceptional woman is thus, after all, the least important and the least characteristic.

What has truly social significance and marks the change in the beginning of the twentieth century, are those reforms which concern the millions; but here we have the greatest diversity of needs. To distinguish the chief directions we may acknowledge the following needs which had to be satisfied. The average woman of to-day, rich or poor, feels a longing for a serious interest and a significant content for her existence. The reform aimed to overcome the emptiness of woman's life. Second, millions of women have to earn their living. Their opportunities had been too limited and too little adjusted to modern society and to the technique of modern life. The reform aimed to secure a decent livelihood for the unsupported woman. Quite different circles are touched by a third effort. The women of the lower classes found their time and energies absorbed by hard work which kept them away from the house and encroached upon their home life. For them a disburdening had to be sought, in order again to give them an opportunity for dignified family life. The reform aimed to overcome the anti-domestic effect of woman's labor. Fourthly, married life meant subordination for the German woman. The reform aimed to secure equality between husband and wife. Fifthly, the average German woman was confined to domestic influence. She had no chance to become a power in the community. The reform aimed to secure for her full influence in public life.

There are many other partial tendencies in that great forward movement of recent years, but even the few which we have pointed out show with sufficient clearness the antagonism involved: the emptiness of the life of the upper classes demanded a change which would take the woman away from the home, and the overburdening of the lower classes demanded a change which would bring the woman back to the home. Yet we can instinctively feel that there is a certain inner relation between all these movements, and that it is by no mere chance that they came into the foreground at the same time.

We spoke first of the emptiness of woman's life. It has often been pointed out how this was a necessary result of the great changes in the technical conditions of modern life. Domestic activity could really fill a busy woman's time in the past; it can no longer do so since weaving and knitting and baking

and a hundred other good works of the German housewife of the past have long been taken out of the German woman's hands. Factory methods control the life of our time. Even the rearing of children has been simplified through the modern division of work for the German mother: her energies lack fit objects. Far from any question of money-earning, the desire for a useful, regulated, systematic activity in life was the necessary result of these changed conditions. Of course the talents and inclinations show every possible variation, and any single reform would not have been sufficient to satisfy this millionfold need. But it was increasingly clear that more than superficial dilettantism was needed, that a more thorough achievement was sought than the traditional playing of the piano or reading of French novels. The essential basis for a new arrangement of woman's life was improved education.

The girls' school of Germany in the rather recent past stood immeasurably below the boys' school. It was, measured by German standards, superficial, and led nowhere. The school career of a well-educated girl was completed at sixteen years, while her brothers went on with their much sharper work to the nineteenth year in school, from which they might go on to the university. All that led beyond the typical girls' school had a professional, normal-school character. This has been fundamentally changed by the new institutions which the laws of a few years ago have established.

The old schools have been greatly improved; and, above all, they have been supplemented by a complex system of upper grade schools through which any possible goal of an intelligent girl can be reached. She may go on to the same examination which the boys have to pass in order to enter the university, or she may seek a higher humanistic education without any university end in view, or she may enter higher schools for special professional preparation: in short, she can secure in regular channels, without any difficulties and without finding any prejudices, an independent serious lifework, and may develop her personality and prepare herself for her rôle in the community as well as in a refined and stimulating home. Any one who examines carefully these new regulations must acknowledge that they are almost radical, and that the German governments, after a too long period of neglect, under the influence of the new demands have gone almost to an extreme, offering especially in those so-called 'lyceum' schools a course more complex and more thoroughly modern than the energies of young women are likely to be able to carry through. Certainly, their chances are now not inferior to those of boys, and yet in a careful, deliberate way the whole work is adjusted to the special interests and special spheres of womanhood.

Public opinion has completely adjusted itself to this new order. In every family, in the large cities especially, — but, slowly, the change has entered the small towns, too, — it seems beyond discussion that the daughter shall prepare for a definite line of activity. The girl who does a little embroidery and otherwise waits for the fiancé to come, is dying out. The German experience seems to confirm the American one, that under this new rule the fiancé may come a little later, but not less certainly. It is true that many a girl with a serious interest in life now refuses a husband whom her mother at her time would have accepted because she would have dreaded the emptiness of an unmarried life; but just for that reason, the marriage which she finally prefers is on a higher level.

III

The problem of a girl's life interest cannot be separated from the question of life support. The girl of the well-to-do family who pursues university courses or devotes herself to the activities of the social worker, may follow certain lines of interest which would never yield an earning sufficient to pay for her gloves. But, on the whole, even those women who are well supported are encouraged in their serious devotion to earnest work by the thought that in possible days of need their training may make them independent. For by far the larger part of the German population the practical side of the question stands in the foreground from the start.

Two economic conditions force this on Germany much more than on America. The great excess of the female over the male population, giving to the adult women a lead of a million, makes it necessary that there remain more unmarried women by far in Germany than in the United States, the more so as a tenth of the adult men prefer to remain bachelors. Most of these unmarried women are obliged to seek their livelihood. On the other hand, the wages of the laboring classes are low, and make it in a higher degree than in America necessary that wives and daughters contribute by their labor to the earnings of the family. Hence the number of female breadwinners in Germany is exceedingly large.

In America not more than 14.3 per cent of the whole female population is engaged in gainful occupations as against 61.3 per cent of the male. Moreover, even this 14.3 per cent becomes much smaller when only the native whites of native parentage are considered, as the average for the whole country results from the participation of the negro women. In Germany the percentage of workingmen is the same as in America, 61.1 per cent, but the percentage of workingwomen is 30.4 per cent. Almost ten million women are breadwinners in Germany. There are three and a half million women engaged in industrial work and business, as against ten and four-fifths million men; and especially characteristic of the German situation seems the fact that 738,000 women are independent owners and heads of establishments. One and three-tenths millions are laborers in factories. In the textile industries, for instance, the women are in the majority, — 400,000 women as against 371,000 men. In the clothing industry, 228,000 women stand against 97,000 men.

If the intensity of the woman movement were to be measured simply by the amount of participation of women in the work of the nation, the German women would have had for a long while no reason whatever for complaint. It could always have been shown to them that even in America the women had a much smaller part in the labor. But the true progress of woman's rights demands, of course, a very different standard. The aim must be to disburden woman from the labor which injures her home life; and, on the other side, to open for her the fields of higher activity. In both respects the last years have shown a decided improvement, and all the more characteristic efforts of systematic reform are concentrated on these points. The higher professions, like those of the physician, the high-school teacher, and similar engagements, which in Germany demand four years and more of graduate university work, are open to women under the same conditions as to men. The number of such women students at the university this year is about twenty-four hundred.

But, in a way, still more important is the great variety of occupations fit and favorable for women which do not demand university graduate work, and which have been conquered by women in recent years. All German states nowadays, for instance, allow the appointment of female factory inspectors and industrial inspectors, a calling in which, on account of the great number of female workers, women can be most beneficial. A much favored career for women is also that of librarian, which only a few years ago was still unknown as an occupation for them; while to-day in Berlin alone two large library schools supply Germany with more female librarians than the public libraries can possibly use. The important position of professional nurse, with long systematic training in the hospitals, has become another much-sought function for the daughters of educated families. Literary and artistic work, especially arts and crafts, high-class gardening and fancy farming, interior decoration and artistic photography, management of bureaus for typewriting and translating, and a hundred similar half-professional activities for intelligent and energetic young women, are eagerly sought to-day.

How far this new type of female breadwinners is successful, it may be too early to judge. Public opinion is still somewhat undecided. In former times, when the better educated women in cases of need had practically no other resources than working as elementary teachers in girls' schools or as piano-teachers, as housekeepers or as governesses, or in small business enterprises, there was no criticism and no doubt as to their fitness. They undertook the characteristically feminine work in the community, and no competition with men stirred up the discussion.

Now it is decidedly different. Almost all the new callings have been taken away from men, and in this economic struggle of the sexes the characteristic qualities have come to sharper expression. These deciding qualities are, of course, not only the personal ones but also the social, especially the woman's freedom from financial obligation for the support of a family. Woman is everywhere able to underbid man.

The dangerous consequences which have resulted from this social condition in the United States in the teachers' profession, where teaching had entirely gone over into the hands of the women as lowest bidders, have not shown themselves in the school situation of Germany. This is made impossible by the fact that with the exception of the rural primary schools there is hardly any coeducation in Germany, and Germany stands out against women-teachers in the boys' schools and, at the same time, insists on a strong participation of male teachers in girls' schools. All this is settled by state law, and the mere underbidding of salaries can have no influence on this general principle. But in every other field the competition is strongly felt. The girl who lives in the house of her parents and wants to earn only a little spending money, and, moreover, expects to get married, may easily do secretarial or library or artistic work for a salary which a man would feel to be inadequate.

So far as the character of the work itself is concerned, it is only natural that there should be widespread complaint about a certain lack of physical strength which brings quick fatigue and too frequent interruptions by little ailments in times of hard work. But it is more surprising that complaint is so often heard about carelessness, lack of accuracy and thoroughness, even of disorderliness, — the same type of objection which the university professors

make as to the female students in the laboratories and hospitals.

There is no doubt that the practical success has not been complete, and the outcome has been even to many friends of the woman movement a distinct disappointment. Some claim that this is necessary; that in a land which makes such high demands on the accuracy and thoroughness of man, woman will never be perfectly an equal, and that a reaction against the present onrush of women toward the higher callings will soon set in. Others insist that the period of readjustment has so far been too short, that too little experience existed for every woman to find the really fitting place, and that all the complaint will disappear as soon as a still greater expansion of her professional activity has been developed.

Certainly one anti-professional feature cannot and ought not to be removed. Just this type of active intelligent women who create an important lifework are marrying like others: they marry late, but finally their marriage, too, closes their career. The number of female physicians who are really practicing in Germany is very small compared with the number of those who are prepared for it. The others have generally married, and have given up their medical ambition. There is no doubt that this interferes greatly with the enthusiasm of the teachers who are to prepare women for a higher calling. The country cannot fully overcome the feeling that there is a certain want of seriousness, almost an element of play and of dilettantism, in the work; because neither the women themselves nor the spectators really believe that it will be their calling to their life's end.

But it would be unfair to deny that there is also no lack of praise for the positive qualities of the woman's contribution to the nation's higher tasks. All agree that the women are industrious and eager, that they bring an element of freshness, humanity, and moral inspiration into the business of the day, and that they do their work with patience and discretion and serenity. The chief success, which is beyond dispute, is that they have eliminated the prejudices of their parents' times. Even those who are skeptical as to the objective results have long ago given up repeating the old-fashioned arguments that the daughter of an educated family ought to confine herself to the sphere of the home.

This, however, does not touch that circle of thoughts which appear to some as prejudices, too, but which are entitled to demand more consideration. Is this public life-work in harmony with the functions of woman as a wife and mother? Again, it may be said that Germany has not come to inner clearness on this point. Many German physicians argue seriously that the strenuous occupation makes too many tender girls unfit or less fit for later motherhood. A woman's physical energies are exhausted and she enters into married life less strong. Sympathizers reply that the burdens of the old-fashioned housewife and house-daughter were often more exacting and exhausting than any position as librarian or secretary. Moreover they insist that the discipline and the intellectual training which the well-educated breadwinner gains through her calling is a perfect training for her true duties as wife and mother, and that it is, as preparation, far superior to the idleness to which nowadays most girls of that social standing would be confined.

IV

It is evident that almost no one of these arguments holds for the work of the lower classes. To a certain degree the situation is almost the reverse.

The physical injury to the organism by the constant exhausting labor, the lack of free time for any inner development and even for the cultivation of her home activities, the paralyzing monotony of her factory work, all these are surely antagonistic to the desirable status of individual and family life. Here, therefore, the reform has taken the opposite character. The aim has been, not to expand the woman's work, but to reduce it, and to protect the workingwoman against injurious demands. This element of the woman movement was at first somewhat in the background, or, rather, it was at first left to the Social Democratic political party.

The real so-called woman movement in Germany started with refined women who were more touched by the inner misery of empty lives of women in their own layer of society than by the suffering of the lower classes, — sufferings of which they knew little, and which seemed to them more or less inevitable. The cries for help in these lower social regions naturally appealed more to those who were not interested in the position of woman and man, but in the position of poor and rich. The socialistic war-cry in the interest of the women-workers was therefore, 'Down with capital!'

The tremendous growth of Social Democracy in political Germany was to a high degree due to its effective and sincere fight for the laboring woman. But, meanwhile, the social conscience of all Germany has been stirred up, sympathy for the laboring population has led to those unparalleled measures of state insurance and factory legislation by which the women have profited as much as the men. At the same time the trade-unions have grown rapidly, and are dominating industrial life as perhaps in no other country; and here again the women have their full share.

More and more has the non-socialistic public movement in the interest of women turned to this field, and through the efforts of brilliant women-leaders recent years have witnessed reforms of really organic character. It has become increasingly clear that the characteristic difficulties of women at work are untouched by the problem of socialism. It has been felt that the real difficulty was to be found in the fundamental fact that, through the changes in the modern home life and technique, woman has been forced into an industrial life which has been shaped in adjustment to the energies of men. This has involved a misuse of the female organism, and the great demand of the women reformers to-day insists on a better adjustment between woman and work. Under their influence the reforming tendencies have turned no less to those who were entirely helpless because they were entirely scattered: the servant-girls, the waitresses, even the agricultural workers, and, on a higher level, the business employees. Organized associations have been formed for all of them, with and without political or religious background; and almost all of them aim toward social and cultural improvements as well as the strictly economic and legal ones.

The progress of women in that conquest of the professions, and in the improvement of legislation regarding female work, can be demonstrated by figures and paragraphs, but much of the best which these movements have brought to modern Germany cannot be demonstrated or measured, and does not show on the surface at all. Nevertheless, the careful observer, who knew the Germany of a quarter of a century ago and who now comes in contact with a great variety of homes, must notice a thorough change which for the national life is perhaps more import-

ant than any question of woman-study and of woman-labor. The essential point is that the position of woman in the structure of the family has become more dignified by the development of a stronger sense of comradeship between husband and wife. The German family life has always been healthy and sound: in the home has always lain the strength of the community. There has never been lack of love in the typical German house, but all the feelings of affection went together with a sincere belief in inequality. The woman did not feel that as unfair or unjust, inasmuch as it had been a German tradition since the seventeenth century that the wife, in all intellectual and non-domestic questions, naturally had to subordinate herself to her master. She was accustomed to being guided; and while, of course, her personality gave warmth and meaning to the home, she herself felt it as her ideal duty to devote her energies to the building up of a home which received its stamp from the husband.

This attitude has passed. The better education of women, their greater importance in public life, the disappearance of old-fashioned prejudices, the greater leisure of present-day women for intellectual interests, and the constant airing of the problems of women, have quietly worked together to convince man that the place of woman in the home is a place on an equality with his own, and that true comradeship can intertwine with real love. The frequent commanding tone in which the cheaper kind of men so long indulged in their intercourse with their wives would to-day simply be considered as rudeness and would not be tolerated by any one. Nor would the right kind of woman, however ready she might be in her love to make the greatest sacrifice for her husband, any longer think of that self-effacement which to previous generations so often appeared as woman's natural duty.

The German woman of to-day would not be afraid of the hardship in it, but she would shrink from the indignity. This new group of ideas does not begin to work on the wedding-day. It determines no less the choice of the companion for life. The ideal of the young man is no longer the girl without thoughts of her own. Certainly the immature marriages of the very young seem to decrease. To-day the age at which the greatest number of girls marry is twenty-three. Only 25,000 girls marry at the age of nineteen or twenty, 39,000 at the age of twenty to twenty-one, 52,000 at twenty-one to twenty-two, 55,000 at twenty-two to twenty-three, 53,000 at twenty-three to twenty-four, and 47,000 at twenty-four to twenty-five. For men the age at which the largest number of marriages occur is twenty-six.

Of course Germany, too, shows one effect of the new order of things which seems necessarily to belong to this more liberal view of woman's position, — an increase of divorces. In the years 1903 to 1907 the average among 100,000 inhabitants was still only 18.8 divorces, in 1908 it had already grown to 21.2, and the statistics show clearly that the figures are lowest in the least developed parts of Germany, in the eastern provinces in which the old order of ideas prevails, and greatest in the most progressive parts, especially in the large cities. In Berlin there are 87 divorces among 100,000 inhabitants, in Hamburg, 76.

One other figure may raise still more doubt as to the degree of happiness which the change has brought to womanhood. The increase of divorces may still be interpreted as not meaning subjective unhappiness. On the contrary, it may indicate that in earlier times women had to suffer lifelong

misery in marriages which they are now more ready to give up in order to gain their freedom. But there cannot be two interpretations of the other figure which indicates that the number of female suicides has also relatively increased. And not only is this increase characteristic of the general tendency to suicide, which may be the result of the more complicated conditions of present-day life, but the number of female suicides in relation to the male suicides has grown as well. The percentage of female suicides in relation to male suicides has grown in the last ten years from 26 to 29 per cent. But there is no progress without its cruelties. The new freedom and the new responsibility, although they will grow steadily and beneficially, will demand their victims and will unbalance many a weak personality.

The movement toward equal rights and emancipation from her obedience was from the beginning not limited to the circle of the home. The new influence was more modestly, and yet persistently, claimed in public life. The demand for equal suffrage, to be sure, has remained entirely in the background. Those elements which give to the suffrage movement in America its greatest strength, the desire for purification of politics and for the elimination of corruption and graft, and, on the other hand, the need of women in the legislature in order to secure industrial legislation favorable to women, are both inapplicable and negligible for the German situation. The women themselves feel that their suffrage would simply duplicate the number of votes, without changing anything in the character of the parties or of the legislature. But all the more are the reformers eager to secure for the women an influential share in public functions: in municipal offices, in the schools' administration, in the public care for the poor, in the inspection of factories and domiciles, in police positions, and many similar activities. The number of such positions is growing from year to year with the enlarged supply of well-trained women.

The German women who seek advance in any public lines know well that there cannot be rights without duties. They know that the real demand of the hour for the progressive woman is the study of social problems and an earnest training in social activities. Excellent schools for the social education of women have been established, and a corps of well-trained helpers and reformers is growing up to-day and will do more for the spreading of progressive ideas than will the mere declamations of radical orators, whose time has on the whole passed away in so far as the woman movement of Germany is concerned.

WHITE HORSE WINTER

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE little house where I was born, and in which I passed the earlier years of my life, stands about a hundred yards back from the beach and a little more than a mile down shore from Old Harbor. What we always knew as the 'Creek' runs in there, with plenty of water even at low tide to float my father's dory; and the flawless yellow face of a dune used to stand up behind the house, sheltering us from the northerlies that pick the scud from the ocean, a mile back across the Neck, and spatter it in the bay at our front door. My father and mother still live in the house, but the dune has shifted to the westward, and it is colder there on a winter night.

My older sister was born before my father and mother came from the Western Islands, so she had a recollection of green country; but we younger children knew nothing but the water and the sand. Strangely enough, my most vivid remembrance of the water is not from any of its wilder moods: I picture it with the tide out at evening, reflecting the face of the western sky, flat, garish-colored, silent, with a spur of mute fire reaching out at me along the surface of the Creek.

The dunes were the magic land, full of shifting shadows, and deceptive, where a little covey of beach-plums made themselves out as a far-away and impenetrable forest, especially when the mist came inland, and a footprint in the sand across a hollow appeared a vast convulsion of nature at the other end of a day's journey. And one felt the dunes always moving, rising up out of the sea, marching silently across the Neck, and advancing upon the little house. I can remember the spring when the sand ate up a pear-tree my father had brought from the Islands.

The dunes entered our lives, and became a part of them. Even now the sight of a strip of sand gets a queer grip on me, and to this day I am apt to catch myself spying out the sky-line with an indefinable and portentous dread. I cannot shake off this sensation, although I know perfectly what it is. It is a relic from that time which we have always called, in our family, White Horse Winter.

I remember my father's coming in one October day and standing a long time before the barometer which always hung behind the kitchen door. After a while he said to my mother in his broken English, —

'It weel be ver' bad weather to-night — to-morrow.'

That night when I was trying to get to sleep, I heard the skirmishers of a great wind feeling at the shingles above my head.

My next recollection is of the tumult of a gale outside, mingled with beating on the door downstairs, and distracted fragments of men's voices calling to one another of a vessel come ashore. I knew it must be at Round Hill or they would not have come past our house.

Then I was out, myself, where no boy of ten had any business to be, isolated in the centre of a vast disruption,

except when an occasional agitated phantom passed in the rocking darkness toward Round Hill Bars. I had an acute consciousness of doing wrong, and with all the fight to keep my feet in the chaos of sand and wind and scud, the thought of what my father would do if he came upon me lay heavy on my mind.

After a time one of the shore-dunes came up before me, black, with an aura of distracted sand about its crest and the sky behind it gray with the labor of dawn. The silhouettes of men, and of a few women, were running about over it and pointing to sea with jerking arms. But I was afraid to go up there, — still with the fear of my father's anger, — so I ran to the northward in the hollow a hundred yards or so before I felt it safe to venture upon the ridge, where I cowered down, a very small and very tired-out boy.

It was a full-rigged ship. Her main and mizzen were already gone, and her foremast writhed in dismal and contorted circles toward the sky, a frail, sensitive needle-point marking every onslaught and repulse of the fight below, where the vessel wallowed in the smother between the outer and inner bars. Inshore, on the torn and clamorous beach, the figures of the life-saving crew moved about their boat with futile gestures, lifting curved hands to their faces to scream soundless words at one another. The wind was like a blast from the colossal explosion that flared behind the eastern clouds.

But it was the water that fascinated me that morning. The Round Hill Bars make a talking, even in a moderate breeze, which can be heard in our kitchen across the Neck. Now their shouting seemed to me to fill up the whole bowl of the visible world, rumbling around its misty confines in tangled reverberations. I could see the outer bar only as a white, distorted line athwart the gray, but the shoreward shallows were writhing, living things, gnawing at the sky with venomous teeth of spume, and giving birth in agony to the legions which advanced forever and forever upon the land.

My mother used sometimes to sing a little Portuguese song to my brother Antone, the baby. It had a part which ran: —

> The herd of the Sea King's White Horses
> Comes up on the shore to graze . . .

It pleased my boy mind, on this morning, to figure them as ravening, stung to frenzy by the lash of the gale, tossing maddened manes, and bellowing, — for horses were not common in that fisher country. Try as I might, my eyes would not stay on the wreck, but returned inevitably to those squadrons of white horses advancing out of the mist. They were very fearsome things to me at that time, although I was old enough to know that they were not alive and could not possibly get at me.

Then a tremendous wave broke and flattened out in a smother on the beach, and I was sure for a moment I had seen an actual horse struggling there. The next breaker overwhelmed the place, swirling, thunderous, shot its thin mottled tongue far up the sand and withdrew it seething into the undertow, — and now there could be no doubt that a horse was there, screaming, pawing at the treacherous sand, his wide glistening back horribly convulsed, and eyes and nostrils of flame.

Many and many a time since then I have had it all in a dream; and in the dream, even now, I am swept back into something of the elemental terror that held the boy cowering on the ridge of sand while the great white stallion staggered up the face of the dune and stood against the sky, coughing and coughing and coughing.

Of a sudden, I knew that I must run away from that thing, and I scrambled out of my little burrow and ran, not daring to look back, not daring to ease my pace when the sand dragged too cruelly at my shoes, — ran and ran, — till I found myself in the safe heaven of the front room at the little house, and my mother stirring a pan over the kitchen stove.

I staggered out to her, crying that a horse had come out of the water and run after me. She thought that I was feverish, had had a bad dream, and it occurred to me that I need not let her know I had been where I should not have been that morning. She packed me off to bed again, and when I woke in the afternoon I was of even minds myself whether I had dreamed it all or not. Certainly it was cut from the cloth of a dream.

During the weeks that followed I heard a deal about the wreck, from my father and from others who came past on the state road, and stopped to chat. It was a bad affair, that wreck. The shore people could see her men, now and then when the rack drifted aside for a moment, swarming over the deck like ants disturbed by a pail of water. One of these glimpses showed them the crew clustered about the boats on the lee side, and then the life-savers burned in vain the signal which means, 'Do not attempt to leave in your own boats'; the next lifting of the curtain discovered the ship's decks bare of life, and seventeen bodies were dragged from the surf that day.

But a strange thing happened when the life-savers rowed out to the hulk after the sea had gone down. In the cabin they came upon a young man, dry-clothed, sitting before a fire in the stove, plainly much shaken by the experiences of the night, but still with a grip on himself. He asked if the boats had come ashore all right, and when Captain Hall told him, he seemed taken aback.

'Nothing come ashore?' he asked.

'Nothing alive,' said the captain. The other looked into the fire a while, white, and shaking a little.

'I was afeared to go with the sailors,' he said, after a time.

Of course the story did not come to me in this straight sequence, but merely as haphazard snatches from the gossip of my elders, some of it not clearly till years afterwards — for the details of a great wreck are treasured among people of the sea so long as the generation lasts.

It was almost a week before I went out on the dunes again. Although I was now convinced that I had seen something that was not, still even a bad dream is not a thing for a child to shake off lightly. But my sister Agnes's eighteenth birthday was coming soon now, and it was always a custom in our family to signalize such events with a cake and bayberry candles. So I was off this day to the north of Snail Road, where the bottom of a certain hollow is covered with a mat of bayberry bushes. It takes a good many bayberries to make even a small candle, and the dark was beginning to come down when the basket was filled and I started back across the sand-hills toward home.

The dunes were very silent and very misty and very lonely that evening; I trudged along with my small head going about like the mythical owl's, but the dusk remained empty of any horror till I had come across Snail Road and into the region of black sand where one may scoop out a little hole and drink fresh water. I almost always did this, whether I was thirsty or not, but that night I was saved the trouble of scooping the hole — or would have been had I cared to take advantage of the great glistening gash that lay in

my path. It was no work of human hands. All about the place the sand was churned and scarred by enormous, deep tracks, and a double thread of them led away over the eastern skyline. Then I was running again, as I had that other morning, running all the way to the little house, careless of the bayberries that strewed my backward trail.

Two nights after, we were all sitting around the fire in our kitchen. There was no wind that evening and the tide was down beyond the flats, so that all was very quiet outside the little house, and a note of distant trumpeting came plain to us through the crisp night. It was surely a queer sound for our country, but its significance passed me till my father spoke to my mother.

'It's the white horse again,' he said.

My mother nodded, without curiosity or surprise.

'Yes,' she answered, 'we must keep Zhoe' — that was I, Joe — 'off the dunes more.'

But they could not keep me off the dunes entirely, now that the white horse had become actual and an object of common gossip. I took an adventurous pleasure in climbing to the top of the hill behind the house and overlooking the country of hummocks. Especially was this fine to do of an early evening, when the light had left the sand and the ridges stood out black against the sky.

I saw him many times from this point of security — always as a dark, far-away silhouette, tremendous, laboring over the back of a dune or standing with his great head flung up and tail streaming on the wind. His presence there gave the whole dune-land a new aspect for me — as of a familiar country grown sinister and full of the shadow of disaster. Nights when the wind was northerly, his racketing sometimes came to me in the loft where my cot stood; then I would shiver under the clothes and fall asleep to dream of being lost in a wilderness of shifting dunes, and that great shaggy white beast above me on a ridge, coughing and coughing and coughing. Once he must have come plunging down the face of our own hill, because we were startled by a splashing of sand on the shingles of an outhouse, followed by a great snorting and a ripping of fence timbers. That night even my father and mother were pale.

For I was not the only one who was afraid. Some of the men came out from Old Harbor with lines one day to take the animal, and at first sight of him, suddenly, over the angle of a dune, dropped their entanglements and fled back past our house, running heavily. And that was in the flat sunlight of midday. After that men went over to Round Hill Station by other and circuitous routes.

One of these evenings, while I was crouching on the hill with a delightful shiver playing along my spine, a strange man came up and stood a few yards to one side of me, looking out to the eastward. The white horse was there, perhaps a half mile off, outlined against a bank of silver that came rolling in from the ocean. The newcomer regarded him a long time without moving; then I, being a little afraid of the man, slipped out of the bushes and down the hill to the little house.

The dusk was already thick when he came down the dune and stopped to pass a word with my father, who was working over a net near the gate. I remember my sister Agnes peering curiously at the figure indistinct in the gloom, and my mother whispering to her that it was the man they had taken off the wreck. That made a tremendous impression on me. I was glad when my father asked him to sit a while by the fire.

From my vantage-point behind my mother's chair, I could examine him better than I dared do on the ridge. He was a smallish man, of a wiry build rather uncommon among our own people, whose strength is apt to come upon them with an amount of flesh. His skin was not brown but red, hairy about the wrists, — I thought of it as brittle. His hair was almost the color of his skin, his features were heavy. He sat or stood with elbows out and thumbs tucked in his belt, and he had little to say. I can give his age definitely as twenty-eight at that time.

From the moment he entered, the stranger seemed unable to keep his slow-moving gray eyes away from my sister Agnes, who stood leaning against the door which led into the front room. Those two were as far apart as the two poles. It is hard for a small boy to know how his brothers and sisters really appear, but looking back out of later years I remember her as rather tall for a girl, full-formed, straight, dark as the rest of us, and with a look of contempt in her black eyes for this alien whom she had no means of comprehending.

For a time my father talked about the wreck, putting questions, hazarding technical opinions in the jargon of the sea. The stranger's replies were monosyllabic and vague. Then in a pause the neighing of the white horse came in to us, and the man started up with an abrupt scraping of his shoes on the boards. I am sure that Agnes believed he was frightened, and that she took no pains to hide it. After that the talk turned naturally on the white horse, going back and forth between my father and mother, for the stranger had even less to say now than before.

Jem Hodges (that was the stranger's name) came the following day and sat on the front porch, watching father who was tarring weir twine in the yard. He had nothing to say — simply sat there with his thumbs tucked in his belt. Agnes came in and said to my mother, —

'He's a dummy — I never seen such a dummy, ma.'

'I don' know, Aggie,' my mother answered her. 'He ain't our kind, an' you can't tell about things you ain't used to.'

That was my mother's way.

Agnes flounced out of the kitchen in a manner which had no significance to me then, for my rudimentary wits could perceive no possible connection between her action and the silence of the little man on the porch outside.

I think I can say now what the connection was. Among other things the world has taught me this — that no two men do the same thing in exactly the same way. Jem Hodges was wooing my sister Agnes. Little wonder that her spirit was restive under that wooing, when all the blood of the race in her veins sang of the lover's fervor, the quick eye, the heart speaking in words, the abandon of caresses. And here was a man, fulfilling none of our conventions of beauty, who sat imperturbable, impassive, saying nothing, and making her come to him. I am sure that he did it without planning or analyzing, — I think half of it was constraint and all of it instinct. And Agnes might flounce out of the room as she would: sooner or later I saw her again at the front of the house.

This went on for two or three weeks. Jem Hodges came almost every day to sit on the porch a while, after which he sometimes wandered away in the growing evening over our own dune. Again and again I saw him standing there, as on the first evening, for a long time without motion, looking over the hummocks. Sometimes I could hear him whistling under his breath an air that was very strange and outlandish to me, then, who had never heard the like.

Many years later I heard one of the great tenors of the world sing the same air, and it thrilled me, but not in the same way.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth of November (I have the date from Agnes) I was ensconced in my bushy retreat, watching the night take hold of the world of sand. Jem Hodges stood on the ridge to the east of me. Every minute that passed robbed his motionless figure of some detail, and lent to it a portion of the flat mystery of the night. I had seen the white horse once that evening, topping a rise far off to the northward, and then no more till I was suddenly aware of a gigantic, indistinct form moving up hill toward me amid a vast *shuf-shuf* of troubled sand.

I was terribly frightened for the instant; then I knew it was a matter only of hopping over the bank behind me and sliding down to the very back door of the little house. I had slipped from the bushes and was almost to the bottom of the smothering slope, when I heard such a plunging in the sand above that my wits came near leaving me again; I made wild and futile plunges, and cried out to my sister, whom I saw in the open doorway. I had no thought in the world but that it was the white horse charging down. I had almost gained the house, a pathetic small figure of panic, when I felt myself brushed aside with a violence which left me sprawling, terrified, on my back in the sand, with a confused impression as of something passing through the doorway where my sister had stood. It was not beyond me at that moment to imagine the white horse, overcarried by the impetus of his charge, blundering right on into the kitchen of the little house.

Jem Hodges had passed completely out of my mind, and it was Jem whom I found in the kitchen, ill at ease, confronted by my sister. Agnes I hardly knew that evening — she was like a new and strange person, aflame with anger and a high, emphatic beauty, speaking tensely, with the nerve-twanging upward slur at the end of the phrase which discovered the blood of the Island race through all the veneer of public school. The accumulated unrest of weeks had found a vent at last.

'You — you — Oh, you coward!' she reviled him, 'you little sneaking coward, you! — an' they call you a *man!*' Her voice was a whispered shriek, her clenched hands moved before her as though to do him harm.

Jem was white, and still breathing hard.

'A man,' Agnes went on, 'they call you a man — an' you knock over little children so's you can save your own little hairy hide. You lose your eyesight — an' your mind — from seein' a horse walkin' over some sand. Agh!'

Then she turned to me with a fierce gesture of protection.

'Zhoe, — poor little Zhoe, — he hurt you, did n't he? There, don't cry no more — you're more of a man 'n he is, — ain't you, little Zhoe?'

My face was in the folds of her skirt and I still sobbed out the after-swell of the terror, but I could hear Jem's voice speaking. He always seemed to me, when talking, to be expending his words with immense care.

'The horse would n't harm Joe,' he pronounced.

That was a signal for Agnes to fly at him once more.

'No! — won't harm him — you slip that out easy because Zhoe's no folks of yourn — an' never will be either. Agh! — God! — I could kill you if you were n't such a worm!'

'He would n't harm Joe, nor nobody.'

The man's words were unsteady but assured. Agnes's voice went from her

control completely; she came close to him and screamed in his face, —

'Harm nobody? — Oh! — Oh! — Little man, go an' bring me that white horse — You been makin' eyes at me — Oh, I seen 'em! — Now if you want me — *me* — go out an' get the white horse that won't harm nobody, — with your two bare hands, — an' bring him to me.'

For that moment, my sister was out of her mind.

Jem came over and laid an absent hand on my shoulder, as if he had thought to comfort me, and then had fallen into abstraction before the act was accomplished. After a moment of vacant quiet he looked up at Agnes.

'An' you tell me that, too,' he said.

All that evening I was haunted by a picture of the silent man, with his hard red thumbs tucked in his belt, pursuing a shadow of horror through the black dune country. This distressed me so much that I finally crawled out from beneath the table, where I had been lying, and whispered my fears in my sister's ear. She had been very quiet all evening, but when she understood what I was saying she gave a little bitter laugh and put her arm around me.

'Don't be afeared, Zhoe,' she whispered her answer. 'The little man is tight behind his own door this night.' Then she fell to brooding once more.

When Jem came to the little house the following day he carried a piece of line in one hand. He sat down as usual on the front steps. The picture of him that evening has remained to me the most vivid memory of my young days, — why, I cannot say. I peeped out of the front window and saw him there, silhouetted against the blazing waters of the bay — the vast, silent and expressive shout of the departing day casting out at me the unexpressive man.

Agnes came around a corner and stood, looking down at the line in Jem's hand. He looked down at it, too.

'I been thinkin' it over,' he said.

'You're a-scared to do it!' she answered.

For a long time they remained there without moving or speaking, both looking down at the line.

'You're a-scared to do it!' Agnes repeated at length, and Jem got up from the steps and went out through the gate toward the dunes. Never have I seen the whole world so saturated with passive flame as it seemed to me, peering from the gloom of the front room that evening.

At supper Agnes talked feverishly of many things, but ate nothing. All of us noticed it, and my mother remarked upon it. The silence outside was so complete that the riffle of the coming tide was audible in the pauses, and once I heard the note of the stallion, far away over the sand. Then my sister broke out into a humming tune — the first and last time I ever knew her to sing at table. I remember wondering why her eyes, which were usually so steady and straight-seeing, turned here and there without rest, and why, after the meal, she wandered from window to window, and never stopped to look out at any.

That was to be a gala night for me. My father had been raking up the brush and leaves about the place for a week, heaping them, together with bits of old net and tarry shreds of canvas, in half a dozen piles before the house, and to-night I was allowed to set them off. I had them blazing soon after supper was over, and a fine monstrous spectacle they made for me, who danced up and down the lines full of elemental exultation, and then ran off to call Agnes to see my handiwork.

I could not find her anywhere in the house; I went through all the rooms and out and around the yard. No one

knew where she was. My mother thought she had seen her with a shawl over her head, but had taken no particular notice at the time. It did n't matter, at any rate — Agnes often wandered out toward town in the early evening.

The rest of us sat on the steps and watched the fires, baby brother and all, but they had lost something of their enchantment for me. I was pursuing an idea, an obscure apprehension.

'I b'lieve Aggie's gone to the dunes,' I proclaimed, at length.

'Dunes!' my mother cried out. 'No, — you're foolish, Zhoe. Why?'

Thus confronted by the direct question, I found my reasonings too diaphanous for a logical answer.

'I dunno,' I mumbled, abashed.

But I had set them worrying. It is a strange fact that fisher-folk are at once the bravest and the most apprehensive people I have any knowledge of. When worried, my mother was generally restless with her hands, while my father betrayed his anxiety by unwonted profanity and by aimless expeditions to inspect the dory mooring in the creek.

These things they did to-night, my mother on the steps, impassive save for her writhing fingers, my father visible in peripatetic red glimpses as he wandered, muttering, about the yard. He called out that he was going to step down and take a look at the boat.

After that he was gone a long time — half an hour I should say — while the flames died down over the fires, replacing the uncertain flicker in the yard with a smooth pervasive glow. When he at length reappeared, I wondered to see sand-burs clinging about the edges of his trousers. The nearest sand-burs I knew of were half a mile off toward Snail Road.

I don't know how long we waited after that. My mother put the baby to bed, and returned to sit with restless hands; my father, muttering curses the while, added bits of driftwood to the fires, with the instinct inbred in sea-people of keeping a beacon alight.

Their coming was as the coming of an apparition seen suddenly in the firelight, tottering forward on limbs too frail for its inexplicable and uncouth frame. Then my mother cried out, and my father's oath was a prayer, and it came to me that the apparition was not one but two figures, one bearing the other.

Jem staggered up between the fires and laid his burden down with her head in my mother's lap. My sister's face was a queer color, her eyes were closed. I was bewildered and afraid.

'Scared,' Jem panted. He collapsed rather than sat upon the lowest step. 'He never touched her — just scared her — out of her head.'

None of us doubted for an instant who 'he' was. I ran into the kitchen under my mother's order for water. She worked with a sort of feverish calm over the girl in her lap, while Jem sat, head in hands, and back heaving. After a little he got up and regarded my sister's face.

'She'll come round,' he said.

It may have been a question. If it was, the answer was at its heels.

Agnes's eyes opened at the sound of the words, — opened with a shadow of unutterable horror behind them, — her hands went out to him in an agony of rigid appeal. Jem knelt down with an arm about her shoulders.

'You're all right,' he comforted her, still expending his words, as it were, with care.

' He came out of the sand — right up out of the sand at me' — There was a certain queer quality of raving in Agnes's whisper. She clung to him with the impossible strength of terror. 'He came out of the sand — his eyes were red — oh, red — I could

see them — and — an' I could n't run — could n't step — not step —'

'Yes — yes — Home now, Miss Aggie.' Jem's red hand was on her hair, soothing, as one might a child.

'How did I come here?' She put the question abruptly — in her own voice now — took her arms from his neck with a gesture of shame and laid them across my mother's shoulders.

It was my mother who answered her query.

'Meester Hodges bring you, Aggie girl.'

Agnes's eyes went to the little man, but he was lost in abstract contemplation of the nearest fire-bed.

My mother went on, 'Ain't you goin' to thank Meester Hodges, Aggie?'

Jem turned at that, lifting an imperative hand.

'Wait!' said he. 'Wait! You told me — to bring the horse.'

Agnes cried out, 'No! — no! — Oh, please —'

'You told me. Wait — an' don't be afeared.'

He leaned against a post of the railing, his red skin seeming to take to itself all the dying light of the embers, and began to whistle, low at first, then filling out clear and high and throbbing. He whistled in a peculiar way which I have never observed in any other.

The air was half familiar to me, the one he had played with softly on the dune behind the house. But to me and to my people, bred to the cloying accents of the South, that clear, soaring, sweet thread of Northern melody came as strange and alien and tingling, filling our own familiar night with a quality of expectancy. Jem Hodges was a new man before our eyes; for the first time in our knowledge of him, he was giving utterance to himself. He swept through the melody once, and twice, and paused.

'He's far,' he said, and a note of whickering came to us from the eastward dunes. He caught up the air again, playing with it wonderful things, sweeping the little huddled family of us out of our intimate house and glowing, familiar yard, into a strange, wind-troubled country of his own.

And this time it was the night, not the sea, that gave up the great white stallion, rising to our fence in majestic flight, exploding from the flat darkness.

Jem cried, 'No! — no! — don't be afeared!' — for we were making the gestures of panic.

The animal came to him, picking a dainty way about the coals for all his tremendous weight, making a wonderfully fine picture with the fiery sheen over his vast deep chest, along the glistening flanks where the sweat stood, turning the four white fetlocks to agitated pinions of flame. Thus, I believe, the horses of the gods came to the ancients.

He stood over us there, heaving, mountainous, filling half the sphere of our sight. But his nose was in the bosom of Jem Hodges's coat, and his ears pricked forward to the breathing of Jem Hodges's song without words. The little man wandered on and on, picking a phrase from here and from there, wooing, recounting, laughing, exulting, weeping, never hating. When he suddenly began to speak in words, it was as though he had come down a great way, out of his own element.

'It had to be — after all,' he said. 'After all. — Now I suppose I've got to take you on to the rich American leddy? She'll keep you fine — in a fine paddock — you — you of the big wide moorlands — free gentleman of half an English county. — Ah, it's bad, Baron boy —'

Then he was talking to us — to Agnes.

'I been lying' to myself — tryin' to

make myself believe Baron was away off and wild — I wanted to have him free! like the air — long as he could. The rich leddy will pay five hundred pounds. — Why do I need it? — we're comfortable on our little place at home. Why? Because father says so — an' a man must do what his father says — till he gets a wife an' family of his own. I thought Baron was gone when the ship got wrecked — I was near glad of it — he's no boy to pen up — in a paddock — with a ribbon on, mebby. An' when I knew he was n't gone — why — I fair could n't do it — put it off an' off an' off. Ah, Baron, Baron, — they gave me you when I could pick you up in the meadow, — but a man's got to do what his father says —'

He fell to musing, then, running his hand over the broad forehead, combing out the silk of the forelock, caressing a fine ear. Then, as if to himself, —

'Till he gets a wife of his own!'

He spoke to my sister.

'Come here, Miss Aggie.'

Agnes went to him, and at his command laid her fingers on Baron's nose. The animal arched his great neck — oh, an indescribable gesture! — and mouthed the back of her hand. I thought of Agnes at that moment as the bravest girl in all the world. Agnes was a stranger to me that night.

After a little time my mother got up, saying that I ought to have been in my bed long ago. My father came in with us, so that we left only the white horse and my sister and Jem Hodges, standing in a black group against the glow of the fires.

LITERATURE AND THE STAGE

A QUESTION OF TACTICS

BY O. W. FIRKINS

A CAUSE has been known to be retarded by its victories. One wonders if the principle is not sometimes exemplified in the crusade for the recapture of the stage by literature. Three examples will illustrate the tendency.

The status of *The Servant in the House* as pure literature may be referred to the arbitration of posterity; but its literary affinities are unquestioned, its author has risen to unmistakable literature in *A Winter Feast*, and it may be granted without cavil that in the campaign for higher drama the earlier and more famous play has played the part, if it has not achieved the rank, of literature. What, then, is *The Servant in the House?* It is a play by itself, a curiosity, an exception, incapable of affiliating with an old class or originating a new one. It is partly mediæval mystery, partly mediæval morality, partly modern comedy or problem-play. Yet it is unlike anything mediæval, unlike anything modern, and, in spite of the unique instance

of conspicuous imitation in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, it is probable that it is unlike anything in the times to come. The natural inference in the mind of the young champion of the literary drama is that the least normal literature is best qualified to attract the theatre-going public.

Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife* is, perhaps, the best recent example in English of a play equally fitted to win admiration in the closet and in the theatre. Yet it is a curious fact that this very great and thoroughly deserved success has been achieved by a play which is, both as literature and as stage-piece, anomalous. It is anomalous that a play without love and without plot should prove highly interesting reading; it is still more anomalous that a play so handicapped, or, if you please, so emancipated, should prove a noteworthy theatrical success. There has been no trick in the matter; indeed, the absence of trick has been the distinction, and the success of that abstinence the miracle, in the whole affair. Mr. Galsworthy, with some help from cold and hunger, has lifted his characterization and his dialogue to a point which has made the renunciation of love and plot feasible. Could others do this? Could Mr. Galsworthy count on a repetition of his triumph? Literature has here, again, achieved a great success on the stage by a method hardly lending itself to imitation by other hands or duplication in the hands of its originator.

The Blue Bird is a third conspicuous instance of the prosperity of an indubitable work of literature on the stage. But *The Blue Bird* is not drama, but allegory and spectacle; as literature proper, it belongs to a special and meagre type, which even in Elizabethan days, when drama was literature and the fairy tale was a province of both kingdoms, appeared rarely in the public theatres, and was usual only in the obviously undramatic masques. Its success in New York is no real victory for literary or any genuine drama. It would rather give color to the impression that literature becomes theatrical only by ceasing to be dramatic.

The point of significance is that not one of the three works just named is a normal stage-play; not one of them could be defined even as a normal stage-play with literature superadded. They diverge markedly from current theatrical practice and accepted theatrical standards; even in literature proper, one is a complete anomaly, another is a novel and daring experiment, and the third, though neither abnormal nor novel, belongs to an unprolific type. The natural inference from the prosperity of all three would be that the less a literary stage-play is like an ordinary stage-play, and the less it is like ordinary literature, the brighter are its prospects of success. Nothing, we believe, could more retard the real progress of literature in the theatre than the acceptance and diffusion of such a theory.

The terms of any practical *modus vivendi* between literature and the stage, like other rather obvious facts, seem for one reason or another to elude the grasp of not a few fairly intelligent people. In every alliance between an indifferent and an interested party, it is the interested party who must bear the costs of the accommodation. Now the average playgoer can get on very comfortably without the help of the literary reader and spectator, but the latter is in no such state of happy independence. The devotees of literary stage-drama are not sufficiently rich or numerous or concentrated to support the plays they want without the countenance and contributions of the unliterary playgoers. The result is that mutual concession is impracticable; we cannot set off so much literature

against so much theatricality, or ask the unenlightened spectator to take so much poetry or philosophy or art in lieu of a little less humor and excitement. The writer of literary stage-plays must meet every demand that is met by the unhampered and unscrupulous commercial craftsman, and must meet them with no less efficiency. He may think like Ibsen, and write like Shelley, but this will not excuse him for dereliction in any particular from the standards of pure entertainment maintained by writers on whom nature never wasted either a thought or a lyric inspiration. The average playgoer has no objection to literature if he gets the other things he wants in the customary measure; he is in the position of the plain business man who is quite willing to see a bunch of carnations on the breakfast-table, so long as it does not affect the amount and quality of the beefsteak. But let any one suggest the sacrifice of a part of the beefsteak to meet the cost of the flowers, and his protest will be instant and stormy.

The literary man who writes a stage-play puts himself under much the same obligations as the moral philosopher who writes a story. If the philosopher desires success, he must write a story as interesting as that of the writer whose sole aim is popularity, and he must at the same time inculcate his lesson. The writer of literature must rival the craftsman in attractiveness while he contrives to instill his more delicate ingredients. The degradations in the hackwriter's art he need not imitate, because they are non-essential, nor could he imitate them without the defeat of his purpose. But, in every respect which fidelity to literature permits, he should make his play the closest possible imitation of the normal stage-play. He should begin with that kind of literature which is nearest to the stage-play, — the kind of literature, in other words, in which story, action, conflict, passion, humor, clearness, are the requirements. A man naturally crosses from one shore or one bank to its opposite at the point where the river or the channel is narrowest. We cross from craftsmanship to literature at the spot where the two domains approximate.

The obstacle to the popularization of literature is not its elevation or its beauty as such, but its strangeness or foreignness, which is really no part of its essence. This remoteness will obviously be least felt in its most everyday forms, in its nearest approaches to familiarity in theme and language. The less it suggests its own peculiarities, the less it recalls its own name, the better the prospect for its acquisition of a new or lost province. The best moral for narrative purposes is that which is least avowed; the best literature for stage purposes is that which screens its identity. It is obvious that whatever tends to deepen or bring out the effect of distance or estrangement should be avoided at those critical moments when literature is trying with much effort to regain a lost foothold in contested territory. Whatever may be thought of the absolute merits, even of the absolute theatrical merits, of the poetical drama, the mystical drama, the classical drama, the allegorical drama, the remotely historical drama, the chivalrously romantic drama, it is quite obvious that it is not by their assistance that literature can effect the reconquest of a highly modernized, strongly individualized, and (in mere externals at least) dominantly realistic stage. It would be rash to assert that some of these forms may not share in the fruits of the victory; what is clear is the imprudence of assigning them a place in the attack. The candidate for power, like the suitor

in courtship, may be compelled to submit to restrictions which, in the security of office, or the confidence of matrimony, he may find it possible to lay aside.

The choice of literature for stage presentation is often made in disregard or contradiction of these obvious and wholesome tactics. The likelihood of failure is thus increased, and success becomes a doubtful good or an unquestionable hindrance. The presentation of Greek classical drama, like the version of *Electra* in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell recently starred, or the version of *Œdipus Rex* which Professor Reinhart was not long since superintending at Covent Garden, must either fail, or else intensify the harmful sense of the width of the gulf between literature and the normal play. The success of an old morality like *Everyman* or a contemporary morality like *Everywoman* (if that be literature) comes to the same result. The revival of the less tractable Shakespearian plays, like *Love's Labor Lost*, or *Antony and Cleopatra*, is open to a like objection. Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives* and *Rosa Bernd* promote the resurgence of literature on the stage, but the vogue of *The Sunken Bell*, with all its undoubted beauty, is an obscuration of the only path by which lasting results are obtainable. When Mary Shaw succeeds with *Ghosts* or Madame Nazimova with *A Doll's House*, a point is scored for literary drama; but when Richard Mansfield succeeds with *Peer Gynt*, it may be questioned if the cause is not injured by its triumph. If *Peer Gynt* is dramatic at all, it achieves drama by methods too exceptional to become standards, and the logical inference from its popularity is that a great literary and theatrical success may be obtained by putting anything you please into a play, and putting it in anyhow. *Monna Vanna* is a stage success by virtue of qualities which lie at the root of all normal and permanent stage successes — vitality, situation, character; the success of *Pélléas and Mélisande* is an encouragement to relaxed methods.

It may be contended that the success of excellence is its own justification, and that to blame as harmful in tendency acts which are themselves parts of the desired result is to blame the end for not encouraging the means. To this it may be replied that in the early stages of the campaign it is often better to postpone a victory than to hurry and scant one's organization. The peculiar conditions of theatrical success must also be kept in mind. The theatre is an institution that is portentously exigent in its ordinary demands, but curiously liberal in its spasms of complacence. In nineteen cases out of twenty it will reject all but a very few subjects and methods; in the twentieth case, its fickleness or caprice will lend countenance to something that disobeys or defies all its usual requirements. The passion for novelty in drama sometimes conquers the passion for drama itself. In the playhouse the least theatrical thing will naturally be the most novel; hence a way is opened for the occasional, the sporadic, the adventitious success of a very great variety of exceptional and extraneous material. The theatrical public does not like dreams, but it has accepted the *Hannele* of Hauptmann and *The Road to Yesterday*. The theatrical public does not like homilies, but it has listened with pleasure to Augustus Thomas's *As a Man Thinks*. It will frequently accept a play in spite of traits, or by virtue of traits, on account of which it has damned fifty plays in the immediate past and will damn fifty others in the immediate future.

Now, nothing could be worse for the permanence of the hold of literature

on the stage than the inclusion among its triumphs of a large proportion of these anomalous and incalculable successes. We have not yet reached the point where it can be said with any plausibility that the rarer, the more out-of-the-way, the less normal, a literary drama is, the better are its stage prospects; yet there are tendencies that suggest the arrival of a day when such an assertion may cease to be hazardous.

Besides the effect of novelty of matter, there is another group of extraneous or non-dramatic interests from the presence of which literature has derived a conspicuous but perhaps illegitimate and untrustworthy profit: the interest in spectacle; the interest in reputation, whether of author, actor, or play; the interest in comparing the effects of the play as read and seen; and the interest in propaganda. This body of external influences creates the singular possibility that literary drama may achieve its rare successes by virtue neither of its literature nor of its drama. *The Blue Bird* is probably a case in point; *The Servant in the House*, if its literary quality be conceded, is undoubtedly one. The difficulty is aggravated by the disposition to measure the progress of serious drama by the rarity and remoteness of the literature that succeeds in enlisting managers, and sometimes auditors in its support. The success of *You Never Can Tell* is no doubt gratifying, but *You Never Can Tell* is so interesting and amusing that very likely it would succeed if its literature were eliminated. The success of *Alladine and Palomides*, or *By Shadowy Waters*, would be subject to no such compromising innuendo.

Every good literary play includes in its audience a group of accomplished persons who wish to establish literature in the theatre. If the play is a success they are almost certainly a minority, but they are an intelligent, courageous, eloquent minority, who should exercise a wholesome interest on the quality of plays and the taste of their companions. The difficulty, however, is to get from these people an untrammeled judgment or an unsophisticated sensation. We need not regret that they cannot speak for the general public; the general public may be trusted to speak for itself. What is regrettable is their failure to speak for the cultivated man, — for the cultivated man, that is to say, in a state of detachment, testing the entertainment by standards of present and personal, though at the same time refined and rational, enjoyment. Instead of asking simply, 'Does this please me?' they put the question thus: 'Ought this kind of play to please the kind of man I am?' They substitute a generic satisfaction for a specific delight, if, indeed, their self-delusion does not reach the point of substituting approbation for pleasure.

If a man were deeply interested in the introduction of lyre-birds or black swans into Central Park, New York, he would not be in a position to be hypercritical or even normally critical with respect to the quality of the first specimens imported; when the practice was confirmed, discrimination might be feasible. The champions of literary drama are subject to a like restriction. The experiments of literature on the stage in England and America are few, timid, and provisional; and encouragement of the endeavor is felt to be more to the purpose than sifting of the results. The insistence on quality grows with the increase of the supply, and declines in time of scarcity. The people who insist on literary merit in stage plays in an age when the literary resources of the stage are meagre, naturally feel that they must not insist with equal peremptoriness on dramatic

merit. From one point of view the position is entirely defensible, but the final result is a relaxation of demand, a toleration of the very slackness and colorlessness which impedes the success of literature on the stage, an amiable passivity, an enervating and unfruitful acquiescence.

Not long ago the dream-in-hell episode in Mr. Shaw's *Man and Superman* was separated from the rest of the drama and 'successfully presented' at the Court Theatre, London. Many persons might regard this as an extraordinary proof of growth in the appetite for literary drama, but its real significance points quite the other way. No one can imagine for a moment that a body of persons with an appetite for literary drama, that is, work in which dramatic energy should be coördinate with literary grace and elevation, would have listened with patience to the dream episode in *Man and Superman*. They might as consistently have listened to *East Lynne*. One question inevitably suggests itself: By what qualities do literary dramas gain their occasional success, if this success is shared at times by pieces from which drama is shut out?

The utilization of these doubtful or anomalous pieces is partly accounted for by the deplorable scarcity of literary stage-plays. The present repertory of acting plays has drawn hardly more than a score of dramas from Shakespeare and three or four from Goldsmith and Sheridan out of the entire body of English dramatic literature produced up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The list of living literary playwrights in England is almost exhausted by the names of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. John Galsworthy. The names of Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones could hardly be added to the list without some condescension to the men and some injustice to literature. In America one looks around doubtfully for a companion to Mr. Percy Mackaye and Mr. C. R. Kennedy. The number of available nineteenth-century plays by authors now dead is lamentably small.

To the rarity of men with the double aptitude must be added the rarity of persistence in adhesion to the double ideal. Mr. Shaw, who began with plays in which thesis was borne up by literature, has divagated into plays in which literature is borne down by thesis. Mr. Stephen Phillips begins with the competent stage-plays *Paolo and Francesca* and *Herod*, only to lapse into the inadequacy of *Odysseus* and *Faust*. The consolidation of literature and stage-drama receives only the divided support of that very small class of able men whose support is valuable.

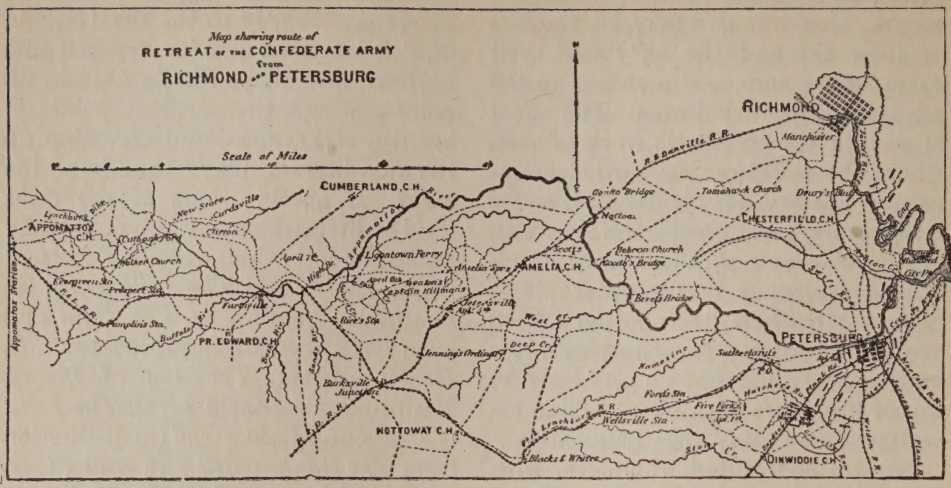
Still another difficulty arises from the advent of a class of writers who wish to reform the theatre, but to reform it along other than literary lines. The literary and the serious drama were once only two names, two aspects of the same thing, and whatever thought and conscience was operative on the stage operated in the interests of literature. But, to-day, in the plays of Brieux, in the plays of Gorki, — we hesitate to add, in the plays of Tolstoy, — we have examples of the serious drama which is, in its own eyes at least, too serious to be literary. They fling aside mere beauty as a man preparing to cleanse a stable would throw aside a purple mantle or embroidered scarf. Their seriousness renounces, among other frivolities, what seems to them the frivolity of literature; and, without in the least admitting that literature is essentially or generally frivolous, it may be doubted if, in relation to the particular end of gaining a wide hearing through the theatre for the suggestion of social

evils and reforms, their policy is not sound. However this may be, the loss of their aid and the effects of their example are serious drawbacks to the advance of literary drama. The effect is seen in the socialistic work of men whom the world once regarded as incurably literary. Hauptmann's *Weavers* is literature, but nevertheless shows an evident slackening of the literary standards conspicuous in his other plays. Should Mr. Shaw live another fifteen years and continue to write plays, it is quite conceivable that he may learn to say of literature with Cromwellian severity, 'Take away that bauble.'

We are confronted, therefore, with the following conditions: first, literature in which the theatrical element is obscured or subordinated often competes for the possession of the theatre with plays in which theatrical quality is the sole object; second, artists capable of combining literature with theatrical effect often write plays in which the latter element is attenuated; third, artists capable of serious literary drama prefer serious drama which is not literary. These are not things that call for invective: so far as the last two points go, artists will write and should write as they must and can, and the worst that can be charged against the first of the above-named conditions is want of tactics in a confusing situation. The lesson, nevertheless, is worthy of mark.

Literature cannot hope to possess itself of the stage in England and America until all of the very few artists who unite literary and theatrical gifts shall be willing to give the best of their power persistently to the theatre, and until it learns to put its strength and its hope into plays closely akin in all points, except the cardinal points of beauty, seriousness, and elevation, to the non-literary plays that hold the stage. If specifications of the right kind of literature are wanted, we may name the following: Ibsen's *Ghosts*, *A Doll's House*, and *The Wild Duck* (in distinction from *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, and even *The Master Builder*), Sudermann's *Honor*, *Magda*, *The Joy of Living*, Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*, *The Feast of Peace*, and *Rosa Bernd* (in distinction from *The Sunken Bell* and *And Pippa Dances*), Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna* (in distinction from all his other plays), Bourget's *Un Divorce* and *La Barricade*, Hervieu's *La Dédale* and *Les Tenailles*, Lavedan's *Catherine* and *Le Duel*, Lemaître's *Révoltée*, Galdos's *The Grandfather*, Shaw's *Candida* and *The Devil's Disciple*, Moody's *The Great Divide*.

There is only one difficulty with respect to this demand: its fulfillment. The task is hard, but the problem is fairly simple. Literature must be tactful, plastic, and in a fashion and up to a certain point, obsequious. It has no magic for the unbeliever, no power to impose itself by authority or prestige. Its part in the conversion of the theatre is a good deal like the part of Christianity in the conversion of the ancient pagans: it must preserve the attractions subsisting in the old paganisms, while at the same time it purifies them from their grossness and imbues them with its higher spirit.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

II

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

As the news of the evacuation spread through alleys and squalid suburbs, the scum of Richmond scented plunder, gathered, and soon gave themselves up to pillage, drunken debauch, and revelry.

In an account of his march through the city after midnight, the color-sergeant of the Eighteenth Virginia says: 'Met a band of women going hand in hand, singing and carousing.' The march of the last troops like troubled spectres along the dull, solitary, yellow-lighted, liquor-fumed streets, — for the civil authorities had had the barrels of whiskey and brandy rolled out of the saloons into the gutters and the heads knocked in (the scum lapped it up as it ran), — the shouts and yells of the drunken wretches resounding on all sides, the exploding magazines of forts and fired war vessels shaking the earth and hurling bursting shells on flaming arcs through the midnight sky, and at last the almost utter destruction of the fated city by incendiary fires, — all this has been recorded and by abler pens than mine.

But what a satiric contrast it was to the torchlight procession on the night Virginia cut the tender cords which bound her to the Union she had nursed. 'A track of transparencies gleamed from Church Hill to the Exchange Hotel, and there was a vast crowd which hung on the speeches of orators speaking from balconies, imparting words of fire to the head

of the column that toiled for a mile in one of the main thoroughfares of Richmond.' And oh, wild and passion-swept multitude! hearken not to your inflaming orators, but to him who cried of old, 'Behold I will turn back the weapons of war that are in your hands, and I myself will fight against you with an outstretched hand and with a strong arm, even in anger, and in fury, and in great wrath; and I will smite the inhabitants of this city, such as for death, to death; and such as for the sword, to the sword; and such as for the captivity, to the captivity.'

The other day, as I walked through the Capitol grounds at Richmond dwelling on its past, I happened to look up as I drew near Crawford's celebrated monument of Washington. The setting sun had just sunk behind the roof of St. Paul's, and golden was the west. I lifted my eyes to the rearing horse, staring with such manifest terror off over Richmond to the southwest, and Washington's long outstretched forefinger pointing along the charger's neck apparently to the same terrifying object, and lo! both directly toward Appomattox. As I paused involuntarily, the query rose: What does the charger see, and what is the Great Virginian, the Father of our country, pointing to? And there came a Voice hoarse and deep from the field of Appomattox saying, He is pointing to me. I said to myself, 'What a prophetic analogue! and was the spirit of Jeremiah at Crawford's hand?'

The sun was just peeping over the tree-tops when the last of the troops crossed Mayo's Bridge. So, we will turn away from the scene of terror, — of Richmond in torment, — fire leaping from building to building, overhung by lumbering clouds of black smoke, away and back to where we left Lee's army getting ready to withdraw from the lines of Petersburg.

The supply trains were started in the early Sunday afternoon, and by eight o'clock the artillery began to draw out, followed by infantry. Dawn discovered them all across the Appomattox, marching as fast as they could up the roads leading to Bevil's Bridge. Mahone had left the Bermuda Hundred front, and it — as well as Richmond and the forts along the James — was deserted. The troops, including the cavalry whom Sheridan had defeated at Five Forks, and those who early in the morning had been cut off by the Second Corps from falling back on Petersburg, were bivouacking, forlorn and weary, beyond Namozine Creek. So passed the Army of Northern Virginia that April night, and hardly one of them got a wink of sleep.

And now, as we have set the Army of Northern Virginia in motion from Petersburg and Richmond, let that gallant soldier Theodore Lyman of Boston, on Meade's staff, tell us what took place after Hill's lines were broken.

II

'April 2nd. 7.30. Dispatch that McCallister of 3d. div. 2d corps had captured the picket line in his front — Humphreys', — a good deal of cheering from the right of the 2d. corps — Seymour of the 6th said to be on the south side track.

'8.15 A.M. Dispatch that Ord and Hays (2d. div. 2d corps) have taken the line in their front. (The 19th and 20th Mass. took a work with several guns and some hundreds of prisoners.) In fact the enemy were abandoning this part of the line as fast as possible, and moving to their own right. At this time the General rode off to the left, — *i. e.* to the west — with myself alone, so that, for some time, I wrote his orders and despatches.

'8.45 A.M. Sent telegraph ordering

Benham to move up at once to Parke, from City Point. We found Gen. Grant in an open field, in front of Dabney's Mill, and, after a few moments of conversation, Gen. Meade kept on to the left and followed our line of breastworks, the men of Mott's division cheering him loudly.

'9 A.M. Having notice from Mott that the enemy were double-quicking to their own right, Humphreys was directed to move with caution, as we had no supports to send him. At the Rainie house we found Gen. Humphreys. Miles's division, having been down the plank, was returning, and was ordered up the Claiborne road, while the rest of Humphreys's force was to move by the left flank and pass up the Boydton road. It was presumed (10 A.M.) that Sheridan and 5th. corps would be moving along the Cox and River roads, towards Petersburg. and would join our left (Miles's div.); so a dispatch was sent him saying that Wright was moving down (south) on the Boydton plank, with Ord covering his left, while 2d. corps was moving up. Sheridan, however, turned N.W. and followed that part of the enemy that went along the Namozine road, the 5th corps being still detached under his orders. Meantime, Wright, finding that no enemy lay between him and the advancing 2d. corps, faced about and moved on Petersburg, so that his left might swing to the Appomattox, while his right should touch the left of the 24th. corps that was reaching towards the 9th.

'Now we started for the most interesting ride that perhaps I ever had, a ride straight up the Boydton plank road, where hitherto none might go, save as prisoners of war! We passed the battery, whence came the fatal shot for poor Mills, and the entrenched line, with its abatis. Then descended to Hatcher's Run bridge, where our men planted their flag at the first fight there. We crossed, rode up the ascent and came on the wide space of open land that surrounds the town. As we struck the rear of the column marching onward, the men broke into loud cheers which were continued all along. It was grand! We halted at 12, by the Harmon house, where Gen. Grant already was. Meantime Parke's men were holding on gallantly to their captures, while the enemy knew their only safety lay in disputing to the utmost. One lunette was retaken by them, but the rest remained with us.

'1 P.M. Gibbon took 2 enclosed redoubts by assault, after a desperate resistance, he losing heavily. They were near the plank road and were important.

'1.45 P.M. Word having been received that Miles had encountered the enemy entrenched at Sutherland's Station, Humphreys moved down the Cox road with Mott, to his assistance. Miles, however, at 3.30 attacked, flanked and routed the enemy, and took 3 guns. We took up our camp at Wall's house at the point where the Boydton plank turns east to go towards the town.'

So then, by sunset, the exultant Army of the Potomac encompassed Petersburg, and there is no doubt it slept well. The spring-time air was balmy, the peach and cherry trees were in bloom, in runs and swales the little frogs were piping, 'and the turtle and the crane and the swallow were observing the time of their coming' as of old; and perhaps, who knows, through the slumbering camps, dew faintly sparkling on guns and moistening youth-tinted cheeks, guardian angels whispered to each and all, 'Sleep deep and sleep well; for Victory, great and final Victory, is drawing near.' At any rate when morning broke, the Army of Northern Virginia was gone, and the

bridges over which it had crossed the Appomattox were on fire.

Grant, at once fathoming Lee's design, set the army a-going with all speed up the south side of the river, and for the first time in its history, as it marched by the flower-sprinkled fields and woods (violets, liverwort, dogwoods, and cowslips were abloom), every one of its battle-torn colors was unfurled. And in a book called *Stories Told by Soldiers*, my friend, General Woodhall of Princeton, writes, 'As far as the eye could reach, the curving country road was vivid with the lively but not boisterous blue and steel.'

Not long ago, starting early on a beautiful October morning, I made a trip from Petersburg to Appomattox over the roads the Confederates took. As I crossed the rumbling Pocahontas Bridge a thin veil of mist hung just above the river, cows were feeding along its low banks, — one a large, creamy yellow with spreading white spots, — and in a clump of blushing willows a sparrow was singing. The road, having cleared the mild ascent to Ettricks, which overlooks Petersburg, leads on, bordered here and there by lonely, tapering cedars, its Virginia rail fence, old and gray, masked by brushy thickets, lit up now and then by blazing leaves of tangled vines; — on, by fields with peanuts and corn in shock, through woods and woods, and by old plantations still and solemn, the dreaming silence broken every once in a while by a cow-bell's *kling, klung, klang*, sometimes clear, sometimes faint, and by the soft, pensively mellow notes of migrating bluebirds; — on and on toward Bevil's Bridge the road goes, over which the Army of Northern Virginia — our whole country's pride now — made its last foreboding march that April morning, 1865.

About twelve or fourteen miles from Petersburg, a farmer, of large frame and stately manners, whose freshly-painted white house with open door and dahlias near it enlivens the lonely road, told that the van of the army reached there by daybreak; that from that time till the last one passed, his mother, with the servants, was engaged in preparing food for the hungry numbers; that the dooryard and the adjacent young orchard and garden were full of men resting, and that as a group of horsemen went riding by, he, a boy of thirteen, heard the soldiers say, 'There goes Marse Robert.'

And of the man whom this boy saw Colonel Fremantle of the English army, who volunteered to serve for a time with Lee's army, says: 'His [Lee's] cheeks were ruddy and his eyes had that clear light which indicates the presence of the calm, self-poised will. His beard and moustache, both grown gray, he wore short and well-trimmed, a gray uniform with no indication of rank save the stars on his collar, cavalry boots nearly to his knees, broad-brimmed gray, felt hat, which rested low on his forehead.' Another who rode with him that morning says: 'His seat in the saddle was erect and commanding, and he seemed to look forward to assured success in the critical movement which he had undertaken.'

What a scene for old age to dwell upon! And, since the alembic of a boy's love and admiration is so durable and active, how meagre and blighted would be the nature that would fail in its reveries, as that morning came back, to clothe every one of those earnest, poorly-clad, and hungry soldiers, as well as the cause they fought for, in raiments of Right and Glory. Yes, as we stood by the roadside and talked, — his hound was running a fox or a rabbit in the bottom below, — my stately friend thought that the army he saw that morning was fighting for

the right, and was one to be proud of; and as to the last I certainly agreed with him.

These forces, and the troops on the Hickory Road, on nearing Bevil's Bridge, found the flooding river spread away out over its sombre and deeply-wooded bottoms, so they had to strike for Goode's Bridge, the next above on the raging stream, which then, as always after a heavy rain, boiled into the color of liquid brick-dust. Notwithstanding the long march and the frightful condition of the roads, — every stream, creek, and run was bank-high, the mud churned into mortar by the trains, and in places almost knee-deep, — Field's division of Longstreet's corps and Wilcox's of Hill's reached Goode's by twilight and crossed over.

Ewell's, Kershaw's, and Custis Lee's columns camped at Tomahawk Church, away off on the Genito Road. Darkness overtook the remnants of Pickett's famous Gettysburg division, and the other fleeing troops, at Deep Creek on the south side of the Appomattox, and there before their camp-fires, weary, scantily rationed, and disheartened they sat, for the news of the abandonment of Richmond had reached them with its depressing and prophetic significance.

Lee himself bivouacked at Hebron Church six miles north of Goode's Bridge, and at half-past six, concerned by learning that the pontoon which he had ordered to be laid at Genito, farther up the river, for the forces from the Richmond and James River lines to cross upon, had not been laid, sent a note by a courier to Ewell giving him the situation and directing him to move toward Goode's.

This was the last unbroken night's sleep of the Army of Northern Virginia, and, as before my mind's eye its veterans lie resting at random around scattered camp-fires, I pity them, knowing, as I do, what is to befall them. And, Reader, so would you, had you in your youth contended for victory against them on the fields of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. A clerk in the Confederate War Department, who stayed in Richmond, kept a diary, and in it recorded that there were millions of stars out that night. If so, they saw the troops in bivouac as we have placed them, and the heart of Richmond a desolate, smoking ruin, its streets deserted save by patrols and guards, — for Weitzel had already left, — its houses dark, curtains drawn and blinds closed, their inmates some in tears and all weighed down by bitter defeat.

In contrast the stars saw the homes of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston lit up brilliantly and the streets packed with cheering multitudes. The War Department proclaimed the fall of Richmond, and ordered a salute of one hundred guns to be fired at each military post in honor of the event.

The news reached Boston about 11 A.M., and the Governor of Massachusetts, Andrew, telegraphed to the Secretary of War, Stanton, "Our people by a common impulse abandon business to-day for thanksgiving and rejoicing.' State Street was packed, the bells, including the Old North, rang for an hour at noon, and a salute was fired on the historic Common. The next day, Tuesday, a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and above the clock was an arch bearing the legend, 'Stand by the work of your fathers.' 'Work of your fathers!' and that suggests that when the news of Cornwallis's surrender reached Richmond in 1783, it was made known by the policemen on their beats calling out, 'Past twelve o'clock — a starlit night — and Lord Cornwallis t-a-k-e-n!'

The Governor of Illinois, Oglesby, notified Washington: 'We are firing salutes over the restoration of the

Union, and the hearts of our people are throbbing in unison with the reverberation of Grant's artillery. God bless Abraham Lincoln, E. M. Stanton, U. S. Grant, W. T. Sherman, Phil Sheridan, and the soldiers of the Union.'

In Philadelphia the State House bell clanged, all the fire engines came out, ringing their bells in front of Independence Hall; flags were waving, men embraced each other, courts adjourned, and schools were dismissed, and cannon boomed till night.

Champagne flowed like water, and in the clubs of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia men could be heard singing long after the millions of stars were out, 'We'll drink stone blind.' The theatres were crowded, boxes, balconies, and the stages decorated with flags and bunting, and as the orchestra played the national airs, wild and still wilder were the cheers. And well might they cheer over the downfall of Richmond, and excused may they be for carousing in the clubs and hotels; yet better far were the prayers of thankfulness made on bended knees by fathers and mothers in the dimly lighted homes on the farms in the North, for their country's deliverance, and for the prospect that their boys might be spared and come home.

But, Army of Northern Virginia, sleep on! The Confederacy's star will hang in your country's sky, and the day is coming when your children will rejoice in the fact that to whatsoever height of glory the reunited country rises, prouder will it and they be of you and your valor, and, above all, in those trying times to come, of that display of willingness to lay your lives down for a political principle that is the very foundation on which our whole governmental system is based. Sleep on, then, and if after the fires have died down, there be borne to your ears through the vast hush of night, not the bells of the North nor the sighs from home, but streams murmuring to the fields and the woods in which you lie, may you dream of Peace and see the land you love as it is to-day.

The courier, whom Lee sent to Ewell, rode all night but could not find him; and on regaining headquarters, the general made this postscript to the communication, and started it on its way again: —

'April 4, 7: 30 A.M. The courier has returned with this note, having been able to hear nothing of you. I am about to cross the river. Get to Amelia Court House as soon as possible, and let me hear from you. R. E. L.'

As it is not more than nine or ten miles from Goode's Bridge to the court house, Lee must have covered the distance by half-past eight at the latest, and there his hopes met a staggering blow, for to his utter consternation he found not a single ration for man or beast. On reporting his surrender six days later to Mr. Davis, Lee said, 'Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there, nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal.'

In view of the calamitous nature of the consequences due to want of supplies, as alleged by Lee, Jefferson Davis in his history of the Confederacy claims, and establishes almost beyond dispute, that no orders were given or received for rations to be sent to Amelia Court House. Notice, if you will, that Lee used the word 'placed' and not 'sent.' The explanation of it all is found, I think, in the misapprehension of Lee's verbal suggestion made at least a month before the evacuation, whereby quite an amount of artillery ammunition was sent to Amelia, but nothing else. It is obvious now that he meant to have supplies of all kinds placed there, anticipating his present

move. In any case the Commissary-General at Richmond knew or ought to have known that there were no supplies at Amelia, and as soon as he was told that the army would concentrate at that point should, without orders, have seen to it that they would meet supplies, of which he had an abundance within reach. Storehouses at Danville were crammed with them. So on his shoulders lies the responsibility for this neglect; and the momentous incident may be dismissed with this single observation, that it only adds another and striking proof of the panic which seized the authorities in Richmond, from high to low, and leads one to suspect that every one was thinking of his own personal safety, and not of the wants of the hard-tried veterans.

That Tuesday, April 4, 1865, must have been a long and harassing day to Lee. A drizzling rain was falling, and wet, tired, and famishing troops, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were pouring in every hour, and all dumbfounded at not getting the supplies which they had been told would meet them there. Great was their disappointment, and grounds for complaint were abundant, but so far as I can learn there was nothing like mutiny or even fault-finding, and their conduct testifies convincingly of their deep and steadfast loyalty both to Lee and to their cause.

It was late in the afternoon before the rear of the divisions of Field, Wilcox, and Heth came up, but all with courage unshaken. Longstreet formed them in lines of battle east of the town, looking for a chance to strike the heads of our pursuing columns which he imagined to be immediately in the rear of MacKenzie's cavalry who were making a bold and persistent attack.

Anderson, Wise, and Pickett, who had come up the south side with their badly disorganized, if not demoralized men, — Sheridan and the officers who report on the operations of the day all say that the resistance was feeble, the roads strewn with arms and the woods full of stragglers, — were in ragged lines along the Bevil's Bridge Road east of Amelia, confronting Merritt's cavalry.

The positions of the troops not yet in the vicinity of the Court House, and the progress his army had made in concentrating there, are indicated by a letter dated at nine o'clock P.M., which Lee wrote to Ewell, saying that he was very much gratified to learn of his, Ewell's, favorable prospect of crossing the river on the railroad bridge at Mattoax, that he hoped he was safely over by that time, — the last of the column, however, did not cross till after midnight, — that Gordon who had brought up the rear of the Petersburg forces was at Scott's shop, which is about midway from Goode's to Amelia, and that Mahone was between Gordon and the bridge.

Lee's headquarters were pitched in the dooryard of a house occupied by a Mrs. Smith, a refugee from Alexandria, — so we are told by that gallant confederate officer Captain Frederick M. Colsten of Baltimore; and when I stood before it last October, no troops worn down with hunger and fatigue, no jaded horses with staring eyes, drooping heads, and panting flanks, no trains, guns, or cavalry, met my eye. A saddle-horse or two stood, tied, dreaming before a store, a group of little girls wended their way to school, and intermittently a mocking-bird, in a locust tree with a blasted top, trilled joyously, and the church spires looked up into a cloudless sky.

That had been a trying day for Lee, and it must have been late when his head touched the pillow; and whether he slept or not, it was an awful and eventful night. Let the truth, and the whole truth, be known. Darkness had

barely set in when the Army of Northern Virginia, the army of Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor, began to melt away. 'At morning roll-call,' says the historian of a Richmond battery, 'a number of men did not answer to their names.' Nearly a whole company of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry left the army on the night of the fourth and fifth, so it is recorded in the regiment's history; and there is but little doubt that all through the lone hours, singly, and in squads, men were shoaling away toward home. A member of Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry tells us that, on reaching the village the following morning, Wednesday, 'I beheld the first signs of dissolution of that grand army which had endured every hardship of march and camp with unshaken fortitude, when looking over the hills I saw swarms of stragglers moving in every direction.'

The main reason for this abandonment of the colors is not far to seek. With the fall of Richmond, hunger and want, which had long been the grim companions of the army, were joined by two figures that had dogged it from the Wilderness, and whose footsteps had been heard growing nearer and nearer since leaving Petersburg. Suddenly, as the sense came over them that the cause was lost, the poorly-clad and half-starved veterans found themselves looking into the hard, glaring eyes of the Inevitable and the Inexorable; and that look for many was decisive. There were other reasons, too, the cries from home, cries that grew louder and keener at every step they took bearing them farther away.

Reader, if you and I, worn out, spirits low from want of sleep and food, and convinced of certain defeat and probable imprisonment, had been in their places, I wonder what we should have done. Would it have been Duty's call or the cry from home that would have determined our course? Well, it might have been the former; if so, God bless you, and here is my hand; but it might have been the latter too, for, like yourself, they were brave men. So let us be charitable to those who through the dark, mist-shrouded fields and woods stole away, and whose guns were found, some standing upright in the field with bayonets thrust into the rain-soaked ground, some leaning against fences, others against the trunks of trees. The haversacks and equipments which these men had borne with great valor on many a field were scattered here, there, and everywhere; now and then one was left dangling on a bough, in testimony of the wearer's affection. It was told me that a cavalryman or cannoneer, — I have forgotten which, — after leaving his horse that night, stumbled on a shock of fodder, picked up an armful and carried it back to his dumb companion, and then they parted, forever. But how about those who stood faithful? Garlands, garlands, for every one of them, say I.

In the forenoon of Wednesday all the surplus artillery was assembled under command of General Walker, and, after a number of caissons were destroyed, struck off on the road leading toward Farmville. It was not till one o'clock that Lee, with Longstreet at his side, put himself at the head of the infantry — Ewell's and Custis Lee's columns had not yet got up — and started for Jetersville, some eight or ten miles below Amelia. The troops were preceded by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, which, on approaching the station, found itself plump up against Sheridan who, as early as half-past four on the day before, had thrown Crook's division of cavalry across the line of retreat at that point, and by dark had reinforced it with the Fifth Corps. During the night these forces had built a strong line of works, and

Lee's cavalry was not strong enough fully to develop Sheridan's position or his strength. While information was sought from the neighboring farmers as to roads and the lay of the land, Lee held a long conference with Longstreet, and the afternoon melted away. And now let the narrative turn and give as rapid an account as may be of the marches which had brought Lee to check.

III

As soon as Mr. Lincoln at City Point heard that Petersburg was ours, he hurried thither; and on meeting Grant, who had awaited his coming before following the army, grasped and held his hand, as his eyes and warm heart poured out their thanks. Grant, meanwhile, had told Sheridan that, 'The first object of the present movement will be to intercept Lee's army, and the second to secure Burkeville,' which, as any one can see who consults a map of the field of operation, was a vital point in case Johnston had an understanding with Lee to hurry forward from North Carolina and join their forces.

Sheridan replied, — he did not get Grant's dispatch till 1: 45 P.M., — 'Before receiving your dispatch I had anticipated the evacuation of Petersburg and had commenced moving west. My cavalry is nine miles beyond Namozine Creek, and is pressing the enemy's trains. I shall push on to the Danville Road as rapidly as possible.'

Spurred on by Sheridan's contagious intensity, his cavalry dogged the retreating Confederates fiercely throughout the livelong day. At 4 P.M. he sent word to Grant, — Sheridan was then at Namozine Church, — 'The enemy threw their ammunition on the sides of the road and into the woods, and then set fire to the fences and woods through which the shells were thrown. The woods are strewn with burning and broken-down caissons, ambulances, wagons and débris of all descriptions. Up to this hour we have taken about 1200 prisoners of A. P. Hill's corps, and all accounts report the woods filled with deserters and stragglers.'

When night fell, that flaming and relentless soldier had his headquarters at the home of a Mrs. Cousins on the left-hand side of the road leading to Amelia Court House, having covered at least half the way to the point he was aiming for on the Danville Road to head off Lee. His cavalry, the troopers of the valley, now joyous and confident, were some miles in advance at Deep Creek, a sluggish stream, beyond which toiled on their disorganized and downcast enemy. Behind our cavalry lay the Fifth Corps and, stretching away behind it on the Namozine River Road, was Humphreys with the Second, and then the Sixth. Ord followed by Parke had taken the railroad and was bivouacking at Wilson's Station, while Grant and Meade had pitched their headquarter tents at Sutherlands. This was Monday night.

At eight o'clock, possibly about the hour Lee at Hebron Church was wording his note to Ewell, Sheridan was writing his orders to the unpretentious, big-hearted Crook to move at three, and to the tall, surly-looking, and stalking-gaited Griffin to move at 5 A.M., for Jetersville, a station named for a celebrated Baptist clergyman, about half-way between Burkeville and Amelia Court House.

When the morning of the second day (Tuesday) of the pursuit broke, Meade took the road Sheridan was on, and Grant went with Ord, who was aiming for Burkeville. It was a heavily overcast and drizzling day, the rain at times breaking into showers, drenching men, fields, and woods. I am inclined to think that that day, and the day which followed it, were the crucial days of the

campaign. Speed now was everything, but the streams rose and had to be bridged, the water stood in pools in the low places and tussocky swales, and the mud in the road deepened, churned at last into mortar knee-deep so that the wheels were up to the hub, and it was almost impossible to move the trains, which in their hurry had doubled up, the poor exhausted floundering animals blocking the way. Miles and miles had to be corduroyed for them; but on, regardless of weather, the water spurting from their shoes at every step, and rain dripping from the soaked brims of their hats, went the gallant infantry. Never, never did coming events so breathe on an army as on the Army of the Potomac that day. Sometime about noon the news came that Richmond had fallen, that the stars and stripes were waving over the capitol, and the columns broke into long and mighty cheers, that rang through woods and fields.

Sheridan, meanwhile, was hastening on to Jetersville. Crook, the brave, the simple-hearted, reached there about three in the afternoon, and threw his division across the road, interrupting a stream of men, hungry and low-spirited, fleeing homeward from Lee's army. Sheridan, himself, joined his able division commander an hour later, and by the time the sun was setting, Griffin, grim as an old eagle, having marched nearly thirty miles, came in sight and took position on the right and left of the cavalry, and at once went to work throwing up a line of breastworks.

While these moves of Sheridan so fatal to Lee were being made, Mackenzie, Merritt, and Custer, my friends of cadet days, all now asleep, and God bless their ashes, were crowding Anderson, Pickett, Wise, and Fitzhugh Lee back with such vigor on Amelia that Lee thought that the infantry of the Army of the Potomac was right behind them, and arrayed his forces, under the valiant Longstreet, to meet them, losing thereby most valuable time.

Meanwhile Meade's and Ord's columns were pushing on. At seven o'clock, — the storm had passed, and in the overarching dome the glittering constellations marched, looking down who knows with what absorbing interest, — Sheridan wrote to Meade, —

'The rebel army is in my front, three miles distant, with all its trains. If the Sixth Corps can hurry up we will have sufficient strength. I will hold my ground unless I am driven from it. I understand that Humphreys is just after the Fifth Corps. My men are out of rations, and some rations should follow quickly. Please notify General Grant.

'P. S. The enemy are moving from Amelia Court House via Jetersville and Burke's Station to Danville. Jeff Davis passed over this railroad yesterday to Danville.'

This dispatch reached Meade's headquarters at the house of a Mr. Jones, on the east side of Deep Run, at a quarter of eleven. He was quite unwell and after it had been read to him he retired, but sent for Sheridan's staff officer, the brave Colonel Newhall, and asked him as to the situation and what Sheridan said about it. In effect Newhall's report was that Lee could be balked, and if Meade would forsake everything but arms and ammunition and at any sacrifice hurry forward and join Sheridan, Lee would have to surrender. Meade forwarded the dispatch to Grant, who was in camp at Wilson's Station on the South Side Road, telling him that Humphreys was partly across the run, that his men had been moving, working on the roads, and standing for fourteen hours, and were out of rations, — the cavalry on the right had cut across to the left intercepting his march during the afternoon, — that in a general

order for him and all the troops to move at 3 A.M. he had said, —

'The Major-General commanding feels he has but to recall to the Army of the Potomac the glorious success of the oft-repeated gallant contests with the Army of Northern Virginia, and when he assures the army that, in the opinion of so distinguished an officer as General Sheridan, it only requires these sacrifices to try and bring the long and desperate conflict to a triumphant issue, the men of this army will show that they are willing to die of fatigue and starvation as they have ever shown themselves ready to fall by the bullets of the enemy.'

When, after midnight, the tired, wet, and hungry men were aroused by the pealing bugles and heard Meade's order, they broke into cheers and took up the line of march. And that on this narrative may fall the glow of the spirit of the army, and for the sake of the chords of sympathy which bind us all, let it be told that men whose shoes had given out wrapped cloths around them and, smiling over their own appearance, at the command, 'Forward!' stepped off with their comrades. Others who were wounded refused to stay in the hospitals and rejoined their regiments, nursing their wounds only when the troops halted. We cannot account for this inspiring zeal and fortitude unless we realize that up and down the high valleys of the mind God's heralds were blowing their trumpets; trumpets that stir the hearts of men and have been heard down the ages, and lo! the generations had prophets: religion, literature, poetry, and glory.

Humphreys' Second Corps moved between one and two o'clock without food; Wright with the Sixth got to Deep Run at seven, his men having come on, like those of Humphreys, rationless. The former reached Jetersville at half-past three, and took positions on the right and left of Griffin. About 6 P.M., the advance of the ever-gallant Sixth Corps, the flags unfurled which it had carried on so many fields with valor, bore up, marching strongly. This was Wednesday.

Meanwhile, in fact, the day had barely begun. Sheridan, determined to find out what Lee was up to, seeing that he did not attack, sent a brigade of cavalry under Davies to Lee's right. At Paine's cross-roads, some five or six miles west of Amelia, Davies struck a train of wagons and artillery, several miles long, heading towards Rice's Station on the road running to Lynchburg, and captured five pieces of artillery, a number of prisoners, several hundred wagons, and eight or nine battle-flags.

Fitzhugh Lee, Dearing, and Gary attacked him viciously as he withdrew, but Sheridan advancing several brigades of cavalry to his aid, he was able to bring in his telltale captures, although not without losing some heroic fellows. Shortly after the return of Davies a Negro was led in, bearing a brief note given him by a Confederate officer, which ran as follows, —

April 5, 1865.
AMELIA COURT HOUSE,

DEAR MAMMA: Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Shyron left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this evening. General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause and that of God. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since. Bernard Terry [he] said was taken prisoner, but may get out. I send this by a negro I see passing up railroad to Mecklenburg. Love to all.

Your devoted son,
WM. B. TAYLOR,
Colonel.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and it is easy to read in this letter the despair that had come over the Army of Northern Virginia.

At three o'clock Sheridan sent a dispatch to Grant, inclosing the above letter and reporting Davies's operations, adding, 'I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee.'

IV

While the scout to whom this dispatch was intrusted makes his way to Grant who was some twenty miles distant with Ord heading for Burkeville, let us go to the side of his great antagonist, whose advance, when the narrative left him, had come up with sudden check against Sheridan's entrenched lines at Jetersville, Griffin being athwart the railroad on a ridge crowned with an open oak wood, Humphreys on his right, and the cavalry on his left.

No one whom Lee sent to reconnoitre these lines brought back a single hope of carrying them: they were too grimly strong, and, moreover, the stiff bearing on the part of the skirmishers in front of them told the story of what the attacking soldiers would meet from the men behind them; in other words, that Sheridan was ready to play the desperate game of battle. Notwithstanding, however, had Lee had all of his army there, I have no doubt that he would have assaulted; but Ewell was not up, in fact he had barely reached Amelia. So Lee's fighting spirit had to yield, and he decided to move toward Farmville. He owed all this to Sheridan, who, that day, and on to the end, was the lion in his way.

Longstreet tells us that 'no orders came, the afternoon was passing, further delay seemed perilous, I drew the command off and filed to the right to cross Flat Run to march to Farmville. The infantry, trains, and artillery followed, and kept the march up until a late hour.'

Lee bivouacked at Amelia Springs, and I do not know how that great man felt that night, but trust that, like Griffin's, his camp was in an open oak wood, that the ground sloped away gently, that every wandering south wind breathed sweetly through the tree tops, and that sleep fell softly over his thwarted, troubled mind.

At five o'clock in the afternoon — about the hour probably when Longstreet started his trains and artillery — Grant was at Notaway Court House and notified Meade: —

> Ord has covered fifteen miles today to reach here, and is going on. He will probably reach Burkeville tonight. My headquarters will be with the advance.
>
> U. S. Grant,
> Lieutenant General.

Toward sundown Sheridan's intrepid and more-than-once-tried scout, Campbell, wearing the uniform of a Confederate officer, his horse in a lather, emerged from the woods on the right of Ord's marching column and, on being taken to Grant, handed him Sheridan's dispatch, written on tissue paper and rolled up in a pellet covered with tinfoil. Grant as soon as he read it dismounted — he was riding 'Jeff Davis,' a middle-sized, stocky, black pony; those who served at headquarters will remember the fast-pacing little fellow well — and, with the saddle for a rest, wrote a message to Ord. He then mounted Cincinnati, his high, thorough-bred bay, — how proudly he stood, ears alert, that second day at Spottsylvania when his rider and all headquarters were under fire, — and, with Campbell in the lead, set off

through the dark, tangled woods, now up narrow lanes, now by lone barns, on past unlighted houses where the watch-dog alone was awake, and, once more, across gray, night-mantled fields for Jetersville. 'I wish you were here yourself,' Sheridan had said, and that was enough; no distance, fatigue, or darkness could be so great or so deep as to stay the quiet and mighty-hearted Grant from answering the call.

It was well past ten o'clock when he reached Sheridan at the Childres House near the railroad, and, after hearing how things stood, sent a note to Meade saying, 'I would go over to see you this evening but I have ridden a long distance to-day. Your orders directing an attack to-morrow morning will hold in the absence of others, but it is my impression that Lee will retreat during the night and, if so, we will pursue with vigor.'

That Lee withdrew as Grant predicted, we already know. And now we hope that after all that day's work was done, this modest, true, magnanimous man had, like Lee and Griffin, a bed under towering oaks; that sleep, sweet sleep, came to him as I trust it came to them, and that every night wind breathed of the days to come, and he saw visions of his country moving upward in splendor and glory.

The road from Amelia Springs by which the weary, sleep-longing, hungry, yet dauntless Confederate army, moved toward Rice's Station and Farmville is narrow, winding, and lonely; one that never before that fatal day had seen a battle-flag, heard the clattering march of cavalry or felt the heavy tread and jar of thundering guns. Nor had it ever dreamed of the sounds it was to hear before the sun went down: the shriek of disemboweled horses, the piercing cries of the wounded, and the faint, intermittent, muttering, delirious speech of the dying. No, it had heard the voices of Peace only: care-free Negroes singing in adjacent fields as they ploughed, hoed, and stacked the ripened grain; wagons chuckling happily under their loads of cotton and tobacco, wheat and corn for the mill; carriages rolling softly to and from the country churches, and now and then the natural glee of a light-hearted, whistling boy. It is bordered for long reaches by unfenced woods of haggard pines and brushy oaks, which rise scornfully above a dense undergrowth. On leaving Amelia Springs it shuns the frequent tributaries of Flat Creek by swerving around their swampy heads up among billowing, cultivated uplands creased by many ravines, the cradles of living streams, along whose thickety banks wild plums and azaleas bloom and redbirds build their nests.

The soaking rains of a few days past had made the road very soft, and the heavy trains and cavalry soon so cut up the low places that they were almost impassable. It is tiresome enough to march all night on good broad roads, but from marching over a narrow one like this, crowded with stalled trains, and packed with men whose hearts are bowed down, spare us, good Lord!

So through fields alternating with woods the road goes on, and after a while comes to Deatonsville, a hamlet of three or four houses. There, after crossing the historic Genito Road, one of Virginia's oldest highways, it loiters along as before till it gets well over Sandy Creek, when it bends southwestward. About a mile and a half this side of Sailor's Creek, another road sets off to the right, running northwest, skirting the creek's timbered shoulders till, with the stream, it is almost within sight of the Appomattox, when it turns abruptly toward the setting sun and, plunging down into the valley, crosses the creek at a bridge and several fords.

The main road, after the other leaves it, changes a little more to the southward and soon catches the light of the eastern boundary of the Captain Hillsman Plantation, which slopes into the narrow valley of Sailor's Creek. Just before reaching the house, it passes, and I think reverentially, the old graveyard where lie the gallant Captain's ancestors under moaning pines, then by the dooryard it goes into the creek's shelving, scored-out valley which, from bluff to bluff, if the shouldering sides may be called bluffs, is six or eight hundred yards wide. The stream itself is at the foot of the western bluff, and is not very large or very deep, but has very miry banks planted densely with willow, wild rose, and alder, and gilded richly on the margins with tufted cowslip.

At the time of the retreat the creek was high and well out of its treacherous banks. The road crosses it on a low rickety bridge opposite the mouth of a considerable ravine which reaches up to the timber on the west side, the birthplace of a cherished and singing little brook. It then turns to the left, and at once begins to mount diagonally the right bank, through scattering wild plums and young pines whose roots are beneath quilts of daisies and broom grass, which were stained that afternoon by much rare and gallant blood.

If you look over your left shoulder as you mount the road, the valley of the creek, and the old Hillsman homestead, with its big chimney and venerable dooryard, evergreens, and all the sloping fields greet your eye. Having gained the top of the ridge, the road disappears in a forest stippled with dogwoods and now and then blazing with an azalea, and through them wanders on to Rice's Station, some four or five miles away.

Perhaps we have dwelt with too much particularity and too long on this road. But that was a crucial day of the great war between the States, and on this road, as a whole, and for the last time, marched the Army of Northern Virginia. Here, too, as the sun was going down, the Confederacy, under Sheridan's mortal wounds, sighed out its last hope. Moreover, this was the scene of much valor and much suffering; and I think, dear friend, were you to sit down beside it, and in the silence let your mind dwell upon the past, the old road would unburden itself to you as it did to me; for I know right well that you are a true, kind-hearted man, one to whom old highways, church-spires, and battlefields would love to tell their memories and to talk, as the evening shadows deepen around you, of life's strange, immortal, and fruitful mysteries.

Well, then, such is the general character of the road Lee's army took, hoping to pass around Grant's left on Thursday, the sixth. It is probable that Longstreet got back to it from Sheridan's and Meade's fronts at Jetersville toward midnight.

(To be continued.)

TO LONELY YOUTH

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

So, lean your head against my knee,
And cry, and tell it all to me.

You need not play-act now, poor child;
You of the windy heart and wild,
Whom all the boys and girls pass by
Because you are not like them.
Cry!
Cry till the laughter flickers through,
Bright from the good brave pride in you,
Bidding you know how young you are,
Happy with sunbeams or a star
Or sea-storms or a butterfly.
You, whom the boys and girls pass by,
Have merrier thoughts each dawn of day
Than in a year of dancing, they!

And yet, you envy them. Ah, there!
Toss back your tangle-top, and stare
Straight in my eyes, you child.
How deep
The full-grown passionate wonders sleep!
You cannot guess how rich you are,
Lover of silence and a star: —
Longing (great eyes and gleaming curls)
Just to be like all other girls;
Just to be gay, and quick, and wear
The same wide ribbons in your hair,
To talk the same sharp chatter, change
The same small jokes.
While you — can range
The Silver Mountains of the Moon
In curly-footed elfin shoon;

And feel the Spirits of the Air
Whisper across that tumbled hair;
Can hear, not very far away,
True Joy and Sorrow calling, 'Lay
Your childhood by! We come to meet,
Full soon, the twinkle of your feet:
But we shall make you wise, and strong,
And gay as gods, not girls, ere long!'

Oh, lean your head against my knee,
And listen, breathing quietly.

For all the ribbons and the curls
You are not like those other girls. —
Dear heart, you cannot laugh as they,
Who never know what makes you gay:
You must be lonely, often; yes,
And learn to love your loneliness.

Yes, lonely, — wistful eyes!
Oh, child,
Vexed by the windy heart and wild,
Youth hurts you, and must hurt you. Yet
Hold to your dreams! nor once forget
They shall be utter Youth for you
When other's dancing-days are through.
Hold to your dreams!
What if, to-night,
You seemed so stupid, and the light
Young laughter lashed you? — Some day, sweet,
Your turn shall come! your turn, to greet
High Friends, deep Love: no puppet-play,
But Love's last pain and pride, some day.
And nights like this, Tired Heart, will seem
The least queer shadow of a dream!

And yet (great eyes and tear-wet curls)
You would be like those other girls!
So be it! Run! Blow out the light.
But — no more tears! — You child, good-night!

MY BOOK AND HEART

BY MARGARET LYNN

On the prairie one had time to read. I heard Arthur's mother say that there was so little time for children to read when they were going to school, and I wondered. I did n't see how there could be such a thing as not having time to read. You don't think about taking time to read — you just read. The only occasion when we thought of time was when we were hurrying through one book to get to another; for there was almost always another waiting, and holding out a fascinating promise that hastened our progress toward it. And then it was so quiet on the prairie. The general whooping of life was so far away that it did not call us from books with the insistence of its noise. Its activity became history or romance before it reached us.

Arthur's mother said, too, that the days were so much longer at the plantation than in town; and that also made me wonder. But, of course, it would account for Arthur's not having time to read. I was not strong on science, and I pictured the sun as rising at school-time in the city and setting just as Arthur got home again. Certainly Arthur had not read anything, except a few children's stories which we had left behind long since. We tried him in every department of literature and found him wanting everywhere. To him a poem was a piece to speak, and prose was something one found in the Fourth Reader. If he had not kept us in place by his superior knowledge of the world, we might have become priggish and pharisaic over his limitations.

But, of course, there was no reason why any one should feel lofty over the simple and natural indulgence in reading. The only wonder, if there was one, was that any person could exercise such self-restraint as Arthur did. As for us, there were the books and there were the long summer days and the long winter evenings. Why not read and read again?

There were the books, to be sure. And by good fortune they were such as led us into the ways of literature. Of all libraries the most satisfying and the most lovable is not that obtained out of hand by one man in one period, but that which is made up of the accretions of years, and even of generations. A real library can hardly be got by any man in one life; it takes the successive tastes of grandfather and father and son, with possibly the happy inheritance of books chosen by collateral members of the family. Such a library is full of surprises and by-paths, and even of suggestive gaps that stimulate desire.

I suppose I say this because that is the kind of library the plantation held. It was not a very large collection; freighting books from the east in those days was too expensive. A book had to show reason why its passage should be paid. But, carefully limited as it was, such a library was not merely a library; it was a family tree mentalized, a racial epitome, a record of ancestral mind and taste. Grandfather and even great-grandfather had chosen and worn the books, great-uncles and dead-and-gone

cousins had thumbed and ruffled the leaves, tributary and confluent family lines had made contributions. Angular writing of generations before ours appeared on fly-leaves and margins, along with the glossy labels of far-away booksellers. Some of the children who visited us, like Arthur, did not think our library looked attractive. The sober shelves had a look of brown middle-aged respectability, very different from the enticing variegation of a shelf of new novels in their parti-colored dress, or so-called children's books, garish affronts to childish intelligence. Another advantage of living on the prairie is that new books do not wander in every day, and that there is no public library. One has time to read a good book twice.

The foundation of our library was laid by the austere taste of a New England great-grandfather and his evidently like-minded son; the taste of a people who did not care for any nonsense. It is hard to believe that there ever was a time when people really read Cotton Mather and Roger Williams and Jonathan Edwards, especially grown persons who could read what they liked. Even *Charlotte Temple*, doubtless a concession to frivolity on my grandfather's part, seemed to us to show a very rudimentary sense of what was entertaining. An inheritance from a Covenanter ancestor lent moral support and sympathy to the New Englander's literary taste. From him came the various Lives of Cameronians and Covenanters generally, the treasured copy of the Covenant, numerous 'Confessions of Faith,' copiously and devotedly annotated, a rich collection of sermons and letters, histories of all stages of Presbyterianism, — between which and Royalist Scott we became hopelessly bewildered, — and dear yellow, old collections of Scotch poetry. He must have been a man worth knowing, that ancestor, with his love of songs and of sermons — his *Tales of the Borders* and his tattered *Kilmeny* and well-worn Rutherford's *Letters*.

Then from some romantic feminine source — a great-aunt, I think — came volumes of early Victorian verse, with faint sentimental pencil lines on the margins, and an occasional 'Sweet!' or 'True!' in a genteel hand. From her, too, must have come the *Ladies' Book of Anecdotes* and certain 'best-sellers' of another time, now long past their day, like dried-up and passé toasts; such as *Children of the Abbey* and *Alonzo and Melissa*. We did n't have to open these books to know whose name we should find daintily set on the fly-leaf. They were small, usually, with faded colored bindings and gold stamping. Lady hands had held them and slender pencils had marked them, and they had come to us unsmudged and unthumbed. There was no likeness between them and the plain shaky brown books of the Puritan or the Covenanter.

Other books had wandered to us through other by-paths. There was a little group, only a shelf-full, which stood always by itself, the scanty mental food of a young uncle — or was it a cousin? Whoever it was, he was not much talked of now, and we had a general impression that he had been a sort of ne'er-do-well, if such a sober and practical person as an uncle could be a ne'er-do-well. But anyway he had been a dilettante youth who had passed away before he had reached the period of settled-down taste, and had left, to fix his reputation forever, such signs of his judgment as N. P. Willis and Fanny Fern, and several highly-colored Annuals, and novels whose once up-to-date flippancy was now an out-of-date flatness. Poor uncle or whoever he was! Beside his Puritan ancestor's collection his looked garish, indeed, and he never could return to correct the impression

he continued to make by his youthful following of fashion in reading. The shelf might have furnished a suggestive object-lesson to the thoughtful grown-up, and made him wonder how his own library would look to the critic of a generation later, and whether it would be worth handing down to his heirs.

Different from these was the sweet maiden collection which my mother had brought with her to her new home and which still stood in her room: the *Flower of the Family* and *A Garland of Verse*, and Mrs. Hemans and Jean Ingelow and à Kempis and the *Christian Year* and the *Golden Treasury*, and others. When, with chastened mind, I was spending an afternoon in retreat, I went to her room and read those books.

And then, of course, there were my father's own volumes, gathered through all his years; books thoughtfully collected and soberly hoarded, as by a man who thought a good book a precious thing. There were few among them that had not won their way to place, and none — save the few forbidden books — that could not safely be ours. A man with half a dozen young readers coming on does not choose his books lightly.

All these and others that I cannot account for now, were our range. There were not many among them all that we did not investigate, first or last. We smiled, in more sophisticated years, to think that there had been a time when we judged a book by a merely superficial standard, such as the attractiveness of its title or the amount of dialogue it contained. But the introductory mistake we made as to the probable relative value of the solid paragraphs of *Robinson Crusoe* and the promising pages of conversation in *Sandford and Merton* or the Rollo Books, for instance, taught us a salutary lesson.

The fact is, we found, it is unwise to pass by any book without a thorough investigation. I shuddered later to think that I had made three separate attempts to read *Ivanhoe* before I could get past its initial lesson in linguistics and politics. And what if I had not made a fourth effort, — with certain saltatory movements that took me past this barrier! For a long time we ignored the golden *History of Granada*, supposing it to be an ordinary history, and the luscious *Life of John Martin*, bound in dull brown with plain lettering, which we had passed over as a mere biography. Such mistakes as these made us wary. Diamonds might lurk anywhere. It behoved us to be up and looking.

And look we did. I doubt if there was at last a single dramatic element left undiscovered in all our small library. The old books were of two classes generally: books whose soft yellow pages with their frayed edges fell open of themselves, showing cleavage most notably at places which we at once knew must be the best; and books with starchy unhandled leaves and creaking protesting backs, books which had kept an unbroken newness through all the generations that had owned them.

There was something pathetic, I thought at first, about an unread book, standing on a shelf in endless waiting, and offering its unused meaning year after year to unasking owners. I used to take one down occasionally and make an attempt to read it — like Sordello with his pitiful caryatides. But I generally found that there had been reason for its rejection by my predecessors. The ancestral literary taste was not to be despised, I found as the result of my investigations, and I readily returned the stiff lines of *The Pleasures of the Imagination* and the moralities of Martin Tupper, to their accustomed repose. But there continued to be for

me a wistful look about even the back of a neglected book.

On the other hand, if a book were ragged and wobbly in its covers, that was reason enough for examining it. It had evidently been popular and could probably show cause. It was so we found *Pilgrim's Progress*, a mere tatter of a book, and we never had reason to regret the time we spent upon it. Until we were absolutely certain that a book was essays or science or theology or a footless stuff called philosophy, we gave it a fair chance. Almost any book has something in it, except such as these. Even diaries and biographies, for the judicious and persevering skipper, have dramatic moments. All books, in our judgment, were to be tasted.

Of course there were Dickens and Scott and Mrs. Whitney and beloved Miss Alcott. But reading them was like getting money out of a bank. The true searcher for gold finds it in the rough and in unassured places. There was real excitement in turning the pious leaves of the unpromising *Life of James Renwick*, with expectation of entertainment low, and then suddenly finding him escaping across the moss-hags, his horse guided by a Power that evidently approved of his views on church polity, while the prelatical Claverhouse men in pursuit floundered up to their shoulders and gave up the chase. Such a finding as that stimulated us to make acquaintance with other Covenanters, men who lived a life of daring and risk and escape — or dramatic martyrdom — that put them in a class with Robinson Crusoe himself.

Even in the dun-colored old *History of the Covenanters* there would suddenly appear, set in between dull acts of Parliament and unexciting politics, a secret conventicle in the mist and the heather, where the excitement of the hazard run must have compensated for the solemnity of paraphrase and sermon. And then would come in those Claverhouse men again, and the Presbyterians would drop to cover in the heather or bracken, except the few who were always taken and led away to the boot or the maiden — instruments we tried in vain to visualize or invent.

Patches like this would enliven any history. We could not help regarding them as accidents in historical narrative, which left to itself would cling by nature to the dullness of acts of Parliament and the monotonous performances of Whig and Tory. But accident or not, such bits were too delightful for us to chance missing them, and led us to the examination of other histories in the hope that they, too, were enlivened by dramatic episodes.

Nor were we unrewarded. The divorce trial of Katherine of Aragon, and the simple elemental Henry neatly disposing of wife after wife; Lady Jane Grey and her Greek and her execution; Luther meeting the devils on the roofs of Worms — so our confused imagination syncopated the affair; the adorable Mary, irresistible we did n't know why, Mary with her Rizzio and her Bothwell, and her two small hands clasping her own slender neck; the great Catharine, so naughty the books did n't tell what she was up to; Catherine Douglas, another Catherine, sacrificing her white arm for a bolt to the rude door to save the kingly James; the good-looking Charles stepping out through the wall to have his handsome head cut off — episodes like these enriched the sparsely-set pages of history, and partly reconciled us to the moments when we were bidden to read it.

In fact, except the negligible classes I have named, there is scarcely any book that does not have something interesting in it. The whole art of being entertained lies in two things — in being a good skipper and in seeing things as they are. There is *Pilgrim's Progress*,

for instance. However it may be for the pious or literary grown-up, there is no book that more invites skipping on the part of the discriminating ten-year-old. The long array of Golden Texts and dialogued religion seems made to be skipped. What is the use of having Sundays on week-days? But, ah me, the Delectable Mountains and the House Beautiful! — do you have such a rested feeling anywhere else in literature? — and the country of Beulah and the Valley of the Shadow of Death! Everything in the book could be seen as plain as day. Prudence and Piety and Charity looked like some pretty maids I had seen once at a hotel, and Mercy looked like the mild young wife of our doctor, and Christian looked like just any man. They were all such genuine flesh-and-blood that I could have pinched them. But that was no credit to either Bunyan or us. When you are ten, things easily turn into flesh-and-blood. It does n't matter much whether books are illustrated or not. After you have shut them up once you can hardly remember whether the pictures were on the page or in your head.

Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, however, was illustrated. I don't suppose it would ever occur to any wise person selecting five hundred books or five yards of books or five hundred pounds of books for the juvenile, to include that gory chronicle among them. I am sure there is no warrant in pedagogical principles for supposing that any normal child could be induced to read it. But we did, and more than once — whether on advice or not, I don't remember. What pleasure any youngster could find in that long panorama of flayings and fagots and rackings and blood and stern refusals to recant, I cannot surmise now. But we were so well acquainted with it that the martyr became for us a distinct type of person, like the gypsy or mover or robber, the sort of person whose function it was to have his head cut off bloodily or be hung on a pole upside down.

As I say, the book was illustrated with an innocent art that spared no detail, and an incongruity of martyrly expression that modified the horror, even for us. The chubby bishop of Arethusa, seated aloft on a clothes-basket, evidently borrowed for the moment from the family washing, and gazing in round-eyed and bewildered perturbation at an approaching flock of something, whether bees or buzzards I don't know; a thickly whiskered but knock-kneed persecutor, neatly removing Francis Gross's muscular tissue with an implement that looked like a milk-skimmer; one of the seventy martyrs, a sample, I suppose, coyly dropping a corner of her round chin on the blade of the broad corn-knife that was cutting her head off; that was the sort of picture that illuminated religious fervor for us. I suppose we found a novel as well as a dramatic element in the suffering, — a thing that lay entirely outside of our experience; and enjoyed at the same time the opportunity for indignation against the persecutors, — a large righteous sort of feeling. Anyway, we fell back on that book on many Sunday afternoons when public opinion appeared to demand that we read something appropriate to the season. It seemed to be a religious work.

There is nothing in our later explorations among books that is comparable to the delight of those early searchings. The more undirected they were the better. Of course when They, who were supposed to know everything, gave us a book and bade us become acquainted with it, we assumed that it must possess some well-established merit, and set ourselves to find it. Sometimes we found it and sometimes we did not. There was *Sandford and*

Merton. I don't know that any reason was offered for inflicting that book upon us, except that it contained useful information, — no reason at all, — and that our grandfather Johnson had had to read it when he was a boy. I leave it to any lover of real entertainment if either of those reasons was sufficient. I don't see now how my grandfather's generation grew up with the incubus of that book upon them. It is a poor book that can't be read more than once, but I really thought I should rather forget how to read than follow a second time the misadventures of the dull Tommy or the noble example of the paragonic Harry.

Afterwards I read somewhere the life of this informational Mr. Day, and how he educated a girl to be his wife, and when she was all properly educated and ready she would not wear the kind of clothes he prescribed and so would not do, and how three other young ladies in succession refused him, and I was glad of it. I wished forty young ladies had refused him and he had died of cumulative broken heart.

That was the kind of book that might be imposed upon us when officious elders selected our reading. In spite of the generally accepted view of Their omniscience, I sometimes suspected them of offering us books that they had not read themselves, and never would read. *Sandford and Merton* seemed evidence enough of that. But generally such direction as we got was largely negative. There were certain books that we might not read — openly— but it was usually assumed that when we were reading we were safe. So we were left to the long joys of the discovery of literature, joys that were incomparable and manifold.

There is no other delight like that of finding something fine for yourself where no one has pointed it out to you. You may be fairly sure that in time all the substantial and sensible merits of literature will be shown you more or less forcibly, and that you will have an opportunity to test them for yourself. But there may be a thousand shy or remote things that no one will ever tell you about. That is one reason why it is wise to search widely and unflaggingly. One gets to have a sweet proprietary interest in bits of literature discovered for one's self. Sometimes the treasures are so rare that one does not tell any one else about them at all. For me, I had a secret hoard of beauties that I did not discover even to John or Mary — Henry was quite out of the question, of course. In time these were taken from me by the annoying discovery that no end of people knew them already, that they were even vulgarized by common quoting.

One day, in prowling through an unpromising old gray book I found 'a green thought in a green shade.' That *was* a moment! I lived on the phrase for a day and returned to it for weeks afterward for sweet æsthetic sips. When I lay on the grass under the box-elder tree and looked up through its rather scanty leaves, I used to say that over to myself and wait for an appropriate thought, which never came. For years I thought it was my verse and only mine. Who else would think of looking into an old gray book for it? To that I added from time to time such sister joys as 'with the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.' That was a good bit to say to myself when I leaned from my window at night, after saying my prayers, to take a last look at the sky and postpone for an instant the undesired moment of final retirement.

I found that in a book of extracts. Books of extracts and quotations — the difference is that an extract is longer than a quotation — are excellent good things for the discoverer of literature. If you are taken with the sample you

can hunt up the whole fabric and find many joys in that way. They are great books for tasting. So it was I first discovered *Lalla Rookh* and the *Songs of Seven*. And while I was tracing the samples to their sources I might come upon other delights by the way that nothing had pointed me to. The excitement and happiness of exploration were endless. To Columbus the tinsel joy of finding America — my own discoveries for me! That thousands had already made them for themselves did not matter. And yet I did not show John and Mary everything I found.

The corner of the Forbidden Books added a zest and a perilous excitement to our explorations. The grown-ups certainly had curious notions about what it was inadvisable for children to read. I read a good many of the Forbidden Books, almost all of them, in fact, and found nothing bad in them. Some of them I found merely dull and returned them unfinished. I tasted Balzac, for example, but did n't like the taste. Of course in later years, with the tremendous knowledge gained by grown-upness, I should probably have coincided with Their view, but you have to know a good deal about badness in order to recognize it when you see it. If you are only young enough you can read almost anything, skimming lightly and safely over unguessed depths of wickedness. It really was Ellen and the elders whose reading should have been restricted.

But having books forbidden makes them irresistibly alluring, and adds the excitement of hazard to the reading of them. Did you never sneak a book away to read it, prudently sliding up the other books on the shelf so that no betraying gap might show? Did you never, for instance, read *Romola* under the bed in the spare bedroom, dividing your righteous condemnation of Tito with your own conscientious scruples, and your fear for Romola's safety with shivers lest you yourself be caught? Did you never make your way through *Vanity Fair* by cautious half-hour snatches, fearful every moment lest some one in authority should interrupt?

There was one horrible day when I sought the tranquil though badly-lighted seclusion under the spare bed, forgetting that one of the frequent visiting preachers was sojourning with us. I had reached the third chapter of *Children of the Abbey*, thousands of miles from bed-springs and figured carpet, when the preacher entered. I had forgotten his existence. But there he was, and there he stayed. He read and he wrote; he even practiced a sermon, — not much of a sermon, I thought. And all the while I, rolled to the very limits of my retreat, waited for him to go. What if he should, like another minister that once stayed with us, do without supper! That was one of the things I was afraid of. The other was that he might pray. We had wondered a good deal what the ministers did when they stayed in their room so much, and had decided that they spent most of their time in vocalized devotion. At least, that is what the preachers in the Lives did. We had even paused outside the door sometimes, when no scrupulous elder was in sight, to listen for suggestive sounds from within. But it would have been one thing to hear him from outside and quite another to be shut in the room with him. I simply could not stand it if he prayed. It would be unthinkably embarrassing. And besides, his position of devotion might be an unfavorable one for me.

But this preacher was apparently not of the praying kind. At least he did not use this opportunity, but finally went off to the orchard to look for Red Junes, and I escaped. The only lesson I drew from that episode was, not to frequent

the spare room when we had company. I finished *Children of the Abbey* in the wheat-bin, and got it back to the house undiscovered.

It never occurred to us at that time that the matter of literary quality had anything to do with the limitations laid on our reading. I was much puzzled during my surreptitious perusal of *Fair Women*, to account for the prejudice that existed against it among the censors of our reading. We supposed that a book was forbidden on purely moral grounds, and were surprised and disappointed to find no palpable wickedness in it. We always hoped to find in one of them some time an unrestricted view of villainy such as would entirely satisfy our hungry imaginations. We craved a novelty in rascality that would really startle us, but never found it. I don't know how old you are when you begin to discover Canons of Taste, or whether you discover them for yourself or have them laid upon you, like the social conventions. But there is a pleasant time before you are aware of them and are still untrammeled and unashamed in all your verdicts. Then *John Gilpin's Ride* is not funny and *We are Seven* is, and *The Ancient Mariner* is a nice spooky fairy tale, and *Pilgrim's Progress* is in the same class with the *Arabian Nights*, and *Little Women* is about the best book ever written. An interesting book is an interesting book, in whatever company you find it.

There is nothing that furnishes greater promise of continued satisfaction in life than to know that whatever happens you can always read. However other interests may fluctuate or fail, there are always books, and there is always an interesting one if you only search long enough for it. It gives a sort of certainty to life, and an assurance of its continued likableness, to know that there need be no dull interstices in it. Games may flag, and brothers and sisters may have moments of slightly damaged amiability, but entertainment need not pause while there are still books to read. If there are no new ones you can always read *David Copperfield* again.

The shaky old books were none the less shaky when we were through with them, especially if we had forgotten them in the orchard or the cottonwood grove for a few days at a time. But the orchard was the best place in summer, I found. I found, too, that it was a good thing to disappear into it early in the afternoon, before any one thought to say where was that child, and it really was time she was learning to sew or crochet or something. I don't know why it does n't tire your elbows or your back, when you are ten, to lie on the grass with a book in front of you for a whole afternoon. After you have passed another decade or two, you don't care much for the position.

Those orchard afternoons! When I established a pile of apples beside me and turned the first leaf of my book, the sun was high above me. Then a minute or two passed, and some one was calling me, and the sun was almost down, and the apples were all gone. That was the only thing that surprised me, however. I had been in a far country and the lapse of time was only natural.

THE MAN WHO FAILED

BY HELEN ORMSBEE

I

As Robert Brockton started across the bridge toward Brooklyn, he turned and glanced hopelessly at the sky-scrapers behind him. In the gathering darkness they loomed, huge symbols of the triumphant force of New York. Brockton shrank from them because he knew that he was a failure; a failure in this country of ambition, this city of success.

The knowledge had come to him that afternoon in a flash of self-comprehension, and, in the blindness which followed, he had clung to one resolve: he would face the truth.

'Your department has n't made good,' Adams had said. He was the head of the firm, a short-spoken but kindly man. 'I know it's new, and we've taken that into account. But —' He paused and finished with a regretful upward inflection, 'we want results.'

The room swam before Brockton. In the next moment, he lived over his joy at his recent promotion. 'I'm — I'm not satisfactory?' he asked.

'That's it,' replied Adams reluctantly. 'We're going to put Fehrmann in your place,' he hurried on. 'I like you, Brockton, but you're not the man for the position. There's not enough go to you. Only last week you let that contract with Palmer slip through your fingers.'

Brockton nodded. What Adams said was true.

'Then I am to go back to my old place?' he asked.

'Well — no, the fact is, there is n't anything for you.'

It was then that Brockton realized his failure. He did not speak; he had forgotten Adams's presence. In the silence, his employer studied him. Brockton, in the late thirties, had iron-gray hair; straightforward, intelligent gray eyes, set wide apart beneath the forehead of a thinker; a nose strong enough, and a mouth and jaw sufficiently well-proportioned. It was the expression which puzzled Adams: keen, but not practical; quick, but too sensitive; far-sighted, but not shrewd.

The senior partner, owning to himself with annoyance that he had promoted Brockton not because of his fitness, but because he liked him, broke the silence.

'We've divided the work you used to do among four or five men. They crowd it in with their regular routine and it saves a salary. That's why there's no place for you.' He leaned back in his chair and continued, 'When we organized the draughting department, I put you at the head of it because I wanted to give you a lift. You'd been with us five years. It was a big move up for you. Jameson thought you were n't suited to this work; he wanted Fehrmann all the time. But I said I'd give you your chance.'

'I've had it,' said Brockton. His shoulders drooped and he leaned heavily on the desk beside him. He was confronted with his own inability, and he despised it with all the intensity of his American training.

Adams spoke again as he was leaving. 'I'm sorry for this; but the highest possible efficiency in every line is what we must keep in view. Brockton, — you don't make a bull's-eye hit every time. That's the kind of man we've got to have.'

Out between the bridge-towers Brockton halted while the homeward-bound throng hurried on in the early winter twilight. Leaning on the rail looking down the river, he remembered the first time he had stood there, when, a boy of fifteen, he had made a trip to New York. To-night he looked back pityingly on that boy as he remembered the youthful determination, 'Some day I'll come to New York and live.'

The desire to succeed was his birthright, as it is that of every American. It is in the blood of the race, descendants of pioneers who made homes in a wilderness and conquered a continent. Brockton had been brought up on the gospel of success. He had believed in it; he still believed in it. And therein lay the bitterness of his failure.

He felt a despairing contempt for himself, for he knew that this was not his first lost opportunity. The others, he had told himself, were accidents, queer turns of fate; and he had fought on, pulling himself together after each rebuff. But through years of plodding, waiting, and hoping, he had kept a firm grip on his courage, believing that some day fate would relent. Now he saw clearly that the thing which held him back was not fate, but — himself. Each time he had failed because he lacked the power to dominate other people, to bend their wills to his.

As he started onward, leaden-footed, he remembered his wife's happy face that morning. 'You need n't hurry home to-night,' she had said. 'Dinner will be a little later. You know we're going to celebrate.' He had forgotten; it was his birthday. He was thirty-nine years old, and — a failure.

The Brocktons' home was an old-time flat in an unfashionable part of Brooklyn Heights. They lived there because it was cheap and comfortable and so near Brockton's New York office that he could walk back and forth. They had had need to count car-fares on his forty dollars a week, but since his promotion, with a raise to seventy-five, they had been planning to leave the crowded neighborhood.

Edith Brockton met her husband at their door. 'Robert,' she cried gayly, 'we're ready and dinner's waiting. How dare you be late to-night?'

She looked very pretty as she stood with the light from the chandelier shining on her soft brown hair, while pleasure brought unusual color to her cheeks. She was five years younger than Brockton, with a buoyant disposition which had kept her face unlined. She had a child's sunny smile, offset by a courageous chin and a quick, energetic glint in her eyes.

She drew Brockton into the pleasant living-room, where several cherished bits of old mahogany were placed so as to cover worn spots in the carpet. The two children, in white frocks and their best sashes, welcomed their father joyously.

Edith caught her husband's hand. 'Don't think it's silly, Robert,' she whispered, 'but I've tried to have everything especially nice to-night because this year has meant so much to you, with the promotion, and more money, and all our wishes coming true.'

After dinner, Brockton drew close to his wife. 'Edith,' he said quietly, 'send the children out. I've something to tell you.'

'What is it, Robert?' she questioned, anxiously, when they were alone. As she faced her husband, she wondered

how she could have failed to notice his strained manner and the drawn look in his face.

'I've lost my position.'

Edith stood still an instant, unbelieving. Then she ran to him and putting her arms around him looked up into his face. 'Rob, my poor boy!' she whispered. Then, after a pause, 'How did it happen?'

'I told you from the first that Fehrmann wanted the place,' said Robert quietly. 'He waited — he had Jameson back of him — and he got his chance. They're going to give him the department — Edith, they've done away with my old position. I'm turned out.'

For a time, neither of them spoke. Then she said softly, 'I'm so sorry, Robert. It does n't seem right. You deserved the promotion after five years of drudging for the firm. But don't mind it, dear; this is a setback, but better times are coming. You'll get to the top still. You'll win; you must. And then we'll look back and laugh at all the troubles.'

Her words touched Brockton. For a moment, he longed that she might go on believing in him. Then loyalty to her made him ashamed of his wish; he could not let her think him other than he was.

'Edith,' he began, 'it was my own fault. I lost the place because I could n't make good. That's the truth.'

He felt her arm tremble. 'I don't believe it,' she said unwaveringly. 'You're over-sensitive, Robert. You are n't fair to yourself. Don't — don't talk that way.'

Brockton gently pushed her arm away and made her sit on the sofa beside him. 'Dearest, do you remember what your father said before we were married? He said that I would never — succeed, make money. I was angry, but before I could speak you took my hand and told him that you believed in me; that you were glad to be poor with me; and that you only asked for time to show him that he was wrong. I was so proud of you. — Edith, what gave you such confidence?'

'Why, I cared for you, Robert, so, of course, I believed in you. Everybody — that is, everybody worth while — succeeds in the end. Look at father, and your brother in Los Angeles, and my brother, Ed. Of course, your father died young, but he'd have had a reputation if he'd lived. Robert, I wish you would n't speak of what father said; at least, not now. You've had a dreadful day, and things look worse to you than they are. To-morrow, you'll feel different.'

'Edith, Edith, don't!' groaned Robert. 'Don't fill both of us with fresh hopes that I'll only disappoint. We 'll have to admit the truth. Your father was right; I shall never succeed.'

She shrank away from him. 'Robert!' she cried, rising. If she had discovered him stealing money she would have cried out in the same way.

Brockton, scarcely heeding her, continued, 'You said I'd drudged these last five years. I have; and all the years before. And all the while, we've thought the work beneath me; that I only needed the opportunity to make a big success. Every time the chance went over my head or slipped through my fingers, we blamed it on luck. I won't blind myself any longer. I won't be such a pitiable fool as not to know my own limitations. I've done the drudging because I can do it, and do it well. But when I try something larger, push into the thick of the fight, I'm beaten. I'm a second-rate man; that's why I can't get on.'

His confession had cost him much, and he ended wearily. But his wife stood silent, uncomprehending. For twelve years her faith in his ultimate

success had never faltered. She was ignorant of the competition in the midst of which her husband worked. She believed in Robert simply because he was Robert, and she had been happy to work and wait with him.

She had planned and scrimped and drudged, had worn shabby clothes, had been her own cook, nursemaid, and dressmaker. With it all, she had never grown too tired to encourage him and to share his enthusiasms. To-night, for the first time, in the face of fresh disaster she was powerless to comfort him; his own words had choked back her sympathy. Underneath all her feminine softness, lay the dogged temperament of her hard-headed father. She was confronted with a man who could admit that he was beaten, and this man was her husband.

II

During the next month, Brockton sought for a position, while Edith, at home, worked early and late to make the money last. Fortunately, they had not begun to make the changes they had planned after Robert's promotion, and they counted on the few hundred dollars they had laid by to tide them over. In addition, the firm had given Brockton four weeks' salary. He and Edith set this aside as an emergency fund; they had nothing else to fall back upon. Of course, there were always Edith's father and brother, and Robert's brother in California, upon whom they could call. But they had never done so. They tacitly agreed that this time it would be impossible.

Edith dismissed the weekly laundress and did that work herself. This, with the cooking, sweeping, dusting, sewing, dishwashing, and bedmaking, made a weary round which was never quite completed.

The tasks irked her. She had done them before, cheerfully, to help Robert; but she had spurred herself on with dreams of better days. Now, she was disheartened, disappointed. Little by little, she unconsciously drew away from him. She kept the house with scrupulous care and she tried to talk with him cheerfully, but their old companionship was gone.

Thus Brockton found himself alone and discouraged, despising himself, searching for work. It was not easy for him to find it. His pride was hurt and he could not ask the few influential men he knew to place him. Several times his hopes were raised, but each chance fell through. He found that his age was against him. He did not know why until one day, on a street-car, he heard a man say, —

'I want young men in my business. By the time a man's thirty-five, he ought to be fixed so that he does n't have to come to me for a job, if he's any good. If he is n't, I don't want him, anyway. A young ambitious fellow, just starting, will do more work for less money.'

Brockton winced. He knew that he was one of the men whom people spoke of as 'a good fellow, but — unsuccessful.' And he knew that that phrase conveyed more contempt than 'He's clever, but his methods are questionable.'

It seemed to him that the men and women about him were wrapped up in the worship of achievement. It was in their everyday speech. 'There's plenty of room at the top.' 'Make good.' 'Nothing succeeds like success.' 'There's no place for the average man; it's the crackerjack who gets there.'

He knew that this spirit had been fostered in them by their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers, so that, to-day, in changed conditions, with chances fewer and bigger, their descendants crowded each other on to

the very limit of their capacities. Yet for the man who could not endure this 'speeding up,' they had only the disdain of the strong animal for the weak.

At one moment, Brockton resented this adoration of attainment; in the next, he raged at his own inability to cope with it. Why could he not do what other men — his brothers, his acquaintances — had done? Why could he not be one of the fittest who survive?

Late one afternoon, nearly a month after he had begun his search for work, Brockton unlocked his door and stepped into the narrow hall. He walked wearily down it toward the kitchen.

'Edith,' he said, stopping on the threshold, 'I've settled.'

His wife sat huddled on a chair by the dumb-waiter. Her face was buried in her hands. 'I'm glad,' she replied, without looking up.

'It's with Brooks and Company. They'll only pay thirty-five dollars, but it's sure and steady. I thought I'd better take it.'

Edith nodded indifferently.

Robert crossed the room. 'What is it, Edith? What's the matter?'

'I'm so tired,' she answered faintly, 'and my head aches.' She leaned against the wall and began to sob helplessly.

Brockton looked at the rack of clean clothes before the washtubs and at the irons set on the back of the range to cool. He took Edith in his arms. 'Poor little girl,' he whispered; 'I'll get the dinner and Alice can help me.'

Edith raised her head. 'Oh, Robert, I forgot,' she said. 'Brother Ed is in town on business. He sent a message to say he'd spend the evening with us. I'll sleep a little, but call me in time to get ready for him. — And see that the children change their dresses; those they have on are so worn. — And — Robert, don't let Ed know I did the ironing. He would n't understand.'

Brockton closed the door, his face flaming.

As the bell rang that evening, Edith said hastily, 'Robert, you need n't tell Ed about — that is, you can just say you've changed and are with Brooks and Company.'

Edward Norton forced upon the observer an impression of his importance. He was a year or two younger than Brockton, a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced man, expensively dressed by a good tailor. He greeted the family gayly. 'How are you, Robert? Hello, Edith. Father and Mary sent their love. See here, Edie, you look rather played out. What's up?'

Edith's chin lifted as she answered, 'Oh, I'm all right. A bit tired, that's all.'

'Give her a little vacation, old man,' Norton suggested easily. 'Take her down to Old Point Comfort for two or three days.'

Then, dismissing the subject, he seated himself in the most comfortable chair with Alice on the arm and Betty in his lap. They adored their wonderful uncle, who came in a taxicab and never appeared without a present.

'No, thank you, I can't stay long. I've got to catch the sleeper back to Detroit to-night. I came in a hurry, to carry through an important deal. Well, I clinched it.' He broke off and looked around the room. 'Your place here is always so cosy,' he commented, patronizingly.

Brockton thrust his clenched hands into his pockets. He had seen Norton's home, and he knew how shabby the little room must look to him. He suddenly hated this self-satisfied, prosperous man who sat telling of his latest achievement in the varnish business.

Norton interrupted his story. 'By the way, Robert,' he remarked, 'I

called up your office to-day to tell you I'd come over this evening. But I could n't get you. They said you'd left.'

Brockton bit his lips and nodded. 'Yes, I'm with Brooks and Company,' he said shortly.

There was unmistakable condescension in Norton's 'Well, they say it's a good firm.' Then he went on with the account of his own affairs.

Brockton scarcely heard what he was saying. He was fighting the desire to rise and strike his brother-in-law in the face; to inflict on him a physical pain in return for the mental torture that he himself was suffering. Every word that the man spoke stabbed his already wounded pride. He had despised himself enough, without having to see his contempt reflected on the face before him. He glanced at his wife and children.

Edward Norton's recital was reaching its climax. 'But —' he said triumphantly, 'I saw through their game and —'

The two little girls sat awed. They did not understand the story, but they knew that it was a fight and that Uncle Ed was coming out on top. Edith leaned forward, her cheeks burning, her eyes shining. In her face Brockton saw the look of admiration which he had not been able to call up since the night when he had owned himself a failure.

He was dizzy with rage and jealousy. The air in the room suffocated him and he rose, saying, 'I hope you'll excuse me, Ed, but I promised to see Mr. Sherman to-night about the work at the office.'

A moment later, he had parried their protests and was plunging into the rain and darkness outside.

He walked rapidly to the next turning and hurried on, not heeding where he went. He wanted to get away from it all — the conflict, the responsibilities. Of what use was he? Edith and the children would be well taken care of; better than he could do it. Why should he keep up an unequal struggle? He had made a mess of his life. Why try to mend it? Why should the wise, beneficent Providence, of whom people spoke, send him into the battle of life so equipped that he could not win? He shut his teeth defiantly. A God who dealt thus with a man was cruel. As he strode down the sloping street, he gazed up at the dark sky and the dim, deserted buildings and felt himself alone, an uncounted, useless atom in an uncaring universe.

He stopped short and looked about him. He had come out upon an empty wharf. He knew now why he had come, and he drew back in horror at himself. He was a coward, a traitor to his duty. He had made a failure and he had not courage enough to take the consequences. Afraid of the blackness around him and within him, he turned and fled.

III

A few minutes later, as Brockton wandered in a dark street, the light from the open door of a church fell upon him. Something, perhaps an impulse from his far-away ancestors of the Middle Ages, drew him toward it. It was not his church; the puritan trend of his training looked upon its rites as idolatrous. But he felt the blight of sin and weakness too strongly to care about dogmas or genuflections. He stepped into a pew and the quiet of the place stole over him. Here, at least, he was safe — from himself.

Presently, he found himself praying, calling out to the God he had defied. A cry in the dark, it was not the appeal of thought, or of religion, or even of superstition — but of instinct. His ideals, his hopes, his love, his courage,

all had failed him; he could not trust himself. The power, whatever it might be, which had placed him in the world, was all he had left to turn to. He did not question now; he simply asked for strength to live as a man should.

A woman in shabby mourning sat in the pew in front of him, reading from a little leather-covered book. Soon, she rose, dropping the book upon the seat. Stopping as she faced the altar, she knelt. Then she went down the aisle.

Brockton reached into the next seat and took up the little volume. *Of the Imitation of Christ*, was printed on the worn cover. The book fell open as he held it. On the page before him he read, 'Jesus hath now many lovers of his heavenly kingdom, but few followers of his cross.' He read on, heedless of the people who came and went about him. 'Set thyself, therefore, like a good and faithful servant to bear manfully the cross of thy Lord.' Finally he reached the quotation, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.'

The book slipped from his fingers. A consolation, old as the centuries yet always new to the individual, had come to him. Adversity, suffering, sorrow, were not meaningless accidents in life; through them men might build characters the greater for the difficulties they had overcome; clinging to this faith they might reach the heights where neither death nor life, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, could vanquish them.

As Brockton's key clicked in the lock, the door opened and Betty threw herself into his arms. 'Father, what made you stay so long?' she cried. 'Uncle Ed's gone and mother's sick. I thought you'd never come.'

The doctor said little, beyond, 'She has a fever. Overwork, I should judge.' The next day, he took Brockton out into the hall. 'It's typhoid,' he said.

Every evening Brockton slept until nine o'clock and then took his place beside the bed to relieve the nurse.

Edith was delirious. She talked of being 'at home' and called Robert 'father.' She imagined that she had a dress to make for Alice and could not finish it. When she knew Robert, she seemed to care very little that he was with her. She rarely spoke. Once, as she lay quiet, he took her hand and held it, hoping that she would speak to him. After a moment she drew it away without a word.

Brockton blamed himself for Edith's illness. He acknowledged remorsefully that, intent on his own disappointment, he had let her wear away her strength. He had failed again, and this time it was love which was slipping from his grasp. He loved Edith, yet, in an access of self-pity, he had forgotten to take care of her. He knew that his hours of watching were a poor atonement.

On the night when the disease had reached its crisis, he stood at the foot of his wife's bed. It was past midnight, and she had lain for hours in a stupor. The nurse was snatching a brief rest. The doctors had said that there was a bare chance of recovery. Brockton knew what that meant.

He looked at the frail figure in the bed, and tried to face the thought that Edith was dying. They had been too busy with life to speak much of death. It was very near them now. It seemed to Brockton that he might have borne it better if Edith had looked at him and said, 'I have been happy with you, Robert.' But she was leaving him without a word. He felt that this was because she had not cared to speak. He sank to the floor. 'I can't let her go,' he whispered.

He heard a soft sound in the room and turned, wondering. Alice was coming toward the bed, barefooted.

'I wanted to look at mother,' she said. Then she clung to him, crying softly. 'Oh, father, Betty's too little to understand, but I do. I'm afraid. If — if mother dies, what will happen to us? Father, do you think — God cares about us?'

He took her in his arms. He had asked himself these questions. As he began to comfort her, the answers came to him. Alice listened, and in a few moments she was asleep.

His heart filled with pity for the childish selfishness of Alice's cry for her mother. But suddenly he realized its likeness to his own wild appeals for Edith's life. He wanted her; he could not do without her, he had said. Now he felt the littleness of his petitions. How could he dare to beg that he might keep her? If she should come back at his call what could he, who had disappointed all her hopes, give her in return? He saw the grayness of the years before him. Was it love which begged to have her share them with him? He choked back his half-uttered supplication.

Early in the morning the doctor came again. 'She's better,' he said. 'It was one chance in a thousand.'

IV

Edith recovered slowly. At first she lay, too weak to think, vaguely glad of the quiet around her. Then, one morning, she woke to a renewed interest in her surroundings. She opened her eyes and saw the sunlight streaming in through the window. The brightness pleased her and, for a few moments, she was content to bask in it, untouched by any sensation save that of comfort.

Then she looked about the narrow room — at the battered furniture, the painted floor, and the worn rug. The shabbiness of it all was sickening. A flood of memories swept over her, carrying her back into life.

She remembered that she had been among marred, cheap, ugly things for years. She had loathed them, but she had looked upon them as a sort of cocoon from which she and Robert would emerge into the sunshine of success. Now she recalled the thirty-five dollars a week which Robert had been glad to take because it was 'sure and steady.' They had gone into the game of life to win. She had staked everything on her husband and she had lost. She drew the coverings over her eyes and wished that she had not come back.

As the days went by, she thought of the future continually. She had lived with poverty too long to have any illusions about it. She knew that it meant monotony and self-denial for her, the loss of all softness from the lives of her children. When Betty and Alice came into her room she pitied them as she looked at their worn little frocks and weather-beaten school hats. Betty was wearing 'hand-me-downs' from Alice, and Alice's dress had been made over from one of her mother's. After all, makeshift clothes were the least of their hardships. Edith yearned to give her children the little things which refine life. During her illness they had had nowhere to play but the street. Their voices were already becoming shrill.

She looked forward and saw them put through the great mill of the board of education, and ground out at twenty as school-teachers on six hundred a year. They might possibly escape the gray celibacy of that life by marrying clerks and going back to the gray drudgery of housework.

At last she understood why she had been taught to worship success. It was because success brings money, and money, in this country, is the maker of class distinctions. Without it, a man must throw in his lot with the underdogs. She saw herself and Robert as they would be in the years to come.

They would degenerate into one of a thousand limp, disheartened, middle-aged couples, Robert with bent shoulders and listless step, and she with rough hands and clothes three years behind the fashions; while over their faces would come the peculiar, blurred look left by unfulfilled longings.

Rebellion flamed up in her. She hated her unlovely surroundings, her humdrum duties, her hopeless future. She hated Robert because he had brought this fate upon her.

Edith nursed her rebellion during the long, idle days while Brockton was at the office; but in the twilight, when her strength seemed to ebb, the sound of his step as he opened the hall door brought her a sense of comfort to which she would not own.

One day he brought her a small bunch of violets. He had scrimped his luncheons for a week to buy it.

'You should n't spend your money for them, Robert,' she said bitterly. 'You know we can't afford such things'

She knew that her words had hurt. She had spoken wantonly, meaning to wound both him and herself. For, as he stood beside her, she had longed to take his hand and draw it close to her, and then to fall asleep with the sense that he was near.

It was this reaching out toward him which surprised Edith. She had told herself over and over that she could not care for an incompetent; that a man who owned himself beaten was not worthy. And she had believed that she could not love a man whom she did not respect. She had seen women who loved weak men, and she had despised them for it.

She was afraid of herself. She often pretended that she was asleep when he came into the room.

Brockton set himself to face the future alone. He would ask neither sympathy nor trust of Edith; but he would do all he could to shield her from the poverty to which his inefficiency had bound her. He could not give her the pleasures they had so often planned, but loyalty, tenderness, and help he owed to her. He never spoke to her now of his work. He chatted or read to her. Sometimes, laughing at his own awkwardness, he struggled with the housework.

Edith resented his light-heartedness. Had success meant so little to him, she wondered, that he could willingly forego it? It annoyed her to see him sweep and dust. It was not a man's work. Against her will she found herself thinking of him. She remembered how, in the old days, he had craved her encouragement and how gladly she had given it. Now, when she had none to give, she began to realize that he no longer needed it.

Brockton reached home one evening to find Edith lying on the sofa in the living-room alone. He heard the children's voices in the kitchen where Alice was preparing her mother's supper-tray. Betty ran back and forth from the dining-room, helping and hindering the washerwoman, who cooked for them.

To Edith, the day had seemed unbearably dreary, but when Brockton crossed the threshold a feeling of warmth and contentment stole over her.

'Robert!' she cried softly, 'come here.'

She reached up impulsively and, drawing his face down to hers, kissed him. She had not meant to do it; something in his presence impelled her. She lay now with her eyes closed; and Brockton, thinking that she wanted to sleep, stole from the room.

She had shut her eyes to steady herself. She was dizzy with the self-revelation, which had come to her. She knew now that she loved Robert — not

the gifted man she had once thought him; not the success she had hoped he would become; but this obscure Robert, the man who had failed. She loved him; she could not help it. As she acknowledged this, she felt that she had sunk from the heights of her superior standards down into the ruck of women whom she scorned. She was one of the myriads who go on loving without asking whether that which they love is worthy; who go on giving toil and patience and affection because it is their fate to give. She looked ahead into the years which she had told herself that she dreaded, and she knew that she would willingly wash dishes, scrub, and mend, and grow plain and faded, if only she might have Robert. She despised herself, but she was happy.

V

One bright, warm Sunday in May, she and Robert started with the children on an excursion to the country. It was Edith's first outing, and a treat long promised to Betty and Alice as soon as their mother should be strong enough. They crossed the North River and landed on the New Jersey shore, nearly opposite Grant's Tomb.

There, on a sunny hillside overlooking the water, they spread a shawl for Edith and set down their picnic-boxes. Spring, with its tender greenness, was all around them. The children ran off to play, while their father sat beside Edith, who lay with her eyes closed, smiling.

Brockton looked across the river and saw New York. It lay stretched out for miles beneath him, a varied, colorful, mighty panorama. He, knowing the bitterness of its struggles, smiled. It was the city which had beaten but could not vanquish him. He was no longer afraid to think of himself as an unknown speck upon its surging tide. He looked back wistfully upon his old ambitions, yet he could think of them without resentment; for he had come to question the ideals of this colossal city. It seemed to him that, often, the clanging dulled men's ears, the dazzle dimmed their sight, and the heat of the combat shriveled up their souls; instead of being freemen, they were prisoners in their citadel of power. And before his visionary eyes there towered above the city, dwarfing its contests, transcending its aims, a wonderful kingdom in which, despite his own narrow cares and disappointments, he might live each day.

Edith looked up and his expression caught her gaze. In his face she saw the light of a new courage — a courage come through facing defeat. Watching it, Edith thrilled with pride, for she felt that he had done what was very far beyond her. How had he dared to go on, she wondered? What was the power which made it possible for him cheerfully to live from day to day without hope? She looked up into his face again and read the answer to her question.

In his look was mastery; not of the men and things about him, but of himself. As she gazed, a mist seemed to fade from before her eyes. She knew that all these months she had been groping toward the understanding which came rushing in upon her. For the first time in her life Edith was caught up in the radiance of a vision. She saw that the goal on which she had been taught to set her heart was not the only one in the great race; that, among all the conquests in the world, one of the rarest was the triumph over self. This, then, was Robert's victory, this his greatness.

She sat up and touched her husband's arm. 'Robert,' she cried, 'you are splendid!'

And the man who laid down his life had found it.

THE IMMIGRANT'S PORTION

BY MARY ANTIN

I

Most good things came to me because I wanted them and sought them, but one thing that counted for much in the shaping of my life came in spite of myself. Hearing from my brother and sister enthusiastic accounts of Hale House, the social settlement on Garland Street, whose beneficent activities had attracted them, I was curious to see the place for myself. I did not mean to join any club, but before I knew it I had been adopted by the Natural History Club, composed of adult workers of Hale House. Now, I had a decided aversion from natural history, the very name of which chilled my imagination; but the miracles of science broke slowly through my ignorant prejudices, refashioned the world for me, and turned my thoughts into universal channels. From a bookworm I became an explorer of fields and woods. All my other enthusiasms paled before this new passion for outdoors. And among the men and women who ministered to me in this new life, I formed some of the friendships that mark the epochs of my spiritual history.

I did not always wait for my grown-up friends to guide me to delectable lands. Some of the happiest days of that happy time I spent with my sister in East Boston. We had a merry hour at supper, Moses making clever jokes, without cracking a smile himself; and the baby romping in his high chair, and eating what was n't good for him. But the best of the evening came later, when father and baby had gone to bed, and the dishes were put away, and there was not a crumb left on the red-and-white checked tablecloth. Frieda took out her sewing, and I took a book; and the lamp was between us, shining on the table, on the large brown roses on the wall, on the green and brown diamonds of the oil-cloth on the floor, on the baby's rattle on the shelf, and on the shining stove in the corner. It was such a pleasant kitchen — such a cosy, friendly room — that when Frieda and I were left alone I was perfectly happy just to sit there. Frieda had a beautiful parlor, with plush chairs and a velvet carpet and gilt picture-frames; but we preferred the homely, homelike kitchen.

I read aloud from Longfellow, or Whittier, or Tennyson; and it was as great a treat to me as it was to Frieda. Her attention was inspiring. Her delight, her eager questions, doubled the meaning of the lines I read. Poor Frieda had little enough time for reading, unless she stole it from the sewing, or the baking, or the mending. But she was hungry for books, and so grateful when I came to read to her that it made me ashamed to remember all the beautiful things I had and did not share with her.

It is true I shared what could be shared. I brought my friends to her. At her wedding were some of the friends of whom I was most proud. Miss Dillingham came, and Mr. Charles; and the humbler guests stared in admira-

tion at our editors and school-teachers. But I had so many delightful things that I could not bring to Frieda — my walks, my dreams, my adventures of all sorts.

The way she reached out for everything fine was shown by her interest in the incomprehensible Latin and French books that I brought. She liked to hear me read my Cicero, pleased by the movement of the sonorous periods. I translated Ovid and Virgil for her; and her pleasure illumined the difficult passages, so that I seldom needed to have recourse to the dictionary. I shall never forget the evening I read to her from the *Æneid*, the passage in the fourth book describing the death of Dido. I read the Latin first, and then my own version in English hexameters, that I had prepared for a recitation at school. Frieda forgot her sewing in her lap, and leaned forward in rapt attention. When I was through, there were tears of delight in her eyes; and I was surprised myself at the beauty of the words I had just pronounced.

Truly my education was not left entirely in the hands of persons who had licenses to teach. My sister's fat baby taught me things about the origin and ultimate destiny of dimples that were not in any of my school-books. Mr. Casey of the second floor, who was drunk whenever his wife was sober, gave me an insight into the psychology of the beer-mug that would have added to the mental furniture of my most scholarly teacher. The bold-faced girls who passed the evening on the corner, in promiscuous flirtation with the cock-eyed youths of the neighborhood, unconsciously revealed to me the eternal secrets of adolescence. My neighbor of the third floor, who sat on the curbstone with the scabby baby in her bedraggled lap, had things to say about the fine ladies who came in carriages to inspect the public bath-house across the street, that ought to be repeated in the lecture-halls of every school of philanthropy.

Instruction poured into my brain at such a rate that I could not digest it all at the time; but in later years, when my destiny had led me far from Dover Street, the emphatic moral of those lessons became clear. The memory of my experience on Dover Street became the strength of my convictions, the illumined index of my purpose, the aureola of my happiness. And if I paid for those lessons with days of privation and wrong, with nights of tormenting anxiety, I count the price cheap. Who would not go to a little trouble to find out what life is made of? Life, in the slums, spins busily as a schoolboy's top, and one who has heard its humming never forgets. I look forward to telling, when I get to be a master of language, what I read in the crooked cobblestones when I revisited Dover Street the other day.

Dover Street was never really my residence — at least not the whole of it. It happened to be the nook where my bed was made, but I inhabited the City of Boston. In the pearl-misty morning, in the ruby-red evening, I was empress of all I surveyed from the roof of the tenement house. I could point in any direction and name a friend who would welcome me there.

Off toward the northwest, in the direction of Harvard Bridge, which some day I should cross on my way to Radcliffe College, was one of my favorite palaces, whither I resorted every day after school. A low, wide-spreading building with a dignified granite front it was, flanked on all sides by noble old churches, museums, and schoolhouses, harmoniously disposed around a spacious triangle called Copley Square. Two thoroughfares that came straight from the green suburbs swept by my

palace, one on either side, converged at the apex of the triangle, and pointed off, across the Public Garden, across the historic Common, to the domed State House sitting on a height.

It was my habit to go very slowly up the low broad steps to the palace entrance, pleasing my eyes with the majestic lines of the building, and lingering to read again the carved inscriptions: *Public Library — Built by the People — Free to All.*

I loved to lean against a pillar in the entrance hall, watching the people go in and out. Groups of children hushed their chatter at the entrance, and skipped, whispering and giggling in their fists, up the grand stairway, patting the great stone lions at the top, with an eye on the aged policeman down below. Spectacled scholars came slowly down the stairs, loaded with books, heedless of the lofty arches that echoed their steps. Visitors from out of town lingered long in the entrance hall, studying the inscriptions and symbols on the marble floor. And I loved to stand in the midst of all this, and remind myself that I was there, that I had a right to be there, that I was at home there. All these eager children, all these high-browed women, all these scholars going home to write learned books — I and they had this glorious thing in common, this noble treasure-house of learning. It was wonderful to say, *This is mine;* it was thrilling to say, *This is ours.*

Here is where I liked to remind myself of Polotzk, the better to bring out the wonder of my life. That I who was born in the prison of the Pale should roam at will in the land of freedom, was a marvel that it did me good to realize. That I who was brought up to my teens almost without a book should be set down in the midst of all the books that ever were written, was a miracle as great as any on record. That an outcast should become a privileged citizen, that a beggar should dwell in a palace — this was a romance more thrilling than poet ever sung. Surely I was rocked in an enchanted cradle.

From the Public Library to the State House is only a step, and I found my way there without a guide. The State House was one of the places I could point to and say that I had a friend there to welcome me. I do not mean the representative of my district, though I hope he was a worthy man. My friend was no less a man than the Honorable Senator Roe from Worcester, whose letters to me, written under the embossed letterhead of the Senate Chamber, I could not help exhibiting to my admiring schoolmates.

How did I come by a Senator? Through being a citizen of Boston, of course. To be a citizen of the smallest village in the United States which maintains a free school and a public library, is to stand in the path of the splendid processions of opportunity. And as Boston has rather better schools and a rather finer library than some other villages, it comes natural there for children in the slums to summon gentlemen from the State House to be their personal friends.

It is so simple, in Boston! You are a schoolgirl, and your teacher gives you a ticket for the annual historical lecture in the Old South Church, on Washington's Birthday. You hear a stirring discourse on some subject in your country's history, and you go home with a heart bursting with patriotism. You sit down and write a letter to the speaker who so moved you, telling him how glad you are to be an American; explaining to him, if you happen to be a recently-made American, why you love your adopted country so much better than your native land. Perhaps the patriotic lec-

turer happens to be a Senator, and he reads your letter under the vast dome of the State House; and it occurs to him that he and his eminent colleagues, and the stately capitol, and the glorious flag that floats above it, all gathered on the hill above the Common, do his country no greater honor than the outspoken admiration of an ardent young alien.

The Senator replies to your letter, inviting you to visit him at the State House; and in the renowned chamber where the august business of the State is conducted, you, an obscure child from the slums, and he, a chosen leader of the people, seal a democratic friendship based on the love of a common flag.

Even simpler than to meet a Senator was it to become acquainted with a man like Edward Everett Hale. 'The Grand Old Man of Boston,' the people called him, from the manner of his life among them. He kept open house in every public building in the city. Wherever two citizens met to devise a measure for the public weal, he was a third. Wherever a worthy cause needed a champion, Dr. Hale lifted his mighty voice. At some time or another his colossal figure towered above an eager multitude from every pulpit in the city, from every lecture platform. And where is the map of Boston that gives the names of the lost alleys and backways where the great man went in search of the lame in body, who could not join the public assembly, in quest of the maimed in spirit, who feared to show their faces in the open? If all the little children who have sat on Dr. Hale's knee were started in a procession on the State House steps, marching four abreast, there would be a lane of merry faces across the Common, out to the Public Library, over Harvard Bridge, and away beyond to remoter landmarks.

That I met Dr. Hale is no wonder. It was as inevitable as that I should be a year older every twelvemonth. He was a part of Boston, as the salt wave is a part of the sea. I can hardly say whether he came to me or I came to him. We met, and my adopted country took me closer to her breast.

A day or two after our first meeting I called on Dr. Hale, at his invitation. It was only eight o'clock in the morning, you may be sure, because he had risen early to attend to a hundred great affairs, and I had risen early so as to talk with a great man before I went to school. I think we liked each other a little the more for the fact that when so many people were still asleep we were already busy in the interests of citizenship and friendship. We certainly liked each other.

I am sure I did not stay more than fifteen minutes, and all that I recall of our conversation is that Dr. Hale asked me a great many questions about Russia, in a manner that made me feel that I was an authority on the subject; and with his great hand in good-bye he gave me a bit of homely advice, namely, that I should never study before breakfast!

That was all, but for the rest of the day I moved against a background of grandeur. There was a noble ring to Virgil that day that even my teacher's firm translation had never brought out before. Obscure points in the history lesson were clear to me alone, of the thirty girls in the class. And it happened that the tulips in Copley Square opened that day, and shone in the sun like lighted lamps.

II

A busy life I led on Dover Street, a happy, busy life. When I was not reciting lessons, or writing midnight poetry, or selling papers, or studying

sociology, or interviewing statesmen, I made long entries in my journal, or wrote forty-page letters to my friends. It was a happy thing that poor Mrs. Hutch did not know what sums I spent for stationery and postage-stamps. She would have gone into consumption, I do believe, from inexpressible indignation; and she would have been in the right — to be indignant, not to go into consumption. I admit it; she would have been justified — from her point of view. From my point of view I was also in the right; of course I was. To make friends among the great was an important part of my education, and was not to be accomplished without a liberal expenditure of paper and postage-stamps. If Mrs. Hutch had not repulsed my offer of confidences, I could have shown her long letters written to me by people whose mere signature was prized by autograph-hunters.

It is true that I could not turn those letters directly into rent-money — or if I could, I would not — but indirectly my interesting letters did pay a week's rent now and then. Through the influence of my friends my father sometimes found work that he could not have got in any other way. These practical results of my costly pursuit of friendships might have given Mrs. Hutch confidence in my ultimate solvency, had she not remained obstinately deaf to my plea for time, her heart being set on direct, immediate, convertible cash payment.

That was very narrow-minded, even though I say it who should not. The grocer on Harrison Avenue who supplied our table could have taught her to take a more liberal view. We were all anxious to teach her, if she only would have listened. Here was this poor grocer, conducting his business on the same perilous credit system which had driven my father out of Chelsea and Wheeler Street, supplying us with tea and sugar and strong butter, milk freely splashed from rusty cans, potent yeast, and bananas done to a turn, — with everything, in short, that keeps a poor man's family hearty in spite of what they eat, — and all this for the consideration of part payment, with the faintest prospect of a future settlement in full. Mr. Rosenblum had an intimate knowledge of the financial situation of every family that traded with him, from the gossip of his customers around his herring barrel. He knew without asking that my father had no regular employment, and that, consequently, it was risky to give us credit. Nevertheless he gave us credit by the week, by the month, accepted partial payment with thanks, and let the balance stand by the year.

We owed him as much as we owed the landlady, I suppose, every time he balanced our account. But he never complained; nay, he even insisted on my mother's taking almonds and raisins for a cake for the holidays. He knew, as well as Mrs. Hutch, that my father kept a daughter at school who was of age to be put to work; but so far was he from reproaching him for it, that he detained my father by the half hour, inquiring about my progress and discussing my future. He knew very well, did the poor grocer, who it was that burned so much oil in my family; but when I came in to have my kerosene can filled, he did not fall upon me with harsh words of blame. Instead, he wanted to hear about my latest triumph at school, and about the great people who wrote me letters, and even came to see me; and he called his wife from the kitchen behind the store to come and hear of these grand doings.

Mrs. Rosenblum, who could not sign her name, would come out in her faded calico wrapper, and stand with her hands folded under her apron, shy and

respectful before the embryo scholar; and she would nod her head sidewise in approval, drinking in with envious pleasure her husband's Yiddish version of my tale. If her black-eyed Goldie happened to be playing jackstones on the curb, Mrs. Rosenblum would pull her into the store, to hear what distinction Mr. Antin's daughter had won at school, bidding her take example from Mary, if she also would go far in education.

'Hear you, Goldie? She has the best marks in everything, Goldie, all the time. She is only five years in the country, and she'll be in college soon. She beats them all in school, Goldie — her father says she beats them all. She studies all the time — all night — and she writes, it is a pleasure to hear. She writes in the paper, Goldie. You ought to hear Mr. Antin read what she writes in the paper. Long pieces —'

'You don't understand what he reads, ma,' Goldie interrupts mischievously; and I want to laugh, but I refrain.

Mr. Rosenblum does not fill my can; I am forced to stand and hear myself eulogized.

'Not understand? Of course I don't understand. How should I understand? I was not sent to school to learn. Of course I don't understand. But *you* don't understand, Goldie, and that's a shame. If you would put your mind on it, and study hard, like Mary Antin, you would also stand high, and you would go to High School, and be somebody.'

'Would you send me to High School, pa?' Goldie asks, to test her mother's promises. 'Would you really?'

'Sure as I am a Jew,' Mr. Rosenblum promptly replies, a look of aspiration in his deep eyes. 'Only show yourself worthy, Goldie, and I'll keep you in school till you get to something. In America everybody can get to something, if he only wants to. I would even send you farther than High School — to be a teacher, maybe. Why not? In America everything is possible. But you have to work hard, Goldie, like Mary Antin — study hard, put your mind on it.'

'Oh, I know it, pa!' Goldie exclaims, her momentary enthusiasm extinguished at the thought of long lessons indefinitely prolonged.

Goldie was a restless little thing who could not sit long over her geography book. She wriggled out of her mother's grasp now, and made for the door, throwing a 'back-hand' as she went, without losing a single jackstone.

'I just hate long lessons,' she said. 'When I graduate from grammar school next year I'm going to work in Jordan Marsh's big store, and get three dollars a week, and have lots of fun with the girls. I can't write pieces in the paper, anyhow. — Beckie! Beckie Hurvitch! Where you going? Wait a minute, I'll go along.'

And she was off, leaving her ambitious parents to shake their heads over her flightiness.

Mr. Rosenblum gave me my oil. If he had had postage-stamps in stock, he would have given me all I needed, and felt proud to think that he was assisting in my important correspondences. And he was a poor man, and he had a large family, and many customers who paid as irregularly as we. He ran the risk of ruin, of course, but he did not scold, — not us, at any rate. For he *understood*. He was himself an immigrant Jew of the type that values education, and sets a high price on the higher development of the child. He would have done in my father's place just what my father was doing: borrow, beg, go without, run in debt — anything to secure for a promising child the fulfillment of the promise. That is what America was for. The land of

opportunity it was, but opportunities must be used, must be grasped, held, squeezed dry. To keep a child of working age in school was to invest the meagre present for the sake of the opulent future. If there was but one child in a family of twelve who promised to achieve an intellectual career, the other eleven, and father, and mother, and neighbors, must devote themselves to that one child's welfare, and feed and clothe and cheer it on, and be rewarded in the end by hearing its name mentioned with the names of the great.

So the poor grocer helped to keep me in school for I do not know how many years. And this is one of the things that is done on Harrison Avenue by the people who pitch rubbish through their windows. Let the City Fathers strike the balance.

From my little room on Dover Street I reached out for the world, and the world came to me. Through books, through the conversation of noble men and women, through communion with the stars in the depth of night, I entered into every noble chamber of the palace of life. I employed no charm to win admittance. The doors opened to me because I had a right to be within. My patent of nobility was the longing for the abundance of life with which I was endowed at birth; and from the time I could toddle unaided, I had been gathering into my hand everything that was fine in the world around me.

Given health and standing room, I should have worked out my salvation even on a desert island. Being set down in the garden of America, where opportunity waits on ambition, I was bound to make my days a triumphal march toward my goal. The most unfriendly witness of my life will not venture to deny that I have been successful. For aside from subordinate desires for greatness, or for wealth, or for specific achievement, my chief ambition in life has been *to live*, and I have lived. A glowing life has been mine, and the fires that blazed highest in all my days were kindled on Dover Street.

I have never had a dull hour in my life; I have never had a livelier time than in the slums. In all my troubles I was thrilled through and through with a prophetic sense of how they were to end. A halo of romance floated before every to-morrow; the wings of future adventures rustled in the dead of night. Nothing could be quite common that touched my life, because I had a power for attracting uncommon things. And when my noblest dreams shall have been realized, I shall meet with nothing finer, nothing more remote from the commonplace, than some of the things that came into my life on Dover Street.

III

To be alive in America, I found out long ago, is to ride on the central current of the river of modern life; and to have a conscious purpose is to hold the rudder that steers the ship of fate. I was alive to my finger-tips, back there on Dover Street, and all my girlish purposes served one main purpose. It would have been amazing if I had stuck in the mire of the slum. By every law of my nature I was bound to soar above it, to attain the fairer places that wait for every emancipated immigrant.

A characteristic thing about the aspiring immigrant is the fact that he is not content to progress alone. Solitary success is imperfect success in his eyes. He must take his family with him, as he rises. So when I refused to be adopted by a rich old man, and clung to my family in the slums, I was only following the rule; and I can tell it

without boasting, because it is no more to my credit than that I wake refreshed after a night's sleep.

This suggests to me a summary of my virtues, through the exercise of which I may be said to have attracted my good fortune. I find that I have always given nature a chance, I have used my opportunities, and have practiced self-expression. So much my enemies will grant me; more than this my friends cannot claim for me.

In the Dover Street days I did not philosophize about the immigrant and his ways. I lived the life, and the moral took care of itself. And after Dover Street came Applepie Alley, Letterbox Lane, and other evil corners of the slums of Boston, till it must have looked to our friends as if we meant to go on forever exploring the underworld.

But we found a short cut — we found a short cut! And the route we took from the tenements of the stifling alleys to a darling cottage of our own, where the sun shines in at every window, and the green grass runs up to our very doorstep, was surveyed by the Pilgrim Fathers, who transcribed their field notes on a very fine parchment, and called it the Constitution of the United States.

It was good to get out of Dover Street — it was better for the growing children, better for my weary parents, better for all of us, as the clean grass is better than the dusty pavement. But I must never forget that I came away from Dover Street with my hands full of riches. I must not fail to testify that in America a child of the slums owns the land and all that is good in it. All the beautiful things that I saw belonged to me, if I wanted to use them; all the beautiful things that I desired approached me. I did not need to seek my kingdom. I only had to be worthy, and it came to me, even on Dover Street. Everything that was ever to happen to me in the future had its germ or impulse in the conditions of my life on Dover Street. My friendships, my advantages and disadvantages, my gifts, my habits, my ambitions — these were the materials out of which I built my after life, in the open workshop of America. My days in the slums were pregnant with possibilities; it only needed the ripeness of events to make them blossom out in realities. Steadily as I worked to win America, America advanced to lie at my feet. I was an heir, on Dover Street, awaiting maturity. I was a princess waiting to be led to the throne.

(*The End.*)

THE LADY OF THE GARDEN

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THE moonlight drifted down through the orchard, flooding the garden with dreamy radiance. It was a young moonlight, and its quality was misty and ethereal; visions lurked in it. The deep grass of late June wove snares for it, and the silent, full-leaved trees bowed beneath its benediction, letting it interpenetrate them as closely as it would. All was silent. The hills beyond the garden and the orchard stood in a dim blue multitude against the soft night sky; the valley held its peace.

In and out among her flowers the Lady of the Garden moved on light spirit feet. She had died six months ago, and this was, therefore, her first summer of free ministry. When she was living, she had loved her garden with the peculiar tenderness of those who have grown old at the cost of many a cherished occupation and interest, and who have found a last outlet for unflagging vitality. Nay, it was more than that; that sounds selfish. Hers was a nature that must give itself in some fostering love and care. The garden had responded as gardens have such exquisite means of responding — in bloom and perfume, color and grace; it was a notable feature of the summer valley. The orchard behind it, the old white house set in its midst, even the meadows and mountains were the fairer for its presence. The birds and the butterflies loved it, the light lent it the witchery of its treatment all day long and, sometimes, all night. It was a personality; no common, typical garden at all, but a gentle creature, alive and following its own peculiar destiny under its natal star. It would have seemed the Lady's last child, if she had not rather desired of it a last sisterhood. The two understood each other well, and lived constantly together.

Hard work? Yes, it was that, of course. That was part of its excellence in the beginning, for the Lady had always been one who had gloried in taking resolute hold upon life. But the years bring manacles to the most eager hands and feet; and, during the last season or two, there had been a deepening shadow in the creeping admission that, by and by, experiment would have to be abandoned, even committed enterprise would have to be called in and dismissed. Fortunately, the Lady had never faced and accepted either of these two dreary conditions; she had dug a new bed and planted new flowers one month before she died. Her hope for the next spring was higher than ever. Well, it was justified.

In the first wonder of her liberation, she forgot all about the garden, pretty much all about the earth. That was natural: death is always so much more engrossingly interesting than any one quite thinks that it can be. There was everything to occupy her: love, understanding, knowledge, old mysteries rent asunder to show still more alluring mysteries behind them, surprise, revelation, ecstasy; such an unveiling of Divinity as no most breathless, reverent human word can presume to adumbrate. One has to speak of it all in

abstractions; but to the Lady it was a distinct, vivid experience. Her love — oh, her dear love — recovered again after all these years.

Meantime, the garden slept in earth's winter, and all was well with it.

It is good to think that earth's children are loyal, true to the mother who bought them forth and nourished them on her bosom and gathered the mortal part of them back again in a last healing embrace. Set free of the universe, they are not forever forgetful of green hills and valleys and garden plots. With the first stirrings of spring the Lady stood in her garden again.

She had never been there so early before. The snow still lay deep on the beds, and the ground underneath it was hard with frost. But the air blew softly at last; there was a hint and a promise in it, a touch of reconciliation. The Lady felt it as she had never felt earthly airs before — not outwardly with any senses, but inwardly, through and through, as if she and the air were one. There was power in the experience, power and a suggestion: she breathed on the root of her favorite larkspur, and, sure enough, life stirred in it, awaking; she had given her dear flower its first summons to the joy of another year.

It was some time before she fully realized the extent of her new influence in her garden. The knowledge dawned on her little by little, in the delicious gradual manner of all deep understanding. She hardly knew what miracles she was working (miracles from her old point of view) until she had coaxed the shoots out of the ground, unfurled the little leaves, set the stems straight. Then, sometimes, she paused and said, 'How did I do that? Surely, I never did it before. Yet it seemed very natural.' The most amazing facility was that of color — oh, wonderful to determine the hue of a pansy! The little pansy buds set themselves, swelled and grew, and began to turn back at the edges; and the Lady hung over them, in her old manner, watching, wondering what color they were going to be. Suddenly, she knew: she entered into the folded heart of the blossom before her and found it all purple and gold; the fragrance was as her own thought. So was the color; and, that being so, she could control it. With a touch of her fancy she dimmed the purple, blew a fine dust of meditation across the gleaming gold; and that pansy came forth a pensive, instead of a buoyant, thing.

The secret of color! Most spiritual, most mysterious of earth's manifestations, it seems rather a manifestation of heaven, hovering, vanishing, persisting in every nook and corner of earth. Intangible, evanescent, it lifts the sense which perceives it to the dignity of the imagination. We ought none of us really to need to die in order to find heaven. However, it is perhaps well that we do; for revelation is an inestimable boon.

People wondered at the beauty of the garden that year. The winter had been a hard one; many neighboring gardens had suffered a heavy loss. Moreover, the old white house remained closed all through the spring, and no loving human hands came to take the place of those that now lay folded far away in a green cemetery. There was a drought, there were high winds; but the garden blossomed safely. Ah, excellent delight, to cast one's self adown the current of a streaming wind, and, blowing with it, in it, see that it wrought no harm to the flowers that one loved so well! Ah, tender joy, to bring the moisture of hidden springs to feed the roots in the thirsty ground! The Lady of the Garden, never having known such service, had never known such full contentment as was hers this summer.

How about those folded hands in that green spot far away? Did the Lady ever think of them? Hardly ever. Why should she? She was gladly quit of them, a great deal better off without them; they meant nothing to her now, save an occasional reminiscence which always made her sigh. She intended to forget her grave as soon as she could. But the Lady's friends and children, still on the hither side of death, were not so brave and strong in spirit as to forget.

Perhaps it is not well to blame them; perhaps, indeed, they might be blamed if they could quite forget. Love clings to form and substance, prizing the spirit always more, but cherishing the instrument through which the song has run. It was a strange, an awful void which the dear Lady's disappearance had left in the world.

That was the reason why the house in the midst of the garden stood so long unoccupied. The void was at its keenest there, and those who loved the Lady shrank from facing it. Silence, emptiness, no answer — those are dread conditions when one has never failed of comradeship and a swift reply.

The Lady knew this. She was sorry. In her long earthly life she had faced too many voids, and suffered too intensely through them, ever to forget their bitterness. But knowledge, though it may pity ignorance, can never realize again the full pang of its doubt. The Lady wondered at the tears of those who mourned her, just as, looking back, she wondered at her own old earthly tears. 'How can they? But then, indeed, how could I? And yet I did.' She would have tried to comfort them, if they had left a path open for her feet; but quietness is the name of the road along which spirits must travel to touch one another, and grief is noisy. The Lady could not find her way through the tortured, bewildered labyrinth that involved and surrounded the hearts of her children; therefore she gave up the effort and turned her attention to her garden; that was quiet enough. After all, what did it matter? Grief, at the longest, lasts but a day; comfort and knowledge come surely to all, even if they have to wait out the rest of their lives to experience it. Meantime, grief has its own beneficent office; it humbles and softens. God, at least, keeps his own way open through all labyrinths.

When the old white house was at last occupied, the Lady had hopes of a sweet adjustment. Surely the silence and peace of the valley, surely the strength of the surrounding hills, surely the very associations of the old happy days would give comfort. As for the garden — could any one look on that full thriving beauty of color and line, that lusty, luxuriant growth, and not know that the Lady herself had been there, caring for the last darling of her earthly life, as nobody else could care?

Ah, it was beautiful, that garden, in the young summer moonlight! The 'globèd peonies' opened their hearts, deep red and pure white and sea-shell pink, heavily fragrant; the tall larkspur lifted its spires against the orchard's grassy hill; the sweet-william stood in straight pungent rows; the dames' rocket scattered sweetness from its thickly-starred branches. Foxgloves crowded one corner, erect, and delicately separate for all their close association; pinks ran riot along the edge of the grass; a few late irises held splendid heads upright on long stalks.

The Lady loved her white peony dearly — great snowy blossoms with petals that were like the plumage of a bird, a wounded bird, streaked with crimson at the heart; she loved her trailing rose; she doted on her larkspur. But better than anything else in the garden she loved two plants of pink lady's-

slipper that had been brought to her from the woods several years ago. She had set them out with great care, in shady places underneath the foliage of other plants; and she had watered and tended them always with peculiar vigilance. Now, this spring, she had devoted to them the best services of her new powers, entering into their secret life with an exquisite pleasure that, in the old order of things, would have verged on pain. With them she had stirred underneath the ground, awaking to the new season; with them she had crept up to light and air; with them she had grown and put forth leaves and gloried in greenness. Finally, with them she had set the buds of the beautiful quaint flowers and dreamed the gradual color into them — faint streaks and brushings of delicate pink, deepening as the blossom expanded and unfurled. To know the color of the lady's-slipper was the most thrilling delight of this eventful spring.

One flower on each plant had come to perfection and hung, full-orbed, exquisite, in the moonlight of the summer evening. The Lady could not keep away from them. In her old earthly fashion, she went the rounds of the garden again and again, lingering here and there, no longer to pull up a weed or pick off a dead leaf, but to touch with the dew and steal with the wind and quicken with the magnetic forces of the earth and air. But oftener than to any other spot, she returned to the shadows where the lady's-slippers lurked and dimly gleamed. Once she took a shaft of moonlight and sent it straight through the leaves of the larkspur to fall softly, caressingly, on the bent head of her dearest blossom. Again, she gathered the dew in her hands and bathed the broad green leaves. Constantly she hung breathless, watching, loving, delighting — oh! who could have thought a garden would mean so much more when one was dead than when one was alive?

On the steps of the broad piazza looking out into the garden, the Lady's children sat, very sad and very silent. Their silence was good as far as it went, but it came from the outside and did not penetrate far enough to affect their hearts. Those foolish organs were loud with grief. 'No use,' the Lady thought, shaking her head, and smiling a little, but pityingly. 'I can't touch them yet; I must bide my time.' She had forgotten that in a few days her earthly birthday was coming, the first she had ever missed, and that her children were, therefore, sadder and lonelier than ever. Earthly birthdays! How should she remember? That whole human experience seemed remote and unreal now. The birthday of her death was the only event that counted, if one must still take note of time in eternity. Therefore, she went on her way through the garden, absorbed and happy; she breathed a caress on the lady's-slipper, she turned and blessed her poor blind children, and vanished in the boundless blue that was now her familiar home.

Earth habits cling, however, especially when one is newly dead; and time's rhythm still beats faintly in the memories of those who have just escaped from it. 'Ah! my birthday.' The Lady remembered the day when it dawned far below her, and once more she paused and turned, with the old need of mortal things upon her. Her garden — of course, that was the spot for her to visit to-day: she wanted her flowers' congratulation, the welcome of her tall larkspur, the shy wishes of her lady's-slipper. For wishes are just as precious in heaven (what we call heaven) as they are on earth, and a good deal more potent. Perhaps her children would welcome her, too, on this day that had always been the day of days to them. With a sweet rush of gladness

the Lady entered her waiting garden on the wings of the summer breeze.

But what was the matter? Before she crossed the green-shadowed lawn at the foot of the orchard, she knew that something was wrong. Something? A great deal. It was as if, instead of a dear face turned toward her, she had found a back obstinately presented. Her garden was not watching for her at all with its larkspur and peonies. Even in heaven, one feels disappointments; they are part of the nature of things to a soul that eternally hopes and desires. One feels perplexity, too; the Lady could not understand what had happened. She had left larkspur and peonies in full bloom, with many buds waiting to open; she had fully expected a wonderful welcome of color and fragrance today. In the keenness of her new powers, she was prepared for the best birthday celebration she had ever had. But where were the flowers? Gone. Only the green, hard little buds left — no hope from them for many days to come; only the bare spaces where single blossoms had stood in their rarity. Had there been a tempest whose warning had not reached her in her far pursuit of unimaginable new occupations and ecstasies? No; the long grass in the orchard was not ruffled, the trees had lost none of their leaves. Had there been robbery? The Lady glanced at the old white house, and, lo, it was empty again — not closed, but unoccupied.

Intuitions come the more swiftly to spirits when free from their bodies than when clogged by sensation; and the Lady had always been one to leap to sure conclusions. She knew in a minute, now, what had happened. Her sorrowing, loving children had picked every flower in her precious garden and had carried them all away to lay them on her grave. All of them? Even the lady's-slipper? The poor Lady sped to the shady corner, and there, sure enough — But she could not endure it; she sat down and cried. May not spirits weep now and then? Such tears are dew to the earth.

It was a forlorn birthday celebration. Deserted by her children and flowers, bereft, disappointed, there was nothing for it but that she should turn her attention to that distant spot of earth which was being made the centre of the day's commemoration. She did not want to go there at all — the very thought was distasteful to her — but wistful loneliness drew her.

Alas! She bent over her grave, dismayed at the sight of her flowers laid low in the grass — as low and faint and frail as she in that dim hour of her death which she vaguely remembered. The roses had lost their petals, the peonies were limp and crumpled, the foxgloves were scattered; across the head of the grave, in front of the shining new stone, lay the two pink lady's-slippers, shrunken and bruised.

'My flowers! my flowers!' — It is not a scene on which one can bear to linger. While it endured, not even the raptures of heaven availed to lighten the burden of baffled love and grievous disappointment.

There is not really much to be said in excuse for that dear Lady's children; nor, indeed, in excuse for the whole cloud of mortal blindness. The ages have done their best to open our eyes. A Holiest Person came long ago expressly to teach us the lesson which gardens and seasons have illustrated, sages and our own hearts have repeated constantly ever since. Death has nothing to do with graves, anniversaries are no affair of the spirit. Life renews itself at every turn, and feeds on living memories and eternal expectations. But we seem to have made up our minds that we will not understand.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XXII

GRANDMAMMA RENEWS HER YOUTH

When Philip and Mary returned to Grandmamma's, with their inmost thoughts centred upon a dish of tea, a great surprise awaited them. The sitting-room overlooking the sea was in the occupation of no less a person than his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia. He had come, it appeared, to thank Grandmamma personally for the loan of her apparatus and to commemorate the amount of good it had already done the complaint from which they suffered in common.

Long before Philip, accompanied by Mary, returned in his unconventional footballing costume, these two interesting persons were getting on like a house on fire. The past was reconstructed and repeopled; the present was deplored, and alas! abused not a little. Mrs. Cathcart had known Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, — whom she could n't abide, — Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Bright, and Garibaldi. Comparisons are invidious, but where are the persons of that type nowadays?

Mary and Philip undoubtedly interrupted an agreeable tête-à-tête. But the ex-Ambassador shook hands with them both, and informed Mary once more how devilish obliged he was for the improvement that had already been wrought in his rheumatism. Mary was delighted to hear that, of course; and she rang for more tea and ordered heaps of hot buttered cakes; and Papa was so genial that this might never have been the creature who had stolen a march on Adela.

Mr. Philip, it must be admitted, was not very conversational. Even in the most favorable circumstances he was a silent young man. But Mary could talk enough for two, or enough for twenty if it came to that, being one of those gifted young women who are never at a loss in any society. Yet she was tactful of course with this Grecian gift.

The tactful young madam hoped that Lord Warlock would excuse their unconventional attire. They had been playing football for the benefit of the widow and five young children of the late Joe MacPherson, and ten thousand people had been present, and quite a substantial sum was likely to be raised, and if Lord Warlock would be so kind as to give her the sovereign he had promised for the fund she would have great pleasure in forwarding it to the treasurer, who she was sure would have equal pleasure in receiving it because the cause was so deserving.

Papa paid up there and then, like a fine old Irish gentleman and a sportsman to boot; and Mary promised to send on the receipt as soon as she received it; and my lord said the receipt was of no consequence; and Mary, with her square and sensible face, said a receipt was always of consequence; not that she contradicted Papa at all rudely, you know, as we fear another young person has been known to do on occasion.

She then explained that their side had won the match by two goals to one, and that the winning goal had been scored by Philip; and my lord remarked that a devilish good game was polo, and it was a great pity we had allowed the Cup to go to America, and we must send a good team and plenty of ponies and get it back again; in which the Siddons-Cap-of-Real-Lace concurred with great spirit, and affirmed her conviction that there had been negligence somewhere.

'Oh we shall just muddle along until Uncle Jonathan annexes us, and then we shall begin to wake up a bit, I dare say.'

And everybody laughed loudly, of course, at the caustic ambassadorial humor.

But it was n't polo they had been playing, says little Miss Newnham, with her passion for exactitude. Of course it was n't, my dear. Then why did n't Mary say so? Her tact again, my dear. It always bores a real live ex-ambassador to have to stand corrected; and football is so plebeian that polo sounds nicer; and it really did n't matter a straw, so there was no use in being tediously literal, was there?

Had Mary been tediously literal she would probably not have received an invitation to Hurlingham any afternoon she cared to come during the season, which she promptly accepted with becoming gratitude; and then before the ex-Ambassador could take up his hat and rise from the sofa, she had asked the important question: Could Lord Warlock be so *very* kind as to give her advice how to get Philip into Parliament?

The ex-Ambassador fixed his monocle, of course, with a little pardonable magniloquence of bearing as any other ex-ambassador would have done; looked about as wise as you make 'em, and said, in the sharp dry manner that he had really copied from his father, who had copied it from Mr. Rogers, although that was a secret that lay with him in his grave — And what did the ex-Ambassador say? He said the best way to get into Parliament is to see that you keep out of it.

How very deep and subtle; quite worthy of Mr. Punch at his best, say all parents and guardians.

That was the ambassadorial reply; and real tact — the genuine guaranteed article — in the person of Mistress Mary was delighted with this brilliant *mot;* and the Real-Lace-of-Siddons immensely admired its esprit and said quite audibly to the crochet-work antimacassar 'that it was worthy of dear Dicky Milnes'; and the ex-Ambassador, still feeling quite comfortable on the sofa, in spite of the fact that the springs were broken and that the stuffing was distributed so unevenly, thought he might just as well stay another five minutes.

There can be no doubt that the extension of the visit was entirely due to Mary's tact. And now let us see the use that she made of it.

'If only there would be a vacancy at Blackhampton, I think I could get him in myself, because I really think I have got Blackhampton in my pocket.'

'A very right and proper place in which to keep a borough; it was in our time, Mrs. Cathcart, eh?'

The Siddons cap and the inheritor of the Rogers tradition had this delectable morsel all to themselves. The brain of Mary the Tactful was much too busy marshaling its battalions, and Mr. Philip was far too much interested in hot buttered tea-cake, which he had certainly earned, to be able to follow the conversation except at a very respectful distance. Therefore the continued esprit of my lord was like to have gone unhonored save for Granny,

who could have imagined Sydney Smith, etc.

So after all it was really as much due to the Siddons cap that the five minutes grew into ten; and this further extension was rather important, since Mary was busy posing the mighty problem how could she get this absentee Irish landlord, who was bound by the nature of the case to be a Vandeleurite, to play the game of a perfectly ferocious Balsquithian, which she always had been, and please God she always would be.

'You see, Lord Warlock, I want my Philip to go into Parliament, but we don't know anybody who has got any influence with Mr. Balsquith, because all our friends are on the other side.'

Very nicely calculated candor, Tactful Mary. Well might the ex-Ambassador incline his ear and look cynical.

'Seems to me then you had better apply to the other party.'

'Oh no, Lord Warlock. My Philip is nothing like clever enough to be a Vandeleurite.'

Rather sacrificing her lord though, was n't she, on the altar of high diplomacy? Not that Mr. Philip minded that particularly. Hot buttered teacake was of far more consequence than anything that had been said by anybody up to the present.

The ex-Ambassador was constrained to feel that the ambitious young woman's reasoning was sound. The young hussy then proceeded to draw her next card out of the pack, and it was n't a very bad one either.

'You see, Lord Warlock, I am so keen for my Philip to go into politics, because, you know, I really want people to say that the best day's work he ever did was when he married me.'

There was only one reply for an old diplomatist to make to this engaging candor; and you may be sure that no time was lost in making it.

How did Mary, who is really too pushing to be quite nice in my opinion, receive the obviously insincere compliment that was paid to her? says our little friend Miss Newnham. She did n't say a word, my dear, but she blushed quite charmingly — at least the ex-Ambassador thought she did — and then that absolutely staunch straight glance of about two thousand candlepower came right at the noble earl, who proceeded to register on the tablets of his worldly-wise old mind the following pearl of wisdom: —

NO WONDER THE YOUNG FOOLS MARRY 'EM NOWADAYS.

'So you want to get him into Parliament do you — as a Rag?' mused the old cynic.

'Dear Lord Warlock, if you would only give me a little advice, because I'm so ignorant!'

There was just room for two persons on the decrepit sofa that had the honor of holding my lord. Would it bear the weight of both of 'em? was another poser for Mary the Tactful. She would risk it anyhow, and so she sat down beside the ex-Ambassador in a charmingly impulsive manner, and said, 'Dear Lord Warlock, do help me,' and very nearly slew one who had grown old in diplomacy with her good gray eyes.

It may almost be laid down as an axiom that ex-ambassadors are pretty deep as a rule. This one was certainly not an exception. Not only did his dark and self-contained appearance suggest considerable guile, but this picturesque impression was amply confirmed by the fascinating curves of his intellect. In fine, my lords and gentlemen, his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia was a long way from being a fool.

Therefore he made no immediate reply to Mary the Tactful. But the Pushful Young Hussy — as every young married woman should be, mark you —

knew perfectly well that she had given the fellow occupant of the sofa something to think about. As a matter of fact, the fellow occupant thought considerable, and somewhat in this tenor.

I am not very pleased with Vandeleur just now. He as good as promised me that vacant Thistle, but he gave it to Blougram instead, who, of course, has not rendered one tenth of my services to the Empire. Then this young fool is the eldest son of an old fool who takes himself far too seriously; an old fool who has jobbed his way into unmerited favor, and has done as much as anybody, outside the perfectly appalling Front Bench, to ruin the party. Well, I owe Vandeleur a grudge; I can't abide pompous mediocrity; I'm feeling rather mischievous just now with this ill-tempered girl o' mine left on my hands when she ought to have been settled five years ago; and if the successor to Van's very last and very worst creation goes over lock, stock, and barrel to the Rag, Tag, and Bobtails, legs are going to be pulled pretty badly all round, eh?

We hope the reasoning of the noble lord is clear to all parents and guardians. Certainly it is a little too advanced for the junior members of the congregation. We have done our humble best to make it as lucid as possible, but the mental processes of an ex-ambassador call for the very nicest skill on the part of our Pegasus, who was never a very agile beast at his best, and age don't improve him. Perhaps you may have caught the general drift at any rate, which is the best we are entitled to hope for.

Mary the Tactful waited quite a minute for the fellow occupant to break the silence. And then momentously the silence was shattered.

'I don't say I've any influence with Balsquith, but I might throw out a hint to Huffham and MacMurdo and the other Rag, Tag, and Bobtail wire-pullers that your man would like to stand for 'em, and a very able man, too.'

Tactful Mary was breathless with gratitude. But not for a moment did her statesmanlike grasp desert her.

'Some large manufacturing town — Leeds or Nottingham or Blackhampton, where they'd remember my Cinderella and where I've presented medals and where I've sung at concerts. If Free Trade and I can't get him in any of those places, where they know a Cinderella when they see one —'

The grand-daughter of the god-daughter of Edmund Kean burst into a peal of laughter.

There was the grim light of humor also in the ambassadorial eye.

'Best thing you can do, Mrs. Shelmerdine,' said Worldly Wisdom, 'is to see that your young chap writes a nice sensible letter to Balsquith, stating his views clearly in as few words as he can; and in the meantime I'll sow a few myself, and get Huffham or MacMurdo to meet him at lunch at the Helicon; and if at the next bye-election one Vandeleur don't get his leg pulled, I'm better fitted to eat thistles than to wear 'em.'

Even Mary the Tactful, whose knowledge of the world was so immense, hardly appreciated the full flavor of the latter remark; but what she did appreciate, and quite as keenly as most, was the enormous importance of those that had preceded it.

She did n't overdo her gratitude, because ex-ambassadors are not at all partial to fuss. She thanked my lord very simply and sincerely; but she let the good gray eyes do most of the work, and very charmingly they did it, too. A very sensible girl, who will make a good wife for anybody, and I only wish that insolent wench of mine had got half her brains, thought the Am-

bassadorial One. Not that he said so to Mary the Tactful; although strictly between ourselves, young ladies of Newnham and Girton, she would n't have minded very much if he had.

Lord Warlock took his leave at last, having passed quite an agreeable hour, whereas he had but expected a formal and perfunctory ten minutes. It had been indeed a pleasure to meet Mrs. Cathcart again; and we have seen what an impression the grand-daughter had made upon the old diplomatist. Yes, he assured the latter, a word in season should reach the chiefs of the Party. It was rash to make promises, but he hoped and believed — particularly as the Rags were always glad to have young men of family in order to redress the balance a bit — Mr. Philip might find himself in the midst of a bye-election in the not distant future.

This was imparted to Mary in strict confidence while she conducted the visitor downstairs. And when the young minx had sped my lord over the doorstep with a merry smile, she came up the stairs again, two at a time, in a mood highly exultant.

'And now, Phil-ipp,' said she, 'you must go at once and have a nice warm bath; and I will go to the chemist's and get something for those poor feet.'

XXIII

IS OF A POLITICAL NATURE

What had Warlock in his mind, was really the question of questions for Sir Joseph Huffham, Bart., M. P., a few weeks after the occurrences recounted in the last chapter. What Machiavellian subtlety lurked in the bringing forward of this very dark horse for the purpose of helping a party in which he was not interested? What private axe had he to grind? To be sure there was that little business of the vacant Thistle, which all the world and his wife had smiled over. There was also the fact that this not particularly bright young man had disappointed the expectations of two families. What game was the old Jesuit playing? was the question that Sir Joseph felt constrained to ask.

Sir Joseph found the question by no means easy to answer, and we must confess that we share his difficulty. It would be idle, my lords and gentlemen, for us to pretend to throw light on the darkness. But candidly we do feel that the Principal Girl had had not a little to do therewith; although, of course, Sir Joseph could not be expected to know that, and he would have been frankly incredulous had anyone attempted to enlighten him. Things don't happen in that way, he would have said.

Sir Joseph certainly thought it was piquant that the son of S of P should desire to help the Party. His qualifications for public life appeared to be rather obscure, but being the eldest son of his father, he was not without a face value for the enemy.

'And so, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said the illustrious man smiling over the club claret, 'you think with your wife's assistance you might be able to win a seat like South-West Blackhampton for the party of progress.'

'My wife is sure she could win it for me,' was the answer of Philip.

It was not perhaps the answer to be expected from a champion of the democracy; and the illustrious man looked rather quizzically across the table at his host. Were he and his party going to have their legs pulled in company with Van and the other side? Never trust an Irishman, on principle, was one of Sir Joseph's axioms; and in this case he felt rather like living up to it.

All the same, the exigencies of the

situation called for a man somewhat out of the ordinary for South-West Blackhampton. At present that large and important industrial constituency was represented by a man of independent judgment who owed allegiance to none. The power of his personality had carried him to the top of the poll in a three-cornered contest, in spite of the fact that he had an official Rag, and an official Wagger, able men both, against him. Good, sound, conventional candidates had failed against this Rawhead and Bloody-bones. It was just possible that the husband of a favorite actress, and a famous footballer to boot, might be successful where another might fail. That at least was the local opinion.

'I presume, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Sir Joseph Huffham, 'in the event of your being adopted as a candidate for South-West Blackhampton you would have no objection to signing a — er —' Sir Joseph paused while he took a typewritten document from his pocket-book — 'a football-league form for the Blackhampton Rovers?'

Mr. Shelmerdine was quite prepared to do that.

'And of playing for them occasionally, I presume, if your services were called upon?'

Mr. Shelmerdine had no objection to doing that either, although he was rather short of practice these days.

'I am informed, Mr. Shelmerdine, that you kicked three goals against Scotland in an international match.'

With excellent modesty the young man admitted this impeachment.

'Well, I think I am entitled to say, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Sir Joseph, who was himself a pretty shrewd Lancastrian, 'if you can kick three goals against Liverpool or Manchester City in an important league-match you are very likely to be returned at the top of the poll.'

Very simply and seriously and quite sincerely Mr. Shelmerdine promised to do his best in this matter.

A general election was expected in October. The head-office said things must be put in train at once. Communications had of course to pass between the constituency and Westminster, but within a month Mr. Philip had received an invitation from the Chief Tribesmen of South-West Blackhampton to come forth and make them acquainted with his views.

Then it was that Mr. Philip found himself in a bit of a funk. The fact was that he had n't any views; at least, any views to speak about. Party of progress; government of the People, by the People, for the People; greatest good of the greatest number, and so forth. That was all he knew, and you could n't very well make a speech out of that, could you?

With this, however, Mary did n't quite agree. She seemed to think you could. She had been reading up the subject lately. Therefore she sat down at once, pen in hand, and began to collect her ideas upon the subject.

In common with other ready-witted people, she had the useful faculty of being fluent on paper. By lunch-time she had covered ten pages of foolscap, writing on one side of the paper only; and after lunch, when over the cigarettes and coffee she read the result of her labors aloud to the future member for South-West Blackhampton, the young man found it hard to repress his enthusiasm.

'I shall have 'em absolutely stiff,' said he; 'that is, if I can only remember it all. But I say, old girl, what if they begin to ask questions?'

'Tell them, Phil-ipp, that you believe in Mr. Balsquith; and that anything he votes for you'll vote for because you know that he can't go wrong.'

'Yes, that's all right, old girl, but a chap is expected to have a bit of a mind of his own, ain't he?'

'Oh, no, no, no — pray why should he have? Trust Mr. Balsquith, and South-West Blackhampton will trust you. Now start learning your speech like a good boy; and you must repeat it to me word for word every morning from memory, so that you'll be all right on the night and absolutely word-perfect.'

As an instance of Providence in one of its less atrabilious humors, it befell that Philip was invited to meet the local committee in the evening following the one in which Mary was to appear at the Royal Italian Opera House for the benefit of Harry Merino. Thus they were able to stay together at the best hotel in Blackhampton, and to feel that they were killing, as it were, two birds with a single stone.

It was perfectly true that at Blackhampton the name of Mary Caspar ranked high with the population. It was in the largest type on every hoarding; her portrait appeared in the window of every other shop; her wonderful smile was to be seen on countless picture-postcards; an illustrated interview with the general favorite was printed in the press.

Yes, they were very hearty genuine people at Blackhampton. The principal girl of three Royal pantomimes was to them an imperishable memory. In the divine order of womanhood the Queen of England ranked first in their estimation; Mary Caspar ranked second; and the third place was reserved for the Duchess of Dumbarton, although local opinion was strongly averse from the peerage merely as such.

It was probable that one such as Philip would find a difficult row to hoe in Blackhampton. They had n't much use for frills as a general thing. If the young man was going to stand for Blackhampton it was by no means clear that those white spats were not an error of judgment. But the general opinion was that even a future hereditary legislator might be returned for Blackhampton if he happened to be Mary Caspar's husband, and if he signed a league-form for the Rovers, and kicked a few goals against Aston Villa.

Alderman Slocock, J. P., the leading Rag statesman for twenty miles around, presided at the meeting of the executive committee at the Gladstone Club. The proceedings were of a strictly private character; ladies were not admitted; Mary could not be present; and, in consequence, the Candidate was horribly nervous.

Alderman Slocock made a very long speech from the chair. The prospective candidate would be given every opportunity to express his views at length; but before coming to that part of the programme Alderman Slocock, a master-hairdresser with no fewer than twenty-four shops spread over the district, spoke for nearly an hour. It was not a very opportune beginning, since the longer the master-hairdresser went on, the more nervous grew Mr. Philip; moreover, the other members of the committee grew decidedly restless. But at last the Candidate was called upon to express his views; and then arose the question for gods and men, would the Candidate be able to remember them?

For three solid weeks had he repeated to Mary from memory his speech, every morning and every night, in order that he should be thoroughly prepared for this great ordeal. When he entered the club he would have wagered that he could have recited it backwards; but as soon as he got on his legs he was paralyzed with the knowledge that he could n't remember a word.

To begin with, his throat was so ter-

ribly dry that he was bound to have recourse to a modest libation before he could proceed. But there were broad-minded men and advanced thinkers on the executive committee who rather approved this weakness, because it showed that the Candidate was human like themselves, and they thought none the worse of him for it. On the other hand there were representatives of Little Bethel in this august assembly who deplored the Candidate's early recourse to whiskey-and-water.

'Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,' began the wretched Philip in a thin small voice. Oh, joy! at the instance of those familiar words the speech suddenly flowed into his mind. 'Members of the Gladstone Club, Electors of Blackhampton,' — The cunning young minx had said that this style of address was bound to sound well in the ears of the committee, — 'I have followed with the closest attention and, I may say, with deep admiration the speech from Alderman Slocock to which we have just had the pleasure of listening. I cannot understand how it is, gentlemen, that having a man like Alderman Slocock in your midst you should go outside your fine old city, of which I am sure you must be awfully proud, to look for a man worthy to represent it in Parliament.'

Loud applause which bucked up the Candidate considerably.

Certainly this felicitous opening seemed to put the Candidate on good terms with his audience. Things began to go swimmingly. The voice was good; the matter was sound so far as it went, and, very wisely, it did not go further than amiable generalities. He was the son of a lord undoubtedly, but it was clear that he was much above the average of his class.

The end of his ordeal was not yet, however. Alderman Slocock had a few questions to ask.

Would the Candidate be good enough to enlighten the Committee as to the nature of his views upon the subject of Free Trade.

'Sir, I shall be most happy,' said the Candidate, smiling graciously. 'Gentlemen, my views on the subject of Free Trade are those of Mr. Balsquith, and it is a matter upon which I trust his judgment implicitly.'

The Committee was much gratified by this statesmanlike reply.

'And the question of the House of Lords?' said Alderman Slocock. The Committee would be happy to have the Candidate's views upon that vexed subject.

The views of the Candidate in respect to the House of Lords were those of Mr. Balsquith; that also was a subject upon which he trusted his judgment implicitly.

This answer was equally successful; and as it did duty for all the questions that followed, the Candidate was guilty of nothing that was likely to efface the highly favorable effect he had already created. Therefore he was able to return to the best hotel in Blackhampton reasonably secure in the conviction that he was about to be chosen as the official representative of the Rags.

XXIV

IS VICTORIAN IN THE BEST SENSE

In Grosvenor Square, at this period, rose-color was not the prevailing hue. The Pro-Consul had declined to attend the wedding. Moreover he had given Mr. Philip clearly to understand that Mrs. Philip would not be *persona gratissima* in Grosvenor Square. The attitude of the Pro-Consul is hardly one to commend to parents and guardians in general. It was surely based upon error. And, unfortunately, Mother upheld the Pro-Consul in his for-

wardness. She, too, as had so many Colthursts of Suffolk before her, had formed the fatal habit of governing others. And she, too, having been thwarted in a pet design and, moreover, having had to submit to a pretty shrewd buffet from the grandmother of the Person, was inclined to behave in a Victorian manner.

There was one aspect of the affair that really astonished both of them immensely. It was the attitude taken up by a much injured man and a thwarted father-in-law when they ventured into the next street but one in order to condole with him, and perhaps, incidentally, to obtain a little balm for their own wounded feelings. Father and Mother were frankly amazed that their standpoint had to forego the sanction of his Britannic Majesty's ex-Ambassador to Persia.

'Fact is, Shelmerdine,' said my lord, 'the young fool has done a dashed sight better for himself than by marrying this girl of mine.'

Mother was amazed at such levity from such a quarter; and rather pointedly she said so.

'We must look facts in the face,' said my lord robustly. 'She is an uncommonly able young woman and one of these days you'll remember that I've said so.'

'I don't think I like ability in women,' said Mother.

O Mother! And you, by common consent, one of the ablest women in Grosvenor Square and its environs.

'Still, it's a useful thing to keep in the house,' said the ex-Ambassador.

Now Mother did n't subscribe to his ignoble point of view; she never could, and never would, subscribe to it; but strictly between ourselves she was not at all displeased that a man of his calibre should entertain it. For it would do no harm to anybody if the world should realize that the heir to the barony had shown a little of the shrewdness for which both sides of the family were famous, when he went in the broad light of day and did as he had done.

A little light was thrown upon the unlooked-for magnanimity of the Friend-of-the-Family about a week later. For this the *Morning Post* was responsible, and the illumination was the following: —

'A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Marquis of Craigenputtock, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Dumbarton, and Adela, youngest daughter of the Earl of Warlock, K. C. M. G.'

Everything for the best in the best of all possible worlds, you see.

'By the way,' said the ex-Ambassador, when heartfelt congratulations had been offered and accepted, 'I see in the *Thunderer* this morning that Philip is going into politics.'

This was news for Father. Mother was incredulous.

'And as a Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, if you please,' said Papa quietly.

Father it was who was now smitten with incredulity.

'Impossible,' said he.

Papa sent for the *Thunderer;* and there it was as plain as your hand that Mr. Philip Shelmerdine, the son of Lord Shelmerdine of Potterhanworth, had been adopted by the Party of Progress to fight their cause at Blackhampton.

'Boy must be insane,' said Father. 'He won't get in, at any rate; there's that consolation. I don't know any man more unfitted for public life.'

'He may learn a wrinkle or two, though, Shelmerdine. A deuced clever wife he's married, you know.'

'He'll need a clever wife if he is going to get in as a Rag at Blackhampton. It's — it's an act of insanity.'

Then it was that Adela's young man, who with his future Lady assisted at this interview, was guilty of an error of judgment.

'Married the celebrated actress, did n't he?' said Adela's young man.

The only thing to be said for him is that he was not at all well up in recent history. The silence was deep.

'I remember seeing her in a pantomime at Christmas and I thought she was the jolliest girl I had ever seen — on the stage, I mean.'

The afterthought sounded sincere; and the whole speech was animated by the best of intentions. But it really was not very clever of the young fellow; although that obvious fact was not in anywise clear to him.

'Warlock,' said Father bitterly, 'I think that boy of mine must be mad. I would n't have had this happen for a very great deal. I don't know what Vandeleur will think, I'm sure.'

'I can tell you, Shelmerdine,' said the possessor of the satyr-like air, smiling grimly at the empty fireplace. 'Vandeleur will think there is no tooth so keen as man's ingratitude.'

'Warlock,' said Father with clenched hands, 'it's damnable. And Vandeleur morbidly sensitive, too, on the question of personal loyalty. Can't we stop the young scoundrel?'

Warlock, speaking in mournful accents proper to a constitutional crisis, failed to see how the young scoundrel could be stopped without invoking the aid of a commission in lunacy.

'Fellow's mad enough, Warlock, if it comes to that.'

'Certainly, Shelmerdine, his latest action has all the appearance of insanity.'

And then Mother lifted up her voice in all its natural majesty.

'It is that woman. I am convinced that she is at the bottom of this.'

'*Cherchez la femme*,' put in my lord.

'This must go no further, Warlock,' said the imperious Pro-Consul.

'I really hope it may not,' said the ex-Ambassador, 'for the sake of you, for the sake of us, for the sake of Vandeleur, for the sake of the Empire.'

An impartial judgment might have had a doubt of the sincerity of such a speech; but Father and Mother accepted it in simple good faith.

XXV

A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

By the irony of circumstance, Mother and Father were dining out that evening — now where do you suppose? Why in the Inner Circles of the Party, at Carlton House Terrace. It was no more than a quite small and informal gathering; but several of the Heads were sure to be there.

'Agatha, it is the deuce,' said the Pro-Consul, while Agatha performed the important operation of tieing his evening tie.

'It is that woman, I am convinced of it. Philip would never have thought of such a thing himself.'

'I don't know what Vandeleur will say. And such a disagreeable and supercilious fellow when he gets really *cross*. Of course I dissociate myself entirely from a step so subversive, but it is bound to make one's position rather invidious.'

The Heads certainly received Father somewhat askance that evening. In parenthesis it may be remarked that the world at large considered S of P by way of being a Head himself. But appearances are proverbially a little deceptive, are n't they? A Head he was, of course, in any ordinary assembly; but this assembly, small though it was, was by no means ordinary.

It was the Hostess, a massive and rather domineering daughter of Cale-

donia, who first referred to the vexed subject, just as Father, with a rather poor appetite, had begun upon his bird.

'Lord Shelmerdine, what is this one hears about your son standing as a Rag?'

No, it was not exactly kind of Caledonia's daughter. The pause was awkward, particularly as Mr. Everard Vandeleur was seated on the right of his hostess.

'I have no need to say that I dissociate myself entirely from this ill-considered action,' said the unhappy S of P. 'Beyond that I say nothing.'

'But you must say something, Shelmerdine,' thought the Front Bench, of which two were present in addition to Mr. Vandeleur. 'It will create a most unhappy impression in the country.'

'I can only attribute it to a mental aberration,' said S of P.

Mr. Everard Vandeleur shook his Jesuitical gray curls.

'Shelmerdine, my dear fellow,' he said in tones vibrant with emotion, 'I would rather have lost five seats in the country than this should have occurred.'

'I had rather you had done so, Vandeleur, than that this should have taken place.'

'Can you impose no check?' said Mr. Vandeleur. 'Can you not refuse supply?'

'Unfortunately, no. The young scoundrel has a private income. But I hold his wife responsible for this.'

'His wife?' said Mr. Vandeleur.

'The root of all evil,' said the husband of the Hostess, who, to be sure, was at the other end of the mahogany.

'Your boy has married a wife, has he?' said Mr. Vandeleur, with the air of one who asks politely for information.

And who do you think, my lords and gentlemen, was seated opposite the Great Man? No less than his Britannic Majesty's former Ambassador to Persia. Not a soul saw the glance that passed between them, though.

'A great deal of marrying and giving in marriage these days apparently,' said Mr. Vandeleur.

'Your turn next, Van,' said a privileged individual, whose brilliant sally of course set the table in a roar.

'Married a wife, has he?' said the Great Man, not to be diverted. 'Good for the state, although not always good for the state of Denmark. And she has brought him to this.'

'It is revenge, of course,' said S of P.

A word so sinister caused the whole table to cock its ears.

'Revenge, Lord Shelmerdine!' said Caledonia's daughter.

'She is not received in the Family at present, and we get this stab in the back in consequence.'

Two persons round the Opposition mahogany were as grim as griffins. One was Father and the other was Mother. For the rest of the company we will not presume to speak.

'Why is n't she received in the Family?' said Caledonia's daughter, as blunt a woman as you would find in a long day's journey.

'He married contrary to the wishes of his parents,' said Mother, preening her plumage at the hostess in a way which said quite clearly that she would thank her to be careful as the ground was rather delicate. 'Old-fashioned ideas, perhaps, but such marriages can only end in a general weakening of responsibility.'

'I am out of my depth,' said the plaintive Mr. Vandeleur. 'But the position as I see it is this. Your son's wife, out of favor at Court, plots against the dynasty. The dynasty trembles —'

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Vandeleur, it does nothing of the kind,' said a very significant factor in the dynasty.

'Metaphorically, of course, Lady Shelmerdine. I speak in metaphor. The dynasty trembles because a bombshell has been thrown in the country, — nothing less than a bombshell I unhesitatingly affirm, — and to avert red ruin one course only seems to be open to it.'

'What is that course, Mr. Vandeleur? said Lady Shelmerdine.

'To compose this internecine quarrel and avert a further sanguinary conflict.'

A great man had spoken. His air of weight affected the Paris Bourse, the German Reichstag, and was wont to exert an influence as far afield as Vienna and St. Petersburg. No wonder that his outline of policy received the most respectful attention.

'Let the Family receive her and pray let us have no more of it,' said Caledonia's blunt daughter.

Mother's eyes sparkled with the light of battle.

'Will it *really* make any difference to the Party, Mr. Vandeleur, his standing for Blackhampton?'

'Bound to convey an unfortunate impression, Lady Shelmerdine.'

'But he can't possibly get in.'

'One is glad to know that. But, being the son of his father, think of the weight he will carry with the Rags!'

The compliment was a little double-edged, perhaps, to some minds, but happily only one aspect of it was visible to those to whom it was addressed.

'Why can't he possibly get in?' inquired the Hostess.

'No brains,' said Father.

'At least, not many,' corrected Mother.

'Quite enough to be returned as a Rag by Blackhampton,' said Caledonia's daughter. 'The less brains one has, the better for that purpose, don't you think so, Mr. Vandeleur?'

Like a wise statesman Mr. Vandeleur declined to commit himself upon so technical a subject.

'Shelmerdine, I think you ought to realize that we can't have him standing for Blackhampton as a Rag in any case, when we have barely enough candidates of our own to go round.'

'Yes, I do realize that, my dear Vandeleur. I realize it most fully. Steps shall be taken. Steps shall be taken at once.'

'Receive the girl in the Family, — a nice girl, too, I'm told, — and let us hear no more of it,' said the Hostess to Mother, who would not have been averse from striking her for her effrontery. What a pity it is that diamonds in excess are apt to give people such exaggerated notions of their status!

Full and ample forgiveness on the part of Grosvenor Square seemed to be indicated, provided that a proper humility and a reversion to the *status quo ante* were forthcoming on the part of the erring. Let the young woman be received in the Family, provided that the heir to the barony withdrew his odious candidature for Blackhampton, had said in effect the Leader of the Opposition, and a tolerably easy constituency should be provided for the young man. He might then emerge as a full-blown Wagger after a period of grace in which to efface this present unseemly page in his history.

Father and Mother drove home in the electric brougham pondering deeply the wisdom of the sage. It looked like Humble Pie, and patrician stomachs are not very fond of that dish.

'One thing, Agatha, we may congratulate ourselves upon at any rate,' said the Pro-Consul. 'Vandeleur took it much better than we had reason to expect.'

'That is very well, Wally. But don't let us congratulate ourselves until we are out of the wood. It may not be so easy to get him to withdraw as Mr. Vandeleur supposes.'

In what manner should the olive

branch be conveyed by the dove of peace? Delicacy was called for. Was Mother or was Father the better qualified to exercise it?

'Wally,' said the Colthurst of Suffolk at the breakfast-table on the following morning, 'I have given the matter most anxious consideration, and I think, having regard to everything, it is perhaps best left in my hands.'

The Pro-Consul looked just a little dubious as he removed the top of a hard-boiled egg.

'You are quite sure, Agatha, that you feel competent?'

'Quite, Wally.'

'Well, perhaps you are right. I hope so, at all events.'

It was decided that Mother should call that afternoon upon Daughter-in-Law, in spite of the danger.

'That I will risk,' said Mother, who at heart was an Amazon. 'Only once have I seen her, and that was in Bedford Gardens, and she opened the door to me holding a potato in one hand and a knife in the other.'

(To be concluded.)

EDUCATION AND THE NATION

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

THOUGHTFUL foreigners who visit the United States are prone to remark upon the distinctly limited character of the two agencies in our civilization that one would expect to be least provincial — our metropolitan newspapers and our universities.

There are, they observe, in the United States no daily newspapers that have national standing, that are read throughout a wide section of the country, and that are representative of national ideals in the sense in which national purposes and aspirations are voiced by certain newspapers of other countries. From the same point of view they criticize the local character of our universities, even the largest and strongest. It is difficult for a European visitor to comprehend why one group of students cheer for Harvard and another for Yale, or why a man whose primary object is intellectual and professional advancement should spend his entire student-life at a single institution. Our universities, he complains, represent local, not national conceptions in education, and have little relation to national purposes and problems. Their provincial character, he argues, lies not only in the geographical limitations of their constituencies, but still more markedly in the personal form of allegiance which they develop, a type of devotion partaking more nearly of family loyalty than of fellowship in the world's circle of scholars and truth-seekers.

Making allowance for the lack of familiarity with our conditions under which every foreigner labors, the American must nevertheless admit

that there is a measure of truth in both of these criticisms. The strongest of our newspapers, with their staring headlines and exaggerated attention to matters of a personal, and oftentimes of a trivial, nature, are very local. They print certain world-news, to be sure, but local happenings are treated at such length in their columns as to overshadow news of real significance from other countries and from other parts of our own country. In the recent campaign over reciprocity in the Dominion of Canada it was quite evident that the Canadians felt some soreness over the fact that American newspapers gave such scant attention to important Canadian events. They complained even of the New York metropolitan dailies in this respect. The complaint may have a sound basis, but the Canadians might have remembered that the New York newspapers are entirely impartial in their neglect of matters outside their own neighborhood, or rather in the exaggeration of local unimportant happenings. Kansas and Oklahoma and Mississippi have just as much cause to feel irritated at the forgetfulness of the metropolitan dailies as have Quebec and Ontario and Manitoba.

Indeed, it is from this situation that there has arisen in the United States a class of vigorous weekly publications which take the place of the powerful national newspapers of other countries, and which seek to deal with the news of the world from a national rather than from a local standpoint. Coincident with their rise, the dailies of our great cities have tended steadily to become local organs of public opinion and local news-gatherers. No editor of an American newspaper has to-day so widespread a constituency of readers as had Horace Greeley sixty years ago.

Many causes contribute to this result, and one of them is the circumstance that the American paper is made primarily with an eye to local consumption.

But an American will scarcely wonder at the provincial tone of our newspapers, when he is forced to admit that our universities are more restricted in their influence and in their relations to the world than are the universities of such countries as Germany or England. The twenty-one German universities are comparable in their standards of admission and in the character of the courses of study which they offer. Work done at one is credited toward a degree at any other. About sixty per cent of all German students divide their student years between two or more universities, seeking to obtain at each university to which they resort some touch with the strongest and most inspiring teachers. The minority which does not migrate is composed mainly of inhabitants of large cities like Berlin and Munich, who are estopped from migration by limitation of income.

In addition to all this, the universities of Europe make no effort to influence students either to undertake the university life or to select a given university. In consequence, the attitude of the student is one of devotion toward the educational life, not one of loyalty toward a particular university; and the university itself becomes, under such conditions, representative of national ideals rather than an agent of local education.

It is a question worth asking whether, on the whole, it is better for a country to have a series of educational institutions which are local in their attitude and in their influence, rather than national; or rather, whether the larger outlook is not also consistent with the best service of local interests. These questions are in turn a part of a much larger question. Is a university one of the forces to be used in the republic

as a means toward educational unity and political homogeneity? Is it better that the building up of institutions of learning should proceed entirely under the prompting of institutional initiative — the tax-supported university, the denominational college, the commercial institute, each going its own way, whether it seeks to deal with education from the standpoint of the state or from the standpoint of religion, or to exploit it for commercial purposes? Furthermore, if it is desirable to have some national educational policy on the part of the general government, what form of supervision or scrutiny could such a policy contemplate? Can a republic like ours have an educational policy?

The initial reason for the lack of a national outlook upon education in our universities is undoubtedly related to our form of government. As in all the other federal governments, except Switzerland, nothing is said of education in our Constitution. In fact, education as a national unifying agency did not lie within the field of view of the framers of the American Constitution. Neither a national supervision of education nor a national system of schools was considered by them. But the German Empire, which legally is a looser federation than the United States, shows that a national spirit in education is not dependent upon national control. The Bavarian University of Munich is as much a colleague of the Prussian University of Berlin as are any of the other Prussian universities.

It is true that the idea of a national university was in the minds of some of the earlier leaders. Washington, in particular, was attracted toward the plan of a university at the seat of government which might, by bringing together the youth of the country in student relations, soften the rivalries and suspicions of the various sections, and help to develop a spirit of nationalism as an antidote to the sectionalism which so soon became evident.

Inasmuch as the field of education was not touched by the Constitution, it has remained with each state to deal with education as it might choose, without guidance or oversight from the central government. The government of the United states, therefore, has had no educational policy. When one studies education in the United States from a national standpoint one must take up such study with the state systems as units. Not only has each state its own system of elementary and secondary schools and of normal schools for the training of teachers, but nearly all states have also tax-supported institutions of higher learning. In addition, other agencies, which have entered the field of education, notably the religious denominations, establish their systems of institutions in accordance with state lines, so that throughout the United States, except in a few of the older New England commonwealths, educational institutions are grouped in accordance with the state boundaries.

We have, therefore, in the United States practically forty-eight systems of education; and yet these separate state systems have, as a matter of fact, kept in practical touch with each other. The elementary and secondary schools of the forty-eight states of the Union, while showing wide variation in their equipment, in the training of their teachers, and in their school-buildings, are, nevertheless, founded upon essentially the same plan and the same educational ideals. The elementary schools throughout the Union aim to take the child at about the same age and to lead him through the secondary school to approximately the same intellectual level. The state systems have also

been kept in touch by a constant interchange of teachers and of pupils. Public-school teachers migrate from one city to another in the same state, and from one state to another, in far greater numbers than do college professors. The common schools have thus been a great unifying force in citizenship as well as in education. They have made the English language the sole medium of communication. Nowhere else on the surface of the earth can one find so enormous an area in which all the people speak one language, in which individuals living thirty-five hundred miles apart can understand each other as well as next-door neighbors. The public schools have opened their doors to the vast army of immigrants, and have introduced them to a common language and through it to a common citizenship.

As we look back over the educational history of the last half century, we must congratulate ourselves upon the homogeneity which the country shows. It seems clear that the educational and political solidarity, and the possession of common national ideals, have been due in the largest measure to the fact that a common system of elementary and secondary schools has spread throughout all the states. To this result the institutions of higher learning have contributed comparatively little.

Notwithstanding the fact that education is, under our form of government, a function of the separate states, it still remains an interesting inquiry whether the general government may not exercise some influence in coördinating and unifying the separate state systems.

Congress has already by legislation carried out two measures which have bearing upon this matter.

During the period of the Civil War, Congress made a great land grant to each state for education in agriculture and the mechanic arts, and now appropriates annually fifty thousand dollars to each state for these objects. From the history of this legislation it is difficult to decide whether its author, Senator Morrill, and its friends intended to promote elementary education in agriculture and the industries, or whether they wished to provide general higher education for the agricultural and industrial classes. Both subjects commingled in their minds, and they saw no incompatibility between them; votes were secured by the plea 'to do something for agriculture.' In making these grants Congress left their administration to the states, and as the states had no clear conceptions on the subject, the result, while extremely important, has not realized either of the ideas which may have induced Congress to enact this legislation. The institutions founded under the Morrill Act have developed into state universities or into schools of technical science, in which engineering largely overshadows agricultural science.

But it can hardly be maintained that the agricultural and industrial classes constitute now in any especial sense the constituency of these universities and colleges; and with a few exceptions, the interest of these institutions in agriculture is that of agricultural science, not of vocational training in agriculture and the industries. So widely is this realized that at the present time pressure is being exerted upon Congress, which the agricultural colleges are largely aiding, to make another great grant to the states in order to found institutions which will help agriculture and the trades in the manner originally contemplated by the Morrill Act.

A second act of the general government looking toward the promotion of educational unity was the creation of a Bureau of Education under the

Department of the Interior. This office was established in 1867, and while the powers of the Commissioner of Education have been somewhat increased in recent years by appropriations for specific purposes, the duties of the Bureau are still practically limited to the work of a special agency in education, gathering statistics and publishing statements of educational progress in our own and other countries. An investigation of actual conditions of education in a state, and a critical and constructive report upon these conditions or a comparison with other states, is something that the Bureau has hitherto not felt authorized to undertake. Colleges and universities have been practically removed from its scrutiny.

Both of these measures, while tending in some degree toward a coöperation among the separate state systems, have been inaugurated without any well thought-out policy toward education. The Morrill Act, for example, creating the agricultural colleges, was an accidental measure enacted from personal reasons and without any study of the widely varying conditions of the separate states to determine whether such action were wise or not.

It goes without saying that the central government can never under the Constitution exercise arbitrary control over education in the separate states. It is altogether wholesome that it should not be able to do so. It still remains, however, a question whether, in the two directions in which it has already acted, — that is to say, in the appropriation of money to be used by the states in education and by the development of a national educational bureau, — Congress can still further minister toward unifying and coördinating the various state systems and thereby increase the efficiency of these systems and the formation of a larger national patriotism.

The plan of national aid to local educational institutions is extremely popular. Even those who are most earnest as states-rights men are generally willing to accept an appropriation from the general government for any form of local educational aid. Since the passage of the Morrill Act, appropriating money for the founding and support of agricultural and mechanical colleges, bills have been introduced in nearly every Congress looking toward the support of local educational institutions at the expense of the national purse. At one time or another such bills have been introduced in favor of engineering schools, of mining schools, to say nothing of the various bills that have been introduced for the appropriation of money to secondary schools.

One who studies these repeated attempts to use the purse of the nation for the benefit of local schools realizes how widespread is that sentiment which applauds the old flag so long as it is accompanied by an appropriation. All such legislation seems questionable. The original Morrill Act was vetoed by President Buchanan on grounds that are to-day very strong, and his statement at that time that such action would be followed by succeeding legislation, taking more and more money out of the treasury of the general government, has been completely fulfilled. There is no more reason that the general government should subsidize the local agricultural schools of various states than that it should subsidize mining schools and schools of medicine and schools of law and secondary schools, and all other useful schools. The objection to such legislation is fundamental, and the widespread movement at the present time to levy upon the treasury of the nation

for schemes of local education, generally ill-considered, is to be regretted. The spectacle of rich and prosperous states seeking aid of the nation for their schools is not reassuring for the future of these schools.

The strengthening of the Bureau of Education, so as to make out of it a national agency for scrutinizing and reporting upon educational matters, is a very different matter. While it is quite true that the general government can never assume control of the school systems of the various states, it is quite within its province to maintain at its own cost an agency for informing itself upon the progress and the relations of these state systems, and for developing in them common ideals of devotion to a common country. The value of such an agency will depend in large measure upon the function that it assumes. What that function is to be has never been determined. Like most of our educational legislation, it has been left in large measure to the individual action of those who were in immediate control of the work. Certainly the development of an accurate and expert scrutiny of the various systems of education of the country would be of great moment in our common educational progress.

There is no reason why the United States Bureau of Education should not report with entire frankness, not only upon the secondary and elementary schools of the country, but upon its colleges, universities, and professional schools as well. There is no reason why such a bureau should not be in a position to tell the full truth about all these agencies, and to become in this way not only a force looking toward national ideals and standards, but also one that works at the same time toward sincere and effective educational methods. No agency upon private foundation can ever do for the whole country what can be done by a well-directed, free, and conscientious national agency; and it may well be hoped that with the incoming of a new Commissioner of Education some such conception of the scope and the function of the Bureau of Education may commend itself to Congress. Every state system of education, every college, every university which is doing honest and sincere work, has everything to hope and nothing to fear from such a national scrutinizing agency. No one can doubt that the influence of a bureau so administered would make not only for educational efficiency, but for a larger patriotism. The college which best serves the nation will in the long run serve best its state and its community.

The contrast between the crude methods with which our government deals with education and the well-considered methods under which the Prussian government, for example, proceeds in such matters, is strikingly brought out in the proposed inauguration of an endowed university in the City of Frankfurt. For a long time Frankfurt has been ambitious for a university, and its citizens are ready to assist its establishment. Before the enterprise could be undertaken, however, those who represented the interests of education in the government had to conduct a public investigation of the whole scheme not only with an eye to the local interests of the city of Frankfurt, but with regard also to the near-by universities already in existence, and to the independent scientific and literary institutes in Frankfurt. As a result, the university, if finally established, will coördinate and render more effective existing agencies, instead of merely adding a new competing institution. The whole proceeding is one full of suggestions to Americans interested in education and

in the function of educational institutions in human progress. The public discussions and public hearings as to the function which the university was to serve, how it should be established, what relations it should have to other schools and institutions, were worked out under the eyes of the entire city and region in a manner unknown to us.

In our states a new university is founded ordinarily by a single man or a group of men or the state. In the last case the politicians generally decide the location. The idea of calling in expert educational aid or of inviting the people of the community into consultation is rarely considered. The proceedings in the case of the Frankfurt university are most suggestive to us as citizens of a democracy, not only because they furnish an example of educational building done in a thoughtful, not in a haphazard way, but for the stronger reason that they are an example of the workings of a modern government in the effort to conserve at once the interests of the individual and the interests of the organized community. Practically all modern legislation is an effort to deal with these oftentimes divergent interests. How to preserve the freedom of the individual and, at the same time, to promote the efficiency of those organizations which do so much of the work of modern civilized states is the essential problem which every government is facing.

This is the question to-day in America at the heart of all legislation by Congress, whether such legislation deal with trusts or railroads or labor organizations or customs duties. The significant thing to us in the governmental dealing with the Frankfurt university is the fact that there the government dealt thoughtfully and in a scientific way with a problem which, in our democracy, we have hitherto left to be settled at haphazard and quite without supervision on the part of those who are supposed to be capable of expert judgment.

Not only has our education lacked scrutiny by the general government, but in nearly all of the states the scrutiny of education and of educational institutions on the part of the state itself has been extremely superficial. Institutional competition has had free course. Colleges have been started, not on the ground of educational need, but for all sorts of local, personal, and sectarian reasons. The same denomination will have in a single state a half-dozen or more colleges, rivals of each other. Devotion to education is translated into terms of loyalty to a particular local institution. It was inevitable that under such conditions American colleges and universities should lack a national outlook, and that they should lose touch with the state systems of secondary schools. As long as each college set up its own standards and mingled secondary education with higher education, the tendency was not only to lose touch with the secondary schools, but to develop toward them a somewhat hostile attitude.

The rise of the state universities has come in large measure from the fact that these institutions, particularly in the Central West, have assumed a close relation to the state school-system. It is impossible that the universities and colleges in a country should become national in character, or invite the migrations of students, until some such relationship comes about. It is evident that when admission to college means one thing in Texas, another in Minnesota and still another in Massachusetts, migrations of college students are impossible. This multiplication of college standards results in what practically amounts to an educational tariff

between different institutions and between different states.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees industrial free trade between the states. It is impossible to get anything like educational free trade either between states or between colleges so long as each college sets up a different tariff in the form of admission requirements. The situation is a little like that which existed in transportation relations between New York and Pennsylvania when their railroads used different gauges. It is enormously to our advantage to have such an educational exchange in both teachers and students between states and between colleges of the same state. Such interchange makes for a wider national outlook, for a better understanding, for a homogeneous nation.

The state legislatures have in some cases taken a hand in the establishment of a formal educational tariff as between certain classes of schools. For example, the State of Minnesota has enacted a law enforcing an educational qualification as to the training of physicians who are allowed to practice in that state. The law was adopted in order to protect citizens of Minnesota against the graduates of commercial medical schools in neighboring states, and particularly of those in Chicago. In the present state of medical education such a measure is entirely justifiable. But it is to the advantage of every state to secure the best medical practitioners without regard to state lines. If the standards of medical education in Illinois and in Minnesota were on the same plane, there could be no occasion for such a law.

The colleges and the state school-systems, by their variation in fundamental standards, produce what is equivalent to a tariff, which operates to prevent the free interchange of teachers and students among the colleges and universities. Such conditions arise in the absence of any supervision from the central government, out of the lack on the part of our higher institutions of learning of a national consciousness. It is only when colleges begin to recognize their relationship to the great system of popular schools that they develop either state or national consciousness.

Some fair relationship of the colleges to the secondary schools must precede any movement looking toward a less local form of college than that which we now possess, and this is why the general movement of the last ten years toward a fair adjustment between college and university is of such significance. In no section of the country has this been more marked than in the Southern states. Not only have the better colleges of this region raised their entrance requirements to the same level as elsewhere, but they have gone vigorously to work to develop a system of public schools in each state. For it is only when the college agrees to respect the field of the secondary school, and to found its work in a rational way upon it, that a good system of secondary schools in any state becomes possible.

Perhaps few realize how noteworthy has been this progress in the last decade throughout the Southern states. In the old Commonwealth of Virginia, for example, there was ten years ago not a single institution which required graduation from a four-year high school for admission to its classes. Today the majority of the colleges of the state articulate squarely with the four-year high school, and most of this progress has been made within the last five years. This movement has, of course, gone hand in hand with the upbuilding of the secondary schools. In the year 1905 there were only ten four-year high schools in the whole State of Virginia. At the end of 1910

there were more than one hundred. In the year 1905 only one hundred thousand dollars was spent in Virginia by local authorities for high-school support. In the year just passed, between three and four hundred thousand dollars has been thus spent. In the year 1905 in the whole state only five thousand dollars was spent on high-school buildings. During the last five years an average annual expenditure of more than half a million dollars has gone into the building of high schools. No educational development in any state of the Union is more noteworthy than that which is sketched in this brief statement. It means that the colleges of Virginia are now requiring for admission the same intellectual standards which are required in other states having good educational systems; but its greatest significance lies in the fact that throughout the state there have come into existence high schools which serve as stimuli to local intellectual interests, and provide also the most effective means of keeping each such neighborhood in touch with the thought of the whole country. Such a school system does more to banish intellectual and political isolation, and to foster a large nationalism, than any other means which civilization has yet developed.

Outside of this extraordinary rise of standards and development of high schools in the Southern states, no step taken by any of our universities has been more far-reaching in the direction of nationalizing education than the action of Harvard University last year in adopting a new form of admission to college. Harvard College has, during nearly all its history, maintained higher standards of admission than other American colleges. In the endeavor to preserve these standards, and to secure a student-body rightly prepared, the college has developed during the last thirty years a somewhat elaborate system of entrance examinations. These examinations have assumed very detailed forms. For example, a student who presented Latin had an examination in Latin prose, in Latin composition, in scanning, in various Latin authors. In each case the specific text upon which he was to be examined was named, and he sought to prepare himself for the specific questions which were contemplated. The requirements have also gradually been raised until, of late years, they called for more work than can well be completed in the ordinary good four-year high school, unless indeed the candidate presented Greek and Latin.

The purpose of these detailed examinations was admirable. They were intended to test a candidate for admission to college by a definite examination, independent of the school from which he came, the passing of which would prove the ability of the student to undertake college work successfully.

It is not too much to say that the outcome of this method of examination has been disappointing. First of all, the amount required for admission made it extremely difficult for a boy to fit himself for Harvard in the ordinary four-year high school. The college was, therefore, at one stroke cut off from the great body of secondary schools. The tendency of this was to develop fitting schools whose function was to prepare boys for these examinations, and thus get them into college. In addition, many coaching agencies arose, some of them under the shelter of the college itself, which attained great skill in enabling boys to meet the formal tests of detailed examinations, while at the same time the boys obtained a limited intellectual discipline.

Under such conditions the habit grew up to accept boys who were conditioned in a considerable number of

subjects, so that for some years past over half the students admitted to the freshman class at Harvard entered with conditions. In other words, a boy already handicapped by poor preparation undertook a heavier load than the well-prepared boy when entering college. The detached examinations had not only brought about a situation under which the college and the better high schools had come to regard themselves as independent and unrelated agencies, but a boy, in order to get from one to the other, had to climb over or through the artificial barriers which had been set up. Getting into college was no longer necessarily a part of a liberal training of the mind.

It was in view of this situation that the faculty of Harvard decided last year to adopt a new plan of admission which should relate the college directly to the four-year high schools of the whole country, while at the same time testing the qualities of the candidates whom the schools send up to college by an entirely different kind of test from that of the detailed examinations.

A plan of admission was adopted under which any graduate of a well-conducted four-year high school in any state may present himself for admission to Harvard. His certificate of graduation serves as an admission to the entrance examinations. These entrance examinations are, however, of quite a different character from those to which the candidate has hitherto been subjected. Instead of passing some eighteen or twenty separate written examinations, he is asked to pass only four, and these of an elementary sort, designed to test his mastery of the subjects which he has studied longest, not his memory of the details on which he has been recently coached. For example, instead of being asked to give an analysis of 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' or of some one of Shakespeare's plays, he will be expected to prove the value of his high-school training in English by his ability to write and use good idiomatic English.

This kind of examination does not require cramming; and on the other hand, it cannot be passed by mere cramming. It leaves the high school free to educate the boy, not to coach him. The secondary school need not sacrifice the last year to coaching for examinations, provided a wise freedom is allowed the candidate in taking his examinations at the most suitable times. Finally, the plan does away with that prolific source of demoralization, the conditioned student. Either the high-school graduate who presents himself can show a fair mastery of the fundamental subjects which he claims to have studied, or he cannot. He is either admitted or he is refused; but there will be no half-and-half admission, with deficient students dragging along two or three extra loads in the form of conditions.

The action which Harvard has taken in thus coördinating itself with the high schools of the whole country and in replacing a series of detailed examinations by simple tests upon fundamental subjects, is a significant event in the present-day movement toward a unified and coördinated system of schools. It gives to Harvard College for the first time in its history direct contact with the four-year high school, which has become the typical secondary school for every state of the Union. The college has thus placed itself upon the four-year high school as a foundation. The two institutions, college and secondary school, become under this conception parts of one structure, not separate and unrelated agencies in education.

The first examinations held at Harvard under the new régime, in June, 1911, were most encouraging, although

they revealed the difficulties as well as the excellences of the plan.

One hundred and fifteen boys took these examinations (candidates for admission still have the option of taking examinations under the old plan). Of this number, seventy-two were admitted and forty-three rejected. The large number of rejections showed the wide variations in standards of scholarship in different secondary schools. Boys whose school records were very high sometimes made a very poor showing in the examinations. It will require a stiff academic backbone on the part of those who administer these admission examinations if the plan is to succeed, but Harvard men can do no better service to education than fearlessly to send back to the high schools applicants for admission to college who present good credentials in English and yet cannot write the language correctly; who have high rank in mathematics, and yet cannot solve a simple problem; who present flattering papers in history, and yet know nothing of the forces of civilization which make history.

One gratifying feature of the first examination was the wide distribution of the one hundred and fifteen students who presented themselves. This first experiment showed that to make it possible to prepare for college in the local high school was to open the college doors to a large number who otherwise could not hope to enter.

The chief difficulty in carrying out this plan of admission to college will probably be found in the preparation of the examinations themselves. American teachers have so long accustomed themselves to the hard-and-fast detailed examination that it may require some years of experience before the Harvard teachers will succeed in framing examinations of a sort fitted to test the qualities of the boy's mind and the character of his scholarship rather than the excellence of his drill in a specific field. It requires an entirely different preparation to cram a boy's memory with the details of a limited subject from that which is required to give him a fair mastery of the elements of the subject. The high schools have been spurred on by the colleges for many years to drill boys rather than to educate them. It will require some time before they will learn that the new examinations call for the mastery of a few subjects rather than a memorized familiarity with the superficial details of many. It is in the framing of examinations that will test the real quality of the applicants that the Harvard faculty will find its hardest task. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the action of the university is a notable one in the direction not only of national ideals, but also in the direction of educational unity and educational sincerity.

As one looks, therefore, over the progress of higher institutions during the last decade, one finds a most encouraging movement toward uniformity of entrance requirements, and a corresponding tendency on the part of the colleges to relate themselves intelligently and fairly to the four-year high schools, which constitute the great mass of secondary institutions of the various states. These two phenomena are part of one general movement toward educational unity, and the outcome of this movement looks in the end toward a growth of colleges and of universities less local in character and more nearly in touch with national ideals and national purposes. It is out of this movement, proceeding at the present time at an unusually rapid rate, that we may expect in the future the development of institutions of higher learning which shall be national in their attitude and in their influence.

GREGORY AND THE SCUTTLE

BY CHARLES HASKINS TOWNSEND

THIS is a tale of the warm sea-tides that daily and nightly flood the channels among the Bermuda Islands. I had almost written it 'The Scuttle and Gregory,' but it was Gregory who carried on the campaign aggressively and finally triumphed with the trap-net, so that the sea-monster was dragged away into captivity.

At our first meeting, when I described the creature whose subjection I wished to accomplish, Gregory said, 'That's the scuttle.' I suggested the word cuttle, as, perhaps, more appropriate, but it was not appreciated. The scuttle by any other name could never be satisfactory to him. Quibbling over a mere title seemed unnecessary, so I made an effort to get down to essentials and adopted Gregory's word. As a result of our conference, Gregory took certain implements of capture and sailed out of the bay; only to return after a considerable absence with an empty boat.

He had, however, matured certain plans which it seemed reasonable to follow out. It appeared that a combination of forces was desirable, so I contracted for the services of both Gregory and his boat, and we set about the circumvention of the scuttle by fair measure or foul.

As we sailed away in the light morning breeze, Gregory expatiated upon the subtlety of the scuttle and the labors of the black toilers of the sea, who had sought to capture him.

'How big is he?' I inquired.

'Not too big, sir,' said Gregory, holding up a short oar by way of suggesting dimensions.

I was interested, for I had read, in a book by one Hugo, how a man had once entered a sea-cave, and had had a fearful struggle with the creature. Respecting the truth of this, however, there is reasonable doubt, although I know of the capture of an octopus of the seas about Vancouver Island, which actually measured several oars' lengths across its outspread arms. But all this is not telling the story of Gregory's search.

The scuttle eluded us for many days, artfully removing choice foods from the snares we set for him; but we sometimes caught faint glimpses of him down under the overhanging borders of coral reefs, where he sat in shadowy caverns, thrusting forth his horrifying arms to seize the unwary sea-people.

While Gregory with great caution moved the boat close by the rocks, I peered constantly through the water-glass into the grayish depths where the fierce-jawed moray has his hunting-grounds, and where the sharp-stinging medusa drifts along, moving out of the way of no creature whatsoever. It was an enchanted world that lay beneath us, and I saw many strange things which cannot be described here.

But I must explain about the water-glass, an article with which all fishermen of the Bermudas are familiar. Like many another indispensable thing, it is of simple construction, being nothing more than a wooden bucket with a bottom of glass. By placing it on the

surface of the water and inserting one's face in the open top, it is possible to see distinctly whatever may be beneath.

We worked our way at times into small bays where green sea-lettuce lay in the shallow water in masses. These we overturned with our oar and boat-hook, hoping to come upon the wily object of our pursuit.

The lair of the scuttle, according to Gregory, may be discovered by certain unmistakable signs. It is the accustomed way of the creature to drag his prey to his hiding-place, there to devour it at leisure. Crafty in the capture of his victims, and wily in the concealment of himself from observation, he makes no attempt to hide the débris of his feasts. He thrusts his garbage forth from his stronghold, unconcerned as to where it fall, provided the entrance be clear for his own movements. If he has feasted high on lobster or oyster, crab or clam, a mountain of shells proclaims his lair. The heap may grow until it would fill a basket as large as a man could lift.

Knowing his weakness for these dainties, Gregory gathered a supply, hoping to lure the scuttle into his power. He did, in fact, nearly succeed on one occasion by lowering a tempting morsel near where the creature lay concealed. A long arm snatched and held the bait until the sharp, hidden hook tore loose, and Gregory almost fell over as he jerked the stout line. This method might have succeeded if I had not been anxious to take my departure from the islands and so urged haste. Whereupon Gregory, who was big and powerful and did not fear a personal encounter with the scuttle, became more aggressive.

On the following day, when the tide was motionless and the water glassy, he saw the scuttle disappear under a narrow ledge a couple of fathoms down in the clear, greenish channel. He was overboard in an instant, and with a few quick strokes reached the bottom. Looking down through the water-glass I could see the whitish soles of his bare feet as he made tremendous upward thrusts with his legs.

The scuttle was disturbed by the suddenness of the attack, and as he had not selected a favorable place for concealment, decided to make off, and lost no time in doing so. He may have caught sight of the whites of Gregory's determined eyes. He was barely quicker, however, than the quick arm of the man, and might have been seized had he not played a scurvy trick: the water suddenly turned black — black as Gregory's own face.

It appears that the creature always bears a sac of inky fluid ready in an instant to darken the water all about him, and can dart away under an impenetrable cloud of his own conjuring. This characteristic, which I had hitherto read of, I now saw verified. By magic the scuttle had disappeared, and a moment later there was a porpoise-like snort as Gregory's head popped above the surface.

Later, we had proof also of the scuttle's mysterious power of suddenly changing his color. Like the chameleon he may appear conspicuously dark at one moment and inconspicuously pale at another, against the grayish, ragged wall of the coral reef. This I made sure of as our boat came close to another of his hiding-places. Although he was in full sight, it took me some minutes to realize that the ghostly outlines pointed out to me were not a part of the gray background of jagged rock. He can, moreover, instantly turn brown or become spotted, as I later saw with my own eyes after we had got him into our power.

It was clear that there was nothing more to be done in that locality, so Gregory clambered aboard and we held

counsel together as the boat drifted broadside up the channel with the tide; and the earnestness of the black man made so profound an impression on me that when we parted in the evening I was not without hope that my mission would eventually be crowned with success.

But the next day we were again disappointed. Gregory dived and had the scuttle in his arms almost before I could brush from my eyes the salt water his splash threw over me. As he came up alongside, however, trouble began, for the scuttle got a grip on the bottom of the boat with his many sucker-covered arms, and, while Gregory was getting his breath, his hold slipped, and again the creature was off. Just how he managed to disappear so suddenly remains a mystery; neither Gregory, who went under again, nor I, who promptly reached for the water-glass, got the faintest glimpse of him. Doubtless he shot away body foremost after the manner of his kind, every one of his eight arms contributing to the haste of his departure.

Failing in all these manœuvres, I began to scout among lonely pools under the cliffs, where, if cautious, one may see strange sea-folk when the tide is out. Gregory, left alone with his stratagems, disappeared for a few days. The last glimpse I had of him was of a very black man with a very earnest face, loading a huge wicker contrivance into a boat. I had considerable faith in his resourcefulness, for he knew the reefs and caves as well as did the scuttle himself.

But my solitary patrol of the rocky shore proved fruitless, and I was glad, two days later, to find Gregory sitting on a stone wall down by the little dock, swinging his bare feet and enjoying the hot sunshine, but not much inclined to talk. He told me that he had gone to a distant island village in search of a large trap-device used for catching fish. This, with the help of another fisherman, he had lowered into a deep cleft among the reefs two or three miles to the westward. I was to go with him the next day to see if by any possibility the scuttle had been deluded into entering it, for it was baited with something which the always hungry monster was pretty sure to investigate.

We were off early in the morning but made slow progress, as there was little wind. It was fully three hours before we arrived at the sunken trap, which Gregory located by the bearings of certain distant cliffs, for there were few portions of the reef showing at high tide. The breeze being light, the stone killick with line attached was thrown overboard without lowering the sail. Through the water-glass we made out the framework of the big trap on the bottom. I let out more anchor-line, the sloop drifting astern until we were nearly over the trap, when Gregory yelled that the scuttle was ours.

He let down a grapple, and after some heaving and hauling we dragged the cumbersome contrivance on board. The hatch over the water-filled well of the sloop was shoved back to make ready for the entrance of our captive. I kept a firm grip on the trap while Gregory, all the while shouting instructions to me and abuse at the scuttle, undid the fastenings at one corner. It took a deal of punching with an oar to dislodge the creature, whose eight arms were reaching in all directions. When one of them thrust through an opening and took a turn around Gregory's bare arm, the whites of the man's eyes were even more conspicuous than his white teeth. There was a ripping sound as he tore the arm away from that sucker-covered arm of the scuttle, but no harm was done to either combatant.

What with the lurching of the sloop, the rocking of the big unsteady trap,

the resistance of our captive, and Gregory's shouting, there was considerable turmoil for so limited an area as that we occupied on our small craft. The scuttle was gradually crowded down, and was presently forced to take refuge in the well to escape the black man's oar. In the bottom of the trap lay the empty shell of the great crayfish which had tempted the creature to his undoing. With the hatch back in place, and the trap lashed against the windward side of the mast, our work was done.

After a pull on the sheet, I took the tiller and my companion rested from his labors; but his tongue was loosened, and by the time we came to anchor in the twilight, he had said more about the scuttle than I have been able to recall, and a good deal that I am not hopeful of being able to verify. Nevertheless, he had earned his reward, and as the lights were beginning to glimmer around the harbor, he went to his home with a comfortable jingle of coins in his pocket.

When the steamer sailed away to the north, the scuttle was a captive on board, staring with unwinking eyes at the passengers who came to gaze at him. He escaped from confinement twice during the voyage, and we had no small difficulty in getting him properly secured. We learned that a large prisoner, if persistent, may take flight through a comparatively small hole, and we were therefore unremitting in our watchfulness until the captive was landed securely within the walls of the ancient fortress at the Battery.

And that is how the octopus came to the Aquarium.

VAGUE THOUGHTS ON ART

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

It was on a day of rare beauty that I went out into the fields to try and gather these few thoughts. So golden and sweetly hot it was, that they came lazily, and with a flight no more coherent or responsible than the swoop of the very swallows I was watching; and, as in a play or poem the result is conditioned by the conceiving mood, so I knew would be the nature of my diving, dipping, pale-throated, fork-tailed words.

But, after all, — I thought, sitting there, — I need not take my critical pronouncements seriously. I have not the firm soul of the critic. It is not my profession to know things for certain, and to make others feel that certainty. On the contrary, I am often wrong — a luxury no critic can afford. And so, invading as I was the realm of others, I advanced with a light pen, knowing that none, and least of all myself, need expect me to be right.

What then — I thought — is Art? For I perceived that to think about it I must first define it; and I almost stopped thinking at all before the fearsome nature of that task. Then slowly in my mind gathered this group of words: —

Art is that imaginative expression

of human energy which, through technical concretion of feeling and perception, tends to reconcile the individual with the universal, by exciting in him impersonal emotion. And the greatest Art is that which excites the greatest impersonal emotion in an hypothecated perfect human being.

Impersonal emotion! And what, I thought, do I mean by that? Surely I mean that that is *not* Art, which, while I am contemplating it, inspires me with any active or directive impulse; that that *is* Art, when, for however brief a moment, it replaces within me interest in myself by interest in itself.

For, let me suppose myself in the presence of a carved marble bath. If my thought be, 'What could I buy that for?' impulse of acquisition; or, 'From what quarry did it come?' impulse of inquiry; or, 'Which would be the right end for my head?' mixed impulse of inquiry and acquisition — I am at that moment insensible to it as a work of Art. But, if I stand before it vibrating at sight of its color and forms, if ever so little and for ever so short a time, undaunted by any definite practical thought or impulse — to that extent and for that moment it has stolen me away out of myself, and put itself there instead, has linked me to the universal, by making me forget the individual in me. And for that moment, and only while that moment lasts, it is to me a work of Art. The word 'impersonal,' then, is only used in this my definition to signify momentary forgetfulness of one's own personality and its active wants.

So Art, I thought, is that which, heard, read, or looked on, while producing no directive impulse, warms one with unconscious vibration. Nor can I imagine any means of defining what is the greatest Art, without hypothecating a perfect human being. But, since we shall never see, or know — if we do see — that desirable creature, dogmatism is banished, 'Academy' is dead to the discussion, deader than even Tolstoy left it after his famous treatise 'What is Art?' For, having destroyed all the old Judges and Academies, Tolstoy, by saying that the greatest Art was that which appealed to the greatest number of living human beings, proceeded to raise up a definite new Judge or Academy, that of the masses of mankind, as tyrannical and narrow as ever were those which he had destroyed.

This, at all events, I thought, is, as far as I dare go in defining what Art is. But let me try to make plain to myself what is the essential quality that gives to Art the power of exciting this unconscious vibration, this impersonal emotion. It has been called Beauty! An awkward word — a perpetual begging of the question; too current in use, too ambiguous altogether; now too narrow, now too wide — a word, in fact, too glib to know at all what it means. And how dangerous a word, often misleading us into slabbing with extraneous floridities what would otherwise, on its own plane, be Art! To be decorative where decoration is not suitable, to be lyrical where lyricism is out of place, is assuredly to spoil Art, not to achieve it.

But this essential quality of Art has also been called Rhythm. And, what is Rhythm if not that mysterious harmony between part and part, and part and whole, which gives what is called life; that exact proportion, the mystery of which is best grasped in observing how life leaves an animate creature when the essential relation of part to whole has been sufficiently disturbed. And I agree that this rhythmic relation of part to part, and part to whole — in short, vitality — is the one quality inseparable from a

work of Art. For nothing which does not seem to a man possessed of this rhythmic vitality can ever steal him out of himself.

And having got thus far in my thoughts, I paused, watching the swallows; for they seemed to me the symbol, in their swift, sure curveting, all daring and balance and surprise, of the delicate poise and motion of Art, that visits no two men alike, in a world where no two things, of all the things there be, are quite the same.

Yes, I thought, and this Art is the one form of human energy in the whole world, which really works for union, and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement, however fleeting, of one self by another; the real cement of human life; the everlasting refreshment, and renewal. For, what is grievous, dompting, grim, about our lives is that we are shut up within ourselves, with an itch to get outside ourselves. And to be stolen away from ourselves by Art is a momentary relaxation from that itching, a minute's profound and, as it were, secret enfranchisement. The active amusements and relaxations of life can rest certain of our faculties only by indulging others; the whole self is never rested save through that unconsciousness of self, which comes through rapt contemplation of Nature, or of Art.

And suddenly I remembered having read in a recent essay, 'Art in its highest forms does not produce self-forgetfulness, but self-realization of an extraordinary intensity and vividness; by cutting the ties of momentary matters it sets us free to be ourselves more fully, to live our own soul-lives more intensely.' [1]

Ah! but, I thought, that is not the first and instant effect of Art; it is the *after* effect of that momentary replacement of one's self by the self of the work before us; it is surely the *result* of that brief span of enlargement, enfranchisement, and rest.

Yes, Art is the great and universal refreshment. For Art is never dogmatic; holds no brief for itself; you may take it, or you may leave it. It does not force itself rudely where it is not wanted. It is reverent to all tempers, to all points of view. But it is willful — the very wind in the comings and goings of its influence, an uncapturable fugitive, visiting our hearts at vagrant, sweet moments; since even before the greatest works of Art we often stand without being able quite to lose ourselves! That restful oblivion comes, we never quite know when — and it is gone! But when it comes, it is a spirit hovering with cool wings, blessing us, from the least to the greatest, according to our powers; a spirit deathless and varied as human life itself.

And in what sort of age, I thought, are artists living now? Are conditions favorable? Life is very multiple; 'movements' are very many; interest in 'facts' is very great; 'news' batters at our brains; the limelight is terribly turned on; and all this is adverse to the artist. Yet leisure is abundant, the facilities for study great; Liberty is respected. But, far exceeding all other reasons, there is one great reason why in this age of ours, Art, it seems, must flourish. For, just as cross-breeding in Nature — if it be not too violent — often gives an extra vitality to the offspring, so does cross-breeding of philosophies make for vitality in Art.

Historians, looking back from the far future, may record this age as the Third Renaissance. We who are lost in it, working or looking on, can neither tell what we are doing, nor where standing; but we cannot help

[1] *Art, Life, and Criticism*, by Edwin Björkman.

observing that, just as, in the Greek Renaissance, worn-out Pagan orthodoxy was penetrated by new philosophy; just as, in the Italian Renaissance, Pagan philosophy, reasserting itself, fertilized again an already too-inbred Christian creed; so now, Orthodoxy fertilized by Science is producing a fresh and fuller conception of life, — a love of Perfection, not for hope of reward, not for fear of punishment, but for Perfection's sake.

Slowly, under our feet, beneath our consciousness, is forming that new philosophy, and it is in times of new philosophies that Art, itself in essence always a discovery, must flourish. Those whose sacred suns and moons are ever in the past, tell us that our Art is going to the dogs; and it is true that we are in confusion. The waters are broken, and every nerve and sinew of the artist is strained to discover his own safety. It is an age of stir and change, a season of new wine and old bottles. Yet, assuredly, in spite of breakages and waste, a wine worth the drinking is all the time being made.

I ceased again to think, for the sun had dipped low, and the midges were biting me; and the sounds of evening had begun: those innumerable far-traveling sounds of man and bird and beast — so clear and intimate, of remote countrysides at sunset. And for long I listened, too vague to move my pen.

New philosophy — a vigorous Art! Are there not all the signs of it? In music, sculpture, painting; in fiction and drama; in dancing; in criticism itself, if criticism be an Art. Yes, we are reaching out to a new faith not yet crystalized, to a new Art not yet perfected; the forms still to find — the flowers still to fashion!

And how has it come, this slowly-growing faith in Perfection for Perfection's sake? Surely like this: When the Western world awoke one day to find that it no longer believed corporately and for certain in future life for the individual, — when it began to feel, 'I cannot say more than that there may be individual life to come; that Death may be the end of man, or that Death may be nothing,' — it began also to ask itself in this uncertainty, 'Do I then desire to go on living?' And, since it found that it desired to go on living at least as earnestly as ever it did before, it began to inquire why. And slowly it perceived that there was, inborn within it, a passionate instinct, of which it had hardly till then been conscious — a sacred instinct to perfect itself, now, as well as in a possible hereafter; to perfect itself because Perfection was desirable, a vision to be adored and striven for, a dream-motive fastened within the Universe, the very essential Cause of everything. And it began to see that this Perfection, cosmically, was nothing but perfect Equilibrium and Harmony; and, in human relations, nothing but perfect Love and Justice.

And Perfection began to glow before the eyes of the Western world like a new star, whose light touched with glamour all things as they came forth from Mystery, until to Mystery they were ready to return.

This, I thought, is surely what the Western world has dimly been rediscovering. There has crept into our minds once more the feeling that the Universe is all of a piece, Equipoise supreme, and all things equally wonderful and mysterious and valuable. We have begun, in fact, to have a glimmering of the artist's creed, that nothing may we despise or neglect; that everything is worth the doing well, the making fair; that our God, Perfection, is implicit everywhere, and the revelation of Him, the business of our Art.

And as I jotted down these words, I noticed that some real stars had crept up into the sky, so gradually darkening above the pollard lime trees; cuckoos, who had been calling on the thorn trees all the afternoon, were silent; the swallows no longer flirted past, but a bat was already in career over the holly hedge; and round me the buttercups were closing. The whole form and feeling of the world had changed, so that I seemed to have hanging before me a new picture.

Ah! I thought, Art must indeed be priest of this new faith in Perfection, whose motto is, 'Harmony, Proportion, Balance.' For by Art alone can true harmony in human affairs be fostered, true Proportion revealed, and true Equipoise preserved. Is not the training of an artist a training in the due relation of one thing with another, and in the faculty of expressing that relation clearly; and, even more, a training in the faculty of disengaging from self the very essence of self, and passing that essence into other selves by so delicate means that none shall see how it is done, yet be insensibly unified? Is not the artist of all men foe and nullifier of partisanship and parochialism, of distortions and extravagance, the discoverer of that jack-o'-lantern — Truth; for, if Truth be not Spiritual Proportion I know not what it is. For Truth — it seems to me — is no absolute thing, but always relative, the essential symmetry in the varying relationships of life; and the most perfect truth but the concrete expression of the most penetrating vision.

Life seen throughout as a countless show of the finest works of Art; Life shaped, and purged of the irrelevant, the gross, and the extravagant; Life, as it were, spiritually selected — that is Truth: a thing as multiple and changing, as subtle and strange, as Life itself, and as little to be bound by dogma. Truth admits but the one rule, No deficiency, and no excess! Disobedient to that rule, nothing attains full vitality. And secretly fettered by that rule is Art, whose business is the creation of vital things.

That æsthete, to be sure, was right enough, who said, 'It is Style that makes one believe in a thing; nothing but Style.' For what is style in its true sense save fidelity to idea and mood, and perfect balance in the clothing of them. And I thought, 'Can one believe in the decadence of Art in an age which, however unconsciously as yet, is beginning to worship that which Art worships — Perfection, Style?

The faults of our Arts to-day are the faults of zeal and of adventure, the faults and crudities of pioneers, the errors and mishaps of the explorer. They must pass through many fevers, and many times lose their way; but at all events they shall not go dying in their beds, and be buried at Kensal Green. And here and there amid the disasters and wreckage of their voyages of discovery, they will find something new, some fresh way of embellishing life, or of revealing the heart of things.

That characteristic of to-day's Art — the striving of each branch of Art to burst its own boundaries — to many spells destruction; but is it not rather of happy omen? The novel straining to become the play, the play the novel — both trying to paint; music striving to become story; poetry gasping to be music; painting panting to be philosophy; forms, canons, rules, all melting in the pot; stagnation broken up! In all this havoc there is much to shock and jar even the most eager and adventurous. We say, 'I cannot stand this new-fangled fellow! He has no form! He rushes in where angels fear

to tread. He has lost all the good of the old, and given us nothing in its place!'

And yet — only out of stir and change is born new salvation. To deny that is to deny belief in man, to turn our backs on courage! It is well, indeed, that some should live in their closed studies with the paintings and the books of yesterday — such devotees and students serve Art in their own way. But the fresh-air world will ever want new forms. We shall not get them without faith enough to risk the old! The good will live, the bad will die; and to-morrow only can tell us which is which.

Yes, I thought, we take — and naturally — a too impatient view of the Art of our own time, since we can neither see the ends toward which it is almost groping, nor the few perfected creations that will be left standing amidst the rubble of abortive effort. An age must always decry itself, and extol its forebears. The unwritten history of every Art will show us that. Consider the novel — that most recent form of Art. Did not the age which followed Fielding lament the treachery of authors to the picaresque tradition, complaining that they were not as Fielding and Smollett were? Be sure they did.

Very slowly and in spite of opposition, did the novel attain in England the fullness of that biographical form achieved under Thackeray. Very slowly, and in face of condemnation, it has been losing that form in favor of a greater vividness, which places before the reader's brain, not historical statements, as it were, of motives and of facts, but word-paintings of things and persons, so chosen and arranged that the reader may see, as if at first hand, the spirit of Life at work before him. The new novel has as many bemoaners as the old novel had when it was new. It is no question of better or worse, but of *differing* forms — of change dictated by gradual suitability to the changing conditions of our social life, and to the ever-fresh discoveries of craftsmen, in the intoxication of which, old and equally worthy craftsmanship is too often, for the moment, overlaid and lost.

The vested interests of life favor the line of least resistance, disliking and revolting against disturbance. On the other hand, a spurious glamour is inclined to gather around what is new. And, because of these two deflecting factors, those who break through old forms must always expect to be dead before the new forms they have unconsciously created have found their true level, high or low, in the world of Art. When a thing is new it is 'nohow'! In the fluster of meeting novelty, we have even seen coherence attempting to bind together two personalities so fundamentally opposed as those of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw — dramatists with hardly a quality in common; no identity of tradition, or belief; not the faintest resemblance in methods of construction or technique. Yet contemporary estimate often talks of them in the same breath. They are new! It is enough. And others, as utterly unlike them both — they, too, are new. They have as yet no other label. Lump them in!

And so — I thought — it must always be; for Time is essential to the proper placing and estimate of all Art. And is it not this feeling that contemporary judgments are apt to turn out a little ludicrous, which has turned criticism of late to the form, not so much of judgment pronounced, as of impression recorded, — re-creative statement, — a kind, in fact, of expression of the critic's self, elicited through contemplation of a book, a play, a symphony, a picture? For this kind

of criticism there has even recently been claimed an actual identity with creation — in a passage which runs thus: —

'Taste must reproduce the work of Art within itself in order to understand and judge it; and at that moment æsthetic judgment becomes nothing more or less than creative art itself. The identity of genius and taste is the final achievement of modern thought on the subject of Art, and it means that, fundamentally, the creative and the critical instincts are one and the same.' [1]

Æsthetic judgment and creative power identical! I wondered, reading, and still wonder! For, however sympathetic one may feel toward this new criticism; however one may recognize that the recording of impression has a wider, more elastic, and more lasting value than the delivery of arbitrary judgment based on rigid laws of taste; however one may admit that it approaches the creative gift in so far as it demands the qualities of receptivity and reproduction, — is there not still lacking to this 'new' critic something of that thirsting spirit of discovery which precedes the creation — hitherto so-called — of anything?

Criticism, taste, æsthetic judgment, by the very nature of their task, wait till life has been imprisoned for them before they attempt to reproduce the image which that imprisoned fragment of life makes on the mirror of their minds. But a thing created springs from a germ unconsciously implanted by the direct impact of unfettered life on the whole range of the creator's temperament; and round the germ thus engendered, the creative artist — ever penetrating, discovering, selecting — goes on building cell on cell, gathered from a million little fresh impacts and visions. And to say that this is, also, exactly what the recreative critic does, is to say that the interpretative musician is creator in the same sense as is the composer of the music that he interprets. And if indeed these processes be the same in kind, they are in degree so far apart, that one would think the word creative unfortunately used of both.

But this speculation, I thought, is going beyond the bounds of vagueness. Let there be some thread of coherence in the progress of this evening, fast fading into night. Return to the consideration of the nature and purposes of Art! And recognize that much of what you have thought will seem on the face of it heresy to the school whose doctrine was incarnated by Oscar Wilde in that admirable apotheosis of half-truths, 'The Decay of the Art of Lying.' Did he not say, 'No great artist ever sees things as they really are'? But may it not also be put thus? The seeing of things as they really are — the seeing of a proportion veiled from other eyes — (together with the power of expression) — is what makes a man an artist. What makes him a great artist is that high fervor of spirit which produces a superlative, instead of a comparative, clarity of vision.

Close to my house there is a group of pines with gnarled red limbs, flanked by beech trees. And there is often a very deep blue sky behind. Generally, that is all I see. But, once in a way, in those trees against that sky I seem to see all the passionate life and glow that Titian painted into his Pagan pictures. I have a vision of mysterious meaning, of a mysterious relation between that sky and those trees with their gnarled red limbs, and Life as I know it. And when I have had that vision I always feel that it is reality; and all those other times, when I have no such vision, sim-

[1] *The New Criticism*, by Professor Spingarn, Columbia University, U. S. A.

ple unreality. If I were a painter, it is for such fervent vision that I should wait before moving brush. This so intimate, inner vision of reality, indeed, seems in duller moments well-nigh grotesque; and hence that other glib half-truth, 'Art is greater than Life itself.' Art *is*, indeed, greater than Life, in the sense that the power of Art is the disengagement from Life of its real spirit and significance. But in any other sense, to say that Art is greater than Life from which it emerges, and into which it must re-merge, can but suspend the artist over Life, with his feet in the air and his head in the clouds — Prig masquerading as Demigod.

'Nature is no great Mother who has borne us. She is our creation. It is in our brain that she quickens to life.' Such is the highest hyperbole of the æsthetic creed. But what is creative instinct, if not an incessant living sympathy with Nature, a constant craving like that of Nature's own, to fashion something new out of all that comes within the grasp of those faculties with which Nature has endowed us? The qualities of vision, of fancy, and of imaginative power, are no more divorced from Nature, than are the qualities of common sense and courage. They are rarer, that is all. But, in truth, no one holds such views. Not even those who utter them. These are the rhetoric, the over-statement of half-truths, by such as wish to condemn what they call 'Realism,' without being temperamentally capable of understanding what 'Realism' really is.

And what, I thought, is Realism? What is the meaning of that word so wildly used? Is it descriptive of technique, or descriptive of the spirit of the artist; or both, or neither? Was Turgénieff, a realist? No greater poet ever wrote in prose, nor any one who more closely brought the actual shapes of men and things before us. Was he a realist? No more fervent idealist than Ibsen and Tolstoy ever lived; and none more careful to make their people real. Were they realists? No more deeply fantastic writer can I conceive than Dostoievsky, nor any who has described actual situations more vividly. Was he a realist? The late Stephen Crane was called a realist, than whom no more impressionistic writer ever painted with words.

What, then, is the heart of this term still often used as an expression almost of abuse? To me at all events, I thought, the words realism, realistic, have no longer reference to technique, for which the words naturalism, naturalistic, serve far better. Nor have they to do with the question of imaginative power — as much demanded by realism as by romanticism. To me, a realist is, by no means, tied to naturalistic technique — he may be poetic, idealistic, fantastic, impressionistic, anything but romantic; that, in so far as he is realistic, he cannot be. The word, for me, characterizes that artist whose temperamental occupation is with revelation of the actual interrelating spirit of life, character, and thought, with a view to enlighten himself and others; as distinguished from that artist — whom I call romantic — whose temperamental purpose is invention of tale or design with a view to amuse or delight himself and others. It is a question of temperamental antecedent motive in the artist and nothing more.

Realist — Romanticist! Enlightenment — Amusement! That is the true apposition. To make a revelation — to tell a fairy tale! And either of these artists may use what form he likes — naturalistic, fantastic, poetic, impressionistic. For it is not by the form, but by the purpose and mood of his art,

that he shall be known, as one or as the other. Realists, indeed, — including the half of Shakespeare that was realist, — not being primarily concerned to amuse their audience, are still comparatively unpopular in a world made up for the greater part of men of action, who instinctively reject all art that does not distract them without causing them to think. For thought makes demands on an energy already in full use; thought causes introspection; and introspection causes discomfort, and disturbs the grooves of action.

To say that the object of the realist is to enlighten rather than to amuse, is not to say that in his art the realist is not amusing himself as much as ever is the teller of a fairy tale, although he does not deliberately start out to do so; he is amusing, too, a large part of mankind. For, admitted that the object and the test of Art is the awakening of vibration, of impersonal emotion, it is still usually forgotten that men fall, roughly speaking, into two flocks: those whose intelligence is uninquiring in the face of Art, and does not demand to be appeased before their emotions can be stirred; and those who, having a speculative bent of mind, must first be satisfied by the enlightening quality in a work of Art, before that work of Art can make them feel at all. The audience of the realist is drawn from this latter type of man; the much larger audience of the romantic artist from the former; together with, in both cases, those fastidious few for whom all Art is style, and only style, and who welcome either kind, so long as it is good enough.

To me, then, I thought, this division into Realism and Romance, so understood, is the main cleavage in all the Arts; but it is hard to find pure examples of either kind. For even the most determined realist has more than a streak in him of the romanticist, and the most resolute romanticist finds it impossible at times to be quite unreal. Correggio, Guido Reni, Watteau, Leighton — were they not, perhaps, somewhat pure romanticists; Leonardo, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Watts, mainly realists; and Botticelli, Titian, Raphael, a blend of both? Dumas père, and Scott, surely romantic; Flaubert and Tolstoy, as surely realists; Dickens and Cervantes, blended. Keats and Swinburne, romantic; Browning, and Whitman, realistic; Shakespeare and Goethe, both. The Greek dramatists, realists; the *Arabian Nights* and Malory, romantic; the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the Old Testament, both realism and romance.

But how thin often is the hedge! And how poor a business the partisan abuse of either kind of Art in a world where each sort of mind has full right to its own due expression, and grumbling is lawful only when due expression is not attained. One may not care for a Rembrandt portrait of a plain old woman; a graceful Watteau decoration may leave another cold — but foolish will he be who denies that both are faithful to their conceiving moods, and so proportioned part to part, and part to whole, as to have, each in its own way, that inherent rhythm or vitality which is the hallmark of Art. 'T is but a poor philosopher who holds a view so narrow as to exclude forms not to his personal taste.

No realist can love romantic Art so much as he loves his own; but when that Art fulfills the laws of its peculiar being, if he would be no blind partisan, he must admit it. The romanticist will never be amused by realism, but let him not for that reason be so parochial as to think that realism, when it achieves vitality, is not Art. Art is but the perfected expression of self in contact with the

world; whether that self be of enlightening or of fairy-telling temperament is of no moment, whatever. The tossing of abuse from realist to romanticist and back is but the sword-play of two one-eyed men with their blind sides turned toward each other.

Shall not each attempt at Art be judged on its own merits? If found not shoddy, faked, or forced, but true to itself, true to its conceiving mood, and fair-proportioned, part to whole, so that it *lives* — then, realistic or romantic, in the name of Fairness let it pass! For, of all kinds of human energy, Art is the most free, the least parochial; and demands of us an essential tolerance of all its forms. Shall we waste breath and ink in condemnation of artists, because their temperaments are not our own?

But the shapes and colors of the day were now all blurred; every tree and stone entangled in the dusk. How different the world seemed from that in which I had first sat down, with the swallows flirting past. And my mood was different; for each of those worlds had brought to my heart its proper feeling — painted on my eyes the just picture. And Night, that was coming, would bring me yet another mood that would frame itself with consciousness at its own fair moment, and hang before me. A quiet owl stole by in the field below, and vanished into the heart of a tree. And, suddenly, above the moor-line I saw the large moon rising. Cinnamon-colored, it made all things swim, made me uncertain of my thoughts, vague with a mazy feeling. Shapes seemed but drifts of moon-dust, and true reality nothing save a sort of still listening to the wind. And for long I sat, just watching the moon creep up, and hearing the thin, dry rustle of the leaves along the holly hedge. And there came to me this thought: What is this Universe — that never had beginning and will never have an end — but a myriad striving to perfect pictures never the same, so blending and fading one into another, that all form one great perfected picture? And what are we — ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equipoised Creative Purpose — but little works of Art?

But trying to record that thought, I noticed that my note-book was damp with dew. The cattle were lying down. It was too dark to see.

A BALLADE OF BARREN ROSES

BY GERTRUDE BARTLETT

THERE sounds his step receding on the stair,
The bridegroom's, that my love could not detain,
For whose captivity the woman's snare
Of veilèd brows, was woven all in vain.
A rose I held he keeps with tender care.
Tell him, dear Jesu, that no blossom blows,
For its own beauty, howsoever rare.
The Lord of Life loves not a barren rose.

The destiny of roses is to bear
Their scarlet fruit through drear autumnal rain,
And hold upon the crystal drifting air
Of winter days, the cups that pour again
New springtime loveliness for earth to wear,
When all the verdure now her bounds inclose
Is gone forever, lily with the tare.
For this our Lord loves not a barren rose.

What thought of his is left for me to share,
Aroused from that rapt dream in which we twain
Lighted our little lamps of joy, to flare
Along a single path to Love's domain?
Will he, in that mysterious region where
The ruby chalice on his vision glows,
Exceeding all the stars, remembrance spare
To one his Lord loves not, a barren rose?

Envoy

Oh, Mystic Rose, the Heart of Jesu, fair
Creative source from which all beauty flows,
Ever transfusing Love, hear now my prayer:
Resume, for love's own sake, one barren rose.

WHEN STRAITS THEM PRESS

BY RUTH GEORGE

NOWADAYS, we have rather turned the tables upon the peevish adults who, in the last generation, have been used to groan and revolt under the inquisition of their young. For, whereas the growing child, with its 'Why does n't God kill the devil?' or 'Why is baby?' now stands gloriously acquitted, the poor parents who prematurely inquired whether baby loved Jesus or even 'Who made the world?' are held accountable for all the shattered faiths and incredulous spirits of the present age.

Clearly it is not necessary for the lay mind to declare itself further upon the merits or demerits of the Socratic method; certainly it is with no sense of injury that I call up the inquisitors of my own childhood. They were many, of course, as the enemies of the Psalmist — people who asked questions foolish, unnecessary, impossible. But how they goaded my waking inventive faculties to meet, at their best possible, each new emergency!

The emergencies fresh every morning and renewed every evening, were, perhaps, most pressing in that realm of the abstract, the inexact, the guessable — Sabbath school. Once there, and settled in a certain little yellow chair in a front row of little yellow chairs, I think that my most natural reflex to the strident opening-bell, was, perhaps, the formless apprehension that I was now about to be 'stumped,' or the remembrance, with a start, of something that Miss Nellie, our teacher, had told us to do every day that week. In any case, some sort of heart-searching was sure to be forthcoming: probably I should have to tell whether I had copied at school; or whether I had answered back to mother; or whether I had saved any pennies for the heathen babies. At all events, Miss Nellie would think of something disturbing to ask, and the very sound of the little bell was depressing.

It was all very well — thanks to my provident parents — when she only wanted to know how many in the class had been baptized. Even the interesting task of selecting a besetting sin to vaunt as one's very own was comparatively stimulating and pleasant; indeed, quite a halo hovered about the head of an anæmic little blond who first thought to claim in a childish lisp that her undoing was a Macchiavellian temper. But imagine the shock of being suddenly drawn up by, 'How many of you children remembered to say your prayers this morning?' Imagine having Eleanora Forsythe, your next neighbor, fairly rise off her chair to wave her small gloved hand, while you, the minister's daughter, recalling in dismay your morning's haste to see the new puppies, could only writhe uneasily into an equivocal position which you hoped might be interpreted into a raised hand and then, scarlet with despair and shame, slink into your chair while your cousin Jacky whispered in your ear that you would go to hell. Jacky's full name is John Calvin MacFarlane.

Well, inquiry, they say, must be met, and I know I used to feel so.

I cannot in the least forget one certain long-gone day, when, to meet it, straits pressed me most sorely. There was a picture on the lesson-chart that day, which Miss Nellie called a tomb. A woman and some men with inordinately long beards, and wearing red and blue dresses, stood about: one with his hands over his face was Jesus, Miss Nellie said. The verse below these figures was so astonishingly short, by way of Golden Text, that all of us who could spell at all had our hands in the air in an instant. (I never could snap my fingers.) Perhaps there were so many hands that Miss Nellie could not choose. For a moment she looked thoughtful; then 'Children,' she said, 'I want you all to think and tell me which was the saddest day of your lives.'

Eleanora, who could not have read the legend underneath the picture, rose to this with a leer of triumph. 'When my mother died!' cried she, in full exultant tones. A good answer. A *very* good answer. With this clue, testimonials began to pour in. One boy had two sisters and a brother die of scarlet fever in one week. And one, — Peter Lowe, whose father was in the penitentiary for trying to murder his mother, and whose mother was in the insane asylum, as I remember, — out of an embarrassment of riches, chose the day their barn burned down. So the question went round the class and was approaching me.

Now Providence had been unkind to me. I had really never had a sad day. Of course, I knew what sort of thing it had to be. For example, if your father should come home drunk, like Peter's father — that would be a sad day. But my father was a minister, and ministers very seldom, if ever, come home drunk. Or, it would be a sad day if your little brother died, like dear little Paul Dombey, and left you all alone with people who did not understand you. But I had six brothers. It was hardly likely that they would all die; and one or two, of course, would hardly count for much of a sorrow when there were still plenty left. In any case, mine were all alive. In despair, I cast about in my memory. There was the day grandfather died; I stayed at home from school, and all the cousins came. That would do at a pinch. No one else that I could think of had ever died, except Mrs. Stivers across the street, and I had not felt sad about that, but only very much relieved that this first dead person that I had ever seen was not chopped and bloody as I had expected, but only white and asleep.

'And yours, Sarah?'

'The day little Rebecca died,' I said.

Now count on Jack to challenge the Westminster Confession itself. He always went on the principle that everything was a lie until startling evidence was produced to the contrary. So it was that, when some interruption — the appearing of a secretary, perhaps, or the disappearing of Miss Nellie — left me to their mercy, I must, to satisfy the feeble faith of my companions, stoutly cross my heart and swear that the said Rebecca was my deceased sister.

'And she was three days old,' I pursued hotly, grasping hopefully upon the one point of this dead infant's history which had always appealed to me as most unusual.

It was a telling stroke. No one had ever deemed it possible that any one could die at so early an age.

'Did you cry?' asked Jack.

'No.'

'I cried when my mother died,' Eleanora put in, 'and I did n't eat a

speck of supper. Did you eat any supper?'

Off my guard, I said, 'There was n't any.'

'Why not?' urged Jack.

'I — why — ' I stammered, 'they — I — I was n't hun — ' Then suddenly in a burst of despair, not unmixed with defiance, —

'Because I was n't born yet,' I said.

Afterwards, I wished I had taken the day grandfather died — or Mrs. Stivers. It is the value of inquisition, that one learns to choose the best.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PROFANITY: A LOST ART

EVERY sympathetic reader of history cultivates sooner or later a mild sensation of resentment against Fate, for that he has not been permitted to live at sometime other than this prosy present and take active part in the romantic events that the past has seen. Or, at least, every reader of history cultivates a set of, what might be called, retrospective ambitions. He makes mental note of a list of historical events of which he would very much like to have been an eye-witness.

What an experience it must have been to watch that royal wrestling match upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where bluff King Hal had his high-born shoulder-blades rubbed in the dust; or to be present behind the arras while good Queen Bess berated a luckless bishop; or to stand upon a headland of Southern England on that bright July afternoon and watch the Armada creep up the Channel in a great broad crescent; or to be a rower in the barge which brought Thomas More back to the Tower, and see poor Margaret Roper meet him upon the water-steps and throw herself into his arms, so that the weeping Beef-eaters at last had to unlock her clinging fingers and lead her gently away. A man might well barter a whole life of humdrum existence for one such half hour.

For my part, I confess that my favorite retrospective ambition is, by comparison, a very modest one. I am all the more resentful against Fate that it must perforce be denied me. I should like to have been attendant in some very humble capacity, say, as an equerry, about the person of Henry of Navarre so that I might have heard him swear. They say he knew how to swear, even better than good Queen Bess herself. His favorite oath, we are told, was 'Ventre Saint Gris.' I try to imagine to myself just how he might have uttered it; the deliberate articulation of the syllables; the ominous snapping of the cacuminals; the venomous hissing of the sibilants; the low growl of the guttural; the whole touched off by a curl of the bearded lips, and a nasal snarl that lifted the performance to the levels of true art, and left upon the mind of the listener a sense of entire adequacy. You doubtless felt, when he got through, that something had happened sufficiently weighty to rectify the ill-balanced values of the situation, and to restore that spiritual poise which is the normal condition of the soul.

For whatever may be its history as a practice, the true psychological function of profanity is just this: to offer

to the perturbed spirit an outlet for the energy which his provocation, whatever it may be, has aroused. The natural outlet for the energy thus provoked would, of course, be some act of retaliatory violence.

The Duke of Albany, at one time Regent of Scotland, when sufficiently provoked, was wont to tear his bonnet from his head and dash it into the fire. And one day, a day which must have been full of provocations for him, he incinerated as many as twelve bonnets, to the boundless satisfaction, no doubt, of the ducal haberdasher. The action relieved him in a very real sense, by furnishing an outlet for the energy which was suddenly aroused in him by the provocation.

It is just that sensation of relief which the spirit seeks in the use of profanity. In fact, an oath is merely the cheap substitute for a deed. And when one takes account of the increasing tyranny of circumstance by which our modern lives are oppressed, and of their correspondingly decreasing opportunities for free and untrammeled action, one is bound to conclude that profanity, the substitute for action, is destined to assume a function of growing importance in our civilization.

We are to so great an extent the mere cogs and levers, the mere articulations in a great social mechanism, and our individual activities are so circumscribed by the social relationships in whose clutches we are held, that, truly, the only recourse remaining to us is to 'take it out in profanity.' This doleful theory is corroborated by the implication lurking in Judge Hoar's words, when he drew that classic distinction between profanity and mere vulgar swearing: 'Swearing,' said he, 'is the *unnecessary* use of profane language.'

Understood, then, as a substitute for actions which would be nowadays either unlawful or impossible, profanity assumes at once a certain dignity of its own, as being possessed of a psychological importance. One would seem to be justified in speaking of it as an art. The question at once arises, 'Wherein consists the Art of Profanity?' and the answer is obvious: the Art of Profanity consists in that choice of expletives and objurgations which, to a small extent by their meaning, but principally by their phonetic resonance and impact, shall offer the perturbed spirit the most satisfactory substitute possible for the natural action in whose place they stand.

It has been observed that profane words and phrases are for the most part inept and without meaning. It is quite allowable that they should be meaningless; unless one really wishes to curse, which is a wholly different matter. But if one seeks merely to 'ease his mind' a meaningful oath is quite unnecessary. All one needs is a good big mouthful of crackling consonants. For it is in its phonetic character that your true oath discharges its proper function. Certain consonants carry more than others the suggestion of something done, or destroyed. Certain other consonants express with peculiar aptness other moods and desires of the heart. The Art of Profanity consists in selecting your oaths with a view to the suggestiveness of their phonetic character; and employing those which most truly suggest the mood of your heart.

How well this is illustrated by a comparison of national oaths, as suggesting by their phonetic peculiarities the different national traits. The straightforward, out-spoken, brute anger of the Anglo-Saxon finds its truest satisfaction in the detonative lingual and the booming mute of our poor old overworked 'damn.' The more crafty hatred, and the more disguised passion

of the Latin races finds its apter expression in the purring aspirants and malignant sibilants of their hackneyed 'sacrés' and 'carrambas.' While the deliberate, unhurried, deep-seated vindictiveness of the Orient is unmistakably betrayed in such polysyllabic maledictions as that one which so delighted the poetic soul of Thomas Huxley: 'May the jackals howl on his grandmother's grave.'

However that may be, there is an inordinate banality in our modern use of profane language. We have grown sadly negligent of the canons of its art. One or two stereotyped oaths we have, and we use them at all times, and for all manner of occasions. There hangs about them a distressing monotony. Like Ecclesiastes, 'I have no pleasure in them.' They offend, not because they are vulgar or reprehensible, though doubtless they are both of these things, but because in their choice there is no imagination displayed, and in their construction no ingenuity.

It is not my province, still less my purpose, to discuss the matter of profanity in its moral bearings. That is something which each person must decide for himself. I cheerfully admit, however, that some oaths are magnificent. Everybody loves Farragut for 'damning the torpedoes.' And it makes my blood tingle whenever I call to mind that wholly unprintable monosyllable with which the French captain at Waterloo replied to the English officer who called upon him to surrender.

My sole contention is that profanity is like everything else; if it is to be employed at all, it is worth being employed artistically. So I hope to live to see the day when the Art of Profanity will be restored, the paucity of its vocabulary relieved, and its terms used, by such as feel called upon to use them at all, with a truer taste and a more poetic insight.

BOOKS FOR THE SEDENTARY

I REMEMBER seeing it carefully argued somewhere, not long since, that there is no such thing as The Reading Public. A reader, for all we know, is nothing but a fellow who can decipher cold print — time-tables and almanacs and newspapers, and such-like illiterary wares.

There are publics and publics. Some of them, gentle reader, you have never heard of — and very many of them, polite author, have never heard of you! The millions who think literature is what you find in the Sunday Supplement don't dream of you. They have no inkling of the existence of those audiences, more or less fit and relatively few, which scale up from them, step by step, to the cloud-wrapped tip of the pyramid where dwell the self-elect. It is queer that nobody has thought to reduce the thing to a chart. What are our degree-hunters about? Of course, qualities of temperament ought to be taken into account, as well as matters of mind and taste. There would be a lot of overlapping. Questions of area and density would have to be reckoned with — all pretty matter, I should say, for the doctoral-minded to look into.

The sedentary public, for instance, — did it ever occur to you that there is such a constituency? And do you think it a simple one? Just reflect upon how many kinds of sedentariness there are, and how many different reasons for it. Indolence is sedentary in its own right, but ill-health and old age and preoccupation have nothing to say about it.

Preoccupation! — that is surely the most commiserable of all reasons for 'staying sot.' Think what the schoolkeepers have to answer for — thrusting it upon us in our best years. Schoolhours are a curse, not because of the

things we have to do in them, but because of the things we can't do at the same time. No fellow would mind his three R's if he could master them while he was building a dam or flying a kite. And alas, life takes the thing up where the pedagogue drops it! Strive as we may, we can't get away from this law of inhibition. We can't win our case in court and be blazing a trail through the wilderness. We can't land our coveted muscalonge from some far Northern riffle with our feet on a desk in Wall Street — nor, for that matter, can we shoot our woodchuck with our legs behind the counter in Tarryville Centre. We are all in the same pickle, we slaves of the swivel-chair and the noon-hour.

The noon-hour — there is a bit of leeway here, to be sure. Business is understood to be transactable over the auxiliary cordial and the supplementary cigar. For the rest, we have our Saturday afternoons and our Sundays, and our holidays and our hoarded two weeks in or about the heated term. But the chances are rather against us. Mood and opportunity do not always coincide; the weather has us at its mercy; at best we drag a lengthening chain. Hang back as we may, the clock slips round, the good hour passes, and so back to the absurd perch of the only animal that sits for a living.

Ah, sad, anæmic parasites of desk and till, doomed to squat perpetually, like Satan at the ear of Eve — for you what hope, what solace? Even that beaming Sunday nose, trophy of some sort of contact with real out-of-doors, — go to, we know how you won it, in a camp-chair on the upper deck, down the bay. Or was it on yonder blaspheming bleacher, where for an hour or two you stared at eighteen men really laboring, for a time, with their muscles erect, as God made them? No, you can't fool people of discernment with that sort of false blazon. You are fated to take your pleasures, like your profits, with knees at waist-level. Seventeen of your eighteen waking hours you shall be four feet high, and helpless in the presence of your enemy (if you have gumption enough to possess one). A few years of huddling and crouching have adequately unfitted your bones and joints for their natural duties. Your life is made up of shufflings, as brief as possible, from seat to seat. You make twenty steps of it from breakfast-table to droning trolley, another twenty to your elevator, another five to that swiveled abomination which is your home, — and heave a sigh of relief that the journey is done with!

But it is not with regard to you, after all, that the voice of the commentator may permit itself to grow sharp. What chance have you had? You started wrong, in some city slum, or some purlieu of fashion; and never knew what it was to stretch a muscle, or a blood-vessel. There is infinitely more to be said for you than for some others among the inglorious ranks of the sedentary. I mean, in particular, the ex-athlete. Only a few years ago he was the glory of the gridiron or the diamond. He did not know what it was to be bankrupt of breath or lax of muscle. And now he permits himself to be fat and flaccid and inert and, for the most part, shameless. You, shop-bred sir, will outlast him; and serve him right! Your blood has never thrilled with health and the mere lust of action; and, therefore, you are far less likely than he to seek the false activity of the too-frequent cocktail and the endless cigarette. If his exercise is taken vicariously, it is honest exercise of its sort. The ball game supplies part of it, the moving-picture show, and the Wild West show, and the varied activities of re-

fined vaudeville, all make their contributions.

And then there are the books, — books about war, exploration, adventure, for its own sake, — a whole library for the sedentary. *Treasure Island* was invented for them, and *In Darkest Africa*, and *Farthest North*, and all the mass of frontier literature and sea-story. They supply the chief market, too, we suppose, for the increasing volume of mere out-of-door books, books like Mr. Stewart Edward White's, for example, or David Grayson's, or John Muir's. For them the fresh-air magazine and the sporting catalogue, the tales of camping and fishing, mountain-climbing and arctic hunting. If the pale blood of anæmic females is chiefly stirred by tales of romantic love, by the sweet pretty style of novel, their male analogues find their stimulus in feats of physical daring or endurance, under the primitive conditions of the wilderness. Hence a paradox: if the sedentary reader were to vanish from the globe, lifted, let us say, to higher seats, the bottom would drop out of the market for what in the dialect of the book-mart we should call muscle-and-ozone literature.

CITY WALKS

On a wet November afternoon, at about five o'clock, I once found myself too tired to be at all good company for myself or for anybody else; and I went out into the misty streets to walk for half an hour.

The lamps were lighting. Yellow patches here and there, past lifted curtains, checkered the black walls of tall apartment buildings. The road-bed, marked off with crossed planks and hanging lanterns for repairs, had been closed that night to motor travel. It lay at this hour comparatively still; so still, at least, that one could hear against the far-off clang and beat of the trolley-cars and railroads the fugitive and rhythmic footfalls of chance passers-by, quite few and far between, returning early.

Perhaps it was the silences. Perhaps it was the twilight. Who can say what breath makes music of one air and not another? From that time on, all my city scene has looked upon me as it never glanced before this one vagrant evening passed me with its keen, swift winds and ragged mists. An arrow-glinted slant of rain dropped past the lamp-posts on the shimmered sidewalk; and the black-shadowed vista of the street stretched past me to the spindrift, — limitless, quick-silvered, quiet, close-at-hand and far-away, mysterious as one's own mortal fate, or all existence.

I had never known before concerning walking in the city what I had always known of walking in the country. Like almost all other people who have ever been there in their childhood, I had understood instinctively that to know the genius of a place, not made by man, you must hark in perfect quietness, without any clear or definite demanding. In that way the whole melody and harmony and gesture of the place will breathe its intimate charm upon you, and will fall in love with you, so to speak, and you will fall in love with it, and be extremely happy. In the country I had learned to listen. Every one who likes it knows that if you call the naiads they will never come. They are not so many cows or sheep to be brought home to your confined domestic soul by urgency and barkings. If any one goes out in a dull, determined manner to the sea, or the plains or the mountains or canyons, to summon to him this or that free grace of nature which someone else has met with there in fresh communion, the free grace will never answer to her name, but flee its sound.

At Niagara, indeed, you can almost measure the distance of a goddess's flight from the sound of her name. You see many people who have come to be awed feeling quite cheated and jaded. But you see, also, the travelers who seem to have arrived with no forethought except in acquiring a large provision of peanuts, clutching the rails beside the cataract in a kind of ecstasy. Apparently the goddess has freakishly revealed herself to them in her passing, as the Venus visited the hairdresser, in the fascinating Anstey tale, which is so true to life.

In the country, those who care about it walk with 'the eye clear': not calling out for any set scene heard of somewhere else; not blurring the great tones of common chance and charm by vulgar whisperings and longings for 'the picturesque'; but looking and harking clearly to the verities. 'Henceforth, I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing. Strong and content I travel the open road.'

This, too, is of course the way to walk in the city. Since that one still-stepping and mist-mantled twilight that I have mentioned passed my doorstep, to walk, harking by the curbs and roofs and crimson heights, the gray and blue and yellow vistas and sharp-cornered by-ways of any great and many-peopled town, has become one of the most seizing of my enjoyments. The pleasure seems to me one not ordinarily appreciated, nor even admitted. Though it will be remembered that Antony urges it as an excuse for the dismissal of affairs of state.

> To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
> The qualities of people.

No lesser tone or touch in all the magnificence of the play lends to it for me a richer glow and repose than these sympathetic words. It is not however to the abiding, many-colored interest of 'the qualities of people' that I referred in this tribute to cities, so much as to the special magnetism of the mute scenes they have made, and to their inarticulate tale of 'the ways and farings of men.'

Sometimes, of course, their tale is of something quite different. But, whatever it may be, you will never hear it if you talk about anything else while its music is playing; or, unless you have learned to listen in perfect quietness.

HOME-COMING

NATURE has never seemed to me to be my mother. I have not felt at home with her. It has been with an envy not unmixed with incredulity that I have read Wordsworth and Thoreau, and sometimes listened to rhapsodies of filial love on the part of nature-worshipers who were my friends.

I can see how it began. For me, a town-bred child, nature was at first a picture-book to be opened but upon the set occasions of a drive or a railway journey. Intimacy I did not dream of. But when I was grown, and apprehended that there were those who enjoyed it, then I knew myself a disinherited child, and sorrowed for it. Not that Nature ever was to me a cruel stepdame; only, among the myriads of children that her generous fecundity produces and her abundant bosom nourishes, some must needs be forgotten. I was frozen by her unintended neglect. The loveliest sunset saddened me most; before the most beautiful of her works I felt myself most an alien. It was not my sunset, it was not my world. I was an exile, sick for home, in those bright estates which others seemed to think their birthright.

But now at last, I think, begins to stir the first faint impulse of friendship. I am half-way through life now, but I

have hope that the later half will suffice to bring us acquainted. It is an older Perdita come home at last to the bosom of an ageless Hermione. A grown-up child coming thus for the first time to know its mother cannot hope for the close unconscious communion that begins in infancy. It will be a shy relationship, not without misunderstandings, never to be hurried, but furthered by a mutual longing.

Of all our manifold Mother's many aspects, there was one that drew me always. It was under the bright veil of her many waters that I, last and least of her children, first dared to know and love her face. Sunset and sunrise might be for others, and trees and mountains, and birds on the wing; but water, — its flash, its motion, its sky-blue and its steel-gray, — water was mine as much as anybody's. Falling waters, and running waters, the changeful white-and-green that slips aside from a forward-sweeping prow, the sleeping surface of a green-hemmed pond — each had its private word for me. And thus, always through the interpreting murmur of water, I begin to understand the language of my late-found mother.

Now and again our shy, reluctant friendship knows a tremulous moment of initiation. We had one such yesterday. Water, the interpreter, was running past me in the deep, snow-lined bed of that river, 'winding like a road,' along which lead all my walks. It was twilight of a brief December afternoon; the sun had gone down invisibly, without a sunset or an afterglow; the lead-colored sky was very near, and soft in texture like a fog; the air was windless, but bore to me the shouts of some unseen boys who had lighted not far off, a ruby-hearted blaze, the one note of warmth in all that landscape of steel-color and russet. I leaned outward, resting upon the rail which guards the walk, and looked at all this sober beauty, while a faint breath 'born of the very sigh that silence heaves,' seemed to rise and fall, the respiration of Nature herself! For a moment I felt at home in the world.

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MR. ROOSEVELT

CONTEMPORARY appraisals of men in public life are more apt to amuse than to enlighten posterity, and of all public men of our time, with the debatable exception of Mr. Lloyd George, no one has been the subject of such diverse estimates as Mr. Roosevelt. Yet it is fifteen years since he first engaged national attention, and short as is such a span in history, it is long enough in a man's life to afford a reasonably accurate perspective of his character. If this estimate of an interesting personality is wholly wrong, the error is due, not to discrepancies in the available testimony, but to the obscured vision of the critic.

To the future historian it will be obvious that Mr. Roosevelt was fortunate in the times in which he lived. The troubled period through which we are still passing will be ranked as one of the four critical epochs of American history. First came the struggle for self-government; next, the uneasy reconcilement of the Republic with political democracy; third, the death-grapple with slavery; and fourth, the battle for a completer social and economic freedom, the outcome of which no man can now foretell.

In the opulent days when Mr. McKinley was first elected to the presidency, only the prescient saw the approach of this struggle. Two classes of heroes there were then to whom all citizens deferred — the men who had won the Civil War, and the men who had made the trusts. The phrase, 'captains of industry,' was set so high that we thought little of the significance of its French equivalent. In those days there was no periodical so poor that it could not print the portrait of the country boy who had grown up to revolutionize an American industry. Steel kings and electric princes were looked upon as great men to be emulated by generous youth. Then came the change which in the retrospect seems marvelously rapid. Strange terms like 'social conscience' and 'money power' crept into familiar speech. Rebates acquired a new and evil significance. Private envy took the place of national conceit, and loftier emotions joined in the general revolt against conditions which suddenly seemed intolerable. How far the rising cost of living, and the quixotic restlessness of the foreign hordes who failed to find in this country the paradise of their dreams, influenced the will and courage of the American people, posterity must judge. The fact which concerns us here is the indubitable one, that within the last decade and a half a new social ideal has enlarged the heritage of the Republic.

This quickened atmosphere of public life was the living breath in Mr. Roosevelt's nostrils. It was not a rarefied

atmosphere. No close, hard thinking was demanded of an executive; no midnight oil and columned figures. The nation was rich and could afford to waste its money. It did not want retrenchment or economy. With a longing as pathetic as that of the French for their mythical equality of a hundred years before, Americans felt a vague passion for a new righteousness. What the public wanted, with its democratic demand for personality, was to see its new ideal take human shape, and Mr. Roosevelt was not unwilling to sit for its photograph.

The stars in their courses have often seemed to fight for Mr. Roosevelt, but never did they do him such valiant service as when they conspired to make the political issues of his epoch moral rather than economic. In a tariff debate this hero of nine at least of the ten commandments would have hesitated and been lost. On the battle-field of rates and percentages, impulse does not count; in the clash of moral issues, knowledge and reason yield to the gift of instinct. The more intellectual of Mr. Roosevelt's mental processes are rather reviews of impulse than any definitely reasoned thought, just as his more elaborate arguments are habitually in defense of positions which he has already assumed and which, as his superserviceable instinct tells him, are not proof against rational assault.

If the painstaking historian reviews the five-column executive messages which certain typesetters have examined *in extenso*, and other citizens in part, he will not often discover an elaboration of argument on topics which the ordinary man would find either too dull or too complex for an offhand opinion. The tariff and currency legislation are still awaiting adequate treatment from Mr. Roosevelt's pen. The dull subject of economical government was intrusted to a commission, while the expenses of his administration increased by leaps and bounds. The duty of mothers to bear large families, the necessity for 'big business' to be honest, the vindication of the theory that murder is murder, the importance of not being an extremist, the advantages of incorrect spelling, the desirability of making life simple, strenuous, and successful — these and a hundred more generalizations are the favorite topics of his pen. In no epoch of modern history, if we except the First Empire of France, has the interest of a national executive ranged over so infinite a series of topics, and in no other instance has it lingered so benignly on matters usually relegated to discussion in the home, the schoolroom, and the church.

It is easy to scoff at Mr. Roosevelt's method of substituting sermons for economics. Economists may well say that the cost of this method to the people of the United States during the seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency approximated a billion of dollars; but no man can justly value in terms of money the change of attitude of the American people during those seven years. Of that change, as has been implied, Mr. Roosevelt was not the creator, but who shall say that he was not its gigantic advertiser? For seven years he preached as no revivalist ever preached on this continent. And how well he talked! His speech was racy with compact and vivid expression. The 'hound's clean tooth,' the 'mollycoddle,' the 'square deal,' the 'muckrake,' the 'spear that knows no brother' — they stuck like burrs in the every-day speech of his hearers. America was his parish. From Wall Street to the ranges of the West, his sermons were heard not one but seven days a week. Men listened and believed. It is not too much to say that his speeches marked a revolution.

While President McKinley lived, sober-minded men generally believed that if the government should take violent issue with the power of combined capital, the government would be taught its place. To-day, when a dollar trembles on its way to an investment, it is hard to believe that it ever went forth with proud intolerance.

History will not repeat the charge of Mr. Roosevelt's enemies that his preaching was insincere. No missionary ever believed his dogma more absolutely. But the non-partisan cannot maintain that his service was without thought of self. A modern psychologist tells us that genius is but the channel through which huge natural forces run. He who lets the winds of Heaven blow through him is doing Heaven's work in the world. Not so with Mr. Roosevelt. He is no simple mouthpiece of some world's desire. In his ample ambition, cause and personal advantage are blended into something one and indivisible. To him truth is not truth more naturally than he is truth's exponent. Those who know Mr. Roosevelt can scarcely doubt that his perfect identification of his own triumph with the triumph of his cause is the great secret of his self-confidence and his success. Into the world of practical affairs he has introduced a force not unlike the wonderful power of men who have felt themselves partners of God; but into the spirit-world itself Mr. Roosevelt has never penetrated. For him the moral world and the world of successful men sum up the universe.

Here it is that we come upon one of the most serious of Mr. Roosevelt's limitations. In terms of the depths of human experience, his education has been but a shallow one. He has touched life at innumerable points of its surface, but he has never climbed its heights, and its depths he has never fathomed. He has never tasted the bitterness of defeat. To profound and lasting sorrow he has been a stranger. It is true that as a young man he underwent bereavement, but life was too alluring to let him pause, and it was not reverence and understanding, but the exhilaration of excitement, which saved him from despair. He has never brooded in quiet, nor has his support of a cause ever been to his own hindrance. For him every success has been the gateway of a new victory. In discouragement and suffering, in anguish of spirit and hope deferred, the nobler training for the soul resides. Fortune would have been more just to Mr. Roosevelt had she been less generous.

But the qualities of his defects Mr. Roosevelt possesses abundantly, and abundant has been their harvest. He has been a mighty teacher of morals, and this high achievement cannot be controverted by those who maintain that he has not practiced what he preached. It is one of the painful mysteries of life that a man may be as helpful to his fellows by seeming to be virtuous as by being so. The ideal becomes the real, and to many millions of his fellow countrymen Mr. Roosevelt, if not the Sir Galahad of politics, has at least sought the Grail. Indeed, so close is Mr. Roosevelt's identification with the interests, the prejudices, the loves and the hates of his countrymen, that as they see him, he sees himself, and the white shield with which he fronts his enemies seems to him unspotted by the world.

Yet stains there are which history will not wash away. As the bitterness engendered by his ceaseless warfare has increased, every act, almost every thought of his has been ascribed to the basest motives and the lowest passions, but in his printed record there are harsh facts which even his unrivaled gift of explanation cannot eradicate. The appropriation of the Panama Zone,

which in material consequences may well outweigh any other act of his administration, is fairly typical of means which Mr. Roosevelt has felt obliged to use when, in his opinion, the end has justified them. To make a catalogue of instances would be invidious, and it might be wearisome. How many, one asks, of the leaders of history have lived a blameless life? Because a man by great and signal service to his fellows has raised himself to eminence, shall we judge his defects more harshly than we judge the errors of those who have done nothing to throw their sins into the shade? Is it not fairer that our gratitude should lead us to a larger charity?

Time will do much for Mr. Roosevelt in obliterating the turbulent record of his familiar life. The constant hurly-burly, the stinging epithet, the lie given to-day and returned to-morrow, have with all their offensive detail blurred the outline of his large accomplishments. To the sensitive man they have vulgarized Mr. Roosevelt, and to the idealist they have debased him. The historian will see his burly figure large and clear. His lack of self-control, his blazing indiscretion, his consistent inconsistency, his continued denial of statements attributed to him by reputable witnesses, have all made good men his enemies. And yet such faults as these have not their roots in the baser depths of human nature. They spring rather from very intensity of life. As no other man in our history, save, perhaps, Andrew Jackson, Mr. Roosevelt lives completely in the present. Details of the past are as vague to him as promises for the future. The attraction of his presence lies largely in the fact that while he shakes your hand, it is obvious that you are the man of men he wishes to talk with. If ever a man nailed 'whim' over his door that man is Mr. Roosevelt. The present is his, and he makes the most of it. In his practical philosophy there is neither past nor future.

'You and I are practical men,' wrote Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Harriman in words which we should like to forget. Whether the money which he sought to obtain from a man who was the natural foe of the cause he stood for was to serve his own or his party's purposes, they strike a note recurring too insistently in the roll of Mr. Roosevelt's drum. It is not pleasant to see the machinery whereby a hero of the footlights stands glorified, or the business arrangements which precede a revival of religion; and far beyond the limits of these things goes Mr. Roosevelt's reliance on the practical. In his distrust of the visionary he too often smirches himself in the mire of things as they are. 'Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard,' he said in his inspiring talk to boys; but too steadily and too consistently he himself plays the game to win.

Jack of all trades, they call him. Master of none but preaching and the politician's art he probably is, but there are two other professions whose adepts might well sit silent at his feet. I refer to daily journalism and to acting. The 'news sense,' by whose subtle virtue a man becomes a journalist, is but an instinctive appreciation of public desire. The actor's genius is the power to enter the imagination of his audience. These sister arts, like preaching and politics, have as their common factor a ready understanding of the minds of men; and this quick perception of the social ether, the almost imperceptible bond of union which makes a society out of the myriad atoms of mankind, is the great gift of the gods to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no journalist but recognizes his kinship to the man who sees a headline in every task he undertakes, and no actor-man-

ager but envies him his larger stage and its more perfect setting.

By birth Mr. Roosevelt is an aristocrat. An unfeigned interest in the lives of his fellow millions has made a democrat of him, and through both channels he draws that social understanding of which I have spoken. But partly from the consciousness of a lack of sympathy for his 'class,' and partly from the inevitable sense that his lot is cast with the multitude, it is the democrat in him which has gained the permanent ascendency. He no longer feels the hurt of the rough give-and-take of politics which keeps so many of the gently-bred out of permanent public life. He is utterly without that respect for property which is the Chinese wall of aristocratic tradition. He enjoys the rougher sports, the more boisterous humor, the freer play between man and man. He loves things not because they are rare, but because they are common. No prejudice of taste or mind cuts him off from the mass of his fellows. He does not seek to conserve the present, but, like the true democrat, he will hazard it against the future on the turn of a die;

> 'nor fears
> To shake the iron hand of Fate
> Or match with Destiny for beers.'

The ancient sense of the aristocrat that every path has been trodden, every task assayed, has no hold on him, and he follows the Great Adventure with a mind as free from care, and an enjoyment as irresponsible, as ever marked a man whose shoulders have been weighted with the burdens of a nation.

History is no schoolmistress. She does not rank her sons by general average, nor let demerit marks spoil the fair face of a famous record. The best that a man does is his monument, and our children's children will look back on Mr. Roosevelt not without gratitude. In their school-books they will study how Mark Hanna closed one era, and how a new and better opened with Theodore Roosevelt. They will remember that the love of money which defiled so many of his contemporaries left him untouched. They will be taught that, with a frail body and with no special gifts of intellect, he became the rugged and impressive figure of his time. They will mark how, born to ease and a pleasant life, he sympathized with the unfortunate and fought their battles against prejudice and inequality. They will read how he lived and preached a clean and wholesome life. Surely, these are lessons good for boys to learn.

As I write there comes into my mind the figure of a workingman. Some years ago I saw him, seated in front of me in a trolley-car. The creases in his red neck and wrinkled face were soiled with sweat and dirt, and in his hand he held a newspaper close to his eyes as though the look of print puzzled them, while, as his lips murmured the unaccustomed syllables, I saw him trace, line by line, with a grimy forefinger, the words of one of Mr. Roosevelt's exhortations to be decent, to live clean, to play the game hard.

That is the picture of Mr. Roosevelt's achievements.

E. S.

ASPECTS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY AND POLICY

BY BERNARD MOSES

I

American society, whether of English, Portuguese, or Spanish stock, is, in many of its features, unlike that of the European nation from which it is derived. The basis of this difference is found in the peculiar conditions of colonial life. One of the notable effects of colonization like that which laid the foundation of civilization in America, is a state of temporary social stagnation. A branch is cut from the parent tree, but the tree itself continues its growth unimpeded. The branch is planted in new soil, but it requires time to take root. The progress of the parent stock, and the arrested development of the branch during this period, make the beginning of a difference between the mother nation and the colony. The branch will at length begin its independent life, and subsequently the new society may have even a more rapid growth than the society of its origin. But the growth of the colony under the forces of its new environment will tend to increase its distinctive peculiarities. These peculiarities will be emphasized, moreover, by the new mental character acquired by the colonists.

The colonists of the New World became mentally unlike their kindred who remained in Europe, partly because their minds were dominated by expectations peculiar to the emigrant, and partly because in their new environment their minds embraced hopes and expectations which had no influence on the members of the communities they had left. The new physical scenes upon which the immigrant entered were not more striking than the new visions of life presented by his stirred imagination. This psychological difference has become more marked through the retention of forms of thought and speech that have been dropped by the parent nation in the course of its progress; and also by the acquisition of new phrases, of new names for new things, and of new conceptions imposed by the objects and circumstances of the new environment.

The linguistic and thought survivals, and the new linguistic and thought acquisitions, distinguish Americans from their European kindred. Psychological differences are promoted by the use of different languages. The Chinaman, who acquires a thorough knowledge of English, and uses it for many years, presents an extreme case. He becomes possessed of ideas, conceptions, and a point of view greatly unlike those of his kinsmen, through whose minds have passed only the ideas and conceptions conveyed by his oriental speech. In a less degree the European colonists in America, and their descendants, have become mentally transformed by the circumstances of their migration and the conditions of their residence in the New World.

By referring to facts like these, the enlightened critic may discover that the features of American life which show a certain unlikeness to the characteristic features of European nations are

not signs of degeneracy, but the result of influences inherent in the conditions of colonization and the subsequent social growth. Within the limits of the United States a branch of the English stock has taken root, and acquired an independent life. Rapid national growth promoted by increase in the number of the inhabitants, and by freedom from external domination, has succeeded the period of colonial stagnation; and while the society of the United States has retained certain characteristics derived from the colonial period, there have been added new features incident to the development of an independent nation.

But not all colonial establishments in America have been equally fortunate. The French in Canada, prevented from attaining a free national life by their lack of numbers and by their relation to the English, have remained in a state of more or less completely arrested development. Some of the communities of Latin America have more features characteristic of colonial conditions than of an independent national existence. The communities that have not emerged from their colonial stagnation have been prevented from doing so by their long continuance under Spain's rigid and uncompromising domination, by the isolation and lack of interests common to themselves and other settlements, and by the presence of a large element composed of members of an alien and uncivilized race.

The refusal of the inhabitants of the territory of the United States to incorporate the Indians in their social body, permitted them to begin their independent course of progress at the point which had been reached when the colonies were founded. The Spanish communities, however, which undertook to assimilate the alien race, making the Indians a part of the new nations, created a lower class of a semi-barbarous character. There was, however, in each nation a numerically limited aristocracy of uncorrupted European blood, and the presence of these two classes determined the nature of the society; and the kind of government that has been maintained wherever in Latin America this form of society has continued to exist, has necessarily had the qualities of an aristocratic or an oligarchic rule. In so far as the Spaniards in America mingled their blood with the blood of the aliens, they threw away the advantages of the progress that had been achieved in Europe, and fixed within their colonies or commonwealths a class from which it was difficult to rise to the superior class, presenting, in this respect, a contrast to the society of the United States, where practically the whole population is of European origin.

The most democratic product of colonial conditions in America is the democracy of the United States. It was not born of a general desire for equality; for no such desire resides in the human mind. What men desire is not equality, but superiority. The desire for superiority is the motive of all social manœuvring and expenditure, of the ambitions and struggles of political life, of the pursuit of wealth and the daring and sacrifice of battle. American democracy has proceeded from the essential equality in material possessions enjoyed by the early inhabitants of New England.

The ambition of the Spanish settlers in America was to be feudal lords, with the Indians as their vassals. The exclusion of the Indians from the new society of the United States made this relation impossible. It was not involved in the designs of the English colonists of the North. They looked forward to occupying and owning land, and, by virtue of the cultivation of this

land, to the maintenance of a status of personal independence.

In view of the desire and the opportunity to become independent, it was difficult, if not impossible, to continue for long the European relation of superior and inferior. Although persons arrived in America who held this relation to one another, the dependent persons in the course of time became independent. The most important of the forces that made for equality proceeded from the common occupation of the inhabitants and the essential equality of their material possessions. Among persons owning and cultivating farms that did not vary greatly in value, there existed inevitably a large measure of social equality. This social equality was necessarily attended by political equality, under which the only possible government was a democratic government.

But equality like that which produced the democracy of the United States, is not a permanent condition of progressive society. Progress is attended by increasing inequality, by the multiplication of occupations, by a widening breach between the rich and the poor, and by a growing social difference between the cultivated and the uncultivated. The society of the United States presents all of these phases of social progress; and in its growth it has encountered a minimum of interference by governmental influence. On the other hand, the inequality that has existed in certain European nations has not been produced by the normal operation of forces naturally inherent in a developing society, but by the intervention of authority, conferring titles of distinction and material rewards, and providing for the descent of these advantages by inheritance from generation to generation.

If these artificial distinctions imposed by authority appear to be losing some of their former importance, this does not mean that the nations where such a phenomenon is observed are moving toward a state of democratic equality like that of the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, or that of New England in the early decades. It means that this ancient artificial inequality is becoming overshadowed by new distinctions, which have their origin in the economic and other forces manifest in the normal growth of society. New industrial occupations have appeared, through which some men have become rich; new professions have arisen, in which some men have attained an eminence not reached by their fellows; and, in the corporate organization of industry, new positions have been created, which confer great influence and power upon the persons who hold them. It thus appears that European nations, in so far as they have adopted modern industrialism and the other features of recent progress, are under the influence of a movement like that observable in the United States, which is leading American society along a way of increasing inequality.

This increasing inequality is manifest in the United States chiefly at such centres of population as represent the more advanced phases of civilization. The agricultural frontiers, the districts between the cities, where practically all of the inhabitants are engaged in a common occupation, still preserve the equality of the earlier days. Here is maintained the present basis of American democracy. The vast region between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains retains generally this democratic character; for the population of the small cities is recruited from the rural inhabitants, and, by reason of the intimate relation which these towns hold to the country, they retain much of the spirit of the country.

If the population of the country and

the small towns were increasing so as to maintain for the future the former or the present ratio of the dwellers in the large cities to the country dwellers, the permanence of democracy in the United States would seem to be assured. But, unfortunately, the larger cities, the centres of social inequality, are increasing in population more rapidly than the country; and the country population, owing to the difficulty of giving it an effective organization, exercises, even in proportion to its numbers, less influence in the political management of the nation than does the population of the cities. Moreover, the remarkable increase in cheap and rapid communication between the large cities and the country is destroying the distinctive character of the rural population, and subjecting it more and more to the influences that prevail in the cities.

II

Inasmuch, therefore, as the character of a government is determined by the character of the society where it is established, the movement of American society away from the equality of the colonial days compels the nation to look forward to a government adjusted to a society characterized by great inequality. In other words, the coexistence of a large democratic element and an increasing part of the population that is assuming an aristocratic character, makes inevitable the recognition of both of these elements in the government, or else the introduction of aristocratic forms to balance the democratic assemblies. But it may be expected that the division of political influence between the democratic and the aristocratic, or oligarchic, forces will not be brought about without more or less of social commotion; in point of fact, the present internal unrest in the United States is a phase of this process of adjustment.

It is a half-conscious anticipation of the rivalry of these two forces in pursuit of power, that has given an impulse to certain movements designed by the champions of democracy to preserve the democratic character of American society, and of the American government. One of these movements is that which aims to establish the referendum. It is supported by the desire to bring the work of legislation into the hands of the voters, and to realize in a great nation, in spite of opposing tendencies, the essential features of primitive democracy.

There is, however, no reasonable ground for supposing that the referendum will be applied to legislation in the United States, except at considerable intervals, and with reference to projects to adopt constitutional provisions, or certain general laws in simple form. The general mass of legislation, all of that involving technical knowledge, will not be dealt with by the whole body of voters. To legislate wisely on the multitude of subjects demanding attention would require more time than the voters in a great and active nation would be willing or able, in the long run, to devote to this part of the public business. In the beginning, moved by the enthusiasm attending the carrying out of a popular reform, the voters would surmount the difficulties involved in this process of legislation. But, ultimately, a line of less resistance would commend itself to them. The expenses, public and private, direct and indirect, and the incidental personal losses incurred through the many separate occasions of voting that would be required, would prohibit the general application of the system. In a word, the social friction of the machine would prevent it from being often used with profit.

Political engineers, as well as makers of physical machines, sometimes neglect to take account of the friction involved in their proposed constructions. To this class belong not only the advocates of the referendum, but also those persons who would insure the permanence of democratic government by drawing more and more persons into the business of voting. To extend political rights in the United States so as to double the number of voters, would magnify the friction involved in governing. By thus increasing the number of participants in governmental action, without raising the hitherto prevailing standard of political insight or character, the maintenance and operation of democratic government would become not less but more difficult.

In the past, when a government became so complex as to render it unwieldy, either by reason of the multitude of its elements, or through the multiplicity and variety of its offices, a remedy was surely not sought by adding new elements or by increasing its complexity. On the contrary, in cases of this kind, a simpler form of government was sometimes substituted for the form that had become too unwieldy to perform its proper functions. When a government which has undergone this change has substituted a more or less centralized and absolute rule for a broad and complex popular administration, the new government has often been found to be satisfactory at first, on account of the simplicity of its organization, its direct and prompt action, and the absence of the interminable delays that have marked the preceding régime.

It is evident that the people of the United States are dissatisfied with the needless difficulty of obtaining proper legislation, with the frequent failures of justice in the courts, and with the inefficiency of the local administration. Until recently they appear to have been under the impression that relief might be had by the introduction of the referendum, by extending the suffrage, and by other measures that would bring the actual government more completely into the hands of the whole body of the voters; and this view is still entertained by those who fancy that doubling the number of voters will bring political salvation. A little reflection on the processes of government ought to make it evident that these measures carried to the proposed extreme will fail to reach the end desired, by reason of the social friction which they involve.

III

But whatever changes the changing form of society may cause in the institutions and governmental procedure of the United States, the bulk of the citizens of the republic hold a common opinion with respect to the general form of the government. No considerable number of persons would reconstruct its fundamental framework, in spite of the fact that unsatisfactory results of its action appear from time to time.

Some other nations are not quite so fortunate in this regard. France has her royalists, Spain her republicans, Germany her socialists, and Russia her various groups opposed to the existing rule of the Czar. It is probable that in some of these instances the political principles of the opposition are superior to those of the dominant government. But whether the opposition is wise or unwise, the division of the national opinion respecting the form of the government is a serious obstacle in the way of the nation's progress. It causes much of the political thought of the nation to be absorbed in discussing the question of form; whereas, with the form of the

government universally accepted, the undivided attention of the citizens might be directed to the needed action of the government, to legislative and administrative measures designed to ameliorate the condition of the people.

The change in the form of American society, the growth and differentiation of the population, are facts which suggest a problem of governmental modification. But the people are not likely to undertake consciously the solution of this problem. In their action they will be conscious of immediate ends, but from all of their actions combined there will proceed a general result which no one has consciously contemplated or foreseen. By a process of unconscious modification, the national government will gradually adapt itself to the state of society, and if there are present both democratic and aristocratic elements, these will express themselves in the institutions. The tendency in the United States will evidently be to satisfy both the democratic and the aristocratic forces, and in time to provide a governmental procedure in accordance with which the political work of the nation may be performed without undue friction.

The practice of the House of Representatives offers a suggestion. There is a large assembly with many things to do. Acting as a single body, it would be impossible for it to do all of them well. A way of less resistance has been found. Subordinate bodies have been formed, and the complex task distributed among them. The large assembly preserves its supreme authority, and sends forth with its sanction the conclusions of the subordinate bodies.

The organization of this legislative assembly suggests a general plan of governmental action, toward the execution of which the republic may possibly be drifting. This plan may be found consistent with extreme democratic participation in the government, and at the same time provide organizations, which, in their limited and exclusive character, have somewhat of an aristocratic or oligarchic quality. Under this order, stress would be laid on broad popular assemblies, which would furnish the necessary democratic vent, and give the whole body of citizens the consciousness of having an active part, and the final authority, in the government.

Stress would also be laid on committees, or commissions, destined to be the effective working institutions, and the conclusions formulated by these subordinate bodies, particularly in so far as they involve legislation, would ultimately be approved and given authority by the assemblies. Under an arrangement like this, the democratic element in the nation might continue to be represented, and continue to hold the final authority, no matter how great the population might become. At the same time the commission, or the small subordinate bodies, might undertake their several tasks with the maximum of freedom and efficiency and the minimum of friction.

The practices and tendencies observed in the United States, which suggest this order of things, show that, by a process of slow and inconspicuous change, the nation is apparently finding a way to preserve its republican character, and give play to both democratic and aristocratic sentiments and opinions, although approaching social conditions that have induced other nations to seek relief by substituting absolutism for the less simple processes of popular government.

The effort to make the government more democratic by introducing the referendum, or by doubling the number of voters, would thus seem to accelerate the movement to transfer the

reality of power to small bodies, sometimes oligarchical in character, leaving only the forms of final authority to the assemblies, or to the democratic element. As examples of such bodies, commissions, or committees, one may cite the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the United States Philippine Commission. The former, in the course of its activity, has established rules that have the force of law with reference to the administrative work devolving on the government. The United States Philippine Commission constructed an extensive body of laws for the government of the seven millions of inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. These laws become operative at times determined by the Commission; but the Congress of the United States legally possesses the power to modify or annul any one or all of them. Yet when they came before Congress to be scrutinized, sanctioned, or annulled, it was found that that body had neither the time nor the knowledge of the conditions in which these laws were to be applied, sufficient to enable it to criticize their details, and to pronounce concerning their fitness or unfitness. When, therefore, the control of the Philippine Islands passed into the hands of Congress, the laws framed and applied by the Commission received Congressional sanction without modification. What happened in this case may be expected to happen whenever a difficult governmental task is intrusted to a small commission whose members have a knowledge of the problems assigned to them, which cannot possibly be had by a large assembly.

The attempt, therefore, to crowd the democratic body of a great nation nearer the business of government, will necessarily result in causing important affairs to be turned over to commissions with expert knowledge. Such commissions, if properly constituted, are in the best sense of the term aristocratic. Membership in them presumes a degree of knowledge, training, and experience not possessed by the bulk of the nation. By this procedure there will be left to large assemblies the formal act of sanctioning the conclusions of the smaller bodies; and this will often be done, as it has been done in the past, without ability, on the part of the assembly, to bring to the examination of these conclusions anything more than the most superficial criticism.

IV

The internal growth of the United States derives much of its interest from the fact that it is an instance of social development on a large scale with a minimum of interference from without. The social growth of Peru was modified by the intervention of the King of Spain, who, by creating a nobility and establishing feudalism, reproduced characteristic features of European society in the sixteenth century. The English settlements had the good fortune to be neglected by the King. Their growth in isolation was to a very large extent normal, determined by inherent forces and a peculiar environment; and the various circumstances which have shaped their internal growth, have in a very large measure determined their external relations, or the place and policy of the nation with reference to other nations. The peace and security of the nation have not been threatened by neighbors.

The knowledge possessed by European nations that they had not to fear intervention by the United States, has caused this nation to be ignored in the diplomatic game of Europe. Moreover, the fact of the colonial origin of the United States induced Europeans to look upon the inhabitants and the government of this country with a pe-

culiar condescension. All Americans, whether of English or Latin stock, were the objects of this disparagement. In the case of the Spaniards, this attitude toward the colonists became one of contempt. Throughout the three hundred years of Spain's control of her American colonies, the Spaniards born in America were regarded as unworthy to hold high office in the colonial administration. The neglect and the contempt under which this class lived, threw them into sympathetic relations with the mestizos and the Indians. The union of these three despised classes constituted the basis of a democratic public opinion in Spanish America; and it was this opinion which at length rejected the pretensions of Spain, and overthrew her empire in the New World.

The English, less conceited than the Spaniards, and less disposed to intervene with authority in their colonial affairs, manifested toward the inhabitants of their dependencies a contempt somewhat more restrained than that which the Spaniards entertained for their colonists. But even to the enlightened Englishman the colonist was not in quite the same class as the European; and to him the American has always appeared as a colonist. In view of this attitude, it is not strange that the occupation of South American lands, like the lands of the less developed races, should sometimes have been considered as justified on the ground that such occupation would promote the interests of civilization.

The inhabitants of the United States, conscious of this opinion of Europeans, at first felt a certain degree of humiliation at being assigned an inferior place in the civilized world. But with the growth of the sentiment of nationality, and a sense of the importance of their own problems, they very naturally became more or less indifferent to European affairs and European political opinion. They became conscious of interests apart, and magnified the importance of those interests in order to convince themselves of the error of European opinion. They became conscious, moreover, of the need of an American policy in which the principles and practices of European states should not be conspicuous.

V

For a thousand years Europe has had no basis of assured peace; and during recent years the leading nations have thought less of means of preserving peace and international harmony than of means of making war, or of gaining an advantage over a neighboring nation by some other process. The international controversies, always attended by threats of war, have kept the common people under the domination of evil forebodings, or so far brutalized that they have accepted, without emotions of any kind, whatever fate was prepared for them. And in recent decades European diplomacy has passed from the finesse of earlier days, which was marked by a certain magnanimity, to a system of bullying, which appears to be marked by neither magnanimity nor morality. Removed from the domination of the social ideals of Europe, Americans have been able to take an objective view of the social and political system of the European nations, and this view has given rise to the wish that 'the European states' system' might not be established in America. This wish found expression in the message of President Monroe in 1823.

The motive which prompted the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine was not altruistic; it was the notion that it would be well for the United States if the American continent could avoid having fixed upon it international rela-

tions like those which have constituted the most unfortunate feature of European civilization. The republics of Latin America have evidently sometimes misconstrued the Doctrine, particularly when they have thought of it as a measure primarily designed for their protection. Taking this view of it, they have very naturally felt their pride wounded. Considering their ancestry, and that they regarded themselves as sovereign states, it is easy to see that they might feel humiliated, knowing themselves thought of as protected by another republic, which had no legitimate ground for assuming the superiority implied in this view of President Monroe's utterance.

The growth of these states during the last ninety years has strengthened, not weakened, this sentiment. They have fostered a bugbear of their own creation, and are now terrified as they gaze upon it. But no false interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, or false statement of the position of this government with reference to its friendly neighbors, is likely to weaken the determination of the United States to maintain this doctrine as an element of American policy. It is maintained because this nation has very mature objections to falling under the influence of traditions which have been created by the relations that have existed among European states. If the action of the United States in establishing this policy has afforded in the past incidental protection to the weaker republics, there may after all have been an advantage in this, sufficient to compensate them for their sense of wounded pride.

The Monroe Doctrine has sometimes been interpreted as drawing a line between the Eastern and Western hemispheres; but a little reflection will enable us to see that the line was really drawn between Europe and America. No other society or states' system lay within the view of President Monroe or of any of the statesmen of his time, than the society and states' system of Europe. The lands and the peoples of the Far East were as completely out of their horizon as were the inhabitants of Mars. There was no thought of proclaiming rules to determine relations between America and the Far East, for in the first quarter of the last century no one had any anticipation of relations between these two parts of the world. The Far East is a realm as distinct from Europe as from America, and whatever relations have existed between it and Europe or America, were entirely unpremeditated when the Monroe Doctrine was announced. The Monroe Doctrine did not foresee these relations, and could not have been designed to establish or confirm them. They are the result of the subsequent growth and expansion of both Europe and America. When, therefore, the United States extended its power into the Far East, and assumed control of the Philippine Islands, this act in no way affected the Monroe Doctrine, or the attitude of the United States toward that Doctrine.

The Far East, having made its appearance in Western politics after the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine, became, and has remained, a free field for the operations of both Europeans and Americans. Asia is not Europe, and there seems to be no reasonable process by which relations established between America and Europe can be interpreted as existing between America and Asia. If the United States gains an advantage in the Far East, the other nations may take notice of the fact as they might take notice of an advantage gained in that region by France, Germany, or any other nation. In that part of the world the hands of the United States are quite as free as

they would have been if the Monroe Doctrine had never been announced.

The possession of the Philippine Islands by the United States left the government of this country free to undertake to form a policy with respect to the organization and control of the Islands. The first opinion relating to such a policy concerned the profit to be derived by the United States. More mature considerations emphasized the advantage which the Islands might derive from the connection. After much talk and more hesitation, the government of the dominant country finally assumed toward the Filipinos the attitude which an enlightened government is supposed always to hold toward the people over whom it exercises its authority, an attitude involving a duty to take such action as will promote their well-being and progress in civilization.

The policy adopted had certain features that indicated a departure from the traditional colonial policy of Western nations. Among other provisions, it was required that the financial affairs should be managed for the advantage of the inhabitants of the Islands, and not for the purpose of creating a revenue for the United States; that the inhabitants should be brought as early as possible into a state where they could participate in the thought and other civilizing influences of the Western world; and that they should be gradually made familiar with the ideas and procedure of government as it exists in civilized nations, this to be accomplished not wholly by precept, but by actual participation in the business of governing.

VI

The policy carried out by the United States for the Filipinos might be compared with that carried out by the Japanese for themselves. The purpose in each case was to bring to an Oriental people the ideas of western civilization, and these ideas appear destined, in turn, to extend their awakening force from Japan and the Philippines to the other peoples of the Orient. Their influence is already manifest in Java, and the present state of China is the result of the explosion of Western ideas in a stagnant Oriental empire. The awakening of the Orient has revived in certain quarters the fear that Western civilization may be swamped by an Oriental inundation.

During the last half-century this fear has arisen and subsided like the terror of an approaching end of the world. It has served many purposes, and now it appears to furnish a reason why the United States should abandon the Monroe Doctrine. Before this 'yellow peril,' a recent writer informs us, 'the white races must stand together or go to the wall.' But the first practical measure advocated by this writer, who holds that the white races must stand together, is to urge the organization of Pan-Germanism, or the formation of a combination of the German Empire, the British Empire, and the United States. The millions of the Latin nations appear to be excluded from the proposed combination, which is 'to force the peace of the world'; and yet these nations constitute at present a very lively part of the white race. This project to secure the peace of the world involves as its fundamental recommendation that the white race should be divided into two hostile camps. This combination having been formed under the banner of Pan-Germanism, it should seize the southern half of Brazil and cede it to Germany. The purpose of this gigantic project of robbery, to which the United States is asked to give its assent, is to provide a power in South America competent to prevent

the occupation and domination of that region by the Japanese.

And yet this writer, before he presented the alternatives of a Japanese or a Germanic South America, had discovered that 'Japan has found a field for expansion on the continent of Asia.' This is a somewhat important discovery, and throws considerable light on the imminence of the 'yellow peril.' He might also have discovered that for the purpose of assisting in occupying the continental field, thousands of Japanese, who found it personally more advantageous for them to remain in America, have in the last few years obeyed the call of authority and returned to Asia.

Thus with all of the available Japanese needed for the development of their continental possessions, and with China plunged into political chaos or dominated piecemeal by Western nations, the danger of Oriental rule in South America does not seem to be too great to be faced by the powers of the American continent. At least this phase of the 'yellow peril' does not appear to be sufficiently grave to induce the South Americans to hire Germany to 'protect' them at the expense of half of an empire. Nor is the United States likely to see in this announced peril an adequate reason for renouncing the Monroe Doctrine, and becoming a participant in the colossal crime of despoiling a nation that is making remarkable strides in its course of progress.

The other alternative — the establishment of a German kingdom, or dependency, in the southern portion of South America — does not appear to be one of the governmental changes recommending itself for the future. If we look forward a hundred years, as we are exhorted to do by the advocate of Pan-Germanism, we may perceive more grounds of hope in the southern half of the continent without German domination than there would be with it.

The principles on which the South Americans, in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Peru, are building their states are principles which they have received from the United States, either directly or through France; and in view of the drift toward representative government during the last hundred and fifty years, they seem to be the principles that are to determine the organization of governments during the next hundred years, at least. Starting without political education, and hampered by the unfortunate traditions of Spanish rule, the early decades of Latin-American independence were necessarily characterized by more or less of political confusion. But the later decades in these leading states show remarkable progress toward the realization of the ideas on which the governments are founded.

To set up German domination in the place of any one of the principal governments of the southern half of South America would be to revert to a form of rule not greatly unlike the governments of the seventeenth century; and for such a government the future promises revolution, either peaceful or warlike.

If Germany's increasing population must have place outside of the limits of the present empire, this may be found in the United States, in Brazil, in Argentina, in Chile, in Australia, in Canada, and in Africa. This movement outward may be prompted by necessity. The proposed movement to carry German rule beyond the borders of the empire is prompted by sentiment and the pride of extended dominion. But the Germans find themselves individually contented and prosperous in the countries to which they have emigrated; and wherever they go they encounter no difficulty in adapting

themselves to established conditions; in fact, it is not to their liking to go to the frontier or to unoccupied lands, or to seek in an uncultivated region to establish conditions of civilization for themselves. On the other hand, the isolation and the inconvenience of the frontier have had no terrors for men of English stock. This quality has made them colonists.

If the Monroe Doctrine, announced when the United States had only a small population and little wealth, was a bluff, as a recent critic suggests, the nation in its weakness was fortunate that no European was disposed to call the bluff. Now, after the doctrine has stood for nearly a century, it is hardly to be expected that any nation will wish to subject itself to the inconvenience, the expense, and the possible risk of attempting to force it aside. There is no object that can be gained of sufficient importance to furnish a sure and adequate compensation. For many years before the proclamation of the Monroe Doctrine England entertained a plan to take the whole or a part of South America. In 1806, with twelve thousand soldiers and a large number of vessels, she had possession of Buenos Aires, then a town of only forty-five thousand inhabitants; but the extemporized troops of the city compelled the invaders to relinquish their conquest. There is no reason to suppose that the South Americans are less disposed now than they were then to make sacrifices for the defense of their independence. In fact, if there ever was a favorable time for the stranger to set up an alien government in the southern half of South America, that time has long since vanished.

The people of the United States are not disposed to look with favor on any project to introduce into America the European policy of international antagonism; nor to seek peace by creating hostility between the two great divisions of the white race; but to further such a union of American independent states as will promote the formation of uniform laws relating to subjects of common interest, and the creation of an international moral force which will assist in maintaining friendly relations among these states, and will guarantee peace, order, and progress throughout the continent.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

I

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

In the United States to-day the individualist is beset with adversaries who are misrepresenting his mission and belittling his importance. Yet his vital relationship to the highest possibilities and to the noblest aspirations of the race is unmistakable. The individual is the personal, that is to say, the principal, factor in progress of every description. He is the parent of ideas, the originator of plans, the organizer and director of social and industrial enterprises. He dreams, and society wakes up and finds itself famous. True, society reacts on the individual, inspires multitudes of individuals to praiseworthy exertion and development, and thus the commonwealth flourishes.

The individualist has a message for the present generation. While a large and influential section of public opinion at the present day is persistently emphasizing the central significance of the social stream and the comparative helplessness of the human bubbles adrift upon its surface, perhaps the life-story of one who has other and very different ideas of progressive civilization may, at least, be thought worthy of a patient hearing.

I

Originally, the family stock of the writer came from the Island of Skye, one of those desolate rock-ribbed isles of the Inner Hebrides, where even to-day the greater portion of the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants are crofters, who support themselves on fish, and inhabit miserable huts with the fireplace in the middle of the floor. Continually facing starvation and the fury of the elements, progress with these people is almost out of the question, but when they are once driven by chance or compulsion to other and more propitious climes, the rigor of such primeval training stands the sturdy emigrant in good stead, and, as a rule, he is able to give a very good account of himself.

While this glance at heredity is by no means out of place, my story properly begins in far-away India. In the earliest days of the British East India Company, in the buccaneering and filibustering period, my progenitors emigrated from Scotland and found employment in the Company's civil and military service. A number of them fell victims to the climate and the wars; later, one of my uncles was a physician of note in Calcutta; another was on the bench; while two or three of the present generation are out there today, engaged in commercial pursuits.

My father was one of the battle-scarred survivors of the Indian Mutiny. Until his death he was a pensioner of the East India Company or its successor, the British government. Just

in what year he returned to Scotland I am unable to determine. I have no available dates or records in regard to this period of my story; but this is of little consequence, as my purpose is neither statistical nor genealogical.

Be this as it may, I was born in the town of Inverness, Scotland, in the year 1859, and shortly after that date my father removed his establishment to a small estate, which he had inherited from a relative, in the neighboring county of Ross. At the time when I first began to get a glimpse of myself and my surroundings, the family consisted of twelve boys. Then my mother died and several of the older boys went out into the world, one into the army, one into the navy, and two into the Indian Civil Service. In this way, at the time I refer to, the home-colony in Ross-shire was reduced to eight. But now, and very briefly, I must locate myself more definitely.

My home, during my earliest school-days, was quite close to the town of Fortrose, which is a royal and parliamentary borough in Scotland, in the county of Ross. The little town is situated on the north side of the Moray Firth, just opposite Fort George. The neighborhood is particularly rich in romantic scenery, and the nature of my beginnings in this far-away corner of the world will not be understood in its proper significance without a brief glance at these surroundings.

The very first information, historically speaking, that is imparted to a Highland youngster relates to Wallace and Bruce, and the long line of fighting Scotsmen in every country that followed in their train. To him every tartan — in fact, every clan, loch, stream, and mountain — has its fighting history. Every boy in the Highlands lives in the midst of these individualistic, combative and romantic associations. On a clear day, from any elevation in the neighborhood of Fortrose, one can easily overlook the hills of Inverness-shire. The region appears to be densely wooded for the most part, and here, in the possession of enormous estates, live to-day the lordly descendants of the fighting clansmen, the Camerons of Lochiel, the Gordons of Cluny, the Frasers, the Mackintoshes, and the Chisholms.

Just one other feature of the neighborhood remains to be noticed. A little to the east of Fortrose is the village of Rosemarkie. At the back of the village, and running in and along great gullies, which I suppose have been washed out of the clay or sandstone hills by the torrents of centuries, is a succession of cliffs or precipices. For generations these crags have been the playground, or rather the climbing area, of the Highland lads from surrounding villages.

These features of the scenery are in the main, I think, correct, although I have not attempted to verify them in any way, and I have never revisited the scenes. They are simply vivid impressions of my early surroundings, which I have carried along with me and cherished with life-long tenacity; and I am obliged to emphasize them a little, for the reason that, connected with this rugged scenery, there was later a tragic episode which proved to be the first great turning-point in my life.

The earliest period of my activity, then, in the home, the surroundings of which I have partially described, may be fairly entitled the wilderness stage. In regard to the names of my companions, my manner of living at home, or conducting myself at school, say up to my tenth year, my mind is completely in the dark. The pranks and adventures of the period seem to have driven everything else into mental oblivion. I cannot even remember to what extent my brothers shared in these youthful

escapades, which so exclusively dominate these earliest memories. I am convinced, however, that the adventures were almost invariably stolen sweets, unlawful proceedings in which truancy figured not a little, and an occasional running away and hiding in the woods, — proceedings paid for, I doubt not in every instance, by the infliction of corporal punishment and incarceration in the family lockup.

While, of course, it is undesirable to relate any of these childhood adventures in detail, the individualism and self-assertion contained in this state of gypsy-like lawlessness must be noticed in passing. A single illustration will be sufficient to picture the situation.

It has always been a mystery to me why I should so easily recall incidents relating to the dogs and horses, and my adventures in their company. For instance, about dogs: there was Pinky, the Skye terrier, Rock, the Gordon setter, and Jack, the retriever. The latter was the delight and pride of every boy in the neighborhood. His cleverness in catching wounded rabbits, or in finding lost articles that belonged to any of the boys, was to our understanding almost supernatural.

When I first remember him, Jack was growing old, and getting a little blind. One day we heard a rumor that his days were numbered and that the gamekeeper had received orders to put him quietly out of the way. So one morning, when we surprised this man preparing to take him out in a boat, we knew his time was come. How we pleaded — in vain, of course — for the life of that dog! Then we surrounded and jostled and fairly mobbed the gamekeeper. In the end he was compelled to beat us back from the boat, and we sat in a row on the beach crying and biting our lips. The man rowed out a short distance from the shore, then shipped his oars. We saw our hero go overboard — first the dog, then the rope, and then the rock. We never forgave that man. From that time on he was continually in hot water with one or another of us. Before many days, in our own way, we paid him back. It was at a time when the whole village was off its guard, given up to jollification on Halloween. Two or three of us, little imps, barred the door of his cottage on the outside, climbed up on the roof, and dropped a large green sod down through the chimney right into the midst of the family circle. The thrashing we received for this escapade must have been part of the pleasure, for it never bothered our memories.

II

If my recollection of my adventures is even partially reliable, it is impossible to imagine a more lawless and harum-scarum beginning to the career of any mortal. But, doubtless, during this early period there were already two sides to the problem of my bringing-up, although at this distance I find it difficult to reconcile the two parallel and contemporaneous lines. Nevertheless, I am well aware, from what I was able to learn afterwards, that even at the time that I was seemingly running wild in the earliest mad-cap stage, I was really being drilled and whipped into civilized form by other and sterner forces, and in due time the fruits of this training were abundantly in evidence.

But, even at its best, the domestic situation in which I was placed is little understood by Americans of the present generation. A certain aloofness between parents and children in most well-regulated families in those days was considered necessary for purposes of decorum and discipline. In this way servants and relatives to a great extent had charge of our family, although my father kept careful watch of the pro-

ceedings. There were morning and evening prayers, grace was said before and after each meal, although our parents never sat at the same table with the small boys, and there was the strictest observance of the Sabbath.

Whatever may have been his desires on the subject, my father certainly found it impossible to attend to us all personally while we were in the barefoot, runabout stage, but he made up for it when we grew old enough to appreciate his administration. It is in this light, and during this later period, that I chiefly remember him.

Thus, as briefly as possible, I have tried to draw upon my memory for a picture of a youth in the Highlands of Scotland in what to me are the olden times, struggling, unconsciously of course, with his environment and heredity. True, the process was under cover, but the two lines of effort and advance, even then, were clearly defined. The one was overflowing, disorganized, boisterous, and natural. The other was artificial, organized, and moral. On the one hand, there was heredity, the aboriginal activity and yearning of a hunting and fighting disposition, craving for expression, and, on the other hand, there was the environment of a determined and methodical plan on the part of a schoolmaster, a minister, and home influences, to turn these half-savage propensities into civilized channels.

Personality, it must be remembered, as a conscious factor, was still in the embryo state, biding its time. Then, of a sudden, just at this stage of development, the forces engaged met in a sort of catastrophe and, in a single day, I became a conscious and soulful personality.

It happened in this way, in my eleventh year. Between brothers in our family there was no such thing as constant comradeship. Occasionally we would play together in pairs or otherwise, but unless we happened to join forces in some common cause, we were usually in a state of chronic rivalry. Plots and counterplots were always under way. Encounters of every description, for the most part manly and short-lived affairs, were the order of the day. But we all seemed to have chums in the village in whose company most of the play-time was spent.

My particular companion was a little lad about my own age, the son of the village miller, whose mill was a short distance outside the village on the edge of a noted rabbit-warren called 'The Dens.' Alec was even a more inveterate poacher than I, and nearly as good a crag-climber. The alliance between us was offensive and defensive in every particular. We were inseparable. Whenever I went astray, and was wanted for anything, I was always to be found in the vicinity of this mill.

In front of the building and, if I am not mistaken, rising sheer from the roadway in front of it, the crags spread out to right and left. The bald surface of these perpendicular sheets of clay was divided at intervals by crevices or ravines running vertically from top to bottom. Here and there on the face of these parapets there were a number of ledges, perhaps twenty or thirty feet long, running horizontally across the surface. In nearly all of these ledges there were deep holes, burrowed by the rabbits. They were the breeding-places of the rabbits and of numerous jackdaws, the natural prey of the village boys. One ledge or shelf in particular was the despair of every boy in the village. It was simply inaccessible. It seemed as if every rabbit we chased out of the 'Dens,' understanding this fact and mocking us, invariably ran across the face of the cliff and took refuge on that shelf.

One day Alec and I determined to scale that crag or break our necks in the attempt. We must have deliberately and carefully planned the expedition in advance. We started from the mill one morning just before dawn. We provided ourselves with knives and a stout rope. Without much difficulty we scrambled up one of the ravines that divided the cliff into sections. When the sun rose we were probably two hundred feet from the base of the cliff, and horizontally on a level with the coveted ledge. To reach it, however, it was necessary to cut a firm pathway, inch by inch, with our knives, for a distance of fifty feet across an almost perpendicular parapet. As a guide to our work there was already a faint trackway made by the rabbits. Along this line, footstep after footstep, we dug our perilous way, until about half the distance was covered in safety. I was three or four yards ahead of my companion. Then, suddenly, like a flash, Alec's foothold gave way and down he went. In falling he shouted my name.

There is no necessity to draw on my imagination to picture my predicament or to describe my state of mind. I am there again this minute. For a second or two I was rigid with a sort of terror. To turn back was impossible, and I could not look down. I simply drove my knife up to the hilt in the crag and held on. Then, after an unnoticed interval, the sound of shouts from below came up to me. They seemed to wake me out of my trance.

Meanwhile, in some unaccountable way, determination had taken the place of fear. I have always looked back upon these moments as the time when my personality first emerged into real consciousness. I whispered to myself one word — 'Courage.' Then I went on with my work, cutting out the path to the ledge. It was a mechanical process — I did n't seem to know or realize what I was doing. I reached the goal and returned by the way I had come.

At the foot of the hill a crowd was awaiting me. I did n't ask any questions. I knew from the silence that Alec was dead. Half the village accompanied me to my home. My father was away. I was locked in the cellar for safe-keeping. Toward evening, to my surprise, I was liberated and given a good meal. For several days I was in disgrace, or thought I was. Then the village authorities came and asked me some questions.

Finally my father returned. To my surprise he seemed to avoid me. I knew something was brewing. Then one morning I was told to get ready to go to Inverness with him. Generally speaking, the trip was looked upon by any of us as a treat. On this occasion, however, I did n't flatter myself in this way. Then came another surprise. The trip was postponed on account of the weather, and I was told to present myself at once in the library.

I had no sooner entered the room than my father sent me to a storeroom for a trunk full of letters and documents. I at once noticed a change in his manner and method of addressing me. There was a sort of companionship indicated in his words and actions to which I was totally unaccustomed. I wondered what was going to happen. He said he was sorry about the accident, and especially for Alec. He was walking up and down the room. I looked up and saw that his lips were quivering with emotion. That was enough for me. I did n't utter a sound, but I gripped myself all over, while the tears poured from my eyes in streams. However, there was no use trying to put old heads on young shoulders, he continued, and besides, after all, perhaps I was only a chip of the old block.

In fact, a little stronger than some of the other chips, he hoped. There had always been too much abortive effort in the family. I, at least, had done what I set out to do. Of all things he hated abortive effort. I could hardly believe my senses. As I listened, every minute he was speaking added a year to my life.

My father knew I was collecting postage stamps and 'crests.' He went on to tell me that he was going to burn up a lot of family records and letters. He wished me to read a little about the family history they contained, and, incidentally, I could help myself to the stamps. He gave me a hint or two in regard to his reasons for destroying these letters. There were financial troubles on the horizon. Some kind of family quarrel and possibly a lawsuit. We could read the letters together, and he would determine as we went along which to preserve and which to throw into the open fireplace before which we were seated.

The letters contained family history of a varied description, chiefly from India. The health of this one, the promotion of another in the service, the expedition of another on a diplomatic mission to the Afghans, the sickness and death of a brother at Aden, returning home on sick leave — such were some of the topics.

I was so keyed up at the time that scarcely an incident in these letters has escaped my memory. Especially impressive to me in many of the letters were the stories of financial disaster, and the pitiful forebodings of kinsmen who had lost their all in the wreck of the Agra bank.

Thus the day passed away and, with intervals for meals, my letter-burning occupation was continued until late into the evening. But there was another incident connected with the occasion that made quite an impression upon me at the time. When the servant brought in the lights, my father ordered some 'toddy.' He compelled me to drink a small quantity. He thought it might assist me in going to sleep, but he made it the occasion to tell me something about whiskey. Although, generally speaking, it was something to be avoided, on the other hand, it was nothing to be afraid of. He mentioned one or two unsatisfactory illustrations in the history of the family as a warning against its abuse. He thought it well for me to understand something about it at an early age. 'If you take a dislike to it,' he said, 'you will do well. At any rate govern yourself thoughtfully in the matter.' Then I went to bed in a tumult of mental bewilderment.

Psychologically speaking this is the end of the personally unconscious period. The next stage relates to school-life, to intellectual development, and especially to religious foundations.

III

There is a tide in the affairs of boys, as well as in those of men, that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. This is usually the period when the boy, awakening to a consciousness of his own personality, determines, it matters not how feebly at first, to think and act for himself.

In my own case, self-assertion, on a small scale, of course, began almost immediately after the death of my companion Alec. I can only attribute my somewhat premature development in this respect to the mental shock which I received upon that occasion, and there was one feature about this sudden development which seems to me to be worth mentioning. This was the abnormal sensitiveness that ensued. Mental impressions of all kinds were very acute, and at times almost pain-

ful. I remember how careful I was not to offend any one, or to hurt the feelings of any one in any way. This led to a natural desire on my part to do my best in order to secure the good opinion of people.

But this feature was only incidental; my real purpose was to be better and stronger than my companions in whatever sphere I might happen to meet them. After all, this was only a very natural desire and a simple development of the life I had been leading; but that the consciousness of will-power should actually add to the strength of my muscles was a revelation to me at the time, and was illustrated one day in a very emphatic manner.

A number of boys were playing in the vicinity of the blacksmith's shop. Lifting weights was one of our customary pastimes. The biggest boy in the company was one of my brothers who was two or three years my senior. Incidentally, he took hold of a small anvil, but failed to move it. Thereupon I lifted it from the ground with apparent ease. The boys shouted, and the blacksmith came out and challenged me to do it again. I did so. But the peculiar part of this illustration is that I distinctly remember half chuckling to myself and saying, 'I have a secret.'

This kind of self-consciousness affected my behavior in a marked degree. I became quiet in my manner and studious in my habits. What may be called the dawn of purpose in my behavior led naturally to a good deal of concentration, and, at this psychological moment, the Free Kirk minister, Mr. Brown, took hold of me.

To try to explain what religion meant to such an impressionist as I was, at that early age, would be a useless proceeding. I think, however, the religion of the Free Church was thoroughly in harmony with my mental level at the time. For one thing, it introduced me to the Bible, but of this book and its influence I shall have more to say at a later stage of my story. At any rate, Mr. Brown instilled into me the principles of orthodoxy, and of the Bible as the great human guide, in the same way that McTavish, the schoolmaster, was pounding into me the construction of hexameters in Latin verse, and the value of x in algebra. The following story will give an idea of my religious condition at this time, and of the change from my former childlike indifference in such matters.

One day, very thoughtlessly, I took aim with a stone and killed a sparrow. I can never forget the religious turmoil the act excited in my mind. The situation, I am afraid, does not admit of interpretation, still less of appreciation, at the present day. I took refuge in prayer, — a process whose spiritual aim and practical end is discipline.

But the most noticeable phase of this early religious training was the strange secrecy that was maintained on all sides in regard to moral problems from a practical point of view. I speak of the sermonizing on the subject. 'Lead us not into temptation,' was interpreted in its widest significance. I was terribly impressed with wickedness in the abstract. Ignorance and innocence were supposed to be the safest route to salvation. One day coming across the expression, 'The Scarlet Woman,' I asked Mr. Brown to explain it to me. I remember his answer: 'My boy, at your age curiosity will do you a great deal more harm than enlightenment will do you good. Study the *Paradise Lost* and beware of the popular craving for the novels of Dickens.'

This, then, was the religious atmosphere in which I was being educated. Its central tenet was the necessity for an absolute ignorance of the world and

its dangers from the practical point of view, in combination with religious safeguards that were depended upon to act instinctively in times of temptation and danger. It has been necessary for me to dwell on this religious situation at the time when my personality was beginning to assert itself, in order that the practical tests of the system which came later may be thoroughly understood. It was in this supersensitive condition, therefore, that my final studies in my twelfth year in the academy in Fortrose were continued.

The sudden change in my habits and general deportment was immediately noticed by my father and by McTavish, the schoolmaster. The former took many opportunities to favor and encourage me. The schoolmaster also, taking his cue from my father, took considerable pride in the progress I was making in my studies. This schoolmaster was first of all and principally an educational machine, but considering the material and the difficulties he had to contend with, some sixty or seventy boys and girls of various ages in a single room, under his exclusive direction, he was probably the right kind of man in the right place. At no time during my pupilage under him, however, did this man have any intellectual or moral attraction for me. He possessed a method, and that was all. In my mind's eye I can see him now standing on the platform at the end of the school-room, slightly to one side of an enormous blackboard, a long lance-like pointer in one hand, and the ever-present 'taws' swinging significantly in the other. He brings the pointer down sharply on the floor and says, 'Attention.' Then he scribbles off a problem of some kind on the board, takes a step forward and says, 'One, two, three, off!' At once there is a rattle and squeaking of slate pencils, and after an interval some one brings his slate down on his desk with a slam and shouts, 'First.' Others follow in rotation as fast as their tasks are completed. Meanwhile, McTavish is in the body of the hall, scrutinizing the answers and admonishing the slow ones. In all probability he pounces upon a 'dunce,' takes him by the ear and deposits him silently in the corner of the room with his face to the wall. Occasionally, however, in a magnanimous mood, he returns to the platform empty-handed and explains the difficulties in the problem in the most sympathetic manner. Once in a while in his remarks to the pupils he lapses into the brogue of the neighborhood. On one occasion I happen to shout 'First,' at the top of my voice. 'Jeames, my boy,' he replies, 'dinna shoot; when ye're no first, I'll be making a note of it.'

But perhaps the most exceptional feature of this schoolmaster's administration was his quarterly 'repoorts,' as they were called. They were delivered in person. As a rule, he borrowed a pony for the purpose. He usually set out on a Wednesday afternoon and took in a circuit of seven or eight miles. At every house which he entered for the purpose of reporting the progress of the children, he was invariably refreshed with a good drink of whiskey; the consequence was that, by the time he was headed for home, the pony was thoroughly worked up. On the home-stretch we boys were agreed that there was no one like our schoolmaster for getting a Tam o' Shanter-like gallop out of that pony.

However, in regard to my own progress, I probably studied hard because I was compelled to. Thanks to McTavish, his methods, and his 'taws,' there was no doubt about my proficiency in the 'Three R's.' In regard to these fundamentals McTavish was a tyrant. Neither the Laird's first-born, nor the poorest lad in the village, could

escape this initial drilling. And by the way, the number of books that were carried to and fro was one of the astonishing features of our school-life. Morning and evening the country roads were dotted with boys and girls carrying piles of books certainly two feet deep at times, securely strapped between boards and slung over stout little shoulders. The girls usually managed to saddle themselves with the heaviest burdens, and the most desperate fight I ever engaged in was for the privilege of carrying one of these ponderous libraries.

Such, then, in brief, was my intellectual and religious condition when I left this village school and was sent to a grammar school in Manchester, England, to continue my studies. There were eight or nine hundred boys in this school, and I was admitted to it on what was called the 'foundation.' There was a batch of twenty of us who were successful in this way, winnowed out of a couple of hundred aspirants. When I left the school I was in the fifth 'form.' The master's name was Styles, and his methods and personality were typical of the whole school. Our class of thirty boys was divided into sections. Each section had its overseer — one of ourselves — and, in this way, the master kept in touch with every unit in the class.

Religious instruction was part of the curriculum, and, during an attendance of a little over three years at this grammar school, my religious ideas were enlarged considerably and my convictions deepened. This was also by far the hardest study-period of my life, and my book-knowledge was extended over a wide range of subjects. I was also an inveterate foot-ball and cricket player, but my studies took precedence over everything. The concentration of mind, brought about by continuous study, resulted in a mental condition that was altogether too morbid and introspective, and but for the timely intervention and advice of Mr. Styles, serious mental results would have followed. I had only one or two companions whom I cared anything about, and they were nearly as studious as myself. I did not get into scrapes of any kind, and I remember Mr. Styles saying to me one day that he thought if I broke loose once in a while it would widen my horizon a little. However, he went right to work on my case in his usual practical manner: he insisted on daily exercise and play, he took me to the theatre (I had never been in my life before), and during the following holiday season I went with him to visit some friends near London; incidentally he gave me a vivid introduction to some of the scenes and problems of a great city.

There is just one final feature of my training in this grammar school which I think it will be well to mention. This has reference to the class spirit that was instilled into the boys with such sincerity and force that it was actually a normal condition, both in field-sports and in studies, and any deviation from it was always roundly denounced by the boys themselves. This phase of my school-life had a striking illustration during the class examinations, just before my departure from the school.

I was particularly anxious to head the class list on this occasion, and as I was in what was called a classical 'form,' or class, at the time, the principal tests were in our knowledge of Latin and Greek. There were thirty-odd boys in the form; the room just accommodated us comfortably, each boy being seated at his individual desk with his printed examination paper before him. My most dreaded rival in these examinations sat next me at a desk on the right, and I think that this boy, who was a genius in many ways,

would have beaten me if he had not resorted to unlawful methods. We were translating a passage from the *Medea* of Euripides at the time, and as I happened to look round in this boy's direction, it struck me he was trying to hide something with his elbow. In short, I soon came to the conclusion that he was making use of a 'crib' or translation, the edge of which just projected under his desk cover. I was so dumfounded that I could hardly believe my eyes. The fifth form was the second highest in the school, and such an occurrence among us was almost unthinkable. However, acting simply in the class spirit, which in fact I did n't have to think about, I at once stood up and asked the form master if it would be considered the proper thing then and there to name a boy for cribbing. He replied, 'Most certainly.' I did so. The boy, without a word of excuse, bluntly and frankly pleaded guilty. He was immediately expelled from the class-room, and the cheering that followed the closing of the incident, which the master himself encouraged, gave me instantly to understand that I had not been mistaken in my estimate of the class spirit.

IV

My school life in Manchester ended rather abruptly. My younger brothers were coming along, and it became necessary for me to earn a living. It was a time when telegraph cables were being laid to all parts of the world. So I went up to London and spent some time learning to operate the cable instruments. I made such good progress that I very soon received an appointment in the service of a company that was then laying cables along the coast of South America, and forthwith I made preparations to leave England.

At this point it will be well to call to mind my intellectual and religious condition. I was pretty well equipped with school-learning, and my mind was filled with a mass of moral generalities, but of the world and its practical dangers and temptations I was supremely ignorant. I was extremely religious, but, according to modern ideas and standards my education lacked its most essential feature. This, however, was the religious stage of my development, and it must bear its own burden and tell its own story.

Just before leaving England I received an invitation to visit a cousin who was home from India on a visit. He was about forty years of age, and by far the strongest, most practical, and withal the noblest kind of man I had yet encountered. He tried to explain to me the different aspects of city life from a practical point of view, but although I listened attentively to his advice it did not seem to appeal to me in a personal way. I could not get away from the mass of generalities in which my knowledge of good and evil was enveloped, and it was these practical aspects of life that my cousin endeavored to bring home to me in a final interview.

Just before my departure for South America, we sat side by side in the ante-room of a restaurant. I retain the liveliest and kindliest recollection of this conversation. My cousin spoke first of himself. There were many incidents and shortcomings in his own career on which he looked back with keenest regret, and perhaps on that very account his words should have had additional weight. Then he turned to my own plans and prospects. He had been informed of my satisfactory record at school, but that by itself, in his opinion, did n't amount to much. The problems of life were not to be solved by the mere exercise of intellectual attainments. He said a good deal about

heredity and environment, although he did not make use of these terms, but he laid emphasis upon what he called 'streaks' and habits. All these ideas and situations, he contended, are for the most part derived from the behavior of people who drift. They have no terrors to the man with a purpose in life, and a will. He took a number of illustrations from our own family history as practical examples of individual success and failure, and to show that character is always dependent upon pronounced individualism.

In conclusion my cousin asked me if I had read any novels. He wished I would immediately read one of Bulwer-Lytton's — I have forgotten the title. He referred specifically to one passage or chapter in this book, in which the guardian of a young lady calls her attention to a small plant or fern half hidden among the rocks on a hillside. He told her he had been watching the little plant for weeks in its brave struggle to lift its head up out of its unfavorable surroundings into the clear air and sunshine. From my cousin's point of view it was a striking lesson in character-building, the significance of which was accentuated by the parting advice given to this girl by the guardian: 'Keep yourself unspotted from the world.'

If my cousin had understood my mental condition at the time he would have been more explicit. As it was, I only half understood his meaning. To keep myself unspotted from the world was just another Biblical text, and I was still in the thraldom of these terrible generalities. However unusual and morbid my mental state at this time may appear to this matter-of-fact and practical generation, I cannot refrain from describing the sequel to this interview.

I wandered homeward to my lodging. Every step of the journey is indelibly fixed in my memory. Early in the afternoon I took a seat in a secluded spot in Kensington Gardens. Before long I was disturbed and sought a still quieter situation. I soon found an enormous tree-trunk, roots and all, from which the tree itself had been severed and carted away. In the great cavity in the ground, caused by the violent uprooting of the tree, I ensconced myself. I wished to think over this problem of life, and of my future, which my cousin had been trying so patiently to impart to me. What did he actually mean when he told me to keep myself unspotted from the world? Was there actually a conspiracy in nature or otherwise, for the waylaying and moral destruction of people? If so, under what guise and in what form was I to look for it? Hour after hour I pondered, and still no light came. I was finally aroused from my reverie by the monotonous and oft-repeated cry of the park policeman, 'All out, all out.' Then I made the best of my way homeward.

A few days later, in the city of Lisbon, the revelation and the awakening took place. It is all so simple now. It was so terrible then. It happened in this way.

There was some delay to our outward-bound steamer at Lisbon and the opportunity presented itself to go on shore for a while. Several of my fellow clerks were also on this ship, but they had been seasick in the bay, so I did not bother about them. I went on shore alone. It was, of course, my first introduction to a foreign city, and it goes without saying that the dreamy, languorous atmosphere, the sun-baked streets, the sort of aimless sauntering of the populace in this semi-tropical city were very new and strange to me.

Before long a young man stepped up to me and inquired in good English if I did not wish to look at the most nota-

ble buildings and sights of the city. He would be glad to show me round for a mere trifle. So I made a bargain with him and set out. We visited many places of interest, and, finally, in crossing a large square, my guide excused himself for a minute for the purpose of speaking to a young woman, who happened to cross our path. After an interval he returned. He immediately began to tell me about the young woman. It was an extraordinary case; she was a cousin of his from the country, driven from home by harsh treatment, and here she was alone and penniless in the city. He had n't seen her for years. However, he had directed her to his own home, where she would be taken care of for a time, at any rate. Then we continued our sight-seeing.

Finally, I mentioned my desire to return to the ship. I then offered the man the sum of money we had agreed upon. He said he would attend to that later, and added, 'Here we are close to my home; if you will step in we can sit down and rest for a minute or two, and take a little refreshment.' It was the simplest kind of a proposition, so we entered the house together. He led the way into an inner room which was cosily fitted up with lounges and reclining chairs, on one of which I seated myself. He then left the room.

Ten minutes or so passed away and I was beginning to wonder at the delay, when the door opened, and a young woman appeared on the threshold. It was the interpreter's cousin whom we had met in the public square. She greeted me familiarly and extended her hand. I shook it mechanically. Her garments were sparkling with ornament, and a mass of color. For a second she simply stood there playing with a tassel that dangled from her headdress; then suddenly from her lips came a ripple of laughter, and she tapped her foot lightly on the floor.

Meanwhile, my mind was passing through a tempest of conflicting emotions. Something said to me, 'Here you are at last — what are you going to do about it? Here is your generality in human form — the event itself.'

In an instant the situation in its true light dawned upon me. The mental struggle vanished. A world of generalities were converted instinctively into a practical decision. It was at once a recognition and an outburst. The writing on the wall was now made clear to me in all its vital significance: 'Keep yourself unspotted from the world.'

I brushed the woman to one side, ripped open the door, and found myself face to face with the interpreter. I threw his money at his feet. I seemed to possess the concentrated strength of a dozen men. I sent him spinning across the floor and rushed out into the street.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWEST WOMAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It was the late George Meredith, if I mistake not, who was credited with bringing women into their joint inheritance of wit and passion. He himself supposed himself to discard, first of the novelists, the 'veiled virginal doll.' The *jeune fille* had, in the course of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, become somewhat dehumanized. She was far, indeed, from the frank heroines of Shakespeare, to whom every year was leap year. The heroine of the old-fashioned sentimental novel forsook her blushing, fainting, tear-shedding, letter-writing girlhood, only to become, on her wedding day, the British matron. There seems to have been no transition. Meredith apparently felt that the feminine share in romance was deplorably and inaccurately minimized. He exaggerated, perhaps. Scott gave us a few fine examples of the beautiful girl without frill or flutter, who was aware of her own mind. George Eliot knew a thing or two about her sex; and Jane Eyre, in her day, was notoriously explicit.

Not long since, indeed, having brought myself quite up to date with the fiction of the contemporary English school, — even to the last installments of its serial novels, — I sought out the most *démodé* of the English novelists. 'Let me see,' I murmured to myself, 'just what it is that we have thought it worth while, at this expense, to escape.' Accordingly, I procured all the volumes of *Sir Charles Grandison*. Nothing, it seemed, could be fairer than to go to Richardson; and, in all the work of Richardson, fairest, surely, to go to *Sir Charles*.

I have never known any one who was ashamed to confess that *Sir Charles Grandison* bored him. It is the last work which any defender of the old school of fiction would think of using as a basis for argument. And yet, even in that epic of priggery, the natural note is not wholly lacking. Harriet Byron loved Sir Charles while he was still bound to the Lady Clementina, and bore herself with dignity when her friends cautioned her against her own feeling. 'If this should end at last in love' (she writes), 'and I should be *entangled in a hopeless passion*, the object of it would be Sir Charles Grandison: he could not insult me; and mean as the word *pity* in some cases sounds, I had rather have his pity than the love of any other man.' Such a cry, even Richardson, with all his prurient prudishness, could give us.

Yet we must give Meredith his due; and Meredith, on the whole, honestly surpasses these others in the shining list of his adoring heroines — adoring with such dominance in meekness, such gayety in surrender. Rose Jocelyn, Henrietta Fakenham, Aminta Farrell, Clare Doria Forey (let us write it in full, for so she liked it best), Cecilia Halkett, Janet Ilchester — it would be hard to match, within the century, that group of girls.

All these names have been recalled simply as witnesses to the fact that there is — in spite of the contentions of the contemporary novelists — a per-

fectly consistent tradition, in English novels, of the frank young woman. It is of the first importance to establish this, for these contemporary authors are talking as if their Anns and Isabels and Hildas were the only *jeunes filles* who had ever dared, in literature, to love as spirited girls in life really do. Just here one quarrels with their pretensions. The Victorian convention may have given us Amelia Sedley, and Lucy Desborough, and Lily Dale; but the Victorian era gave us also Catherine Earnshaw, and Jane Eyre, and Eustacia Vye.[1] Our contemporaries are doing nothing new when they show us the *jeune fille* falling in love before she is proposed to; they are doing nothing new when they show us the *jeune fille* wishing, quite specifically, to be a wife; they are not even doing anything new — rather, something quite *dix-huitième* and *rococo* — when they show us the *jeune fille* considering whether she will put up with being a mistress. The *jeune fille* glorying in her choice of the illicit relation is something, let us grant them, more nearly new. Yet how they gabble, upon their peak in Darien!

No; these authors have not broken with the Victorian convention — that simple acrobatic feat demanded of all beginners. But they have broken with the laboratory method. If they think that in Ann Veronica, in Hilda Lessways, in Isabel Rivers, they have been more accurate than their great predecessors, they are quite simply mistaken. I am not proposing to myself, or to any one else, to be shocked by these young women. Being shocked leaves one, in the world of criticism, with no retort. Whether or not one is shocked by them is quite another question, and one that does not come into this discussion. My own objection to the school of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Bennett, is that their heroines are not convincing.

There is a great deal said and written, nowadays, about women as they are and as they ought to be; and very little of it is in the tone of *Sesame and Lilies*. We are told very contradictory things about our sex; and we are exhorted with unvarying earnestness to believe each contradiction. We are jeered at for being Nietzschean Anns, embodying the ruthless life-force, pursuing the man that we may have children by him. We are also preached at for causing race-suicide. We must want children more than anything else in the world; and we must want the state to take care of them for us after they are born. We must return to the Stone Age; and we must, at the same time, join the Fabian Society. We must submit to the intense conservatism of eugenics; but we must, on the other hand, insult Mrs. Grundy, whenever we find it convenient, by taking lovers instead of husbands. We ought not to marry without assurance that our children will be physically perfect; but we may not expose them on a mountain-top if by any chance they are not.

Only the pragmatist (be it said in passing), with his avowed power of sucking the truth simultaneously from two mutually exclusive hypotheses, could do all the things that, with authority, we are told to do. 'Modern, indeed! She' (Ann Veronica) 'was going to be as primordial as chipped flint.' Yet, if we accept the chronologies of history (which seems sane enough) nothing could be more 'modern' than Ann Veronica's way of being prehistoric. Perhaps the solution is for all women to become pragmatists? Some of us are bewildered by all this; and we wonder a little if the heart-breaking medley of preachments is not the fruit of that

[1] Heroines, respectively, as most of our readers know, of Thackeray, Meredith, Trollope, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, and Thomas Hardy. — The Editors.

antique and unpardonable sin — *mêler les genres*. In all this chaos, one thing seems to be generally agreed on: women are, contrary to fusty tradition, very like men — whether like them according to *L'Age Dangereux*, or like them according to the latest suffrage pamphlet. That is the only thing that we shall unfailingly be told.

There is something in it. We *are* more like men than Mrs. Radcliffe would have believed. But the method chosen by these modern heroines of being like men is chiefly, it would appear, to be more so. They will not go half-way, but three quarters. The old-fashioned man sometimes relented. The new-fashioned woman makes quick work of her lover's virtue. There is hardly a villain in an old play but would have let the lady off, if she had pleaded with him as Capes pleads with Ann Veronica. The qualms, the scruples, the regrets, are all the man's: the girl refuses utterly to indulge in anything so weak. Capes is unfortunate enough to say something to Ann Veronica about honor. 'Only your queer code of honor — Honor! Once you begin with love you have to see it through.' Away with inhibitions!

'But,' some one will object, 'all this has been said before. And literature is full of women who prey passionately on the men they say they love. They are a recognized type.' Granted; but until now, the passionate preying and the unsought soliciting have not been done by the young unmarried girl of respectable traditions. The type is represented, from Potiphar's wife down, by the woman who is no longer *jeune fille*. One has not traversed either literature or life without hearing of exceptions. But they are exceptions. The point is, not that young women have hitherto been restrained by religion and convention, and that when they become free-thinkers and despise the existing order, they express themselves as they really are. The point is that they really are not, for the most part, like Ann Veronica and Hilda Lessways.

I and my friends do not object to Ann and Hilda because we are afraid that, if we do not, people will think that we are like that. We object to them because we are told that they are normal, healthy-minded young women who have led a perfectly respectable life on the borders, at least, of gentility; and because we know that normal, healthy-minded young women who have lived such lives do not approach their first love affairs in the temper of these heroines. If you wish to say that the authors are merely discussing pathological cases, you will to some extent be letting them out, but they will not thank you for it. What is perfectly clear is that they believe girls of eighteen or twenty are like that. The last thing that they think, evidently, is that these young ladies need any attention from physicians or alienists. They think — God save the mark! — that they have described, in each case, a really nice girl. Up to a certain point, Ann Veronica *is* nice. When she falls in love, her author goes back on her disgracefully. He does not go back on her by making her horrid: he goes back on her by destroying her actuality.

One is ready to grant, I say, that women are more like men than some — not all — of the old-fashioned novelists would have had us believe. Let us rail, by all means, at the 'veiled virginal doll.' Let us disagree with Tolstoy (it is always good to disagree with Tolstoy!) when he says, in the *Sonate de Kreutzer*, 'une jeune fille pure ne veut pas un amant; elle veut des enfants.' Let us admit that the modern girl really is frank with herself about her desire to marry the man she has chosen. In-

deed, I cannot think who will deny it. But there our respect for realism bids us stop. It is a complex and misty matter, this probing of the young girl's secret attitude to life and her lover.

Perhaps the greatest blunder of the new realists is that they do not see how complex and misty it is. The whole question is almost impossible of discussion, it is so difficult and delicate. Record the images in the girl's mind, if you must — that is the exhaustive, exhausting rule of realism. But for God's sake, record them as vague, since vague they are! These authors fail, precisely because they must, at each instant, be vivid. One is tempted to recall to them Mr. Chesterton's difficulty with Browning's biography: 'One can make a map of a labyrinth, but who can make a map of a mist?' Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett are, apparently, the successful cabmen who can. They offer to take you anywhere you like in this London fog of the girl's mind. Under their fitful guidance, you will get somewhere; but it may not be the address you gave them.

It is time to come to instances. Luckily for one's contention, the frank young feminine thing is, in spite of a few sentimental aberrations of a century ago, in the great English literary tradition. (What the new novelists have given us, one might remark, is more like the frank young thing crossed with the highwayman.) No one need be more explicit than Juliet in desiring possession of the man she loves, but even Juliet does not find her passion for Romeo summing itself up in Ann Veronica's desire to kiss her idol's feet because she is sure that they must have the firm texture of his hands; nor is she overpowered at every turn, like Hilda, by his 'faint, exciting, masculine odor.' And, surely, if any one were to bring up an explicit heroine, it would be the Nurse! Romantic lovers have always prayed for union. Long since, Sir Thomas Browne said, 'United souls are not satisfied with imbraces, but desire to be truly each other; which, being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction.' What lover has not known that hurt? What lover, man or woman, has not welcomed marriage, and, at the same time, thought it a *pis-aller?* The notion is not a new one. It has never been in the greatest tradition of poetry or of life for the woman who loves to hold back.

That is not our quarrel with these misrepresented heroines. Our quarrel with them is that, being misrepresented themselves, they misrepresent their prototypes. It is a matter chiefly, perhaps, of the actual content of their minds. The visions of experience are not the visions of inexperience; moreover, there is not one frank young thing in ten thousand who does not wrap her ardor in a blessed cloak of vagueness. She may laugh at her faint atavistic shiver; but she feels it. She may immensely like the feeling of her lover's arms about her; but she does not instinctively set herself to imagining details that only the slow processes of intimacy will normally familiarize her with. She may glory in his total effect of physical perfection; but she does not go over his 'points,' as if she were buying a horse, or drawing an athlete in a life-class. Imagine Chaucer's feelings, if any one had tried to confound Emilye with the Wife of Bath! Yet it is something very like that which Mr. Bennett has done in his analysis of Hilda's psychology during the momentous half-hour before she becomes engaged to Cannon.

'But at the same time she was in the small hot room, and both George Cannon's hands were on her unresisting shoulders; and then they were round her, and she felt his physical nearness,

the texture of his coat and of his skin; she could see in a mist the separate hairs of his tremendous moustache and the colors swimming in his eyes; her nostrils expanded in alarm to a faint exciting masculine odor. She was disconcerted, if not panicstruck, by the violence of his first kiss; but her consternation was delectable to her.'

Every woman and most men know, I fancy, that if Hilda's first proximity to the man who dominated her imagination was of precisely that nature, her reaction was probably not precisely of that sort. Even the impersonal machinery of the psychological laboratory would have registered in her a distinct recoil. The microscope is not, and never has been, the lover's favorite instrument. It is doubtful if even the man himself would have been allured by the accurate and intimate perception of the coarseness of his beloved's skin. One thinks a little, in spite of one's self, of Gulliver and Glumdalclitch. Certain it is — and rather amusing, all things considered — that none of the men in these novels indulges in the sensations that crowd the heroines' hours; though it is written of all the heroes that they had experienced matrimony, at the least. May it not be that the authors know their own sex better than ours? Granted that women are very like men: can one justly, on that hypothesis, show them as more scornful of conventions, of codes of honor, of every reticence, moral, intellectual, and physical, than these men whom they consider their masters? It is in each case the man who has the bad quarters of an hour over their common breaches, real or fancied, of loyalty and decency and public opinion; the man who has, for his own peace, to find a philosophy that justifies them both.

These authors are not alone among contemporaries in recording such heightened moments of a girl's life. One calls to mind, for the sheer similarity of the mental plight, Elizabeth, in *The Iron Woman*. Thus Elizabeth writes to David, —

'"Dear" (she stopped to kiss the paper), "dear, I hope you won't burn it up because I am tired of waiting, and I hope you are too;" — when she wrote those last words, she was suddenly shy; "Uncle is to give me the money on my birthday — let us be married that day. I *want* to be married. I am all yours, David, all my soul, and all my mind, and all my body. I have nothing that is not yours to take; so the money is yours. No, I will not even give it to you! it belongs to you already — as I do. Dear, come and take it — and me. I love you — love you — love you. *I want you to take me.* I want to be your wife. Do you understand? I *want* to belong to you. I *am* yours."

'So she tried, this untutored creature, to put her soul and body into words, to write the thing that cannot even be spoken, whose utterance is silence.'

There is no need to follow further Mrs. Deland's analysis of the situation: the proud and practical reply from David, which the girl considers a rebuff; her sudden marrying of the man she does not love — as sheer expression of outraged modesty, and recoil from the man who had not known how to treat her confession. There would be no wisdom in comparing *The Iron Woman*, from any other point of view, with the novels we have been mentioning. This one episode is interesting simply as a different and more convincing record of the frank young thing's relation to her own frankness, and of the fiery limits of that frankness; pages of racking accuracy, in which the girl nearly dies of the memory of her own explicitness. One has not even power to protest against Elizabeth's tragic

and foolish act in marrying Blair; it follows upon that mood with the raw inevitability of life.

Some adherents of the new school may think it indelicate to base a general accusation on the single point of the heroine's psychology. In the first place, the accusation is not so general as to preclude very definite admiration of other aspects of the school's achievement. There is much in Mr. Wells's *New Machiavelli* besides the hero's affair with Isabel Rivers; much that goes to the mind and heart of all of us. As for effectiveness of method and brilliancy of style — one simply does not see the need of adding one piping voice to the harmonious and already deafening chorus. Were there the need, one would do it.

But the contemporary school has set out to 'do' a new type of woman; a type which it considers important, if not dominant. It has even the air of saying: 'This is the kind of girl with whom intelligent men in the immediate future will have overwhelmingly (and to their salvation!) to deal. Behold the Newest Woman.'

The *crux* in each book, for the average reader, is the maturing of the relation between the man and the girl. The girl exists only, in spite of her intellectual qualities, for the sake of that relation. In each case, she is the ideal mate, the high exponent of her sex. She deserves, and must bear, serious consideration from every point of view. One has chosen the realistic point of view because realism is the method these authors abide by. They aim at telling the truth as it is: therefore, they stand or fall by the accuracy of their vivid and multitudinous detail. We are not in the pulpit, but in the laboratory. One's honest impression is that the scientific observers have mixed their slides.

It is one thing to make your heroine believe in free love — doubtless many women do. It is pardonable by science to exhibit exceptions to the feminine rule, in the person of the girl initially over-sexed or neurotic: such cases are known to other scientists than these. But it is quite another thing to insist on the niceness, the normality, the uninterruptedly respectable and uneventful breeding of a girl — to exhibit her as the type, in other words — and then credit her with reactions that do not belong to the type.

There is no point in preaching against a modern spirit that is going to develop Anns and Hildas and Isabels *ad libitum*. The conception of them as heroines may be a sign of the times; but they themselves are not yet numerous enough to be a sign of the times. It is even doubtful if novelists can do in a decade what Nature has never shown any sign of doing in all her lazy evolutionary progress: completely altering natural feminine instincts. 'But the worst of Ann Veronica is that she's *there!*' a friend complained to me, not long since. Everything has always been there, one fancies. All one insists on is that neither Ann Veronica nor Hilda Lessways is the normal representative of the sex. About the morality of Mr. Wells's and Mr. Bennett's books, there are probably a hundred opinions. One's own present quarrel with them is not that they are bad morals, but that they are bad biology.

THE SUMMIT OF THE YEARS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THE longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration. After a man has passed the psalmist's dead line of seventy years, as Dr. Holmes called it, if he is of a certain temperament, he becomes more and more detached from the noise and turmoil of the times in which he lives. The passing hubbub in the street attracts him less and less; more and more he turns to the permanent, the fundamental, the everlasting. More and more is he impressed with life and nature in themselves, and the beauty and the grandeur of the voyage we are making on this planet. The burning questions and issues of the hour are for the new generations, in whom life burns intensely also.

My life has always been more or less detached from the life about me. I have not been a hermit, but my temperament and love of solitude, and a certain constitutional timidity and shrinking from all kinds of strife, have kept me in the by-paths rather than on the great highways of life. My talent, such as it is, is distinctly a by-path talent, or at most, a talent for green lanes and sequestered roadsides; but that which has most interested me in life, Nature, can be seen from lanes and by-paths better even than from the turnpike, where the dust and noise and the fast driving obscure the view or distract the attention. I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree-tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.

I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly. I have tilled its soil, I have gathered its harvests, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown. While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings.

I have kept apart from the strife and fever of the world, and the maelstrom of business and political life, and have sought the paths by the still waters, and in the quiet fields, and life has been sweet and wholesome to me. In my tranquil seclusion I am often on the point of upbraiding myself because I keep so aloof from the struggles and contentions and acrimonious debates of the political, the social, and the industrial world about me. I do not join

any of the noisy processions, I do not howl with the reformers, or cry Fire! with the alarmists. I say to myself, What is all this noisy civilization and all this rattling machinery of government for, but that men may all have just the sane and contented life that I am living, and on the same terms that I do. They can find it in the next field, beyond the next hill, in the town or in the country — a land of peace and plenty, if one has peace in his heart and the spirit of fair play in his blood.

Business, politics, government, are but the scaffoldings of our house of life; they are there that I may have a good roof over my head, and a warm and safe outlook into the beauty and glory of the universe, and let them not absorb more time and energy than the home itself. They have absorbed very little of mine, and I fancy that my house of life would have had just as staunch walls, and just as many windows and doors, had they not absorbed so much of other men's. Let those who love turmoil arm for turmoil: their very arming will bring it; and let those who love peace disarm for peace: the disarming will hasten it. Those also serve who mind their own business and let others mind theirs.

I know that all this clamor and competition, all this heat and friction and turmoil of the world, are only the result of the fury with which we play the game of our civilization. It is like our college football, which is brutal and killing, and more like war than like sport. Why should I be more than an amused or a pained spectator?

I was never a fighter; I fear that at times I may have been a shirker, but I have shirked one thing or one duty that I might the more heartily give myself to another. He also serves who sometimes runs away.

From the summit of the years I look back over my life, and see what I have escaped and what I have missed, as a traveler might look back over his course from a mountain-top, and see where he had escaped a jungle or a wilderness or a desert, and where he had missed a fair field or a fountain, or pleasant habitations. I have escaped the soul-killing and body-wrecking occupations that are the fate of so many men in my time. I have escaped the greed of wealth, the 'mania of owning things,' as Whitman called it. I have escaped the disappointment of political ambition, of business ambition, of social ambition; I have never been a cog in anybody's wheel, or an attachment to the tail of anybody's kite. I have never lost myself in the procession of parties, or trained with any sect or clique. I have been fortunate in being allowed to go my own way in the world. I was fortunate in my youth in having escaped the daily paper, and especially the Sunday paper and the comic supplement, and the flood of cheap fiction that now submerges the reading public.

It is a question whether in escaping a college education I made a hit or a miss. I am inclined to the opinion that a little systematic training, especially in science, would have been a gain, though the systematic grind in literature which the college puts its students through, I am glad to have escaped. I thank heaven that in literature I have never had to dissect Shakespeare or Milton, or any other great poet, in the class-room, and that I have never had to dissect any animal in the laboratory. I have had the poets in their beautiful and stimulating unity and wholeness, and I have had the animals in the fields and woods in the joy of their natural activities. In my literary career I have escaped trying to write for the public or for editors; I have written for myself. I have not asked, 'What does the public want?' I have only asked,

'What do I want to say? What is there in my heart craving for expression? What have I lived or felt or thought that is my own, and has its root in my inmost being?'

I have few of the aptitudes of the scholar, and fewer yet of the methodical habits and industry of the man of business. I live in books a certain part of each day, but less as a student of books than as a student of life. I go to books and to nature as a bee goes to the flower, for a nectar that I can make into my own honey. My memory for the facts and the arguments of books is poor, but my absorptive power is great. What I meet in life, in my walks, or in my travels, which is akin to me, or in the line of my interest and sympathies, that sticks to me like a burr, or, better than that, like the food I eat. So with books: what I get from them I do not carry in my memory, but it is absorbed as the air I breathe or the water I drink. It is rarely ready on my tongue or my pen, but makes itself felt in a much more subtle and indirect way.

There is no one, I suppose, who does not miss some good fortune in his life. We all miss congenial people, people who are going our way, and whose companionship would make life sweeter for us. Often we are a day too early, or a day too late, at the point where our paths cross. How many such congenial souls we miss we know not, but for my part, considering the number I have met, I think it may be many.

I have missed certain domestic good fortunes, such as a family of many children (I have only one), which might have made the struggle of life harder, but which would surely have brought its compensations. Those lives are, indeed, narrow and confined which are not blessed with several children. Every branch the tree puts out lays it open more to the storms and tempests of life; it lays it open also to the light and the sunshine, and to the singing and the mating birds. A childless life is a tree without branches, a house without windows.

I missed being a soldier in the armies of the Union during the Civil War, which was probably the greatest miss of my life. I think I had in me many of the qualities that go to the making of a good soldier — love of adventure, keenness of eye and ear, love of camp-life, ability to shift for myself, skill with the gun, and a sound constitution. But the rigidity of the military system, the iron rules, the mechanical unity and precision, the loss of the one in the many — all would have galled me terribly, though better men than I willingly, joyously, made themselves a part of the great military machine. I would have made a good scout and skirmisher, but a poor fighter in the ranks. I am a poor fighter, anyhow.

My grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and he seems to have used up about all the fighting blood there was in the family, as little of it has showed itself since. When one of his sons was drafted in the War of 1812, he went in his stead, but did not get face to face with the enemy.

I got near enough to the firing line during our Civil War, — when Early made his demonstration against the Capital in 1864, and I was a clerk in the Treasury Department, — to know that I much prefer the singing of the birds to the singing of hostile bullets. Maybe it was a nudge from the Old Continental within me that prompted me to make my way out Seventh Street, flanking and eluding the guards and sentinels of the sixth Corps just up from Petersburg, taking a roundabout course through fields and woods, till just before dark I found myself amid the rifle-pits in front of one of the forts, fraternizing with the war-

worn veterans who had been hurried up from Grant's army.

I had really made myself believe that if there was to be a battle I would have a hand in it and see what it was like. I was unarmed, but the soldiers assured me that they could quickly put a gun in my hand when the enemy appeared. There was some firing in front on a hill a mile away, and now and then I heard the *ping* of a rifle bullet overhead, and a few times the 'thud' it makes when it strikes the ground. They were ugly sounds to me, and to the amusement of Grant's veterans who lay about on the ground, as if they were on a picnic, I presently took to the shelter of the rifle-pits and remained there. Later, when I saw a company of soldiers being hurried off into the darkness toward the line of rifle flashes along the horizon in front, I had a sudden and vivid conviction that the stuff of a good soldier was not in me,—not at that moment, at any rate.

If I had been ordered to join those soldiers and face that unseen and unknown danger out there in the night, I am sure my legs would have refused to move, and would have collapsed beneath me. What a coward I was at that instant! The Old Continental would have disowned me. But darkness makes cowards of us all. I suppose my imagination ran away with me as it so often had done in my boyhood in regard to 'spooks' and hobgoblins.

As the night wore on and no attack on our hill seemed imminent, I wandered toward the rear in search of new adventure. Passing a long low building that was being used as a hospital, where the wounded were being cared for, I went in and offered my services to the surgeons. The operating tables were full and a long line of the wounded sat crouched against the wall waiting their turns. Some were groaning and some were joking.

The sight of human blood had always made me faint, but now I seemed unusually stout of heart and proceeded to hold instruments and pass vessels with a coolness that quite surprised me. By force of will I must have steeled myself against the gory spectacle, for after about half an hour my composure broke. I grew suddenly faint and came near falling to the floor. The surgeon whom I was assisting, seeing at a glance what had happened to me, said, 'Get out of here, get out of here!' and almost shoved me into the open air.

The air presently restored me, but I had had enough of war, and went and crept in among some bales of hay near by and tried to sleep away the remainder of the night. But sleep did not come. All night I heard the clattering of hoofs and sabres as regiments of arriving cavalry filed slowly by me. In the morning I made my way back to the city, satisfied that military glory was not in the line of my ambition.

War is a terrible business, but I never see a veteran of our Civil War that I do not envy him that experience — an experience which maybe I would have had, had not grandfather so nearly emptied the family powder-horn in his soldiering with Washington.

II

From youth to age I have lived with nature more than with men. In youth I saw nature as a standing invitation to come forth and give play to myself; the streams were for fishing and swimming, the woods were for hunting and exploring, and for all kinds of sylvan adventure; the fields were for berries and birds' nests, and color, and the delight of the world of grasses; the mountains

were for climbing and the prospects and the triumphs of their summits.

The world was good; it tasted good, it delighted all my senses. The seasons came and went, each with its own charms and enticements. I was ready for each and contented with each. The spring was for the delights of sugar-making, and the returning birds — the naked maple woods flooded with the warm creative sunshine, the brown fields slipping off their covering of snow, the loosened rills, the first robin, the first phœbe, the first song sparrow — how all these things thrilled one! The summer was for bare feet, light clothes, freedom from school, strawberries, trout, hay-making, and the Fourth of July. Autumn was for apples, nuts, wild pigeons, gray squirrels, and the great dreamy tranquil days; winter for the fireside, school, games, coasting, and the tonic of frost and snow. How the stars twinkled in winter! how the ice sang, and whooped on the ponds! how the snow sculpturing decked all the farm fences! how the sheeted winds stalked across the hills!

Oh, the eagerness and freshness of youth! How the boy enjoys his food, his sleep, his sports, his companions, his truant days! His life is an adventure, he is widening his outlook, he is extending his dominion, he is conquering his kingdom. How cheap are his pleasures, how ready his enthusiasms! In boyhood I have had more delight on a haymow with two companions and a big dog — delight that came nearer intoxication — than I have ever had in all the subsequent holidays of my life. When youth goes, much goes with it. When manhood comes, much comes with it. We exchange a world of delightful sensations and impressions for a world of duties and studies and meditations. The youth enjoys what the man tries to understand. Lucky is he who can get his grapes to market and keep the bloom upon them, who can carry some of the freshness and eagerness and simplicity of youth into his later years, who can have a boy's heart below a man's head.

The birds have always meant much to me; as a farm-boy they were like a golden thread that knit the seasons together. In early manhood I turned to them with the fondness of youth, reinforced with an impetus obtained from literature. Books, especially the poets, may do this for a man; they may consecrate a subject, give it the atmosphere of the ideal, and lift it up in the field of universal interest. They seem to have done something like that for me in relation to birds. I did not go to books for my knowledge of the birds, except for some technical knowledge, but I think literature helped to endow them with a human interest to me, and relate them to the deeper and purer currents of my life. What joy they have brought me! How they have given me wings to escape the tedious and the deadening! I have not studied them so much as I have loved them; at least, my studies have been inspired by love.

How much more easily and surely knowledge comes through sympathy than through the knowing faculties! It is as if I had imbibed my knowledge of the birds through the pores of my skin, through the air I have breathed, through the soles of my feet, through the twinkle of the leaves, and the glint of the waters. I have gone a-fishing, and read their secrets out of the corners of my eyes. I have lounged under a tree, and the book of their lives has been opened to me. I have hoed in my garden, and read the histories they write in the air. Studied the birds? No, I have played with them, camped with them, gone berrying with them, summered and wintered with them, and

my knowledge of them has filtered into my mind almost unconsciously.

The bird as a piece of living nature is what interests me, having vital relations to all out-of-doors, and capable of linking my mind to itself and its surroundings with threads of delightful associations. The live bird is a fellow passenger; we are making the voyage together, and there is a sympathy between us that quickly leads to knowledge. If I looked upon it as something to be measured and weighed and tabulated, or as a subject for laboratory experimentation, my ornithology would turn to ashes in my hands.

The whole of nature, directly or indirectly, goes with him who gives his mind to objects in the open air. The observer of bird-life in the open has heaven and earth thrown in. Well, I need not harp on this string. All lovers of life in the open know what I would say. The book of living nature is unlike other books in this respect: one can read it over and over, and always find new passages and new meanings. It is a book that goes to press new every night, and comes forth fresh every morning, and yet it is not like the newspaper, except that it is up-to-date. Its news is always vital, you see it in the making, and you are not blinded or deafened with the dust and noise of the vulgar newspaper world.

III

I began by saying how much the beauty and wonder of the world occupies me these later years. How these things come home to me as life draws near the end. I am like a man who makes a voyage and falls so much in love with the ship and the sea that he thinks of little else and is not curious about the new lands before him. I suppose if my mind had dwelt much upon the other world toward which we are headed, and which is the main concern with so many passengers, I should have found less to absorb and instruct me in this. In fact, the hypothetical other world has scarcely occupied me at all, and when it has, I have thought of it as a projection from this, a kind of Brocken shadow cast by our love of life upon futurity. My whole being is so well, so exquisitely attuned to this world, that I have instinctively felt that it was for this world that I was made.

I have never been able to see how I could be adjusted to two worlds unless they were much alike. A better world I have never wanted. I could not begin to exhaust the knowledge and the delights of this one. I have found in it deep beneath deep, worlds within a world — an endless series of beautiful and wonderful forms forever flowing out of itself. From the highest heavens of the telescope, to the minutest organisms of the microscope, all is beautiful and wonderful, and passeth understanding.

Oh, how much the world holds that it would be a joy to know! How wonderful my own origin, running back through the geologic ages, to the first pulse of life in the primordial seas, and embracing all between that eternity and this moment. I love to dwell upon it, and to try to picture to myself the long road I have traveled, the forms of lowly life in which I have tarried, the vicissitudes I have lived through, the contingencies upon which my well-being has hung.

How wonderful that all these countless ages are beneath my feet, in the soil I tread upon, and out of which I sprang!

The thought that I or my race had been arbitrarily placed here, and that I was not the inevitable outcome of the visible and invisible system of things, would not move me. I like to think I

am not an interloper, or an accident in the universe, and that the whole of the unthinkable past has contributed to you and me. I will not say, is summed up in you and me, except in the sense that the highest results of evolution culminate in us. There have been other lines of evolution than ours, and it would take all the forms of life on the globe to sum up the past.

How wonderful that the globe itself should have been born out of the nebular mist — the cosmic world-stuff in the womb of the great sidereal mother; that it should have had its fiery and turbulent youth; that it should have sobered and ripened with age; that its mantle of fertile soil should have been wrought out of the crude igneous and stratified rocks; that it falls forever around the sun, and never falls into it; that it is so huge that we cannot span it, even in imagination, but can picture it to ourselves only by piecemeal, as with a globe of our own making; and yet that it is only as a globule of blood in the veins of the Infinite; that it is moving with such incredible speed, and yet to our senses seems forever at rest; that the heavens are always above us wherever we are upon its surface, and never under us, as the image of a globe might lead us to infer would be the case at times — all this, I say, and more, fills me with perpetual wonder.

More and more I think of the globe as a whole, though I can only do so by figuring it to myself as I see it upon the map, or as a larger moon. My mind's eye cannot follow the sweep of its curve and take in more than a small arc at a time. More and more I think of it as a huge organism pulsing with life, real and potential.

When I come from the vast to the minute, I find equal cause for wonder and admiration. If I look at the body of a fly with my pocket-glass, or at the speck of an insect that crawls upon the page of my book as I read, I marvel at its exquisite structure and delicate adjustment of parts, the elaboration, the complexity, the ingenuity, the strange mechanism of it all. When I crush it, I feel what a consummation of creative workmanship, what a delicate and exquisite product of the long ages of evolution, I have brought to naught. When I see the marvelous intelligence of ants and bees with their communities and coöperations and complex economies, I cannot help but wonder what might have been the result had evolution continued on the same line, and mounted step by step, as it has in the vertebrates. Would some being with more intellect than man has, have been the result? Maybe it was so on Mars, or on some other world in the depths of space.

It is hard for us to conceive of mental gifts differing in kind from our own, but it is certain that the wisdom that the insect world possesses is not like our own, and comes to it in a way we know not of. The ants and bees do things that seem to imply what we call second-sight, or a gift akin to clairvoyance. Take the case of one of the solitary wasps of which Sir John Lubbock tells us. When this wasp lays an egg, she acts as if she knew whether the egg would produce a male or a female; she puts five insects by the male egg, and ten by the female, because the female needs twice as much food as the male. There are many cases like that, of seeing behind the veil of things in the insect world, and one can but marvel at it. It sometimes seems as if human beings possess this gift in a tentative, rudimentary kind of way.

How can any one help but marvel when he considers the structure of his own body — several millions or billions of minute cells, working together like little people to build it up and main-

tain it, dividing themselves into communities or fraternities, each with its own work to do, and, so far as we can see, with none having the direction of the whole work — no head or superintendent or architect to determine what the finished structure shall be. One community of cells builds muscle, one nerves, another bones, another hair, skin, and nails, others the viscera, the brain, and so on, till the full stature of man is reached. No single cell or group of cells knows the plan or the end to which they are all working. What puts the result of all these myriad workmen together and makes the man? They are many, he is one. The microscope reveals them, it cannot reveal him. He rises from the world of minute plastic interacting forms as Venus rose from the sea, and the sea knows not the secret.

The same is true of every living thing — cell wedded to cell, communities of cells wedded to communities, and all working on a plan unknown to any group of them. Yonder oak or pine started from a similar minute germ, and became a vast coöperative community, or series of coöperative communities of associate cells, with no cell or community directing the whole.

The only analogue of these things I now think of in nature about us is afforded by a swarm of bees, wherein all the complex economies of the hive are carried on without a single or separate seat of authority in the hive. Maeterlinck aptly calls this invisible authority the 'spirit of the hive' — a name for something that we know not of. So one may say, the spirit of the body, or the spirit of the tree, determines and controls all its complex economies, and makes of it a unit.

The cells that are the architects of one man's body cannot be distinguished from the cells that build another man's body, yet behold the difference between the two men — in size, disposition, brain-power! It looks as if there is something in the man that is not of his cells.

Indeed, the mystery of the cell has never been penetrated. A man, like every other animal, begins in a speck of nucleated protoplasm — so small that it seems to be almost at the vanishing point; yet in that microscopical entity there may slumber a Shakespeare, a Newton, a Darwin, a Lincoln, with all the complex inheritance of race and of family traits, and with all the wondrous individual endowments of mental powers.

That cell, invisible to the naked eye, is a world in itself. It divides and subdivides, and its progeny, apparently of their own motion, begin to organize the human body and to build it up, as I have said. They resolve themselves into communities, or co-fraternities, each brotherhood with its own special work to do.

IV

How can one help marveling at the voyage we are making on this planet. One has to lift one's self up and use one's imagination to see that it is a voyage, and that our course lies through the star-paved abysses of infinite space. Few of us ever see it or realize it in all its awful grandeur. But sometimes, as we look up at the night sky, we are surprised out of our habitual stolidity and blindness, the mind opens for a moment, and we see the Infinite face to face; the veil is withdrawn, and the rays from myriads of orbs penetrate to the soul.

Oh, the worlds and systems of worlds that the night reveals, — the outlook off into infinity which the darkness brings! When the day is done, when the night falls, how are the heavens

opened! how is the universe extended! how are the glory and the sublimity of creation multiplied! Out of the deep shadow of the earth what lights we behold! what rays penetrate to us from the farthermost depths of space! When the sun is gone, myriads of other suns are born. Without this negation called darkness how little we would suspect the awful grandeurs that compass us about. The day shuts us in, the sky is a roof that confines us; the night lets us out into the great out-of-doors of the universe. We feel the infinite space, we confront the star-paved abyss, the constellations shock us out of our prose and humdrum; they reveal to us how wild and terrific and unfathomable is the sea over which we are voyaging.

What does not the imagination of man, the spirit of man owe to the night — the revelation or the apocalypse of the darkness. The night is spiritual; how it hides all things secular, how it blots out the common and the wearisome, how it stirs and stimulates our religious emotions, how it nourishes our sense of mystery, and of the profound. It adds the transcendental, the immeasurable, to our world. It uncovers the heavens, they have a new meaning when we have walked under them at night.

I would not forget the debt we owe to the day; life itself, and all that sustains it, light and warmth, cloud and sun, brought us here and keep us here. The gifts of the night are less tangible; the night does not come with fruit and flowers and bread and meat; it comes with stars and star-dust, with mystery and nirvana.

I am a creature of the day, I belong to the open, cheerful, optimistic day. Few of my habits or feelings are nocturnal. I am neither a prowler, nor a burner of midnight oil, nor a lover of the spectral or the obscure. I bring all things to the test of the sunlight; my mind works best, and my faith is strongest, when the day is waxing and not waning. Yet now I am in the mood to praise the night, the not-day, the great shadow which is a telescope through which we see the Infinite.

The night that rounds the day of life is surely near all septuagenarians; the shadows deepen around us. When the darkness falls, will the heavens indeed be unveiled — the unquenchable lights meet our gaze?

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

BY ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

PROLOGUE

THE LADY OF THE ISLES

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of heart and step was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes, beauty passes,
However rare, so rare it be,
And when I crumble who shall remember
That lady of the West Country?

— WALTER DE LA MARE.

SHOULD you ask who brought prosperity to the Islands, — or brought it back after long years of estrangement, — nine islanders out of ten would answer, 'The Mistress'; meaning the sad and beautiful lady who dwelt at Iniscaw, and now sang to herself, after having sung in capital cities to great audiences, with kings and queens eager to listen. In addition to her beauty and her voice (which in itself was a miracle) God had given her courage, so that she kept her light step; but she had lost her lightness of heart ever since she had found love too late and discovered, about the same time, that her voice was passing with her beauty.

She was Lady Proprietress of the Islands, holding them on a lease from Queen Victoria. 'All those Her Majesty's Territories and rocks,' the legal wording ran, 'together with all sounds, harbors, and sands within the circuit of the said Isles, and all lands, tenements, meadows, pastures, grounds, feedings, fishings, mines of tin, lead, and coals, and all profits of the same.' — But there were no such mines, by the way, and by consequence no such profits. — 'Also all marshes, void grounds, woods, underwoods, rents, reversions, services, and all other profits, rights, commodities, advantages, and emoluments within the said Isles; and a moiety of all shipwrecks, the other moiety to be received by the Lords Commissioners of Admiralty.'

Her predecessor, being a man, had also been sole justiciary. She, as a woman, resigned the Commission of the Queen's Peace into the hands of three Magistrates, with a solitary policeman to help them; but, for the rest, within her small realm she was a sovereign more absolute than Queen Victoria, who ruled somewhere on 'the Main' — a vaguely realized land, thirty miles away, discernible on clear mornings as a cloud upon the sea.

For the Islands, ridged with reefs and dotted with sentinel lighthouses, lie off the West Coast of England, well out in the Atlantic, in the mouth of the warm Gulf Stream. Six are inhabited, and contain, in all, less than three thousand acres suitable for grazing or tillage; the rest, eighteen or twenty, in number, are mere islets, rocky and barren, on which the seabirds breed.

The rock is granite, the soil light and friable, without width or depth for serious husbandry; and a hundred years ago the inhabitants subsisted almost wholly by fishery and by burning down the seaweed for 'kelp,' which went to Bristol to the making of glass and soap. Times had bettered when the increase of our sea-borne trade brought work to the pilots on St. Ann's, the southern-

most island, and every long spell of easterly wind might be counted on to crowd the roadstead with vessels 'waiting for orders.' About that time, too, the farmers on St. Lide's (the largest island), Iniscaw, Brefar, and Saaron had taken to growing early potatoes for the English market, planting them in shallow rows, with a bare covering of soil, — the Islands knew no frost, — and harvesting them a month ahead of growers on the mainland. During her girlhood — for the Lady was native to her realm — these operations had been in full swing, and she could remember the boats arriving in April with gangs of diggers hired over from England to save the crops, which in prosperous years would touch a thousand tons. But the potato-growing had withered under foreign competition, as steam had swept most of the old sailing vessels off the face of the waters. In brief, the Islands had fallen back into hard poverty when the Lady returned to them to take up her possessions.

Now, though she lived remote from the daily life of her people, and in those early days was known to them for the most part as a voice singing wonderful songs to herself in her charmed garden amid the tide-races, the Lady was in fact a shrewd woman of business. She had noted, on her visits to London, that Londoners, as they grew prosperous, were growing ever fonder of flowers; that not only did the great houses, the hotels, the restaurants, require them for their dinner-tables, but even the poor clerk pinched his pocket for a bunch to carry home. One June morning, at the fag end of a masked ball at Covent Garden, she had spent a couple of hours in the flower-market, wandering in the early daylight from stall to stall as the carts rumbled in and the auction assembled; and the buyers and sellers had wondered at the business-like questions this exquisite visitant, in satin gown and fancy shoes, put to them concerning prices, freights, discounts, demand, and supply.

She learned from them that the market was hungriest in early spring — between the New Year and Lent, when open-air flowers were few or none. She recalled the sweet narcissi that, at home in the islands, bloomed in late February and early March; not only the common Lent-lily, but *tazetta* — 'Island Whites,' or 'Holy-vales,' beneath the apple trees at Holy Vale Farm on St. Lide's; 'Grand Monarques' within the tumble-down walls of the fort on Garrison Hill, 'Island Whites' again, intermixed with 'Soleil d'or,' in the meadow below her own Abbey House on Iniscaw, fringing the shores of the fresh-water lake that had served the monks for fish-pond. On her return to the Islands she had dropped a hint to Farmer Banford of Holy Vale that here, maybe, was a trade worth starting.

'What!' said he, 'in *they* old things?'

'Ah,' she replied, 'because flowers are beautiful you think it womanish even to consider them!'

'Beauty does n't pay.' Farmer Banford shook his head.

'You are wrong, my friend,' she added, with one of her puzzling smiles. 'And, what is more, many things that don't pay are well worth paying for. I will leave this address with you, at any rate, and you can think it over.'

Next spring, early one fine February morning, as the small mail-packet, Lady of the Isles, was getting up steam for her return passage to the Main, Farmer Banford came along the quayside at Garland Town (harbor of St. Lide's) with a huge bandbox of cardboard under his arm.

'Hullo, Farmer!' hailed Captain Frank, the skipper. 'Bound across for England, hey?'

The farmer grinned. 'Looks like the kind o' trunk I'd be takin', don't it?'

'What's inside?'

'Women's notions. If you must know, my old missus have a-taken a bee in her cap, and I'm sendin' it to Lunnon for the best advice.'

So Mrs. Banford's cap-box traveled up to London, packed with three dozen bunches of 'Holy-vales', and addressed

To Mr. Shillabear,
Fruit and Flower Merchant,
Covent Garden,
London,
With speed. England.

We shall describe, as well as we may, what prosperity dawned for the Islands from the moment when Mr. Shillabear in Covent Garden lifted the lid of that fateful box. As the farmer's luck spread with his story, and the whole archipelago turned to bulb-growing, all praised the Mistress, her woman's wit, and her foresight.

Doubtless she deserved their praises. Yet the gods sometimes hide the secret of a gift and hide it under the obvious. *Felix qui potuit verum cognoscere causas.* — It was at least curious that the coming of prosperity should coincide with the coming of the child John Smith to the Islands.

I

JAN

Then round went the good ship
And thrice she went round;
When up there stood a guardsman,
A naked man and brown, —
Says, 'You are the Queen of Carthage
And gey young to drown;
But hold you my girdle
That goeth me around,
And we'll swim to yon Island
As I will be bound' . . .
'Man, your girdle it is breaking!'
'Nay, — 't is strong yet and sound;
'T was my heart you felt a-breaking,
But here is dry ground.'
. . . . . .
With the white sand she cover'd him,
Her wet hair she wound;
'Deo-gracey,' said Zenobia,
'That I am not drown'd!'
— Ballad of Queen Zenobia.

The mail boat that brought back a letter for Farmer Banford, and in the letter a postal order, arrived in St. Lide's Pool three hours behind her time, having fought the last twelve miles of her passage against a westerly gale. The gale increased at nightfall, and between midnight and two in the morning blew a hurricane.

Soon after daybreak, in the midst of her dressing, word reached the Lady that a vessel was ashore on the west side of St. Ann's, and fast breaking up. The message came from the coast-guard on St. Lide's, across the private cable laid for her between that island and Iniscaw.

On these occasions she was always prompt, yet not recklessly, being in fact as knowledgeable of wind and water as any of her seamen. She gazed southward from her window and decided that by the time her launch could be put under steam and worked down to the open sound, the wind — which had northered — would have allayed the seas running there and the traject would be made with little risk.

Nevertheless the small craft had shipped some bucketsful, and her fires had more than once been in danger, before she weathered the Smith Rocks, that lie off the northwest angle of St. Ann's, and sheered down like a flying fish into smoother waters. The Lady steered, her sea cloak and blown hair drenched with spray.

'Where is the wreck?'

She hailed a pilot-cutter that was tacking dead slow off the islets, with mainsail reefed and foresheet to windward. The pilots called back through a megaphone that she had gone down somewhere under their keel, and they were creeping about for wreckage. The

crew of the coast-guard gig, searching closer inshore to the southward, reported the missing vessel to be a barque, — an Italian, as they believed, — name unknown.

'Any one saved?'

They shook their heads.

'Lost — all hands,' came the answer.

There would be flotsam, no doubt, close under the cliffs — a life-belt, maybe, or some fragment of a boat bearing the vessel's name; but in the sea yet running the rocks could not be approached. The Lady gave orders to slow down and join in the search. By this, the northerly wind had disposed the storm-wrack, and, as they worked southward and opened Prillis Cove, the sun shone through. A small crowd of islanders — men and women — had gathered on the beach at the head of the cove, and the Lady steered in, if haply they might have news.

They had none. But, while she parleyed with them, over the high ground a woman came running against the wind, waving her arms and pointing southward. The launch was backed, turned, set going again on her way.

Beyond the next point lay another beach of clean white sand, on the upper part of which the cliffs cast their morning shadow; and there, a little outside the edge of the shadow, between it and the running dazzle of the waves, stood a group of three figures, stooping over a fourth. The Lady at first sight of them gave a start, made sign to one of her men in the stern-sheets, and yielding the helm to him, as he reached out a hand, drew her field-glass from the case slung at her hip, sighted it, and focused it on the group.

'Set me ashore,' she said quietly, fifteen seconds later, lowering the glass. Her face was white to the lips; but the crew did not notice this, so steadily she controlled her voice.

They ran the launch in, under the lee of the northerly cliff (where was least run in the waves), and grounded her on the steep-to beach. Two of them leaped over the bows and would have made a cradle of their hands to carry their mistress dry-shod, but she sprang after them and waded ashore, declining help.

An elderly man — a gentleman by his bearing — came down to the beach to meet her. He wore a brown garment, in length and shape somewhat like the *soutane* of a Roman Catholic priest. He saluted her gravely, respectfully, then lowered his eyes.

'Is he dead?' she asked, her gaze traveling past him to the body beside which his companions — elderly men, likewise, the pair of them dressed in ragged blue regimentals — were kneeling as they attempted to restore animation. They had turned it on its right side and were rubbing the naked body briskly, the one at work at the back beneath the shoulder-blade, the other on the legs from calf to ankle; for it lay with no clothing but trousers of dark sea-cloth, rolled tight and tied above the knees.

Dr. Hervey, the man in the soutane, answered with a gesture that might equally have meant 'Yes,' or 'No.'

'How did it happen?'

He cast a hesitating glance at her. Perhaps he was wondering — as she herself wondered — at the strange composure of her voice.

'The Commandant and I were smoking a late pipe together when the rocket went up. He called out the two sergeants, and in twenty minutes we four were pulling out in the garrison boat, close in the wake of the coast-guard. But their gig is a new one and speedy, whereas ours, as you know — and, moreover, we were none of us young men. We soon lost sight of them in the darkness and then, coming to open water and finding that she could not live in it, the Commandant gave orders

to shape down for the back of the island. We fetched the lee of it just before the gale worsened, beached the boat in Menadhu Cove, and started to tramp across land. The wind by this time was incredible. On the high ground we had to make short rushes against it, drop on our hands and knees, catch breath, and make another rush. It took us till close upon daylight to cross to St. Ann's. Down, then, the wind flew, almost without warning, and the rest was easy. We came down to Chapel Point as the day broke. There was no sign of a ship; but, about half a mile from shore, the Commandant spied a man swimming and pointed him out to us. The man was a Negro, and he swam superbly. We watched him, taking turns with the Commandant's glass. He was black as coal, and strapped high on his shoulders — almost on the nape of the neck — he carried a small white bundle. He swam with his head, too, not straight for shore, but letting the tide carry him — only, of course, he could not know of the eddy-race that had begun to set, closer inshore. He met it and, after a minute, we could see that he was tiring. He made no headway at all, and this within five hundred yards of shore. The Commandant could not stand the sight of it, but stripped — for all we could do to prevent him — and swam out to help. The black man, when he reached him, would take no help, but passed over the bundle and swam in the Commandant's wake, maybe for half a minute. The heart had gone out of his strokes, though, and presently he went out of sight without so much as a cry. At all events the Commandant could have heard none, for he swam on some way before looking back — I was watching all the while through the glass. When he looked the man had disappeared; he seemed to tread water for a while and to search about, but gave it up and headed for shore again, swimming sideways with one arm holding the bundle against his right shoulder. He brought it ashore just in that way, not once shifting his hold.'

'But I do not understand, He is drowned, you say —'

'I do not say it. We ran down to the shoal-water to meet him and as he found footing he dropped into my arms; or rather, he thrust the bundle on me and fell, right there on the water's edge.'

'The bundle?'

Dr. Hervey turned and pointed. Some twenty yards up the beach lay a white object which she had taken for the dead man's shirt, tossed there as they had stripped it from him. Why did she walk toward it now, and not first toward the body? Why, instead of going straight to the body, had she stood inert, letting the tale fall on her ears half apprehended? She had been swift and resolute enough until the moment when her feet felt the shore. Already three of her crew were gathered beside the two old sergeants, gazing soberly down upon the dead, offering suggestions which — too well she knew — were vain. Her presence, too, would be vain, yet surely she should have been there.

For — after one girlish passion, outlasted and almost forgotten — this man, some years ago, had become the chief man in the world for her, the truest, the most honorable, as she knew in her heart that she had been the sovereign and only woman for him. Disparity of years, his poverty, his pride, had set the barrier, and she had never found courage to cast away shame and break it down. For years they had been able to meet and talk with an undisturbed courtesy.

> Yet what no chance could then reveal
> And neither would be first to own,
> Let fate and courage now conceal
> When truth could bring remorse alone.

Courage? It had been cowardice, rather, on her part, — or so she told herself. And the cowardice must go on, even now. She stepped to the bundle. It was of linen, soaked with salt water; and within it, stark-naked, twisting his small legs while he cried, lay an infant — a man-child. In the bass of the waves on the sand she had caught no sound of his treble wailing. She stooped and lifted him in her arms. With the edges of her cloak she wiped away some of the brine from the creases of his small body; and the child, ceasing his wail, looked up into her eyes and crowed with glee.

'Venus the sea-born, mothering Cupid!' muttered Dr. Hervey.

But at this moment the Lady, looking over her shoulder, thrust the child on him with a gesture of repugnance. Her eyes had fallen on the two old sergeants, who had laid their dead master over on his back and were vainly endeavoring to coax back the living breath, raising his arms and, anon, pressing the elbows back against the sides — all with the dull dogged motions of a military drill.

'Ah, tell them to stop!' she entreated. 'He has had enough of it. Cannot they *see* that his heart is broken?'

II

STAR CASTLE

Ubique. The dead Commandant had carved the word one day, in letters five feet long, out of the short turf on Garrison Hill where it slopes steeply from the Star Castle (as they call its antiquated small citadel) to the cliff overlooking the roadstead and the western islands. He had carved it in pure idleness, as an afternoon game to cheat the leisure enforced upon him since Government had dismantled his batteries, drafted his gunners off to the Main, and left him with two old sergeants — Sergeant Archelaus and Sergeant Treacher — to mark time, until the end of his days, by firing a gun at eight in the morning, another at sunset, and, in the interval, by ringing the bell over the gate of the fort, every three hours, to tell the time to the town below.

Ubique: it was the motto of his old corps, which he still served, — as they also serve who only stand and wait. When the thing was done he had a mind to efface it, but had again been too indolent. Now he was gone, and Sergeant Archelaus kept the letters religiously trimmed with a turf-cutter. Sergeant Archelaus, a bachelor, lived alone and looked after the white-washed empty barracks, on the summit of the hill. The other sergeant — Treacher — was a married man. He and his wife inhabited the Star Castle, and with them lived the boy whom every one knew as Jan.

Pending discovery of his true name the lady had christened him John Smith — Smith from the name of the rocks on which the vessel had split, and John because nothing could be more ordinary. For the rest she seemed to have taken a scunner (as the Scots say) at the helpless babe — an aversion not unmixed with a nameless fear. But something had to be done for him. There is no workhouse on the Islands; the rule that makes the aged, the infirm, the helpless, a sacred charge upon their own kindred works well enough in a community so small that everybody is more or less nearly related to everybody else, and tradition has ordered that all shipwrecked persons must be treated with a like hospitality. So, since Treacher had been present at the finding of the child, and as Mrs. Treacher was a comfortable woman who had reared children, to the Treachers little Jan was assigned by the Lady, whose word none disputed.

To be sure, his was a singular case. The ordinary outcast from the sea abides but a short time on the Islands, and in due course is returned to home and friends. But to any home, any friends — any origin, in short — of John Smith no clue could be discovered. The vessel proved to be an Italian barque, the Nostra Signora Del Rosario, Glasgow built, and formerly — under the name of Lochroyan — owned by a company of Glasgow merchants, in whose service she had made half a dozen passages round the Horn. A Genoese firm had purchased and renamed her, and her last port of sailing had been Genoa, whence she was bound, in ballast, for Fowey, there to load a cargo of China clay. So much the Lady discovered, through her agents and through Lloyds, but the Genoese owners could tell her nothing concerning the child. To their knowledge there had been no woman on board the Nostra Signora del Rosario either on this or her previous voyage (Genoa to Famagusta, port of Cyprus, and back).

So Jan lived with the Treachers until his eighth year, sleeping in the attic of the Star Castle, learning his letters in the elementary school down in Garland Town, and picking up a little Latin from Dr. Hervey, who had taken a fancy to the child and a whim to teach him.

His best opportunity for this came with the spring holidays, when the schools on the Islands were closed for a month, that the children might earn money during the daffodil harvest, the boys by picking flowers, the girls by tying them. Threepence a hundred bunches is the rate, and during these busy weeks no less than a million and a half of flowers will be picked on the Islands every day.

But no one hired Jan. He was a solitary shy boy, and perhaps people forgot him; or perhaps the Treachers, with their pension and their military past and their dignity as carekeepers of the Star Castle in Her Majesty's name, looked on the new industry with contempt. Consequently Jan found these weeks the loneliest in the year, and on this spring morning was half-minded to rebel, having a craze for flowers.

But Dr. Hervey had come to remind him of his Latin lesson. The weather being so fine, they decided to take the lesson out-of-doors, on a rock a little below the flagstaff — Jan's favorite perch; and there, on the slope at their feet, they found Sergeant Archelaus busy with his turf-cutting tool.

'Hullo,' nodded Sergeant Archelaus. 'Come to talk your Latin? Well, here's a piece of Latin for ye.' He spelled out the word letter by letter, 'U-b-i-q-u-e. — Now what does that mean?'

'*Everywhere*,' said the boy promptly. He was still in his declensions, but it seemed to him that he had known the word all his life; and yet he could not remember that he had ever inquired or been told its meaning.

'Did *I* tell you that?' asked Dr. Hervey.

'No-o.' Jan felt confused; he could not explain — for it seemed silly — that things were always happening to him in this way.

'"Everywhere" it is,' said Sergeant Archelaus. "'T is the word o' the R'yal Artillery, and their place is the right o' the line. What's Waterloo to your "Everywhere"? I remember the Commandant carving out these very letters. When he'd finished he looks up and says, wi' that smile o' his, "'Everywhere,' Archelaus, — and we two be here, of all places!"'

Dr. Hervey muttered some words in a foreign tongue.

'What you say, sir, is always worth listenin' to, but this time I did n't catch,' said Sergeant Archelaus, leaning on his turf-cutter.

'I can accept the compliment for once, Archelaus, since it happens that I was quoting an old Greek, who said that "of illustrious men the whole earth is a sepulchre."'

'The Commandant was never illustrious, sir, — as you put it.'

'Remarkable, then.'

'No, nor remarkable. An' did n't want to be. He was just an officer and a gentleman, straight as a die and modest as a maid; and we did n't wish for a better.'

Dr. Hervey filled his pipe gravely. Dr. Hervey's degree, by the way, had nothing to do with medicine. There are men who seek out-of-the-way spots, such as the Islands, to hide their broken lives, and Dr. Hervey was one. He had been a professor of theology at a great Catholic university, noted there for his learning and his caustic tongue. His outspokenness had made him enemies, and these (not without excuse) had arraigned a book of his, accusing it of 'Modernism.'

It had ended, since he was obstinate and would neither explain nor retract, in his being expelled from his chair and laid under excommunication by Rome. The expulsion alone would have done him no incredible harm, since he possessed a competence and moreover, had made a name to command attention for whatever he chose to write. But the excommunication crushed him; for, like many a brusque man, he was sensitive, and like many a fatally-driven inquirer, he had a deep love of the Church and sense of her majesty: deeper than have ninety-nine in a hundred who pay her the service of lip and knee. He and his God alone knew what a comfort during the first bitterness of exile it had been to associate with the Commandant, so simple a gentleman, if, withal, somewhat slow-witted, a holy and humble man of heart, so true at the root, so patient of his own disappointed life, so helpful of other men.

'You did n't wish for a better, while you had the best,' said Dr. Hervey, lighting his pipe very deliberately.

Jan watched the puffs of tobacco smoke. He owed his life to the man they were discussing, and he could only suppose that they must owe him a grudge for it. Sergeant Archelaus, indeed, whose temper did not improve with age, had more than once hinted that, though doubtless Providence had ordained this exchange of two lives, he for his part could not approve it.

'I don't want to speak irreverent, sir, but seemin' to me, th' Almighty might get a twinge, lookin' down 'pon this plat o' turf. "Everywhere" — Look ye, here the good gentleman carves it out, accusin' nobody, writin' down no more 'n his deserts; and him to spend his life in this God-forsaken hole which is next to Nowhere, and end by losin' it for a child from Nowhere at all.'

'That is no way to talk,' said Dr. Hervey sternly, after a glance at the boy, who, gazing out over the sea, seemed not to hear.

'A man must speak his thoughts, doctor.'

'It depends how and when he speaks 'em.' If Dr. Hervey, in his own career, had always remembered this! 'But what does "Everywhere" mean to the best of us finite men? Your John Wesley said, "All the world is my parish," and a man as wise might answer, "Then my parish is all the world."'

'Good-mornin', all!' interrupted a voice.

The newcomer was P. C. Epaminondas Ward (locally 'Paminondas), sole policeman of the Islands, sexton, too, of St. Lide's, town-crier, bill-poster, and public official in general, of Garland Town. 'Good mornin' sir!'

He touched his helmet to Dr. Hervey. 'You'll excuse my breakin' in on your talk.'

'Certainly.'

'It's a thing I hate to do. There's nothing like a good talk, and a man gets so few opportunities in the Force.' Constable 'Paminondas was notoriously the first gossip in Garland Town. 'But what might you ha' been discussin', making so bold?'

'Nothing against Her Majesty's peace, constable, I assure you,' answered Dr. Hervey gravely. 'In point of fact we were exercised over the difference between Everywhere and Nowhere, and I was trying to persuade Sergeant Archelaus that "here" is "everywhere" to a sensible man.'

'That's true enough, if you take *me*,' agreed 'Paminondas; adding modestly, 'but perhaps you'll say that I'm an exception?'

Dr. Hervey muttered something polite.

'I'm a thoughtful man, as by nature, sir,' went on the constable, 'and you'd be astonished what thoughts occur to me by night, when I goes poking around and all the rest o' the world laid asleep. F'r instance, I climb to the top o' the hill, here, and 't is midnight as you might say, in a manner of speakin'. Midnight it is, and all around the Islands, the great sea-lights shinin', fixed-white, low down, on the Monk, white-revolvin' on St. Ann's, North Island winkin' like a giant red eye, white flashes from the Stones, red-white, red-white from the Wolf; not to mention the Longships, an' the south-east sky runnin' in flickers from the Lizard, like men shaking a double whip.

'"There you go, all of ye," I tells myself, "warnin' mankind that here be the Islands." And what be the Islands? says I, at the moment to all intents an' purposes, but me, 'Paminondas Ward with a bull's-eye at my navvle more or less —'

'There, Archelaus!'

Dr. Hervey turned about in triumph; but Sergeant Archelaus, after first spitting wide, had resumed his turf-trimming.

'Now, maybe you're wondering what brings me here?' suggested the constable. Meeting with no response, he continued, 'Well, I don't mind tellin' you. It concerns the boy John Smith, in the form of a letter from her Ladyship. Her Ladyship sends word that Young Matthey Hender, on Brefar, wants an extry hand this fine season for the daffodil-pickin', and John Smith is to go. I've just informed the Treachers.

'Ho?' Sergeant Archelaus paused again and looked up. 'What did Treacher say?'

'He made a communication to me'— began 'Paminondas in his best Petty Sessions manner.

'D—n your eyes, I should n't wonder.'

It should be mentioned here that the attitude of the garrison toward the proprietorship was traditionally hostile.

'In a general way,' said Constable 'Paminondas, magnanimously, 'a man may d—n my eyes or he may not, as the case may be, and I takes it from whence it comes. The Force, in a manner of speakin' is accustomed to such understandings, if I make myself clear. But as touching her Ladyship's order, Treacher saw 't was no use kickin' against the pricks, an' behaved himself conformably, as you might put it, *in toto*. Which the upshot is, as between you and me, that John Smith is to be sailed over to Brefar to-morrow afternoon at 4 P.M. and start pickin' daffodils.'

'Well, lad, that puts an end to Latin for a time,' said Dr. Hervey, stopping

down the tobacco in his pipe with a useful forefinger.

The boy did not answer; could not for the moment return his look. It would have been ungrateful to confess the truth, that he longed to escape and take his place among children as one of them. Here, on St. Lide's, he mingled with the children in school, but always as one set mysteriously apart. He adored the sight of them, but could make no friends; and the mere fact that he adored and saw them as so many bright angels running in the streets was proof that he could never be one of them. In years, their ages and his might be the same; in fact, he saw them through older, different eyes, yet yearned all the while to join them.

In Brefar, picking daffodils, there might be children to understand him better. Brefar, at all events, lay closer out toward the circumference of the circle hemming him in. The Star Castle, where he lodged with the Treachers, was a queer little octagonal building set close within a circumvallation shaped like an eight-pointed star. A platform, seven feet high, ran round the interior of this circumvallation, at about half its height of sixteen feet; and since the dwelling-house, twenty-one feet in height, was separated, all round, from the platform by a miserable fosse no more than four feet wide, it follows that the lower rooms lay in perpetual gloom, and only the attic chambers peeped over the battlements across the sea. Still, and although its eaves were low, from his bedroom window the boy could watch the great sea-lights flashing, or occulting, protecting, inclosing him in a magic circle that he longed to pierce. He had come from Nowhere; and Nowhere lay somewhere beyond. He had some vague notions about God. The teacher down at the school said something about God every morning before marking the register, and the children regularly sang a hymn.

On the whole he felt pretty safe about God. But, 'O God, who am I?' was the child's last thought before he dropped off in a healthy sleep. Toward dawn he stirred in a dream uncomfortably, raised himself on an elbow, turned his pillow, damp with tears, and snuggled down to sleep again.

III

CHY-AN-CHY FARM

It was a voyage of delight; better — yes, far better — than all his expectations.

Sergeant Treacher, though of late years he seldom went on the sea, could handle a boat — as the Islanders allowed — 'tidy well for a soldier-man,' having been the Commandant's mate on many a fishing expedition. He knew all the rocks and shoals, which everywhere among the Islands crop up in the most unexpected places.

The boat sped along, close-hauled to a brisk nor'-westerly breeze: across the roadstead, past the length of Saaron Island, and through the entrance of Cromwell's Sound, between Iniscaw and Brefar. Jan, perched up to windward on an old military chest which contained his few shirts and changes of clothes (it bore the inscription '*R. A.* 19590 *Depot* 19. *Return to Store*,' in white letters on lead color), drank in pure joy with the rush of air on his face.

At the mouth of the Sound the wind fell light, and headed them for a minute or two. The sail shook this side and that, and he had to duck his head to avoid the boom.

'Slip over to leeward here,' said the sergeant, as the boat lost way. 'Peek your head over-side an' maybe I'll show ye something.'

Jan obeyed, and peeping over, was surprised to see a rocky ledge close below him. The weed on it floated within a foot or so of the surface.

'Now, watch!' commanded the Sergeant.

Picking up a boat-hook he jabbed the point of it smartly down amidst the weed. At once a long dark form shot out, darted away with quick gliding motion, and was lost — Jan could not tell whither.

'See anything?'

'I — I saw a snake.'

Sergeant Treacher chuckled.

'"Snake!" says the child. What do you know about snakes?'

'Nothing,' Jan had to confess. He had never to his knowledge seen one before or even the picture of one — for there were no picture-books in the Star Castle. Yet he felt sure that this had been a snake.

'Snake! — that's a good un, too!' chuckled Sergeant Treacher again, and fell silent, being a taciturn man by habit.

Jan lifted his head to ask, 'What was the animal, if not a snake? Could n't snakes live in the sea?' when his eyes fell on a vision which hitherto the boat's sail had concealed from him: the beautiful shore of Iniscaw, with the Abbey towers rising over a mass of rhododendrons and backed by tall spires of evergreen trees; and below the Abbey an inland lake where a whole herd of fawn-colored cattle stood knee-deep, some gazing at the boat, others dipping their black muzzles to drink.

He had passed into Wonderland, and the spell was still on him as they sailed up by Brefar shore, close under whole fields of daffodils, golden in the island's shadow — small fields fenced round with dwarf hedges of escallonia and veronica. But the flowers had leaped these fences, it would seem; for colonies of them straggled along the edge of the cliffs and ran down to the beaches — these being bulbs discarded by the farmers at sorting-time and 'heaved to cliff,' to take their own chances.

They brought the boat ashore on a beach where Farmer Hender — 'Young Matthey' — stood awaiting them. He had a grave, not unkindly face, and was clad in earth-stained blue; but what impressed the child most was his hat — a top hat of rusty black silk, extraordinarily high in the crown. Later, Jan learned that this hat passed from father to son, and was worn as a crown of authority by the reigning head of Chy-an-Chy Farm.

The farmer took charge of Jan, and, shouldering his box, — for, as he explained, to-morrow was 'steamer day' and no hands could be spared just then from the flower-picking, — led the way up a shelving coombe to the gray building or cluster of buildings fenced with tamarisks, and set about with numerous glass-houses. The windows of these houses were banked high with flowers, but over this screen Jan, as he passed, caught sight of a number of girls at work, bunching and tying the blooms. The door of the house-porch stood wide and he followed the farmer straight into the kitchen, where Mrs. Hender and a short middle-aged servant were engaged in setting out tea for the workers.

The kitchen was large, and had an immense open fireplace, with kettles hanging upon long hooks and crocks mounted on brandises. A table twenty feet or so in length stood close against the long window-seat. From a bacon-rack fixed under the beams of the ceiling hung hams and sides of bacon, wrapped in dry bracken and paper, with strings and bags of dried herbs, — horehound, elder, mugwort, — specifics against various family ailments. The chimney-piece was flanked on the right by a dresser, on the left by a dark

settle; and on the settle sat two very old men and an old woman, who regarded the boy — all three — with scarce so much as the blink of an eyelid, save that the old woman's head nodded quickly, regularly, as though by clockwork. These old people gave him a scare, and for a while he found it hard to believe them alive.

The middle-aged servant — who had a large good-natured face and in shape resembled a full sack tied tightly about the middle — came bustling forward and offered to lend the 'maister' a hand to carry the box upstairs.

'Ay, do,' said the mistress. 'If it takes ye away from breakin' cream-jugs, it'll be time well spent. — Mary Martha broke another cream-jug only five minutes ago, if you'll believe me.'

'That's true,' sighed Mary Martha, still broadly beaming, 'I do seem to be very unfortunate in cream-jugs.'

'Not to mention the four cups an' saucers you scat to atoms on their way to the Wesleyan tea.'

'I am very unfortunate in cups an' saucers,' wailed Mary Martha.

'Nor the cream-pan, last Wednesday week.'

'Oh, don't mention it, missis! I can't bear no more.'

'And now,' persisted Mrs. Hender, addressing Jan, 'it's candlesticks. Last Sunday a china one — one of a pair I bought at Penzance, and the dealer said they were exact copies of the pillars in Solomon's Temple; an' I mended that. But what was the use? Yesterday she lets fall the fellow to en —'

'I do seem to be very unfortunate in candlesticks.' Mary Martha's tone of despair and her jolly smile, together, fairly upset the boy.

'And in most everything else,' snapped Mrs. Hender. 'You would n't think,' she said, next minute, as Jan's box went bumping up the stairs, Mary Martha knocking her end of it against the balusters, the wall, the edges of the treads — 'you'd never think that woman had put up a five-pound tombstone over her late husband — now would you?'

It did seem astonishing, and Jan agreed, still with a nervous glance at the impassive old trio on the settle.

Five minutes later the work-people from the glass-houses came trooping in to tea. They crowded round the long table and upon forms by the hearth, where the men sat with mugs balanced on one knee, and on the other thick slices of bread and butter or a hunk of saffron cake.

Jan tried to count. The company numbered thirty-six or thirty-seven; he could not be sure, for he had been told to squeeze himself among the young people on the window-seat, and their chatter made counting difficult.

On his right sat a child of about his own age, who told him that her name was Annet, and that she had two sisters and a brother. She pointed them out. The sisters were called Linnet and Bennet; the brother, she explained, 'just had to be Mark.'

Jan asked why; for a study of the boy's face, which was dark of complexion and somewhat heavy, gave him no clue. Annet indicated the old people, who had been led forward from the settle and placed at the head of the board, where they sat chewing slowly like ruminant animals.

'That's great-gran'father Matthey; he's Old Matthey, and ninety-four last birthday. And *that 's* Un' Matthey, Old Matthey's son — my gran'father, of course — with Aun' Deb next to him. She's his wife, an' father's mother. Father is Young Matthey. That big man down at the bottom of the table is father's eldest; we call *him* Little Matthey. He was married two years back; and Sister Liza — we call Little Matthey's wife Sister Liza — is upstairs

putting the baby to bed — and we call *him* Matthey's Matthey.'

Jan agreed with her that for one family this was plenty of Mattheys, and that a Mark among them was a change at all events.

'It must feel funny,' said Annet, 'to be like you, and have no father nor mother nor any belongings.'

Jan looked at her quickly, uneasily. But she was serious, it seemed, and did not mean to taunt him. At once — how do children learn these ways? — he began to put on airs and to look darkly romantic.

'Don't!' he protested, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper. The success of it surprised him, it was so heartrending. As a matter of fact he had never felt any deep yearning over his unknown parents, though his yearning for an answer to the questions 'Who am I? From where in the world do I come?' was persistent, often poignant, and sometimes kept him awake of nights in a horror of emptiness, of belonging to nowhere. But this, the first romantic adventure of his life, made his head swim, and he played up to it by being false.

Annet — she was a dark, pretty girl, with really beautiful eye-lashes — found him 'interesting' and carried him off after tea to the glass-house (now lit with oil lamps), where she taught him the simple mysteries of 'bunching' — setting up blooms in pyramidal bunches, a dozen to the bunch, with room for each perianth to expand; for the flowers are picked in bud while it is possible, kept in water under glass until partly open, and so packed; the wise grower timing them to reach the market just at the moment of their perfection. Moreover he thus avoids the risk of the February storms that sweep in from the Atlantic, charged with brine, spotting the open blooms and rendering them unsalable.

Annet told the boy all this, and much else concerning the daffodils, while her small hands worked away with eleven other pairs of hands, bunching and tying. At the far end of the glass-house three grown girls were packing away the bunches in shallow boxes of various sizes, — three, five, or six dozen to the box, — and at the head of the table where they worked stood a young man, receiving the full boxes, nailing down their covers, and affixing the labels. Twice, as Jan sat and watched, Mary Martha came bustling in with a kettle; for the water in which the flowers stood before being packed must be kept tepid — this was one of the secrets of Young Farmer Matthey's success as a grower. And whenever the door of the glass-house was opened, the boy could hear the tap-tap of a hammer across the yard, from an outbuilding where new boxes were being fashioned and nailed together.

'You may try your hand, if you will,' said Annet graciously. 'Here is a pair of scissors. To-morrow, though, father 'll set you to work on the pickin' — that's the boys' work. And while you are trying you might tell me a story.'

'A story?' Jan echoed blankly. 'But I don't know any.'

'*Every one* must know some kind of story,' said Annet with firmness. 'Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen and they were very sorry because they had no children — that's how you begin.'

'But I don't see how it goes on, if they had no children — unless they go on being sorry.'

'Silly! Of course they get a child in the end, and that's what the story's about. Now, you go on from there.'

'Oh!' said Jan, and began desperately, 'Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they were very sorry because they had no children; but

of course they got a child in the end. He — came to them in a boat —'

Annet nodded. 'That's better.'

'He came to them in a boat,' repeated Jan. 'On the way he looked over the boat, and far down in the sea he saw a snake swimming.'

'Now you're *inventing*,' said Annet. 'Well, never mind! One must n't believe all one hears.'

'But I saw one to-day,' Jan protested.

'Go along with you — a snake, swimming in the sea! Well, let 's hear what the snake said.'

'He did n't say anything. Sergeant Treacher pushed a boat-hook down among the seaweed —'

'Who's Sergeant Treacher?'

'He's — he's called Treacher; and he's a sergeant. He lives upon Garrison Hill on St. Lide's, along with Mrs. Treacher, and looks after the Castle.'

'How does he come into the story?'

'I don't know that he comes into the story at all — at least not exactly,' Jan confessed.

'I'm tired of hearin' about Sergeant Treacher,' said Annet, 'and I don't call it telling a story when you leave me to do all the talking. But I must say,' she added kindly, 'you've made up that bunch very nicely, if it's your first try. Who taught you to make that pretty knot?'

'Sergeant Treacher —' the boy began; but at this point luckily some one called out from the far end of the glass-house that the boxes were all finished. Fresh boxes would be ready after supper, when the elder women would start packing again, while the children went off to bed. So they trooped back to the kitchen.

At supper Annet could not help being mischievous. She told the children near that Jan on his way to Brefar had seen a snake in the sea; whereat he blushed furiously, which set the girls giggling, while an ugly tow-headed boy, across the table, burst into a guffaw, showing the gaps in his teeth.

Mrs. Hender, hearing the mirth, glanced down the board. 'What's amiss down there?' she asked. 'Annet, Annet, you're not teasing the child, I hope?'

'He says he's seen a snake, missus,' called out the tow-headed boy.

'Lor' mercy! Where?'

'In the sea, here off Brefar,' with another guffaw. 'Brought up 'pon St. Lide's, an' not to know a conger!'

'Aw, a conger, was it?' said Mrs. Hender. 'Yes, now, I dersay 't was a conger he saw. They're very like, now you come to mention it,' she added, seeing poor Jan's confusion.

He could not understand the laughter, but it overwhelmed him with shame and vexation, so that he wished he could slip beneath the table, and lower, till earth covered him.

'There's snakes on the Main, now,' continued Mrs. Hender, 'real adders and vipers. An' that's one reason why I never could bring myself to live in those parts. The thought come over me only last time I was over to Penzance — half-way up Market Jew Street it came over me with a rush, and there and then a funny feelin' all round the bottom of my skirt, till I heard a rude man askin' what was the price of calves 'pon the Islands.'

'There was a snake over here, once upon a time — over here 'pon the Islands,' broke in a high quavering voice. It proceeded from the old man, Un' Matthey, and he spoke up as if a spring had been started somewhere within him.

Mrs. Hender rapped the table with the back of a fork. 'Hush 'ee all, now — if you please! Un' Matthey wants to tell a story.'

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.

IV

UN' MATTHEY'S STORY

'There was a snake over 'pon St. Lide's one time,' said the old man, still in his high quaver, staring straight across the table; and Aun' Deb, his old wife, kept nodding her head beside him, as if confirming the tale from the start.

'The Snake lived in the middle of the Island, in Holy Vale; and there he lorded it free an' easy till St. Lide came along and shut him up in a bag, out o' harm's way. After a time St. Lide took an' went the way of all flesh, forgetting all about the Snake an' the bag, that he'd left hangin' from the branch of an apple tree.

'In those days, St. Lide's was a proper wilderness. All the folks that counted — kings and queens an' such-like — lived over this side, 'pon Brefar here and Saaron.'

'Hear him!' put in Mrs. Hender. 'An' Saaron nowadays but a land o' desolation. Well did the Psalmist say, "What ups and downs in the world there be!"'

'One day, hundreds o' years after, a Saaron man went over to St. Lide's, to shoot rabbits. He came on the bag hangin' from the tree, an' saw the inside of it movin'. "Hullo!" says he, "some careless fellow has left a bag o' ferrets behind him. This 'll come in very handy." He whips out his knife, cuts open the bag, an' out jumps a mons'rous big Snake an' winds itself about his neck, ready to strangle him. "Hullo!" says the Saaron man, "you bain't goin' to kill me I hope?" — "Why not?" says the Snake. "Why, seemin' to me, you owe me your liberty, not to say your life." — "That 's true enough," says the Snake, "a wise man shut me up in that there bag, where for these hundreds o' years I've been perishin' of hunger." — "Then how in the world could you be so ongrateful as for to kill me?" says the man from Saaron. "Well, that's a pretty tale, I must say," answers the Snake. "Hungry I am, and ongrateful I owns myself. But for ongratefulness where's the like of man?" — "Let some judge decide atween us," says the man from Saaron.

'The Snake consented, an' they set off together to hunt up a judge. The first they met was a Tree, an' they stated their quarrel. "Now, O Tree, judge atween us," says the Man. Says the Tree, "No trouble about that. In the summer's heat man cools himself an' his flocks under my branches; but soon as winter comes, he cuts the same down for fuel. Nothing in the world so ongrateful as man; throttle en," says the Tree.

'The man from Saaron cried out for another judge. "Very well," the Snake agreed. They came to a Sheep. "You, Sheep, decide atween us!" "No trouble at all," says the Sheep. "I gave that man my fleece to cover his back. In return he robbed my lambs from me and to-morrow he'll turn me over to the slaughterer. Throttle en!" says the Sheep.

'But the man from Saaron cried out for a fairer judge. They came to a Spring. She fairly choked when they put her the question. "I've a hundred daughters," she said, "that in pure good-natur' turned this fellow's mills, washed his flocks, an' laid bare their ore for him along the bank. In return he defiled them. Throttle en, I say, an' quick!"

'Still the Man cried for another judge. They came to a Rabbit an' stated the case. The Rabbit said to hisself, "Here 's a ticklish business — judgin' atween a man and a snake." He rubbed his nose for a bit to gain time. "You've come to a mean critter

an' poor of understandin'," says he after a while. "Would you mind settin' out the quarrel from the start?" — "Well, to begin with," says the Snake, "the Man found me in this here bag." —"Oh, but you 'll excuse me," says the Rabbit, looking sideways for fear to meet the Snake's eye, "in that tiny bag, did you say?" — "I'm not accustomed to have my word doubted by rabbits," says the Snake, "but I'll forbear a bit yet, and give ye the proof." He coiled himself back into the bag.

'The Rabbit was n' sayin' anythin', but his eyelids went flickety-flick, an' the man from Saaron did n' miss the hint. He sprang fore 'pon the bag an' closed the neck o' it with a twist!'

Here the old man struck his hands together and looked round on his audience with a knowing smile of triumph. His face for the moment had grown animated.

The company, too, clapped their hands as they laughed.

'Bravo, Un' Matthey!' they cried.

As Annet applauded, Jan plucked her by the sleeve.

'But that's not the end of the story,' he objected.

'Eh?'

'There's more to come — more about the Rabbit —'

'A lot you know about stories! Why, not an hour ago —'

'What's the child saying?' asked her mother, who had taken the opportunity to step down to where the children sat, and was making forward for an empty centre-dish, to replenish it with thick bread and butter.

'He says Un' Matthey has n't finished yet.'

'Well, and that's true enough,' said Mrs. Hender, who had heard the story many times. 'But how came you so wise, little man?'

Jan could not tell. He had a queer sense — it had been haunting him ever since he landed and the farmer shouldered his box — that everything was happening as it had happened to him before — somewhere, at some time. It was impossible, of course; but with Annet especially he had once or twice forestalled the very words she would say next, and then, as she said them, the trick of her voice, some movement of the hands, some turn in the poise of her head, came back as parts of a half-remembered lesson. In just the same way scraps of Un' Matthey's story had come back, as it might be out of some dream the boy had dreamed and forgotten.

But, meanwhile, Un' Matthey had resumed the story.

'The man from Saaron went homealong, an' the Rabbit sat by his hole an' smiled to hisself, thinkin' how clever he 'd been. He was still smilin' there next day, when he looks up an' sees the Man comin' back, an' with a bag in his hand — either the same bag or another. "Hullo!" thinks the Rabbit, "he 's bringin' me a gift for my wise judgment. Well, I deserve one! But," says he, "gratitood has a knack of shrinkin'"; for he saw that, whatever the bag held, 't was of no great size. The Man gripped it halfway down. The Man came close. "Good mornin'!" says he. "Yesterday I was in too much of a hurry to stay an' thank you. A second Solomon you be, an' no mistake." —"In justice, as in other things, a body can but do his best," answers the Rabbit, modest-like. "You deserve a reward, anyhow," says the Man. "Justice is blind, my lord," says the Rabbit, edgin' up toward the bag.

'The Man opened it; out jumped a ferret, and *clk*' (here Un' Matthey made a sudden uncanny noise in his throat) 'in two twos Master Rabbit lay stretched out dead as a doornail! The man from Saaron kicked the ferret away off the body.

'"He's very properly punished!" says the man from Saaron. "Justice ought to be without fear or favor; and his was n' neither. But he'll make very good eatin'."'

Un' Matthey had scarcely finished and been applauded when Young Matthey called for prayers. The farmer had pulled out his watch once or twice during the story, for in the daffodil season business is business. He himself read a chapter from the Bible, — to-night it was the story of the Shunammite's son, — and afterwards put up an extempore prayer, when the family had dropped on their knees — all but the three old people, who sat in a row and with hands spread palm-down on the board, thumb touching thumb, much as children play the game of 'Up Jenkins!'

The young folks on the window-seat slipped down and knelt with their faces to it. This, of course, brought Jan's small legs calves-upward under the table; and, of a sudden, midway in the prayer, a sharp pinch almost made him cry aloud with pain. This was a trick played on him by the tow-headed boy, who had dodged beneath the form on the opposite side and, as he pinched, uttered a derisive hiss, meant to resemble a snake's. But the trick was by no means a success, for the hiss itself ended in a squeak as a hand reached out after the joker, caught him by the ankle, and twisted it with a sharp wrench.

The farmer's prayer, after invoking God's blessing on the household in general, went on to ask a number of things in particular. It entreated that 'Thy loving care may go with the steamer to-morrow, and prosper her'; whereupon all answered, 'Amen.' It glanced at Mary Martha — 'That it may please Thee to lighten the burden of one in our midst lately afflicted with breakages.' Jan himself was not let off — 'And that Thy mercy may be tender upon a newcomer, a child to-day brought to the circle of these Thy servants.' It took the farmer's fields in their order, particularizing their crops (whether *Emperors*, *M. J. Berkeleys*, or *Ornatuses*), and separately asking favors for each.

In short it was just such a prayer as that of the Athenians, commended by Marcus Aurelius — *Rain, rain, dear Zeus, down on the ploughed fields of the Athenians, and on the plains!* 'In truth' (says the Emperor) 'we ought not to pray at all, or to pray in this direct and noble fashion.'

On its conclusion the farmer, rising from his knees with the rest, looked down along the board sternly with a masterful eye and demanded to know, 'Who it was just now makin' light of our supplications, under the table?'

There was a constrained silence — Young Farmer Matthey, not a doubt of it, was master in his own household — until the tow-headed boy stood up, yellow with fright, looking as though he desired the earth to open at his feet and cover him. At the same moment a dark, good-looking lad, seated beside him, — a boy probably two years his senior, — looked across at Jan with a smile.

'Billing's boy, is it?' said Young Matthey, sternly. 'Then you, Billing's boy, will step over yonder and stand with your face to the corner, while the others pass out.'

The others passed out there and then, the elders to the glass-houses to finish the packing, the youngsters to bed. To Jan was assigned a small attic chamber, barely furnished, clean as a pin, smelling potently of onions that had been kept to dry, the winter through, on its naked floor. From its windows, between the eaves, he looked straight out upon the red sea-light on North Island;

and, just within the edge of the frame, as he lay down in his bed, the far Stones lightship repeated its quick three flashes of white. They were the same lights he had watched from his garret window on St. Lide's. But they were nearer; and it seemed to him that he was nearer the edge of the spell.

He dropped asleep. At intervals in his dreams he saw the face of the dark good-looking boy smiling at him across the table; while still through his dreams until midnight and after, sounded the tap-tap-tap of a hammer from the out-house, nailing boxes for the daffodils.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE EMPTY ROOM

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I FOUND me standing at your door,
Belovèd! having come in sleep,
Dreaming I yet had watch to keep,
And all was as it was before,
When the dim hours my care outwore.

Your little room so very still,
Belovèd! still, and sweet with you;
My senses, tranced, such balm indrew!
Yet my feet stayed upon the sill,
For something held my clouded will.

The moonlight lay along the floor,
And — soft as is the swan's soft breast —
On your smooth pillow, aye unpressed,
Belovèd! — moonlight and no more!
I waked and found me at your door.

ROUSSEAU, GODWIN, AND WORDSWORTH

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

WORDSWORTH'S early life presents a remarkable parallel to the position of magnanimous youth to-day. His world, like ours, was a scene of conflict between discredited institutions and a new spirit, which sent men back to first principles. He had not himself experienced the worst that the old order could inflict, but he perceived its injustice and sympathized with its victims. He studied with an open mind the new philosophy, which rehabilitated the doctrines of human perfectibility and equality, and the doctrine of the supreme claim of reason over habit. Yet he was fully conscious of the danger, not only to public tranquillity, but to culture, which was involved in abandoning the settled courses. It is true that he came, or seemed to come, at last, to a conviction that the old was worth keeping; but he never really gave up the intellectual method of his young manhood.

The moral history of the nineteenth century is the record of a slow recovery of buoyancy after a profound shock of disappointment. The Revolutionary hope, the ensuing despair, and the beginning of recovery, were felt more keenly by Wordsworth than by any other soul. With the superb self-assurance of a great artist, he made his own experience the image of his time, and to him we owe the one permanent, universal history of the French Revolution in its effect on the mind of man.

He is most interesting, and to our newly-awakened age most instructive, as he stood in the last decade of the eighteenth century, with the light of social hope beaming in his eyes. As he was then most courageous, perhaps, too was he then nearest the truth; for of that fair lady it may certainly be affirmed that faint heart never won her.

Wordsworth's early life was by no means uneventful. If contact with supremely important public affairs and intimacy with great spirits make a life eventful, we may say, indeed, that no other English poet, since the years when Milton sat at the council table with Cromwell, has undergone experiences so heart-stirring as those which came, in a short time, to the quiet young man from the north country. What would not any student of history give to have walked across France in the inspiring summer of 1790? In the calendar of great days, what lover of literature would not mark as memorable, above all others, one on which he had met Coleridge and won his heart forever? How many occurrences in any man's life could be reckoned so notable as making friends with Charles Lamb?

These years of Wordsworth's personal history had all the charm of adventure and romance, together with a spice of danger; and furthermore he touched, as with his bare hand, the potent coils that were generating light and heat for a world that was to move faster than ever before, and through clearer spaces. His poetry yields sustenance to old and young, to the ignorant and the well-informed, but can be really appreciated only by those who have entered into its spirit in two

ways, by natural sympathy with his mode of thought, and by knowledge of his life.

One of the most decisive periods of that life was the thirteen or fourteen months of his second visit to France. From the seclusion of Hawkshead, the sheltered luxury of Cambridge, the slow pace and quiet tone of English and Welsh parsonages and country-houses, he stepped, in a single day, into the brilliancy, the hardness, the peril and excitement of revolutionary France. The contrast would have been stimulating at any time; in 1791 it was almost overpowering.

His sojourn in France enabled him to gather into the solidity of a system those faint impulses of love for humanity which were stirring in him already. His doubts of the validity of the religion in which he had been brought up were now confirmed. His implicit republicanism was strengthened into an explicit political creed. His faith in the paramount excellence of his own country was shaken. Thus was immensely widened the scope of his 'civism,' to use a word more current then than now; for the step from mere traditional enthusiasm for one's country to a love that embraces one's own country and another is immense.

Had these months of his life been spent at Cambridge or in London or in the Lake country, he could never have written the *Prelude*, which without the ninth, tenth, and eleventh books would be like a play in which the hero should never face his 'problem'; there would be no *Excursion*, no fragment of a *Recluse*. In like manner one may say, despite the ardent protest of Mark Pattison, that Milton never could have written *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* had he not laid aside his 'singing robes' for a season in order to prompt his age to quit their clogs,

> By the known rules of ancient liberty.

The strain to which Milton subjected himself for his country's sake lasted more than twenty years; in Wordsworth's case the crisis was neither so sharp nor so prolonged, but it was more complicated, and perhaps more harassing.

Unfortunately his first biographer, to whom we are so deeply indebted for facts that would otherwise have been forever lost, either had very little material for the years 1790 to 1796, or thought fit to suppress much that a discreet and reverent interest would now desire to be acquainted with. And the poet himself deemed that he had done enough to satisfy posterity in writing the *Prelude*. He tells us little about his external relations during his French sojourn, and knowledge of them would be extremely valuable to all students, not only of his life and poetry, but of the history of human progress. Even had he been no poet, but only the clear yet passionate observer that he was, his experiences would rank with the most precious documents of the Revolution.

It has often been suggested that facts were suppressed by his family, among whom were numbered several eminent churchmen and a Master of Trinity. Wordsworth himself in his old age may have been unwilling to let the world know, except in the very general terms which he employs in his autobiographical poem, how extreme were his opinions and how irregular, perhaps, was his conduct, as compared with the standards to which he subsequently conformed. But if mere inference is at all permissible in such a matter, no one can be justly censured for thinking that the agony and gloom of his spirit for several years after his return from France indicate that during his stay there he identified himself more completely with the Revolutionary cause, and with French life, than either he or

his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, was willing to admit in plain terms.

There was one influence to which he was exposed even before he left England and which unquestionably continued and deepened on the other side of the Channel. Wordsworth was never a browsing reader. In the course of his long life, so uncommonly exempt from petty cares and interruptions, he read much, to be sure, but not aimlessly. He went to books as to a task. His diction, even if we had not the evidence of his sister's Grasmere Journal, would show that he studied Chaucer and the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets with extreme care. He found pleasure especially in books of travel and description. He was familiar with much classical and Italian literature. Books to him were 'a substantial world,' very real, as real almost as living persons, and therefore not to be lightly treated. Amid their pressure, as amid the unremitting urgency of friends, he still preserved his independence, and, on the whole, no other great poet is so little indebted to books. He reproached himself for his idleness during his months of leisure after leaving college.

One author, however, he almost certainly read before the close of 1791; and, curiously enough, this was a writer who himself had been indifferent to books. Rousseau it is, far more than any other man of letters, either of antiquity or of modern times, whose works have left their trace in Wordsworth's poetry. This poor, half-educated dreamer, just because he was poor, half-educated, and a dreamer, found his way to the centre of his age, the centre of its intellectual and emotional life. And here all original and simple souls met him. They were drawn thither by the same power that drew him, by a desire to return to nature. Exaggeration apart, and thinking not so much of the systematic working-out of his views, which was generally too abstract and speciously consistent, as of their origin, purpose, and spirit, one must perceive their truth. They are as obviously true now as they were startlingly true when first uttered.

They could not have seemed novel to Wordsworth, who was prepared for them by having lived with lowly people, of stalwart intelligence and sound morals, in the village of Hawkshead. Originality often consists in having remained unconscious of the ordinary departures from simple and natural ways of thought. A person who has been brought up to know and speak plain truth appears original in perverse and artificial society.

We can imagine Wordsworth becoming, without the aid of Rousseau, very nearly what he did become. Nevertheless, the points of agreement are too numerous to be the result of mere coincidence. Had Rousseau been less occupied with general ideas, had he been dominated by a poet's interest in what Blake called 'minute particulars,' it is not too fanciful to suppose that he would have chosen subjects like those which Wordsworth took from 'familiar life'; and an examination of Rousseau's language shows a careful preference for the diction of common speech.

Wordsworth's earliest poems, composed before he had read Rousseau, reveal little of this tendency. It is quite likely that he owes more in this respect to Rousseau than has been yet acknowledged. And in that case the debt should be shared by Coleridge. Whether it was he or Coleridge who took the initiative in the metrical and rhetorical reform which found its first marked expression in *Lyrical Ballads*, has often been discussed. There can be no doubt that Coleridge would see more quickly than Wordsworth the theoretical consequences and implications of what

they had done, and would be the first to suggest formulating a doctrine. But it may be that certain philosophical principles, derived from Rousseau, had already found a lodgment in Wordsworth's mind. For, after all, Coleridge's native bent was toward the uncommon, the abstruse, the mystical, the splendid. He adapted himself, with cordial sympathy, to the new idea, of which he perceived the importance. But affection, love of fellowship, and zeal to confer kindness may have carried him much further than he would ever have dreamed of going alone, in the direction indicated by *Lyrical Ballads* and the critical expositions which form so large and noble a part of *Biographia Literaria*.

What, in fine, are the distinctive elements in Rousseau? In the first place, we recognize in him the prevalence of reverie as a mode of thought. Reverie is an inactive, unsystematic kind of meditation, distinguished from logical processes of discourse by the absence of consciously perceived steps. It is in so far unsatisfactory that the results cannot be determined beforehand, and the movement cannot be retraced backward, as one would 'prove' a result in arithmetic. It has, however, an advantage over the ordinary kind of philosophic speculation, — ordinary at least in the occidental world, — in that it involves a more complete merging of the thinker in his thought, engaging his sentiment and giving him a spiritual rather than a corporeal approach to objects of sensation. In reverie a person seems to touch, taste, smell, hear, and see by a reflex disturbance of the organs, or physical reminiscence. Reverie is thus almost sensuous. Furthermore, it is not discursive, it does not characteristically tend to movement, it is static. It discloses to the mind what the mind already contains, but discovers no new subjects of thought. It arouses, arranges, unifies the elements of one's soul, and the dreamer may emerge from his dream with a truer knowledge of himself and a more definite purpose. External events and objects are not primary essentials of this state, though they may induce or stimulate it. This is truly the poetic process, and Rousseau, in all his most original, vital, and characteristic passages, is a poet. We are reminded when we read them of Wordsworth's remark, 'Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity.'

A second element in Rousseau is his desire to simplify, to reduce the number and complexity of experiences and ideals. The mode of reverie always tends to concentrate and unite the multitude of concepts which have come into the dreamer's mind from many and diverse sources. To one who contemplates in this way, all dispersion of energy is painful and repugnant. So it was with Rousseau. The tragedy of his life, and the cause of his madness, was an abnormal shrinking from being torn asunder, as all men must be continually torn asunder, by the demands of other people.

Contrast with this Voltaire's joy of combat, his enthusiastic readiness to give his time and talents to others, his radiant sociability. The danger that besets a poetic temperament, the danger of excessive introversion, of shrinking from the expense of spirit in a waste of external reality, was absent in Voltaire's case, but lurked in the very heart of Rousseau. Nevertheless, when applied to things outside himself, to the social problem, the domestic life, the politics, the religion of his age, Rousseau's desire to simplify gave him the master-touch. He laid his finger on the racked nerves and prescribed quiet, concentration, and simplicity.

But this meant revolution. For the habits and laws of society had been

made on a different principle. 'The impulse to shake off intricacies is the mark of revolutionary generations,' says John Morley, 'and it was the starting-point of all Rousseau's mental habits, and of the work in which they expressed themselves. . . . Simplification of religion by clearing away the overgrowth of errors, simplification of social relations by equality, of literature and art by constant return to nature, of manners by industrious homeliness and thrift, — this is the revolutionary process and ideal, and this is the secret of Rousseau's hold over a generation that was lost amid the broken maze of fallen systems.' Rousseau's discourses, 'Whether the Restoration of the Arts and Sciences has tended to purify Manners,' and 'On the Sources of Inequality among Men,' show by their very titles the sequence of his thought, and how the idea of simplification leads to the idea of equality.

Now, inequality is a sign and a cause of unstable equilibrium. Where inequality exists there is constantly a pressure to restore the balance. He, therefore, who desires that life shall be simple, and that men shall attain, as nearly as possible, a level of opportunity, loves permanence and is the true conservative. Moreover, one who thinks by means of reverie is by this peculiarity inclined to prefer permanence to change. The ruminative process is slow. Its objects are lovingly retained and caressed. Self as an active agent seems to the dreamer to be of less consequence than self as a receptive, passive organ, inwardly transforming and assimilating what comes to it. By this persistent association of self with the objects of contemplation, the latter become infused with life from the former. They lose their difference. They become humanized. Harmony is thus established between the poet or dreamer and the world which has so long been *his* world. He endows it with his own consciousness. He sympathizes with it, after first projecting himself into it. And by a dangerous turn, the world, or rather so much of it as he has thus appropriated, may become his accomplice, and his flatterer. We have here, perhaps, the clue to that practice which Ruskin termed 'the pathetic fallacy,' the practice of reading into nature feelings which are not properly nature's but man's. Possibly, too, we have here an explanation of the calm egoism of many poets.

But, to continue our attempt to analyze Rousseau, it must be apparent that the permanent is the natural; the truly permanent, I mean, which in the long run holds out against all artifice. And the natural qualities of human beings are common to nearly all. To the many, then, and not to the privileged or the perverted few, must he go who would understand life. This conviction, proceeding from his habit of reverie and his love of simplicity, is the third characteristic of Rousseau. Being a child of the people, knowing their soundness and vigor, he felt no surprise in connection with such a principle, and set it forth as self-evident in his books. But it surprised Europe. To him it was a matter of course that wisdom should be justified of *all* her children: *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. There was nothing new in this conviction. It has, no doubt, been held always by nine tenths of the human race. But it was new in a man of letters. It was not the opinion of cultured people. To culture as a process of distinction, Wordsworth, too, showed repugnance at Cambridge and in his London life. He who was to write

> Of joy in widest commonalty spread,

scarcely needed the formulas in which Rousseau stated the instinctive faith that was in them both. The social

aspect of the French Revolution, its glorious recognition of equal rights and common brotherhood, seemed to him — so gracious had been the influences of his boyhood — only natural, and he consequently sings: —

> If at the first great outbreak I rejoiced
> Less than might well befit my youth, the cause
> In part lay here, that unto me the events
> Seemed nothing out of nature's certain course,
> A gift that was come rather late than soon.

A fourth quality of Rousseau is his intense individualism. Men in a state of nature, in close contact with the earth, with animals, and with other men not overpoweringly different from themselves, have to rely on their own resources. A brooding, introspective person in such circumstances is liable to form a very high, if not an exaggerated, estimate of his own consequence. He is more likely to acknowledge the dependence of man upon nature than the solidarity of men with one another. The political views of Rousseau, as stated, for example, in *The Social Contract*, are extremely individualistic. They are based on the assumption that society was originally anarchical, a collection of independent persons or families. And the individual, not having been a coördinate part of a preëxisting harmony, still retains, as it were, the right of secession. He has merely entered into a pact with other free and independent beings, and his surrender of some of his liberty may be only for a time. As has often been pointed out, this conception would hardly have been possible in a Catholic. It was ultra-Protestant. It was Calvinistic. Wherever the influence of the Genevan Republic has been strongest the spirit of independence has been most active. Ruthlessly disintegrating in its effect upon large political combinations, this influence has often been productive of manly fortitude and self-reliance in smaller bodies. The histories of the Netherlands, of Scotland, of the North of Ireland, of England in the seventeenth century, of the American Revolution and of the American Civil War, have their beginnings in Geneva. Considering Rousseau's origins, it is easy to understand his restiveness under restraint, his horror of patronage, his association of human strength, not with union among men, but with the wild and stern aspects of nature.

Wordsworth, with his Anglican training, never went to the individualistic extreme in his love of liberty. Even when most rebellious against the spirit of his bringing-up and his environment, he still felt that social ties had something of the naturalness and permanence of the external world. He thus acted the mediating part of a true Englishman, and even, one might say, of a true Anglican, by trying to preserve historic continuity without surrendering the right of private judgment.

Rousseau reasoned more trenchantly. But trenchant reasoning, in the complex field of social relations, is peculiarly liable to error. The natural, which is permanent, is also rational, and the rude popular way of arguing from analogy and precedent is therefore, after all, a sort of reasoning. Thus Wordsworth was not less rational than Rousseau, though in him pure reason was steadily counterbalanced by instinct. In Rousseau there was rarely an equilibrium between the two. He was alternately swayed by the one or the other. He, at times, surrendered himself to reverie and earned the name of sentimentalist; and, again, he was seduced by the speciousness of abstract reasoning, and has therefore, perhaps not altogether unjustly, been called a sophist. Wordsworth, as became a poet, did not thus separate his mental processes. His reverie was

more like reflection, it had more of a rational, discursive quality than Rousseau's; and his reasoning was less abstract, it never lost touch with things and events. As Edward Caird, using the method and language of Hegel, put the case, Wordsworth 'transcends' Rousseau, reconciling his contradictions in a higher plane.

He who believes that tillers of the soil and those in walks of life but little removed from them, — that is, the majority of mankind, — are leading natural and therefore rational lives, and that their social laws are permanent, and therefore not wanting in authority, is not likely to be made unhappy by the outbreak of a revolution which promises to restore the artificially disturbed balance of human power and happiness. Rousseau's message, notwithstanding the final gloom of his life, was one of gladness. More than any other feature of the Revolution, Wordsworth too felt its joy. It is needless to narrate how public events in France disappointed him. Suffice it to say that modern readers who take their tone from Burke are liable to overlook the fact that the most generous souls in England felt exalted where Burke was depressed, and downcast where Burke began to revive. In Wordsworth's case the discouragement was profound, for his hopes had been very high. But he stubbornly refused to abandon the republican cause. Through six or seven years, in the face of bad news and the martial rage of his countrymen, he clung to his principles, mastering his grief as best he could.

In truth, he rose above the storms of circumstance by establishing his life, for a time, upon the principles of William Godwin. This is a fact which no biographer of the poet has ventured to deny, though many attempts have been made to minimize its importance. I am acquainted with no account of Wordsworth's life that quite does justice to the strength and attractiveness of the philosophy upon which he disciplined his powerful reasoning faculties, and to which he yielded a brave and obstinate allegiance from his twenty-third to his twenty-eighth year. When one considers that, in the lives of nearly all poets, the third decade stands preëminent as a formative and productive period, it seems impossible to exaggerate the value of Godwin's ideas to Wordsworth. Wordsworth is admitted to be a great philosophical poet. Yet all his biographers have termed Godwin's system 'preposterous.' Wordsworth, on the other hand, even when he renounced it, fully appreciated how formidable was its character, and how aspiring were its aims.

Godwin's *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* would have been an epoch-making work if it had been published in a year less unpropitious to radical speculation than 1793. But books have their fates, and this remarkable treatise has fared ill, for it was from the beginning covered with obloquy, and probably no literary or philosophical work of equal value has been so little read in proportion to its merit. Such is the force of organized prejudice. The 'patriotic' party were not content with crushing the democratic movement in England; they did their best to smother even the memory of it. Not only did they promptly check overt acts of a revolutionary tendency: they entered into a century-long conspiracy to suppress a number of noble intellectual works. Contemptuous disapproval was the means employed, and it succeeded.

The share of Godwin's *Political Justice* in the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century was not at all considerable, if we set aside its influence on Wordsworth and Shelley and the

Utilitarian school of philosophy. No other fact more strikingly illustrates the reactionary character of political theory in that century. The twentieth seems to have linked itself more directly with the eighteenth than with the nineteenth, which lies between its neighbors like a great confused parenthesis. More carefully stated, the truth may be that, of two eternally opposed and equally indispensable types of thought, one, represented by Locke and Hume and Godwin, enjoyed, toward the end of the eighteenth century, a degree of general acceptance which it has until lately not enjoyed since; while the other, eloquently preached by Burke and Carlyle, and always more openly, more officially, more popularly held, has been in the meantime dominant. There should be no illusions as to the comparative attractiveness of these two types. It is enough to observe that their merits have not always been fairly contrasted.

Wordsworth, while still seeing man and nature very much as Rousseau saw them, became a disciple of Godwin. This did not mean the acceptance of his master's political theory alone, but of his system as a whole. Godwin has this at least in common with Locke, that his philosophy is integral. It is rigorously deduced from a few chief principles. Thus its ethics cannot be held separately from its metaphysics, nor can its politics be detached from its psychology. The largest and the soundest parts of the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice* are devoted to ethical and political considerations, which can, indeed, hardly be distinguished from one another, as it is his dearest purpose to show they should not be. Godwin insists that his conclusions in these departments of practical conduct depend on his doctrines of knowledge and will. He is a determinist, and the only weak element of his book is his insufficient argument for necessity. The many pleas in favor of free will which have suggested themselves to philosophers, as well as to humbler thinkers, he almost wholly fails to take into account.

Equally dogmatic, though not so audacious, because more widely shared, is his belief that experience is the source of all knowledge. 'Nothing can be more incontrovertible,' he asserts, 'than that we do not bring preëstablished ideas into the world with us.'

Justice, he contends, is the whole duty of man. And it seems that his criterion of justice is the greatest good of the greatest number; for he says, 'Utility, as it regards percipient beings, is the only basis of moral and political truth.' Reason is the only organ whereby men can discover what is just. 'To a rational being, there can,' he says, 'be but one rule of conduct, justice, and one mode of ascertaining that rule, the exercise of his understanding.' Intuition, and every form of mystical illumination, together with all authority, whether of numbers, antiquity, institutions, or 'inspired words,' are calmly set aside. Morality is a matter of knowledge: 'The most essential part of virtue consists in the incessantly seeking to inform ourselves more accurately upon the subject of utility and right.'

Godwin affirms these principles unhesitatingly, and as if they must of course be admitted by every thinking person to whom they are stated separately, each in its own strength. But he himself supplies, in his practical illustrations, difficulties which might not have occurred to a less acute mind. And it was upon these examples that his opponents seized. For instance, since man is a moral being and all his actions are either just or unjust, he has no rights, that is, no moral options, but only duties. And therefore there is no

place for deeds of gratitude, for pardon, for partiality to friends or kindred, for charity, for vindictive punishment. Moreover, a promise has no sanctity, and an oath is an abomination; because 'an individual surrenders the best attribute of man the moment he resolves to adhere to certain fixed principles for reasons not now present to his mind, but which formerly were.' Marriage, accordingly, falls under his disapproval, in so far as it is a relation maintained solely in virtue of a promise. Creeds and similar fixed affirmations of belief are an evil, for, he says, 'If I cease from the habit of being able to recall this evidence [that upon which the validity of a tenet depends], my belief is no longer a perception, but a prejudice.'

Some of these principles are to be found distinctly echoed — sometimes approved and sometimes painfully questioned, but certainly echoed — in Wordsworth's tragedy, *The Borderers;* and the slightly earlier poem, *Guilt and Sorrow*, indicates that he was imbued with Godwin's doctrine that 'under the system of necessity, the ideas of guilt, crime, desert, and accountableness have no place.' Godwin declares that since the will is not free, 'the assassin cannot help the murder he commits any more than the dagger.' Punishment, therefore, should be limited to restraining the criminal from repeating his act of injustice.

It is evident that a society holding such views must reject all but the barest essentials of government, must be reduced to the most extreme individualism. Accordingly we find Godwin insisting that 'government is an evil, an usurpation upon the private judgment and individual conscience of mankind'; and it may be said of him, as Edward Caird said of Rousseau, 'His method is always determined by the individualistic prejudices of his time. In morals, in politics, and in religion alike, he goes back from the complex to the simple; and for him the simple is always the purely individual, the subject apart from the object, the man apart from society. He does not see that in this way he is gradually emptying consciousness of all its contents, and that of the abstract individual at which he must finally arrive, nothing can be said.'

There can be no doubt that much of the constructive thought which found expression in early British Liberalism and in the Constitution of the United States followed this line. To many practical statesmen, as well as to Rousseau and Godwin, it seemed that the sole function of government was to secure liberty of action to the individual. Wordsworth was prepared for Godwin's uncompromising enunciation of this principle by his previous acceptance of Rousseau's doctrine that every individual is by nature independent. Godwin never shrank from rigorous deduction, and uttered his thought as clearly as he conceived it. Stated less uncompromisingly, the same idea, of course, is latent in the writings of the American Federalists, and in Bentham and J. S. Mill. All these political theorists, having an eye to practice, checked themselves half-way. But many Continental writers, of whom Tolstoy is the most eminent, have gone as far as Godwin.

It is doubtful whether Wordsworth, or many other of Godwin's disciples, possessed enough confidence in abstract reasoning to follow him to this extreme conclusion. They gave an eager assent, however, to the less incisive and more practical statement that government, as then existing, reversed 'the genuine propensities of mind', and, instead of suffering men to look forward, taught them to look backward for perfection; prompting them 'to seek the public welfare, not

in innovation and improvement, but in a timid reverence.' This implied approval of progress is certainly an advance upon Rousseau's advice, founded on ignorance of savage life, to look for perfection among primitive peoples. The antithesis between the retrospective attitude of Rousseau and the forward-straining attitude of Godwin forced Wordsworth to make a synthesis which embraced the views of both his masters. It is his great distinction to have taken the next step. With Rousseau and Godwin he had looked before and after, and pined for what was not; and he saw absolute perfection neither in the past nor in the future. He read deeply in books of travel, which told of primitive races; he dreamed with philosophers, who predicted a new golden age; and in neither case did he find what he sought. But looking home to men as they are, to life as it may be and often is, here and now, he found

> A never-failing principle of joy
> And purest passion.

He perceived 'the unappropriated good' in natural beauty, in the language of every day, in the souls of plain people; and he sang triumphantly

> Of moral strength and intellectual Power;
> Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
> Of the individual Mind, that keeps her own
> Inviolate retirement, subject there
> To Conscience only, and the law supreme
> Of that Intelligence which governs all.

Let us not forget that to this reconciled mood the poet came by way of what is common to Rousseau and Godwin, their trust in human nature, their belief in equality. Joy is not joy which is not shared by all. For a longer time than has been generally admitted, Wordsworth retained his reverence for reason. In his young manhood he clung with passionate fervor to the pure word of the Revolution.

His creed in those years may be condensed into a few brief articles, which lie more or less scattered in Godwin's *Enquiry*. The first concerns prophecy: 'To conceive an order of society totally different from that which is now before our eyes, and to judge of the advantages that would accrue from its institution, are the prerogatives only of a few favored minds.' The second concerns prerogative: 'They are the higher orders of society that find, or imagine they find, their advantage in injustice, and are eager to invent arguments for its defence.' The third concerns popularity, or the wisdom of common people: 'The vulgar have no such interest, and submit to the reign of injustice from habit only and the want of reflection. . . . A very short period is enough for them to imbibe the sentiments of patriotism and liberty.' The fourth concerns property: 'My neighbor has just as much right to put an end to my existence with dagger or poison, as to deny me that pecuniary assistance without which my intellectual attainments or my moral exertions will be materially injured.' The fifth concerns priests: 'Their prosperity depends upon the reception of particular opinions in the world; they must therefore be enemies to freedom of inquiry; they must have a bias upon their minds impressed by something different from the force of evidence.' Every one of these articles is affirmed by Wordsworth, either graphically in his early poems, or dogmatically in his reply to Bishop Watson, or by implication in his letters.

To say that Godwin was lacking in historical feeling is putting the case too negatively. It is more correct to say that he chose not to be hampered by history. He regarded the present with keen perceptive powers and looked to the future. The absence of a background in his picture of human destiny is not due to shallowness of literary culture, but to a deliberate theory. He

was one of the last of the philosophers of the Enlightenment in the eighteenth century. And his method, as regards the use of history, is precisely the method of that whole great movement.

A peculiarity of his own, however, is that he relies altogether upon his individual judgment, and not at all upon the collective judgment of his fellow men, which he mistrusts because it has been institutionally organized and thus clogged with the weight of selfish advantages. And even in his own case, he trusts, or professes to trust, only his perceptive and logical powers, and not at all his affections. He has, however, by no means succeeded in shutting out every emotional influence. To take him at his word in this respect is to do him an injustice. His principles are not cold-drawn. There is no fire more intense than the flame of pure intelligence. It is not conceivable that, without the tremor of inward burning, a man possessed, as Godwin was, with a sense of responsibility could write: 'The doctrine of the injustice of accumulated property has been the foundation of all religious morality.' The philosophy of the Enlightenment may well have been too difficult, too sheer, for minds accustomed to beaten tracks in the broad vales of thought, but it was not wanting in emotional splendor. Right or wrong, the man who could affirm that 'there must in the nature of things be one best form of government,' because 'the points in which human beings resemble are infinitely more considerable than those in which they differ,' was moved by a deep moral feeling, as well as by the perception of truths from which most men shrink.

There was an appeal to high-souled youth in his apparently quiet statement: 'It is in the nature of things impossible that the man who has determined with himself never to utter the truths he knows, should be an intrepid and indefatigable thinker. The link that binds together the inward and the outward man is indissoluble; and he that is not bold in speech will never be ardent and unprejudiced in inquiry.' The voice of Burke pleading for reverence for the past utters no call more eloquent and none so inspiring. German idealism, to be introduced into England presently by Coleridge, will instill a loftier ambition, but none so sane. Romanticism, more alluring to the artist, will lack something of this moral dignity. Not till Emerson comes, and after him the new leaders of scientific research, will that clear tone be heard again.

Godwinism soon fell into deep and undeserved disrepute. This was not due wholly to its peculiar features, some of which were beyond the comprehension of pragmatical minds, and others objectionable on the very grounds of general utility to which Godwin sought to refer his thinking. It was due chiefly to the inherent unattractiveness of the whole philosophy of the Enlightenment, and to the inauspicious character of the times. Pure rationalism can, perhaps, never be expected to win the favor of more than a small minority, even among reflective men. Its voice is in no age altogether silent, but the echoes nearly always come back mingled with alien notes, the note of classicism, the note of transcendentalism, the note of romanticism.

That Godwin's system did, through Bentham and Mill, for a while at all events, and in a limited degree, *faire école*, is indeed remarkable. The age, moreover, was not propitious. The passion of patriotism, lately starved by the disapproval with which thoughtful Englishmen viewed the conduct of their government before and during the American war and throughout the period of state trials between its disastrous conclusion and the opening of

the new French war in 1793, the passionate desire to justify England's past and her present course, made men very impatient of Godwin's imperturbable criticism. This was no time, they thought, for reform.

Wordsworth, one of the first, as he was the greatest, of its converts, adhered to the Godwinian system for about six years. He met the passion of the hour with his own deep inward passion. He conquered partiality for his country with love of mankind. He rebuked, with a reasoned hatred of war, the elemental instincts of a people in arms. His tenacious and inwardly energetic nature remained rooted in this pure soil until the hardy blossoms of his poetry were about to break into immortal bloom. A pure soil it was, but perhaps a little dry. Wordsworth detached himself from it, slowly and with compunction. His conduct was not apostasy from generous and true principles, but their inclusion in a wider sweep, which embraced not only the future but the present, not only the demands of political justice, but the bounty of nature and the glory of life.

BARBARA LOVELL

A TRUE STORY

BY FRANCIS S. WATSON

THIS is a true story set down plainly as I have heard it told by those who knew Barbara Lovell's history. Names I have changed, but not essentials. The bare facts are worth recording for those who would understand the deeper traits of New England character. One deep regret pervades me as I write. Barbara's story, coming too late to be told by Hawthorne, has missed its interpreter. His penetrative imagination, so sympathetic to the rigid tragedies of the New England temperament, might shadow forth for us, in that dark way of his, the still emotions of those locked hearts; that inexorable mother's unmaternal hardness; that wife's desperate decision; the silence of those sons. Only Hawthorne would know what Weatherby said to Barbara on those brief daily visits of his; only Hawthorne would know Barbara's thoughts through all those long secluded years, — and he would only tell the half. Failing him, we have lost the key.

I

I WAS spending a week at a small village on the Maine coast, with my dog and gun, and, as usual, it was Aunt Deborah Smith who made me welcome in the little white house standing snugly alongside the friendly village street. The second day of my visit was clear and cold. The wind had drawn freshly in from the harbor all through the autumn afternoon, and it was with a

comfortable sense of a day well spent that, with my gun under my arm and my dog at heel, I turned homeward at sun-down.

Several miles lay between me and the village by the route that I had taken in the morning, but a trail which skirted a long arm of the sea promised a shorter road home. This I followed for half a mile, until a little stream barred my progress, and would have forced me to turn back, had not an obliging oysterman answered my hail, and presently ferried my dog and me safely across. The path to the right, he said, passed a small farm-house in a near-by pasture and would lead me straight to my destination.

I thanked him and was just starting on my way, when, in front of the house which the man had mentioned, I noticed an old stone well. Perched upon its curb was a wooden bucket which reminded me how long it was since I had had a drink. Now, as every one knows, the only pleasure in drinking from a bucket comes from the flavor of the moss upon its rim. But this was a new bucket, so I decided to go to the house and ask for a tumbler.

It was past six, and, thinking that the family would be at supper, I knocked at the back door. There was a step within; I heard the rustle of a woman's dress as she came, I supposed, to open the door. Then the sound grew fainter, and in a moment it ceased altogether. I knocked again. There was no response. I tried to lift the latch, but the door was locked. In some surprise I stepped back, and for the first time looked carefully at the house. Every window, every shutter was closed, and the curtains were all drawn. The house looked dead, and the unnatural silence gave me a disagreeable feeling.

My desire for a drink vanished, and I was glad to have my trusty pointer at my heels as I trudged on to Aunt Deborah's. Before her cosy fire, the uncanny impression of the lonely house melted speedily away, and in the week that followed, the little incident never crossed my mind.

It was a year later that I thought of it again. Once more I was at Aunt Deborah's. Seated in my little room under the eaves, I was busily swabbing out my gun when, through the window, I caught sight of Miss Jane Ridgway, who lived over the way, scurrying across the road. She knocked hurriedly, and then I heard her high voice saying eagerly to Aunt Deborah, who was rocking in the south window of the parlor, 'Well, I wonder what Steve will do about Barbara now.'

The last stains were off my barrels, and as I was not averse to hearing a village yarn, I descended the stairs and asked Miss Jane what she meant.

'You don't mean to say you don't know about Steve and Barbara!' exclaimed Miss Jane; and, on my reminding her that it was but once a year I came to Aunt Deborah, she told me the story which I here set down.

None but a sailor race, I think, could yield such a history; none but a race which, with courage to fight but without the faith of hope, had struggled for centuries against unconquerable conditions, expecting nothing, enduring all things.

Thirty years before, there had lived in the village a girl of nineteen, blessed with a beauty so rare that it still remains a tradition throughout the district. 'Beautiful as Barbara Lovell' is to this day an expression of admiration. She was the daughter of a sea-captain who had died at sea almost within sight of home, when his vessel was wrecked on one of the treacherous reefs of that coast. She lived with a half-witted sister, and with her mother,

who was still in early middle life. Barbara had had a better education than most of her village companions. She had attended an excellent Quaker school at Providence, and she had traveled to Boston, New York, and even to Philadelphia, — a range of experience beyond the reach of her contemporaries among the girls of the village. And yet, in spite of her advantages, and although every young man in Wellsport was head over heels in love with her, the women of the village had nothing but good to say of Barbara.

At this time there was living in the village a man named Stephen Weatherby, whose name was beginning to reach the larger towns of the coast on account of the speed and sea-worthy qualities of the boats which he designed and built. Of the young men of Wellsport he was by far the most notable figure. He still lived there, and I had often sailed with him, and had been much impressed by his appearance and personality. Weatherby was built on a big scale, with a great head and bold features. When first I met him, his thick hair and beard were nearly white, but in those days he was in the middle thirties and his hair was of that pale yellow which we associate with the Norse Vikings. I can well recall his eyes. They had in them that direct and level look characteristic of a man born to command, and if I were aboard his boat, I should never think of a contingency with which he could not cope.

In a worldly way, Captain Weatherby had prospered. His orders for boats grew with his reputation, and his bank account grew with both. Surplus funds of his had found an outlet in the purchase of several cottages intended for sale at a large profit to the strangers who were beginning to flock annually to the seashore. In one of these investments Weatherby placed especial confidence: a five-acre lot with a farmhouse on it and the well where I had stopped to get a drink.

In other ways, however, things had not gone well with Stephen Weatherby. Some fourteen years before our story opens, he had married, and his sons were now eleven and thirteen years old. But with his wife Weatherby lived as a stranger. She cooked his meals and made his house tidy, but in the evening, when she sat knitting and rocking interminably, her husband would read his paper and smoke his pipe, and no needless word would pass between them. There is nothing in the evidence to show that Weatherby was either an irascible or a capricious man, but as every man and woman in the village knew, he had never been able to forgive a deception practiced upon him by the woman he had made his wife, and by her parents: for Julia Weatherby was blind.

In the days of her marriage blindness was inevitable. She knew it and her parents knew it, and together they conspired to withhold the knowledge from Stephen Weatherby until those two were married and a life's provision had been made for Julia. A year or two after that life's provision had been made, Captain Weatherby found that he had been given a burden, and not a helpmate. From the hour of that discovery, though the husband and wife dwelt in one house, they were as far apart as though they lived in different countries. Each tolerated the other's presence; that was all.

Under these circumstances, it was not unnatural that Weatherby should not spend all his evenings in the silent parlor of his own house. People knew that he was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Lovell's, but apparently it occurred to none of the village gossips that his calls there were on account of Mrs. Lovell's daughter. Barbara herself, who was entirely indifferent to the attentions

of her numerous suitors, found in Stephen Weatherby a man wholly unlike his mates. He alone seemed to influence her, and to his words alone she listened intently. It seems, however, that the widowed mother was aware of the danger of such a relationship, and occasionally in her talks with Barbara she is said to have made veiled references to the subject. But this part of the story is obscure and rests on uncertain testimony. What is certain is that whatever passed between the two led to no change in Barbara's attitude. She saw continually more of Stephen, and took increasing pleasure in his society.

This was the state of things when the time for picking cranberries came round again. The harvesting of the cranberry crop is an event in that part of the country, and the pickers celebrate it by an 'Entertainment,' where all the young people assemble in the Town Hall to dance and play at forfeits and kissing games and to eat a superabundance of ice-cream and cake. This year the whole village turned out in honor of the event, and even Captain Weatherby, whose temperament did not lend itself to promiscuous sociability, joined the throng and all the evening through stood in a corner of the hall chatting with one and another of his neighbors.

As for Barbara, she was the spirit of the dance. Wherever she was, there the young men pressed thickest. No one in the hall laughed more light-heartedly than she. For months afterward people searched their minds to recall the smallest incidents of that evening, but no one could remember a single glance of hers cast toward Stephen Weatherby. Certainly the two exchanged no words until the clock over the door struck eleven. Barbara was exacting forfeits from half a dozen youths, and one tall young man, in an agony of shyness, was attempting to redeem a red silk handkerchief by obeying her commands, when Weatherby walked across the hall and joined the group, saying, 'Shall I see you home, Barbara?'

Barbara looked up, smiled in assent, ran into the dressing-room, and presently appeared with a 'nubia' wrapped about her lovely head. 'Good-night!' she cried, smiling and waving her hand as she passed through the chattering crowd. At the door, she turned for an instant, a picture of happy loveliness which no one who saw it forgot. Barbara was not seen again for thirty years.

II

It was the second day after the 'Entertainment' that Jane Ridgway, who was in those days a close friend of Barbara, went to Mrs. Lovell's house to ask for help in matching some silks which she wanted for a bit of needlework. She knocked at the door and Mrs. Lovell opened it with a face so grave that the visitor caught her breath involuntarily.

'Jane,' said Mrs. Lovell, speaking evenly and slowly, 'Barbara has gone away and she will not come back again. Tell this to everybody who asks about her. And, Jane, if you want to save me great distress and trouble, you will say, too, that never as long as I live shall I say another word about this.'

Mrs. Lovell closed the door abruptly and Jane, in bewilderment and sorrow, sat down on the steps and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. It was half an hour before she could gather herself together to repeat to the neighbors the news which swept like wild-fire through the village.

That very evening Stephen Weatherby came home from his shop as usual, and after washing for supper took up a copy of the local *Eagle*, and drawing his chair to the window, sat down to

read. His wife moved to and fro about the stove, with her blank eyes fixed on the sizzling bacon. Presently she turned toward the window.

'Well, I wonder what folks 'll be a-sayin' next,' said she in her flat voice.

'What are they saying now?' asked Weatherby, still looking at his paper.

'Well, they're a-sayin' as how you got Barbara Lovell shut up in the five-acre-lot house.'

Stephen Weatherby laid his paper on the table. When he spoke, there was no touch of anger or acrimony in his voice, though his words came with slow emphasis.

'For once there is something right in what they say. Barbara is in the five-acre-lot house. But when they say she is shut up there, they lie. There is nothing to hinder her from walking out if she wants to. She is there, though, right enough.'

Julia Weatherby stood rigid, staring as though she could see the deep-drawn lines on her husband's face. After a moment, Stephen went on: —

'Julia, there'll only be one talk between us two about this matter, and that is here and now. There are just two things you can do. Either you will go to law and will take what the law gives you and no more, and I will take what is left and go over there to live with Barbara in the five-acre-lot house; or else you will hold your peace about it and we will stay as we are. Don't speak now. Think it over and let me know in the morning what you decide. I am going back to the shop to finish up a piece of work. We'll put supper off for an hour.'

Then he got up and went out.

All that night Julia lay with her blind eyes wide open. In the morning her decision was made. She would remain with Weatherby. How could she do otherwise? Her parents were dead. She had no friends. How could she learn to feel her way about another kitchen or sit in some unaccustomed corner which she could never picture to herself. So she went on living in the house where she had lived before. Not a quarter of a mile away stood that other house, long tenantless; but now, if her pale eyes could have seen it, a thread of smoke rose daily from the chimney.

The routine of life began again. Every morning, as usual, Stephen Weatherby went to his shop, and all day long his wife could hear his hammer and saw as he worked with his men, fashioning the tidiest boats to be found on the New England coast. But no day passed that Weatherby did not go to the house in the five-acre lot. Daily he drew the water from the well; daily he cut the wood and brought in a basket of provisions. Sometimes, after a trip to Portland, he would bring back with him a few yards of cloth, needles, thread, or articles of women's dress. These, too, he would leave at the small white house. But regular as his visits were, they were always short. It was rarely more than a few minutes after the old green door had shut behind him that it opened again to let him out.

Of the solitary tenant of the house no one saw anything. Occasionally a passer-by would hear the sound of a chair as it scraped along the floor, or the stove-lid as it was dropped back into place. Some said they heard, as I did, the rustle of a woman's skirt. Sometimes a curious neighbor would catch sight of a shadow falling athwart a drawn shade. A thousand signs bore testimony to a human presence, but of the woman herself there was known or seen absolutely nothing.

In the week following Barbara's disappearance, the first shock of village bewilderment was followed by boisterous indignation. Men sat round the village store and talked of tar and

feathers and of running the kidnapper out of town. I have heard, too, that a deputation of villagers actually waited on Weatherby; but to that story there is no sequel, for, if the interview ever took place, it was short and useless. Captain Weatherby was no man to take liberties with.

Time went on. Weatherby kept at his work and prospered. His wife cooked his meals, darned his stockings, and rocked herself to sleep when her work was done. The children grew up in their father's work-shop and learned from him to know the 'feel' of a good model and to keep alive the tradition of his boats. The story of Barbara Lovell was no longer discussed. Like the other facts of Wellsport existence, it was taken for granted — a part of the setting of their narrow stage. So passed twenty-five years.

Such was the story Miss Jane Ridgway told me that afternoon in Aunt Deborah's parlor. The exclamation which had first caught my attention, 'I wonder what Weatherby will do about Barbara now,' opened a new chapter in the tragedy. That very morning, scarcely an hour before, Julia Weatherby had been moving about her kitchen, cooking as usual the mid-day meal. Just how it happened no one ever knew; but in some way, probably as she bent forward fumbling for the 'lifter' to replace a stove-lid, her dress caught fire. In an agony of fright, the unhappy woman rushed to the door, meaning to reach the water only a few rods distant. But her terror robbed her of that sense of direction which was her feeble substitute for sight. She turned to the right as she passed the threshold, and as though the obsession of twenty-five years had mastered her very instinct, she ran straight toward the house in the five-acre lot. When within a few yards of it she dropped, and where she fell she perished, before her husband and sons, working in their shop close by, could reach her.

III

This was the news which sent Miss Jane running to Aunt Deborah's. The rest of the story, which came to me bit by bit in the course of years, I have pieced together and tell as best I can.

It was a month after that tragic day when a fisherman, walking early past the white house in the five-acre lot, stopped in amazement. The doors and windows were wide open. He approached and looked in. The house was absolutely bare. Not a pot or pan or stick of furniture remained.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Simpson, a neighbor and friend of the Weatherbys, who since Julia's death had agreed to go daily to Weatherby's house and set things to rights, found the door which led from the kitchen to a rear ell locked. She tried vainly to open it, and then, going out of doors, made an attempt to enter by a back window. This, too, was locked and the curtain within drawn tightly. Surprised and uneasy, she went to the window on the other side. There also the curtain was shut blankly down. Then Mrs. Simpson understood, and, returning to the kitchen, got dinner as usual. At noon, Weatherby and his two sons, now in the middle thirties, returned from their work and sat down as they were accustomed to do. Of the locked ell no question was asked or answered.

Again things went their accustomed course. Each morning Mrs. Simpson came, made the beds and cooked the noonday meal, and as she went quietly about her work she could hear each day from beyond the thin pine door the steps of another woman as she too made her house tidy and cooked her solitary meal. In the old days, Mrs.

Simpson — Joanna Nicholson she was then — had been a bosom friend of Barbara. She had never forgotten her old affection, and a flood of it welled up in her freshly. But the wall of silence was between them now, and it is not the birthright of a New Englander to break the laws of habit.

Without question, without thought, it seemed to the neighbors, the sons accepted the new order of the house. While this strange household endured, they heard each day the quiet sounds in the back room, and when every afternoon their father opened and closed behind him the door leading to the ell, they could hear the low voices of a man and woman talking together. But that was all.

Three years and more went by. Then one evening Stephen Weatherby came in wet and cold. A chill struck him, and before many hours a violent fever supervened. It was evident that he was very ill. Then the locked door was opened and a frail, white-haired woman, whose pale face was still beautiful, with lines in it scarcely deeper than those of a child who has never seen the world, came forth. Three days and nights she and Mrs. Simpson sat on either side of the sick-bed. On the fourth day Captain Weatherby died.

It was evident that, however Weatherby's thoughts were engaged, he had had no idea of death. His will, dated nearly thirty years before, made mention of no one but his sons. The only money available for Barbara's support was fifty dollars he had given her a few weeks before. Her world had been Stephen alone and the desire that none but Stephen should look upon her face. Of money she knew nothing. She handed her fifty dollars to Mrs. Simpson and sat down to wait.

Out of her own scanty resources Mrs. Simpson, who was as charitable a soul as ever breathed, sought to provide for Barbara. She soon made an arrangement with an old and childless couple named Tarbell, who lived in the outskirts of the village, to take her in and give her board on reasonable terms; but, however reasonable, they were not a burden to be shouldered long by a woman who found it hard enough to earn her daily bread, and Mrs. Simpson obliged to find help, sought counsel with Mrs. Thayer, a lady who for many years had spent her summers on the Wellsport shore. This Mrs. Thayer happened to be an old friend of mine, and it was through her that I was privileged to contribute from time to time to the bare necessities of Barbara Lovell's support and to shelter her from the old alms-house at Portland.

So for a season Barbara lived on, protected from the sight of the little world at Wellsport, sitting from morning until night in her half-darkened room, unless she was helping Mrs. Tarbell with her simple housework. And then it happened that I went abroad, and an unlucky coincidence, unknown to me, took Mrs. Thayer across the water in the same year. In our absence, the bottom of Mrs. Simpson's shallow purse was soon reached. Very reluctantly, the good creature communicated with one of the selectmen, James Wilson by name, a distant relative of Barbara. To her anxious questioning, there was but one answer. Barbara Lovell must join the town's poor.

The rest of my story can best be told, perhaps, if I here set down two letters which Mrs. Thayer soon after received from Mrs. Simpson.

Dear Mrs. Thayer (ran the first letter), — Barbara has gone. No one knows where. All sorts of rumors are afloat, some saying that it is a case of suicide and others that a bottle of poison has been found. But nothing

certain is known. Yesterday James Wilson had notified her that he must take her to Portland. He is a kind man, and knowing how strong her wish was that no one should see her face, he had arranged to have her go in a covered team. They agreed upon the hour, and she allowed that there was no other way for her.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Tarbell heard her wind her clock upstairs and then come down and walk to and fro in front of the house as she was accustomed to do. Then they fell asleep.

The next morning Mrs. Tarbell saw by the pantry that Barbara had not eaten any breakfast. So she fixed one up for her and took it up to her on a tray. Getting no answer to her knock on the door, she opened it and found that the bed had not been slept in and that Barbara was gone. She at once notified the selectman, Mr. Wilson, and he came and told me about it afterward. She went out without her warm shawl I had knit for her, and that was unusual, for she was easily chilled and always threw it over her. Mr. Wilson did not want to make any regular search that day, thinking that as the weather was warm she might hide in the woods somewhere during the daytime and come back or go to Stephen's empty house after dark.

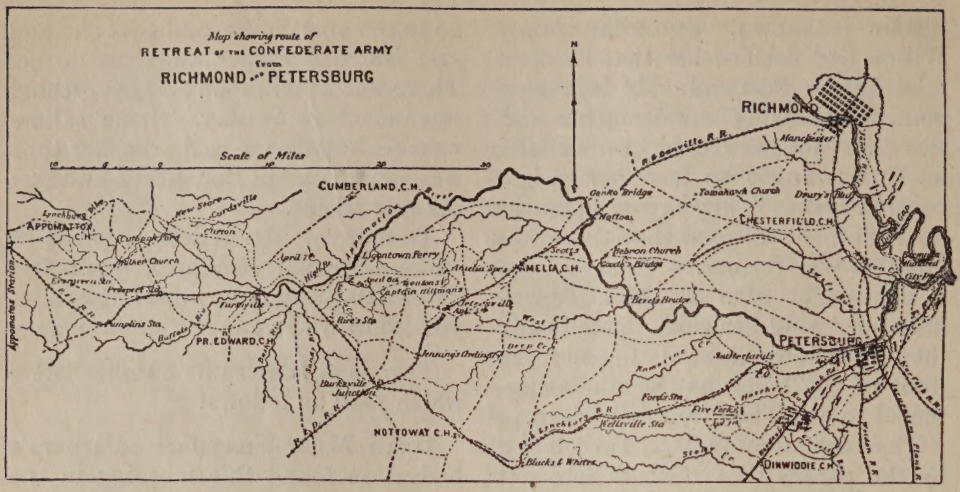
Last night some of the villagers started to look for her. They were going to and fro over the fields, thus effectually destroying any foot-prints by which she might have been traced. One fired a pistol to fool the others. The men and boys were shouting to each other. Some of the girls who knew of her story were crying. I could think of nothing but a fox hunt. By and by they left off and went home. I could not sleep at all, and was walking to and fro in my room much disturbed, for I knew how much she had dreaded having to go to the poor-house, and that she had said she had rather die than do so. There was a full moon and everything was as clear as day. Some sailors were on board of a coal schooner that was anchored, but they heard and saw nothing of her.

To-morrow Mr. Wilson is going to make a regular search. I don't feel like writing any more now, but will let you know if there is any more news.

Two days later came another letter which read as follows: —

Dear Mrs. Thayer, — Barbara's body was found this morning in the south bay. Stephen's oldest son, Jake, was wading out to his skiff early this morning when he trod on her body where it lay in shallow water directly in front of the door of his dead father's house, having been caught in the eel-grass there and held. She had entered the water nearly half a mile farther up the shore. She had tied a white cloth about her face. An empty chloroform bottle has been found where she waded in. It is supposed she walked into the water, then inhaled the chloroform till unconscious, sank, and was drowned. She hoped, doubtless, that the current would carry her body out to the sea and that no one would ever find it, but when it came to Weatherby's empty house the eel-grass caught it, and it lay there for Jake to find. He had refused to join in the search, and coming on the body as he did, it used him up badly. He could n't breathe rightly for two hours afterward.

There is a great deal of curiosity among the people here to see her. I am glad she cannot know it. I long to hide her and shall feel better when she is buried. Please tell this to Mr. Curtis. I don't feel as though I could write about it again just now and he will want to know.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

III

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

It was about daylight when Lee himself left his camp near Amelia Springs to join Longstreet, then well on his way to Rice's Station, nine miles west of Burkeville. Alexander, Longstreet's chief of artillery, and a man of courage, rare spirit, and mild bearing, says that the troops halted for a short rest just before dawn, that Longstreet and his staff went on to Rice's Station; and that he himself, as morning was breaking, selected a line of battle which they were to occupy on arrival. But, as will be seen, our cavalry struck in behind them, and only a part of Anderson's corps immediately in their rear, and so much only of the cavalry as was under my friends Munford, Rosser, and the young, handsome, joyous-hearted Dearing, ever saw Alexander's line of battle.

Anderson fell in behind Longstreet with the forces he had brought up on the south side of the Appomattox, Mahone in the lead, followed by Pickett, and he by Bushrod Johnson. Ewell came next, with Custis Lee; then Kershaw, who had been on the move all night, but had covered eight or nine miles only, owing to the congested state of the road, packed with their own and Anderson's troops and trains, and obstructed by half-burned and abandoned wagons, the havoc of Davies's raid. Bringing up the rear was heroic Gordon, and it was after nine o'clock as he rose above the hill west of Amelia Springs.

Early in the morning there was a heavy April shower, but by this time,

nine o'clock, the sky was free and the sun was warm. Truly, all nature was smiling: but let the sun shine and the rippling brooks glint, the lilacs and the peach trees blow, and now that the rain has stopped let the pee-wee sing near his home under the bridge, the bluebird warble in the old orchard, and the larks flute in the meadows; yes, let all the fields and fresh-leaved woods rejoice; on and on by them all in their happiness and suggestions of home went the Army of Northern Virginia, weak for want of food and sleep, and low at heart. Toil on, veteran heroes of so many fields; a few days more and it will all be over. Hark! Those are Gordon's guns you hear.

The Army of the Potomac, strangely enough, did not know of Lee's retreat till they moved in battle array, at 6 A.M., to engage him: Griffin on the right, Humphreys on the left, the Sixth Corps under Wright in reserve. They soon found out, however, that he had gone, and they then broke from line into columns, and on reaching Flat Creek near Amelia Springs, Humphreys's advance, the Twenty-sixth Michigan, spied across the open country, a mile or more away, the rear of Gordon's division.

The news was sent to Meade, and at once Humphreys and Griffin were turned to the left, and Wright was brought back to Jetersville and told to follow Sheridan, who, with Crook in advance, had set out to strike the road at Deatonsville. Griffin swung wide, clear around to the right and north of the retreating column, but Humphreys at once sent the Second Corps after Gordon, who on every rise made a stand, compelling Humphreys to form in line of battle; yet so eager were the men, so sure were they now of victory, that the delays were only momentary, and like hounds, that catch sight of and smell the blood of the wounded deer, they bayed louder and fiercer, and ran faster.

Sheridan, about noon, gained a position not far from Sandy Creek, several miles west of Deatonsville, from which through a gap in the woods he descried the retreating column and threw Crook against it. But Ewell and Anderson, as soon as he began to threaten, faced their divisions to the left and flung him back viciously while the trains filed by. Sheridan, seeing Crook's repulse, brought up Merritt, but soon made up his mind not to try again for the trains at that point, and sent him and Crook farther along to the left with orders to look for a weaker spot, keeping with him a brigade of cavalry for effect. He then rode to the top of a hill and scanned the uplifted silent country. Off on a sun-bathed ridge, that rose beyond the mile of intervening timber, his eye fell on Gordon's skirmishers slowly falling back before Humphreys. He then, accompanied by Miller's battery and Stagg's brigade of cavalry, followed the path of Merritt and Crook until he reached another overlooking point and discovered, on a parallel ridge below him, the Confederate trains in full view, hurrying with all speed, and flanked by infantry and cavalry. Miller at once opened on them, and Stagg was ordered to charge them, Sheridan's aim being to check these forces till Crook, Custer, and Merritt had reached a position to strike the road ahead of them.

Stagg's Michigan men charged gallantly but were signally repulsed, and just as they were reforming up came the head of the Sixth Corps, the same that made that famous march to reach Gettysburg. The point at which Sheridan made his drive was vital, for it was where the road, which has already been referred to, and which the harassed troops were gladly taking, breaks

off northward, a mile or more east of Captain Hillsman's plantation. Moreover, Gordon was not up.

While the Sixth Corps was forming to do what Stagg had tried so gallantly and failed to do, Sheridan wrote to Grant, — his dispatch was dated 12.10 P.M., — 'The trains and army (Confederate) were moving all last night and are very short of provisions and very tired, indeed. I think now is the time to attack them with all your infantry. They are reported to have begged provisions from the people of the country all along the road as they passed. I am working around farther to the left.' As a matter of fact, they had only a few grains of parched corn, and one officer in his diary recorded that he that day traded his necktie with a poor family for a bit of corn-bread. Before Wright's troops were ready Gordon came, and thinking that the troops in advance had gone that way, followed the trains northward, Humphreys at his heels.

Meanwhile Anderson had kept moving and was across the creek, and Ewell with Custis Lee's division behind him was over, too, Kershaw standing the Sixth Corps off as well as he could. Kershaw had barely gained the hill when Anderson sent word back to Ewell to come to his aid, for Custer and the rest of the cavalry had broken in ahead of him. Loyally, Ewell, the maimed, venerable old fellow, started with Custis Lee's division to help Anderson; but he had hardly got under way before the Sixth Corps came out upon the Hillsman farm, and began to form line of battle, which made it necessary for Ewell to halt and look after his own rear.

So he faced Custis Lee about and formed along the open brow of the sassafras- and pine-tufted hill, Kershaw on the right, and Lee on the left; the ravine scored out the face of the hill where the nose would be. There, with flags over them, they lay, from the road down into the ravine and up its northern bank, and every man in that line knew that a crisis was coming. For Anderson behind them to the west was engaged, and, in full view on the valley's eastern brink, the Sixth Corps was massing rapidly. They could see the regiments pouring into the fields at double quick, the battle lines, blooming with colors, growing longer and deeper at every moment, and batteries at a gallop coming into action front. They knew what it all meant; they had been on the fields of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Spottsylvania.

Sheridan and Wright, mounted, were in the dooryard of the Captain Hillsman house, and with glasses in their hands were scanning eagerly the opposite slopes, the former more impatient than usual, for now above the tree-tops beyond Ewell, thin, hesitating, gray smoke rose silently, telling him that Custer and Crook had struck the trains, and he wanted the final blow given at once. Take a close look at Sheridan, note that face, for he is the very spirit of war.

The sun is more than half-way down, and oak and pine woods behind them crowning the hill are laying evening's peaceful shadows on Ewell's line; and on Sheridan's its long afternoon beams glint warmly from intrepid Cowan's bronze guns, and sparkle on the steel barrels of the shouldered arms of the moving infantry, for they are getting under way. Sheridan's battle-flag, which has waved on many good fields, is fluttering behind him; his horse Rienzi, as usual, is champing the bit, trumpeters are ready to sound the advance, and before her mighty harp, War's stern musician is ready to sweep the iron strings. Seymour's and Wheaton's men are approaching the creek, but let us hurry over to Custis Lee's

lines, to a spot on the open, rounded eastward-sloping knoll, where lies Major Stiles's battalion. We shall remember that when we saw them last they were listening to him as he read the soldier psalm, and that then they knelt with him as he led them in prayer in the dimly-lighted little chapel on the banks of the James, and we shall not forget that there was one boy as he read who met his look with swimming eyes.

They are all lying down, loaded guns in their hands, and the major, that young, rare, transparent gentleman, is walking behind them, talking softly, familiarly, and encouragingly, warning them not to expose themselves, for Cowan's batteries have opened and the fire is accurate and frightfully deadly.

It is no place, reader, for you or me. Let the major tell the story. 'A good many had been wounded and several killed when a twenty-pounder Parrott shell struck immediately in my front on the line, nearly severing a man in twain, and hurling him bodily over my head, his arms hanging down and his hands almost slapping me in the face as they passed. In that awful moment I distinctly recognized young Blount, who had gazed into my face so intently Sunday night.'

Reader, excuse the oath, but, by God! this narrative must break; for my pen halts as my heart bleeds. Those tears in that poor boy's yearning eyes touched it deeply, and I had so hoped that he would be spared. Sing on, Valley of Sailor's Creek, sing on to the memory of that tender-hearted hero; and oh, Peace, blessed Peace! come and save the world from the sacrifice of youths like this.

II

And now to go on: — Until our infantry had reached the creek the artillery's fire had been fast and dreadfully fatal; then it stopped, and all was still as the grave, as the men made their way through the thickety banks and formed on the farther side. I'll not try to give all of the details of the bloody engagement, but Stiles's men under his orders reserved their fire till our lines were close up. Then they let go a crashing volley, — their execution was frightful, — and at once charged our centre with fury, and drove it back in confusion across the creek.

But, meanwhile, our troops on the left and right had been successfully crowding their opponent's flanks into the bowl-like hollow of the ravine's head, and there the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, most of whom were from the laurel-blooming hills of Berkshire, had the fiercest, most hand-to-hand and literally savage encounter of the war, with the remnant of Stiles's battalion and that of the marines from the Confederate ships which had lain in the James.

They clubbed their muskets, fired pistols into each other's faces, and used the bayonet savagely. At the reunions of the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, I used to see one of the Berkshire men who had been pinned to the ground by a bayonet thrust clean through his breast, coming out near his spine; this brave fellow, Samuel E. Eddy of Company D, 'notwithstanding his awful situation,' says the historian of the regiment, 'succeeded in throwing another cartridge into his rifle, the bullet from which was next moment sent through the heart of his antagonist. The Confederate fell across the prostrate Unionist,' who threw aside the body, withdrew the bayonet from his own horrible wound, rose to his feet, and walked to the rear.

And yet looking at him you would have seen a quiet, self-respecting, high-minded man; and I think that some of those beautiful, blue-tinted

Berkshire Hills glory in the spot that holds his gallant clay.

Keifer, who commanded one of Wright's brigades, chiefly of Ohio men, —and the state is proud of him and them, — says, 'One week after the battle I revisited the field,' — he was on his way back from Appomattox, — 'and could then have walked on Confederate dead for many successive rods along the face of the heights held by the enemy when the battle opened.'

These men were put in a trench and Mrs. Hillsman told me that a mother, one of unmistakable breeding, who lived in Savannah, shortly after the battle came there to look for her son. A deluging rain had swept the shallow covering of earth away, and among the festering bodies she found that of her boy by a ring still circling his ashy shrunken finger.

On my trip to the field last October, I stood alone on the bank of the trench; it was in a little cradling ravine, green grass carpeted it, and an open-eyed daisy lifted its innocent face to the sky, its gaze perhaps following the track of those upward-gone spirits; all around was still, a white cloud or two floated in the east, and the day was done. I paused a while, the mood was deep, and soft and tender were the murmurs that floated down about me.

The end of the carnage came quickly; for our cavalry, having torn and scattered Anderson, Pickett and Johnson, charged down on poor old Ewell; and he, seeing that all was lost, surrendered himself and his command. The captives amounted to thousands.

Anderson, Pickett, Wise, Johnson, and Fitzhugh Lee, with their disorganized forces, only a remnant in some cases, broke off through the woods and over fields toward High Bridge on the Appomattox where, in the forenoon, a small force sent out by Ord to burn the bridge was almost annihilated by Rosser, Munford, and Dearing; the latter, a loved classmate of mine, was mortally wounded, and I never see the name High Bridge that his handsome cheery face does not come back and that I do not hear again his happy voice. His body rests at his old home in Lynchburg, within sight of the Blue Ridge whose azure sky-line from boyhood was so familiar to his open, nobly-beaming eyes.

While all this was going on, Humphreys had pursued Gordon like a tempest and finally drove his rear-guard viciously across the creek, capturing many wagons, some guns and prisoners. Anderson and Ewell not coming up, Lee at Depot became concerned and sent Pendleton, his chief of artillery, back to learn the reason why. The news he brought was astounding, and with burning, fighting spirit Lee himself in the dusking evening arrayed Mahone to check Merritt's cavalry, who were still active.

The sun had gone down red, signaling rain, and now night has fallen and the last shot has been fired, Merritt has withdrawn in front of Lee, and Sheridan's camp-fire is lit. He has sent word of his overwhelming success to Grant, who is in bivouac near Burkeville, saying, 'Up to the present time we have captured Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, Defoe, and Custis Lee, several thousand prisoners, fourteen pieces of artillery, and a large number of wagons. If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender.' 'He is lying on the broad of his back on a blanket, with his feet to the fire, in a condition of sleepy wakefulness. Clustered about are blue uniforms and gray in equal numbers, and immediately around his camp-fire are most of the Confederate generals. Ewell is sitting on the ground hugging his knees, his face bent down between his arms.'

So reports Sheridan's faithful and brilliant staff officer, Newhall.

Ewell's brave old heart was beating low: neither he nor any of his comrades was in a mood to talk, yet sadly he told Wright that their cause was gone and that Lee should surrender so that no more lives be wasted. Later, with his natural love and affection, he sent for Stiles, and in the presence of a half-dozen generals complimented him on the conduct of his battalion. The night drew on.

General Kershaw, Colonel Frank Huger, and several other Confederate officers were guests of Custer at his headquarters. Huger and Custer had been fellow cadets in the same company, D, at West Point. The former, like Kershaw, was from South Carolina and of distinguished Huguenot birth, to which his look and bearing bore daily witness; the latter was from Ohio and was then about twenty-six years old, of heavy build and full of natural joy.

After his promotion to a generalcy Custer dressed fantastically in olive corduroy, wore his yellow hair long, and supported a flaming scarlet silk necktie whose loose ends the wind fluttered across his breast as, with uplifted sabre, he charged at the head of his brigade, followed by his equally reckless troopers who, in loving imitation, wore neckties like his own.

Custer was always a boy, and absolutely free from harboring a spirit of malice, hatred, or revenge. Whenever fortune made any of his West Point friends prisoners, he hunted them up, grasped their hands, with his happy smile, and, before parting, tendered generous proffers of aid.

The next morning, when his division started on the pursuit of Lee's army, he happened to ride by Kershaw, surrounded by Confederate prisoners, and lifted his hat to them. Kershaw lifted his and exclaimed, 'There goes a chivalrous fellow, let 's give him three cheers'; to which Custer responded by ordering the band just behind him to strike up the Confederate tune 'The Bonny Blue Flag,' and the prisoners screamed their fierce 'rebel' yell with delight.

III

While Sheridan, Wright, and Humphreys were pursuing, and finally wreaked such signal disaster upon Lee's retreating forces, Grant and Meade remained near Jetersville. Close by was a house that had an upper piazza from which toward noon, across the country and three or four miles away, they caught sight of a bare knoll over which the Confederate trains were passing, Gordon and Humphreys having a running fight at their rear. No news from the front of any great importance arrived till Sheridan's dispatch dated 12:20 P.M. (already given), to which Meade responded by renewed orders to Wright and Humphreys for action and pursuit more vigorous than ever, if possible.

Toward sundown, and still unaware of the day's good fortune, Grant and Meade separated; the former set out for Burkeville, and the latter took the road to Deatonsville, and about half-past eight came to the bivouac by the roadside which Lyman, having galloped ahead, had selected some two miles beyond the village. He had barely ridden into camp when up came a fast-riding aide from Sheridan with a dispatch addressed to Grant — Sheridan thinking he was with Meade — announcing his Sailor's Creek victory. Meade exclaimed with surprise and impatience, 'Where was Wright?' Had Wright been one of the smooth, keen, foxy men of the world he would have started an aide to Meade before the smoke had lifted from the victorious

field that his troops with Custer had won; but he was of that other class of the old-time West Point men, men who did not boast, who shunned newspaper fame and made companions of honor, modesty, and duty. But very soon Meade heard from him and Humphreys direct, and was comforted.

Grant at Burkeville did not hear the news till midnight and at once wrote to Meade, 'Every moment now is important to us,' and ordered Griffin, in bivouac near Ligontown to the right of Humphreys and near the Appomattox, to start by the most direct road without delay for Prince Edward Court House, seven miles south of Farmville; adding that Mackenzie's cavalry, then with Ord, confronting Longstreet at Rice's Station, had been ordered to the same place and would be under way by 2 A.M. That these moves were made to head off Lee from reaching Danville is clearly obvious.

During the evening, before Grant had heard of Sheridan's success, he had had a long talk with a prisoner, an old army surgeon, a Doctor Smith, a Virginian, who had resigned at the breaking out of the war. The doctor in the course of his interview repeated what Ewell, his relative, had said to him at some time in the course of the previous winter, to the effect that he thought the cause was surely to be lost in the end, and that the South ought to ask for peace.

I think I can see Grant's old friend at perfect ease, and looking with kindliness into his steady mild blue eyes, for Grant's old army friends always met him with frankness and trust whether he was in sunshine or shadow; and I think I can hear Grant responding with his unaffected, low voice, one of noticeable purity and pleasingly vibrant. As will be seen, the interview had its fruit.

Grant and Meade had the lulling of victory to go to sleep on, but not so Lee. The day had gone fearfully against him, and with it had gone about all hope of reaching Danville. But affectionate Lynchburg, with its line of works and abundant supplies, seeing his baffled, dismal plight from the top of the neighboring Blue Ridge, beckoned and beckoned to him, and he gave orders to fall back on Farmville, the first stage thitherward. According to Mahone, he was somewhat disturbed as to how to get away from their immediate position at Rice's Station, and asked his advice. Mahone, who knew the country, suggested that Longstreet should take the river road to Farmville while he would strike across country to High Bridge and cross the river there.

High Bridge, ten miles below Farmville, is an airy structure on piers that, at the centre, are nearly one hundred feet high, spanning the Appomattox, whose valley at that point is comparatively narrow and whose banks are willow-fringed. Nearby is a common country bridge whose roadway, after traversing a little crescent intervale on the north side, comes to the feet of heaving, leaning fields whose background is timber, lifting a crown of green up against the remote and mute horizon line.

Wallace, Wise, Moody, Ransom, the remnants of Bushrod Johnson's and Anderson's divisions, which Sheridan's cavalry had disrupted just before the battle of Sailor's Creek, shoaled to this bridge and crossed it about 11 P.M. Gordon, who had gone into bivouac on the direct road to High Bridge, aroused his men after a few hours' rest, resumed the march, and was over the river before daylight. Mahone reached the bridge just after Gordon had cleared it, but the sun was up as his rear-guard was crossing.

Latrobe, Longstreet's adjutant-general, in his orders, written by candle-

light and issued about nine o'clock, directed that the trains and such batteries in position as were not necessary should be started at once for Farmville; that Field's division should retire first, followed by Heth and Wilcox; that the sharpshooters should be withdrawn an hour after the troops had marched; and that Rosser's cavalry should bring up the rear; closing the orders with the injunction, 'Every effort must be made to get up all stragglers and all such men as have fallen asleep by the camp-fires or by the wayside.' Lee himself left by ten o'clock, and Longstreet's troops were moving by twelve. Alexander says, 'I remember the night as peculiarly uncomfortable. The road was crowded with disorganized men, and deep in mud; we were moving all night and scarcely made six miles.'

Of all these unhappy nights — and bear in mind that they had marched practically every night except the first since they set out on the retreat — I think this must have been about the dismalest. Hope had parted company with them, defeat had laid its hand heavily on them, it was pitch-dark and drizzling, — the rain had come that the red setting sun had foretold, — the famishing horses were falling, the men were sleepy, wet, and hungry. Yet through mud, up hill and down, listening to the call of duty, they went, till many out of pure weakness could no longer drag one foot after another, and reeled into the woods, dropped limply down, and laying their cheeks on the drenched leaves went to sleep, some to the very long, long sleep. Those whose strength held out plodded on and on, wondering at every step they took how much farther it was to Farmville. When morning broke, the fields and woods by the roadside were dotted with squads of men tired and sick at heart, moving as in a dream.

IV

Now mark the contrast. At that very hour, sunrise, our troops were all under way in pursuit, and the historian of one of the regiments in the Sixth Corps says, 'The men were singing, laughing, joking, and apparently happy. Along the road were evidences of the rapid retreat of the enemy, all sorts of ammunition strewn around loose, dead horses lying where they dropped, others abandoned because they could no longer carry their riders, and here and there a dead soldier, lying in the road where he had halted for the last time, with every appearance of having died from hunger and exhaustion.'

'Soon,' says one of Humphreys's corps, in the track of Gordon, 'we began to come upon whole packs of wagons burned as they stood, artillery ammunition scattered by the roadside, and caissons partially destroyed.' In fact, there was scarcely a rod of the way that did not have its mute witnesses to the demoralization of the retreating forces.

Of course, all these signs of distress only quickened our advance, and soon brought Humphreys to the vicinity of High Bridge. The Nineteenth Maine, a regiment that in the Wilderness won great honor for its far-away Pine Tree State, now leading its valiant corps, carried the approaches to the burning wagon-road bridge, which Mahone had set fire to, as well as to the lofty railroad structure, after crossing.

The tall woodsmen from Maine rushed down and, by one means and another, put out the fast-creeping blaze, all the time under severe fire from Mahone's rear-guard. The little blue-eyed, cool, ambitious man, witnessing the efforts to save the bridges, started a brigade back to drive our men away till the fire could do its work, but the Nineteenth Maine, its courage

drawn from the timbered reaches of the Penobscot and Kennebec, stood its ground till help came, and then, in turn, drove Mahone's brigade back across the intervale up to the hills, where they abandoned ten guns.

By nine o'clock the whole Second Corps was over, and Humphreys, on reporting the fact to Meade, said he could see a column of the enemy's infantry some two miles distant moving northwestward. What he saw were Gordon's and Mahone's columns on what is known as the Cumberland Church Road, a road which comes into the Appomattox Court House and Lynchburg Road about three or four miles above Farmville. So much for Humphreys, Gordon, and Mahone.

Alexander says that Longstreet got to Farmville about sunrise; there they met a train that had come down with supplies from Lynchburg, but before the rations could all be delivered our cavalry appeared. For Sheridan started Crook — imagine an open-faced, blue-eyed man with a splaying, tawny beard and an aquiline nose — early toward High Bridge; but he, soon running up against Humphreys, pulled his left bridle-rein and struck across the country and presently fell in with the head of Ord's troops on the trail of Longstreet's column. At Bush River, which is but little more than a good-sized creek, about half-way from Rice's Station to Farmville, Crook's advance came up with Rosser's and Fitz Lee's people lining its opposite bank.

But by the time the cavalry got ready to attack, the infantry, who had actually marched as fast as the mounted force, — so fleet were they now, hearing the call of the end, — hurried to his ranks and together they charged across and swept the enemy's cavalry away from the ridge. Then, with Danby's brigade of infantry, Crook pushed on after them. Wright, who had started from Sailor's Creek, had only got as far as Sandy Creek by noon, and reported to Meade that Griffin himself, on his way to Prince Edward Court House, was there, and the head of his column drawing near.

Sheridan, accompanied by Merritt's and Custer's divisions of cavalry, had set out for Prince Edward Court House by way of Rice's Depot, and at midday was halting near there for lunch, 'under the great branches of some splendid oaks that stood in the dooryard of a fine old house,' says the observing Newhall, his prince of staff officers.

Meade, who was still unwell, took the road to High Bridge, reached there at eleven o'clock and established his headquarters. Grant left Burkeville about seven and overtook Wright's corps this side of Farmville, the troops cheering him well as he rode through them. Keifer in his *Four Years of War* says, 'The roads were muddy and much cut up by the Confederate army. Grant was dressed to all appearances in a tarpaulin suit,' — it was still raining a little, — 'and he was even to his whiskers so bespattered with mud, fresh and dried, as to almost prevent recognition. He, then as always, was quiet, modest, and undemonstrative. A close look showed an expression of deep anxiety.'

Meanwhile Crook had got to Farmville and charged into the village, the disorganized enemy supply-trains making all haste to get out of his reach by crossing to the other side of the river, abandoning many wagons; and before three o'clock a part of Ord's command, the head of Wright's corps, had reached there. When they came in, Grant was sitting on the upper porch of the village tavern, smoking calmly.

The sky cleared about noon and every old white-and-pink-blooming apple tree, the fields and woods sprinkled with flowers, yellow, white, and blue

dogwood, and blazing azalea, began to rejoice.

But not so those weary, hunger-feeble, Confederate veterans throwing up a line of works across the road above Farmville to stay the inexorable Humphreys until the famishing horses dragging artillery and trains could get a little start for Appomattox. No, there was no rejoicing among them, let the fields, sky, and brooks smile and gurgle as they might; and I have no doubt that more than one of the tired men, their heads bowed down, envied the dead in Cumberland churchyard. Yet their courage rang like an anvil when Humphreys struck at them late in the afternoon.

V

Here is what had gone on, meanwhile, at Lee's headquarters, as reported by my friend Alexander, who only last autumn crossed that other great river. When I shall cross, too, I hope some one will lead me to him for he was good, soothing, and winsome company.

'About sunrise, we got to Farmville and crossed the river on a bridge to the north side of the Appomattox, and here we received a small supply of rations.

'Here we found General Lee. While we were getting breakfast, he sent for me and, taking out his map, showed me that the enemy had taken a highway bridge across the Appomattox near the High Bridge, were crossing on it, and would come in upon our road about three miles ahead. He directed me to send artillery there to cover our passage and, meanwhile, to take personal charge of the two bridges at Farmville (the railroad and the highway), prepare them for burning, see that they were not fired too soon, so as to cut off our own men, or so late that the enemy might save them.

'While he explained, my eyes ran over the map and I saw another road to Lynchburg than the one we were taking. This other kept the south side of the river and was the straighter of the two, our road joining it near Appomattox Court House. I pointed this out, and he asked if I could find some one whom he might question. I had seen at a house near by an intelligent man whom I brought up, and who confirmed the map. The Federals would have the shortest road to Appomattox Station, a common point a little beyond Appomattox Court House. Saying that there would be time enough to look after that, the general folded up his map and I went to look after the bridges.

'As the enemy were already in sight, I set fire to the railroad bridge at once, and, having well prepared the highway bridge, I left my aide, Lieutenant Mason, to fire it on a signal from me. It also was successfully burned. In *The End of an Era*, by John S. Wise, he has described an interview occurring between his father, General Wise, and General Lee, at Farmville at this time, which I quote: —

'"'We found General Lee on the rear portico of the house I have mentioned. He had washed his face in a tin basin and stood drying his beard with a coarse towel as we approached. 'General Lee,' exclaimed my father, 'my poor brave men are lying on yonder hill more dead than alive. For more than a week they have been fighting day and night, without food, and, by God! sir, they shall not move another step until somebody gives them something to eat.'

'"'Come in, General,' said General Lee, soothingly. 'They deserve something to eat and shall have it; and, meanwhile, you shall share my breakfast.' He disarmed everything like defiance by his kindness. . . . General Lee inquired what he thought of the situation. 'Situation?' said the bold old

man. 'There is no situation. Nothing remains, General Lee, but to put your poor men on your poor mules and send them home in time for the spring ploughing. This army is hopelessly whipped, and is fast becoming demoralized. These men have already endured more than I believed flesh and blood could stand, and I say to you, sir, emphatically, that to prolong the struggle is murder, and the blood of every man who is killed from this time forth is on your head, General Lee.'

' "This last expression seemed to cause General Lee great pain. With a gesture of remonstrance, and even of impatience, he protested. 'Oh, General, do not talk so wildly! My burdens are heavy enough! What would the country think of me, if I did what you suggest?'

"'Country be d—d,' was the quick reply. 'There is no country. There has been no country, General, for a year or more. You are the country to these men. They have fought for you. They have shivered through a long winter for you. Without pay or clothes or care of any sort, their devotion to you and faith in you have been the only things that have held this army together. If you demand the sacrifice, there are still left thousands of us who will die for you. You know the game is desperate beyond redemption, and that, if you so announce, no man, or government, or people, will gainsay your decision. That is why I repeat that the blood of any man killed hereafter is on your head.' General Lee stood for some time at an open window looking out at the throng now surging by upon the roads and in the fields, and made no response." '

Well might Lee say, 'My burdens are heavy enough!' and Alexander adds that General Wise had in no way exaggerated them.

This heart-sick volcano-like eruption of Governor Wise — he was then aged, and Lyman describes him when two days later and after the surrender he came to see his brother-in-law, General Meade, as 'an old man, with spectacles and a short white beard, a stooping sickly figure with his legs tied round with gray blankets' — shoots up once more into the clear light of national events, recalling the conditions and passions of my youth, and if for a moment I dwell on them, it is because out of them I saw the tragedy of the war between the states burst upon us all.

It was Wise's fortune to be the Governor of Virginia (the Old Dominion had not then been dismembered) when the trial and execution of John Brown for murder at Harper's Ferry took place. The event startled the country from shore to shore and lifted Wise and Brown into flaming notoriety; and they two, predestined actors in one of Fate's dramas, held the stage for months. Wise, as governor, went to Charleston and had an interview with Brown just before he was led out to the gallows, and was deeply impressed by the tall, roughly-framed, cool, shock-haired, blue-eyed man, secure against any shake of Fortune, whose utterances showed that he had thought profoundly on life's mysteries. More, the Governor saw clearly that Brown was fortified with a virtue upon which he, Wise, prided himself: indomitable courage.

And now because I lived through it all, — my room-mate at West Point was a Southerner and intimate friends from the South were all around me, and I know how much Brown's attempt had to do with bringing on the war, — allow me to make a few reflections on this interview, and, to confess, moreover, that I am prone thereto for the sake of the narrative, which depends upon it for life and worth.

Reader, let me tell you that that meeting of Governor John A. Wise of Virginia and John Brown of fadeless history was a meeting face to face of the representatives of two mutually antagonistic forces which, from the dawn of civilization, let peace have bloomed or sung as it may, have never laid down their arms. The one feeding in spirit on the idea of the brotherhood of man and contemplating with lonely rapture, as he toiled, the laying down of his life, if need be, for the freedom of his brother-toilers, black or white; and the other, born into the purple, the Gates of Opportunity wide open in front of him, ambition leaping freely and clutching highest honors, musing, not on the humanities, but on the priceless idea of Democracy, till he, also, contemplated with a noble rapture the laying of his life down, if need be, for that basic principle which in his mind, as in that of all mankind, is just as dear as Freedom itself: that is, the right of a people to govern themselves.

There they stood, looking keenly into each other's face, each trying to read to the bottom the other's heart, John Brown and Henry A. Wise, living, breathing types of two old and mutually distrusting forces; one in a broad sense a child of Fortune and sipping the wine of Success, the other, in God's providence, a son of Toil and drinking to the lees the distillations of obscurity and failure; and before the grass had matted over Brown's grave their political embodiments rushed at each other and clenched in a deadly struggle, for the fullness of time had come.

Brown's bloody intent, involving as it did a universal massacre, caused the South to shudder, recalling the frightful butcheries of San Domingo. Unfortunately the unscrupulous among the Southern fire-eaters translated Brown's demoniacal attempt as duly expressing the real and true feelings of the entire North; and their orators, after Mr. Lincoln's election as president, lashed themselves into delirium and clamored for secession with its inevitable war. Finally the challenge was thrown down, with wild screams of defiance, by the thousands who had clung to the Union.

The challenge was accepted, the tragedy began; slavery, as an institution for the South to fight for, disappeared in a twinkling, and in the North the question whether one state or a dozen states could throw the star of our country from its course became the inspiring, living issue.

Well, well! But, as St. Juliana said, 'All *is* well and all *shall* be well'; yet how little did Governor Wise dream that day in Charleston that in less than six years he would be on the hills above Farmville in the hopeless wreck of the last fighting force of the South. But so it had come to pass, and I pity the old man, with spectacles and gray beard, who, under the awful disappointment of defeat, and worn out with worry and hunger, unbolted the door of his heart. He has long since gone to his grave on the eastern shore of his beloved Chesapeake, and I am sure he sleeps quietly, for I have heard the lulling of the waves on those long sandy beaches myself.

(To be continued.)

THE LONG PRAYER

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

When I cut the leaves of an *Atlantic* of a year or so ago — but I forget, one does not cut the *Atlantic* any more. (I wonder how many other readers of the beloved magazine reach instinctively for a paper-cutter when they sit down to the happy consideration of the last 'yellow-back'; and then are disconcerted to find the familiar preliminaries to perusal entirely dispensed with.) When I opened this *Atlantic*, I turned eagerly to the alluring title, 'The Seven Worst Sermons.'

The joys of a reader are manifold, but chief among them stands that of discovering some obscure grievance of his own suddenly in print. Unless, indeed, he had planned to write upon the subject himself; then the discovery has its own share of grievousness. Now I had never thought of writing about the Seven Worst Sermons, I had hardly realized that I held any strong convictions concerning them; but Mr. Smith's title awoke in me an instant response, and I fell upon his paper. When I emerged, it was with a sigh. 'There! that's been said. How desirable! I hope all the clergymen in the country will see this *Atlantic*. But, after all, the long prayer is worse.' Being roused to a knowledge of my own resentment in one line, I sprang to intelligence of a kindred sorrow which lies deeper still. An Episcopal rector, Mr. Smith does not understand how much more trying than the sermon the long prayer can be.

There are not seven worst long prayers. There is only one. Its conventional form is so well established that one never thinks of referring to it in the plural. But its combinations vary, and sometimes they seem to amount to seventy times seven offenses against reverence and humor.

In its typical presentment it is an elaborate and painstaking production, so earnestly conscientious that one admits himself cruel to criticize it. It is the work of research and reflection, of a good deal of time. The pastor who utters its careful phrases must first have made a very thorough mental canvass of his flock. That is admirable. A pastor should know the circumstances and needs of his people; but rather for his own sake than for that of their Maker.

'O, Lord,' I heard an earnest young man pray not long ago, 'be also with thy servants who are not present in thy sanctuary. Perhaps they cannot come; perhaps they are detained by sickness; perhaps, O, Lord, their duty holds them at the bedside of some sufferer.'

That was a considerate explanation; but 'perhaps' it was not altogether necessary.

There is a great deal of etiquette about the long prayer, and that makes it an anxious performance. Certain subjects must be broached, in a certain order. General petitions come first — smooth sailing enough, for these waters are wide, and the most absent-minded mariner can hardly go astray. But when it comes to the shoals and reefs of the special requests at the end, there is danger of disaster. What if Mr.

Brown's fever should be forgotten, or old Mrs. Simpson's broken hip, or the fact that the Slocums are on the sea, or the vague surmises of hidden and quite unmentionable trouble which lurks in the Hawkins family? The last Johnson baby, too, has arrived within the week and must be acknowledged. Moreover, there was a wedding last Tuesday, and the absent and presumably blissful bride and groom must be remembered.

Remembered: that is the term, and it is a significant one. Many pastors are absent-minded (the endearing quality seems to belong to the amiable class), and their wives must tremble for them during the latter half of the long prayer.

As for a 'visiting' minister in a strange pulpit — his case is pitiable. To be sure, his unfamiliarity with the parish furnishes him with a seemingly obvious excuse for all short-comings; but some deacon, or, more likely, deacon's wife, is pretty certain to take him in hand in the little study adjoining the pulpit, three minutes before the Doxology.

'I thought you ought to know that we have a sudden and serious case of paralysis in our congregation this week. There's an epidemic of scarlet fever, too; but perhaps — And our Sunday-school superintendent has had half a million dollars left him; he was very poor, his wife took in sewing, so you see — But perhaps, after all, you might not think it best — At any rate, you won't forget to remember our absent pastor and his family.'

One wonders respectfully if, under these confusing circumstances, the bewildered clergyman does not sometimes make notes on his cuffs, or at least on his sermon's margin. Surely the act would give no offense to — well, to any one. But think how, with the best of memories, he must be put to it to feel his way safely among the unknown needs of this strange congregation. The deacon's wife failed to tell him who was stricken with paralysis — a man, or a woman, or a child, an unattached individual, or one with a family. The Sunday-school-superintendent affair puzzles him sorely. One cannot, with any religious fitness, give thanks for a mere accretion of filthy lucre to a private person; but if the accretion relieved want and trouble, the situation is elevated. As for the scarlet fever, that requires delicate presentation. If spiritual matters did not skirt such a frequent and perilous edge between the sublime and the ridiculous, life would be a simpler thing.

It is interesting to follow the development of a long prayer especially if one be a member of a little community and understand the allusions. I confess that I have not seldom sat up suddenly in my pew at home, and looked at our minister, breathless. What was he going to say next? That sort of thing is exciting. So are the obviously particular references to which one has no clue, such as an allusion to an affliction that happened at half-past ten last night, and has not yet had time to become generally known. Episodes like the latter have power to stir a whole congregation and set people signaling one another all over the church. 'Do you know what he meant?' 'No.' 'Dear me! perhaps —' 'But I saw her this morning.' Only the most guilelessly disinterested pastor ever allows himself to produce such an effect on his congregation; it works havoc with the attention due to and desired by his sermon.

Perhaps the reader may wonder why I find fault with the long prayer, if it holds so much interest for me. But it does not always; the effect depends on my mood. And anyway, the interest is never one of real satisfaction.

There are places where one does not want to be amused, and church is first among them. I shock myself sadly when I rear myself upright during the long prayer in the manner which I have confessed; but how can I help it if the spirit of the performance does not hold me from such demonstration? I never think of lifting my eyes during the first prayer, which they call the Invocation, or during the short, earnest, heartfelt prayer which follows the sermon. The truth of the matter seems to me that the long prayer is not a prayer at all, but a sort of address or statement, made nominally to the one great bourn of all prayers, but really to the congregation. The Invocation wings its way straight to heaven, but the long prayer goes the round of the pews.

I have said that it offends against reverence and humor. Yes, even although, and precisely because, it sometimes quickens mirth. Humor is too fine a spirit not to know its place in the world, and to resent any offer of privilege where it does not belong. It really hurts the cause of humor to laugh in church. As for reverence — the good God must be very patient with us, if He sets the long prayer down only to the score of our stupidity.

The whole question of prayer is a difficult one. Of prayer as petition, that is; there can be no doubt of its dignity as a form of praise or a means of communion. If we believe that our needs are known, down to the obscurest necessity which we ourselves only half divine; if we are sure that our personal good is inevitably involved with the universal good which is slowly arriving, why, why, do we trouble deaf heaven with our bootless cries? Deaf? To be sure: since it sees the end from the beginning, and knows that end to be very good. The most majestic verse in the Bible, and the most comforting, is, 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

However, the question is quite as vexed as it is difficult; and people have resolute views. I would not offend them. I would only ask them to think of the matter fairly the next time they bow their heads in church and embark on the long prayer.

CHARACTERS IN RECENT FICTION

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THERE is a certain thinness of quality, as of mere thought, about many of the vast assemblage of characters that emerge from my large pile of recent novels; and it is interesting, if somewhat dismaying, to see the variety of ulterior purposes which these imaginary personages serve. Has one a grievance? He seeks a wardrobe for it, and sends it forth in hat and feather, like Hawthorne's Feathertop, to stalk the world, pretending to be alive. Has one a plea to make? It is straightway personified in an ideal human form, and projected into the world, to 'dazzle when the sun goes down,' like fair Inez. The embodiment of a grievance or of an ideal is, of course, an old, old liter-

ary habit; allegory has an ancient and honorable history and is always in order, yet we are all aware of the slight appeal that merely allegorical characters make to those powers of sympathy and awe wherewith we follow human story. In much modern work we cannot miss the central abstraction behind the closely described human physiognomy, even though external definiteness is secured by details of costume, and by the use of such names as John P. Smith and Mary A. Jones, instead of Cowardice or Charity.

The proportion of novels in which one finds the purely artistic impulse to study character closely, and to interpret it for its own sake, is lamentably small; the range of personified ideas is large, and widely diversified. *Barbara Worth*[1] represents a topographical conception, typifying the large and generous nature of a certain section of western country; the central personage in Marie Corelli's latest novel[2] is revealed, in all the glare of fireworks and footlights, as a personification of the author's desire to give evidence as to the immortality of the human soul, — surely not in need of any such spectacular demonstration as this; while son and mother, in Mr. Hamlin Garland's last book,[3] stand as embodied question and affirmative answer in regard to the truth of that extremest form of materialism, — spiritualistic belief. In all this work is apparent an insistent desire to impress upon the public some idea or conviction of more or less importance; but much of it gives small proof of patient observation and of thoughtful endeavor to discern the laws of life; and the few novels in which we find that combination of the individual and the typical which brings the greatest effect of reality in character presentation stand out with startling distinctness.

Some of the personifications in this class of fiction, wherein individual prepossession overmasters study and observation, achieve a certain vividness; more often they fade into the background with the swiftness wherewith an angry mood vanishes. The central woman figure in Mr. Phillips's last novel[1] is a mere bundle of complaints, an enumeration of his grievances against modern womankind, and the character throughout lacks imaginative wholeness, is not created. Feathertop here proves but a scare-crow indeed. The harsh lines of the treatment, the dull anger with which the list of qualities that he resented is checked off, the journalistic quality of the style, make up a volume which impresses one as having neither charm nor power.

Rough, inartistic in method, but of honest purpose is *The Nine Tenths*,[2] presenting certain phases of the wrongs of the workingmen. Mr. Joe, after his awakening, becomes the embodiment of the right attitude toward the submerged, and might be named Sympathy. Throughout, deep concern with down-trodden humankind gives the book vitality and value. In modern fiction, as in old allegory, figures which present ideals are more convincing, usually, than those which embody grievances; the Red Cross Knight is far more real than Duessa; and Mr. Joe is not only better worth doing than the heroine of *The Conflict*, but better done.

Mother[3] is a personification of all the

[1] *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* By HAROLD B. WRIGHT. The Book Supply Co.

[2] *The Life Everlasting.* By MARIE CORELLI. Hodder and Stoughton.

[3] *Victor Ollnee's Discipline.* By HAMLIN GARLAND. Harper & Bros.

[1] *The Conflict.* By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. Appleton & Co.

[2] *The Nine Tenths.* By JAMES OPPENHEIM. Harper & Bros.

[3] *Mother.* By KATHLEEN NORRIS. The Macmillan Co.

sweet and lovable qualities of all unselfish mothers, and the book is at once a plea and a warning to the maidens of to-day that they may not permit their intellectual and artistic pursuits to rob them of the larger life of home. It is wholesome, appealing, and genuine in its teaching. Throughout it has an inner fineness, an old-fashioned quality, in its recognition of good-breeding as belonging in the realm of the spiritual, not of the material; and this is doubly welcome now, when in our increasing sophistication we hear so much of the theory that good-breeding is a matter of courts and of cities, and may not be associated with village life, or with lack of wealth.

Flower o' the Peach[1] sets forth the race wrongs of the natives of South Africa, and tells, in the story of the young Kaffir who represents these wrongs, and of the young English girl who embodies the protest of civilization against them, an interesting tale, wherein both people and background are more fully created than is usual in fiction based on a special plea.

Mr. Anthony Hope's latest heroine[2] is a carefully studied character, whose experiences are designed to set forth the immemorial social wrongs of womankind. The difficulties in which she finds herself involved through her defiance of the law regarding marriage are presented with true dramatic sense of the consequences of her choice; and the logic of circumstance, through which her act of rebellion for the sake of larger life gradually robs her of the human companionship that makes up life, gives pause for thought.

Thorpe[3] is an embodied naughtiness, reminding one of the little boy in the jam-closet, the boarding-school girl at a midnight spread. The question of the validity of marriage is worked out in light comedy, whence a single characteristic of the hero, the attitude of protest, developed in different situations, becomes the basis of the plot. That there are many abuses connected with the institution of matrimony is undoubted, as undoubted as the fact that humanity has not as yet found a satisfactory substitute, — and the spectacle of the young human animal, capering away, even in thought, from social obligation, is not helpful. The sprightliness of the book is full of self-consciousness, the vivacity heavy and forced, and its suggestions as to a way out of the difficulty are neither edifying nor amusing. Against *Thorpe's Way*, *Mrs. Maxon Protests.*

However much one may chafe at times at the limitations of Mrs. Ward's mind, at that absence of humor which means absence of insight into the deepest ironies and tragedies of life, one is grateful always to enter her world, wherein ideas and ideals dominate, a world so different from our own, with its worship of wealth and of physical force, that, in following, one seems to be stepping into another planet. Doubtless her great popularity here is partly due to the fact that, in novel after novel, she recreates, for the old-fashioned reader, that rapidly vanishing atmosphere of an earlier day, of inherited spirituality, of gracious ways of thought wherein the inner life is more than the outer.

There is in *Richard Meynell*[1] much reminiscence of Mrs. Ward's earlier work, not merely from the fact that it takes up again the problems of *Robert Elsmere*, and that his daughter is heroine of the book, but because page after

[1] *Flower o' the Peach.* By PERCEVAL GIBBON. The Century Co.

[2] *Mrs. Maxon Protests.* By ANTHONY HOPE. Harper & Bros.

[3] *Thorpe's Way.* By MORLEY ROBERTS. The Century Co.

[1] *The Case of Richard Meynell.* By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Doubleday, Page & Co.

page recalls old shades of thought, old touches of characterization. If it has less depth and breadth than *David Grieve*, less fine insight into delicate shades of human character than *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, it has none of the superficiality of *Marriage à la Mode*, where she was perhaps trying to write down to her American public, and wrote too far down.

The problem is that of an emancipated Christian rector, who, devoting himself with Christlike simplicity to teaching and preaching a simple gospel creed, comes into collision with the ecclesiastical powers, because of his radical theology. 'All Christianity save that of Christ,' as Mr. Herford says of Shelley, 'failed to the last to touch his imagination.' This type of primitive Christian piety, set against a background of labor commotions, is appealing. Richard Meynell, however, is the personification of an idea, and if it were not for his pipe, his rumpled clothes, his fawning dogs, could easily fade into a shadowy something that might be called Holiness or Greatheart.

We find here less freshness and poignancy in working out the inner struggle than in *Robert Elsmere*, doubtless because there is here no clash between human passion and spiritual ideal. The intellectual problem is not so fully the motive power of the tale as in the earlier book, and the most dramatic bit of story, that of the wayward young girl Hester, has small connection with the *motif*. The tragic crisis seems to be hers, not Richard Meynell's, and in point of looseness of structure, of failure to identify theme and plot, the novel is somewhat inferior to most of Mrs. Ward's serious work.

Inevitably the characterization suffers, and there is small trace of growth or change in the central personage. Perfect in conviction and in self-mastery at the outset, he is perfect in conviction and self-mastery at the end, and as a human being is far less real than David Grieve, whose slow development in the face of difficulties was masterfully traced. Neither the young disciple of Richard Meynell, Stephen Barron, in his attitude of entire adoration, nor the shadowy heroine, adds to the impression of reality in the hero of the book, and perhaps the most fully created personage is wild Hester, whose story in the sub-plot dangerously threatens the interest in the main plot.

Mr. Herrick's latest novel[1] has for hero an embodied ideal through whom a protest and a plea are made. There is much interest in the delineation of this healer by divine right, scornful of the airy unrealities of social life, and of what he considers the commercial and subsidized power of the medical profession. A conception of what a physician should be, in honesty, disinterestedness, and curative gift, is here presented, against a background of primitive forest life, full of the appeal of clear air and the breath of freedom. As the charming love story slips into a satirical presentation of the defects of the Healer's wife, it seems sad that this man, more than human in his power of healing kindness to the world, should prove less than human in his treatment of wife and children. The first clash of opinion with his wife seems, in his own opinion, to justify him in neglect of her ever after; and the rather brutal egotism that here emerges saves him, at least, from being put among the heroes of allegory as an embodied perfection.

With all its interest, the story seems a bit hasty and ill-considered, as such swift workmanship must be. This shows in the quick, unfinished

[1] *The Healer*. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co.

character-delineation, and also in the critical thought revealed in plot, in characters, and in abstract discussion. There is too much impressionism, too much improvised and sketchy allusion in the indictment of the medical profession of the country; and even those inclined to believe many of the conclusions, would be glad to have a more thorough and convincing presentation, and of more of the grounds for such conclusions.

There may be, in view of the large sales of the book there must be, people to whom the hero of *The Following of a Star*[1] seems a fully-created character, instead of an embodied abstraction. I had thought, however, that the days had passed when we could thrill over the type of hero whose dark hair falls over a pallid brow, and who talks of his approaching lonely grave in Africa. Presumably all graves are lonely! To call him effeminate would shame the valiant modern woman, yet in all his lonely perfections he is undoubtedly the creation of an over-feminine mind. Feminine taste is apparent, too, in the scenic background, which is worked up with deep sense of the value of rich stuffs, and also in the belittling use, for personal decoration, of the great Christmas symbols, the star, the frankincense, the myrrh.

There is no more pathetic evidence of a crying lack in our time than the enormous and unwarranted popularity of this kind of unhealthy fiction. Our wealth-ridden, progress-ridden, science-ridden world refuses after all to be satisfied with mere physical well-being. It is wistfully eager for expression of faith in things spiritual; yet long dominance of materialistic ideas has apparently made us lose all sense of values. We are in desperate need of novelists and of poets to point out the possibilities of enlarging inner life, but we need virile voices to drown the gushing sentimentality of work like this. The commercial spirituality, the fundamental materialism of the book, are all too apparent, despite its suave religious vocabulary; and its great vogue is another proof of the way in which our spiritual ideals have become hopelessly entangled with our pursuit of wealth. All the joys of the other world, and of this world also, are heaped upon the hero's head, and his suffering self-abnegation only intensifies his enjoyment of extreme wealth in the happiness ever after, for his destination proves to be not that lonely grave, but a luxuriously-cushioned, flower-decorated motor. The book is fundamentally unsound, from the point of view of artistic truth, and will hardly appeal to those who care for honest work in fiction, or for disinterested faith.

As a contrast stands out a book which makes a special plea in behalf of the inner life, Mr. Norman Duncan's *Measure of a Man*,[1] to which the sting of frost and snow, the keen breath of the north winds, give added vitality. It is a rough and ready tale of one valiant man, fighting single-handed the battle of the spirit among men who have sunk below the level of the brute. It is perhaps over-didactic, and it lacks the depth and the tragic sense of ironic values that some of the author's short stories possess, notably that incomparably good tale, *The Wayfarer*, but it is wholesome, and full of masculine energy.

If many of the characters in recent fiction seem over-ideated, too much the embodiment of desire or of protest, too little the result of disinterested observation and study, another class presents itself in which the opposite is true, and we find a maximum of observ-

[1] *The Following of a Star.* By Florence L. Barclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[1] *The Measure of a Man.* By Norman Duncan. The Fleming H. Revell Co.

ation of human life with a minimum of desire, or of ability, to interpret it.

To many of the readers of *The Old Wives' Tale*, and of *Clayhanger*, *Hilda Lessways*[1] brings a sense of disappointment. There was reason to hope that, from the many interesting elements in Mr. Bennett's singularly uneven work, artistic clearness might emerge; that the author who could so ably render the pathos of age and of illness, the reaction of the imaginative, emotional fancy upon the hard facts of life, would win his way to a triumphant working-out of the truth of informing idea, at one with the truth of observation. The new book marks retrogression rather than progression; the underlying idea is harder to find; the array of facts is less significant. The wearisome repertorial character of the work, and a newspaper quality in the style, are more in evidence than in the earlier books, and the hold upon the actual is weaker.

Hilda, in this minute account of her, is far less real than in *Clayhanger*, where her personality is more briefly and more imaginatively suggested. Moreover, she hardly seems to be the same woman, except in the earlier part of the book, the blurring and the coarsening of the character differentiating her more and more, as the tale goes on, from the Hilda of *Clayhanger*. The opening chapters are full of human interest in the presentation of the ironies in the relation of mother to daughter, — the nearness which yet means distance; and in the chapters following the feminine sense of expectation, of waiting for wonder-happenings, is often vividly drawn; but, partly because of excess of the analytical method, personality is dissipated among successive moments of sensation, and Hilda is never fully created.

[1] *Hilda Lessways.* By Arnold Bennett. E. P. Dutton & Co.

If the old theory of Locke and of Hobbes had come true, that life and thought are but a series of sense-impressions, of disintegrated states of consciousness, this kind of art would adequately represent humanity; but it is not true, and, from this mass of haphazard, momentary experiences clear lines of character-development fail to emerge. Moreover, there is an almost mechanical iteration of psychological states, as the girl's sense of coming romance clashes with hard realities, and the repeated striking of the one note becomes wearisome. In its unassimilated, uncoördinated detail it is as inconclusive as a shop-window; and, as in most of the work dealing largely with physical sensation, there is no imaginative wholeness of conception. Creation is impossible without selection; the realists who attempt to give the whole of life by telling all the facts make an enormous mistake; the facts are there for all to see, but why write, unless you are able to convert mere fact into artistic truth, observing, thinking, selecting, in a fashion that shall call forth imaginative response from the reader? There are wide fissures and gaps in Mr. Arnold Bennett's attempt to tell everything; and in the light of this latest book it seems but a lumpy and spasmodic realism that he achieves in following the old query of the realist as to how character can be delineated without imaginative conception of character.

One wonders if Mr. Bennett's admiration for the author of *Jennie Gerhardt*[1] is based partly upon a consciousness that here is an author who can be even more non-committal than himself in the presentation of endless happenings. Flashes of interpretation, hints of idealism, creep into Mr. Bennett's work, but in *Jennie Gerhardt*, which

[1] *Jennie Gerhardt.* By Theodore Dreiser. Harper & Bros.

has more steadiness and less significance of detail, the gray monotony is never relieved. In this long tale of the woman who is the victim of bitter poverty and of men's selfishness, there is a certain reality of momentary impression, yet one lays it down with a feeling of wonder that so many facts can mean so little. Is this realistic veracity as close to the truth as it seems? When Jennie makes ready her dinner, first daintly decorating the table, then lighting the candles for it, then going out to put the leg of lamb into the oven to roast, — 'from three to four hours,' say the cook-books, — an amused skepticism is roused in the reader, who wonders if the ultra-realists, like Jennie, are not beginning at the wrong end in spreading the table before us. Here, as in *Hilda Lessways*, the personality slips through that which is said about it, though here one is less baffled by a feeling that there is personality there, if one were only permitted to know it, and the long, closely-detailed narrative leaves one with a feeling of unachieved character presentation.

Some of the notices of the book have spoken of the method as being like that of the Russian novelists, but surely the statement is misleading. In the Russian work there is a deep and tragic sense of fate, an undercurrent of emotion which makes their apparently unmoved recitation of details full of tragic power. One finds it in Tolstoy, in Turgénieff, in Dostoievsky. It comes from a depth of temperament that perhaps has in it something of the Oriental sense of unfathomable meanings. Of the thousand and one facts of daily life the Russian can work out a drama of destiny wherein the very surroundings seem heavily charged with significance. That splendid, listening impersonality of the Russian, the sphinx-sense of mystery, is a race characteristic, and cannot be borrowed.

Each nation must learn to express itself in its own way; the Russian method is inextricably a result of immemorial race-consciousness, and we can copy it no more successfully than we could copy their complexions, or the shape of their faces. That patient suspension of judgment during long brooding no race can imitate; we are more quick in thought, moving more swiftly to conclusions, right or wrong, and our art must represent us, as Russian art represents the Russians. It is impossible for us to get on without betraying our working programme, and where the method is attempted the author is betrayed, as here, by some minor prepossession. After a long and seemingly impersonal study of Jennie Gerhardt and her surroundings, he steps in at the end with the dubious plea in regard to the superiority of the type of woman who yields over-easily to masculine demands, right or wrong. The plea belittles the entire book, both ethically and artistically.

Aside from the personified theses, and the novels wherein the multitudinous facts of life are left to shift for themselves, the character-interpretations in this recent fiction are many and varied. Several of the people in Miss Abbott's book of short stories[1] are mere personifications of moods on the verge of hysteria, and hysterical language is found or invented to match the mood. In the *Song of Renny*,[2] as in much of Mr. Hewlett's work dealing with the past, we find long lines of battle, murder, and sudden death converging in erotic moments, and through all the picturesqueness of treatment the characters are done with the single intent of intensifying the effect of those moments.

[1] *The Sick-a-Bed Lady.* By Eleanor Halliwell Abbott. The Century Co.

[2] *The Song of Renny.* By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A gossipy chronicle of life in Washington,[1] from the point of view of a sensible Western lady, gives many an amusing glimpse of social and political affairs at our national capital; while Mr. Meredith Nicholson's *Hoosier Chronicle*[2] presents a broad and interesting picture of Indiana life. The history of the making and marring of men in politics is strongly conceived and graphically presented, while throughout, a certain high-mindedness on the part of the author makes itself felt refreshingly. More than one interesting character emerges, the most delightful of all being Mrs. Sally Owen, the elderly lady who is wise in regard to many things besides blooded horses. Romance runs through this chronicle of state events, and mystery involving the heroine of the tale lends piquancy and charm.

Two books of light comedy[3] present the young American hero in those characteristics which are as much a part of his make-up as is the vestment of stars and stripes in the caricatures of Uncle Sam: quick resourcefulness, humor, unconventionality, absolute disinterestedness, imperturbable strength. Both novels are full of idyllic appeal, of romance, whose charm is strengthened by loveliness of background; in the one case the green meadows of Dapplemere, in the other a moss-grown ancestral castle. The Arcadia of the *Money Moon* has unusual fascination, but is not the chink of quite so many pounds of gold in that pastoral atmosphere a little vulgar? Both stories are humorous, and well-fitted to beguile the weariest reader in his weariest hour.

[1] *The Woman from Wolverton.* By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS. The Century Co.

[2] *A Hoosier Chronicle.* By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *The Money Moon.* By JEFFERY FARNOL. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Pandora's Box. By JOHN AMES MITCHELL. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The suggestion of idyllic atmosphere brings to mind Mrs. Burnett's latest tale,[1] which comes like a breath of spring from the childhood of the world. It is a story of the healing power of nature, transforming an ill-tempered, selfish little girl into a happy and generous one. Though it is frankly based on an ethical idea, and the forces shaping character are drawn with unmistakable moral intent, yet so potent still is the author's genius that the idea, like the old garden, becomes alive. The amazing naturalness of the three children makes the children in the other books of the season seem self-conscious, and one marvels anew at the secret of the undying freshness of Mrs. Burnett's work.

There are several novels in which character-study is rather especially emphasized, perhaps at the expense of plot. *Christopher*[2] is a genial and pleasant account of the development of a sensitive, impressionable lad, presented in a leisurely manner that has the charm of an elder day. The study of the earlier years is more interesting than that of later days, partly perhaps because of the picturesqueness of the foreign background, but partly, too, because the child-psychology is more definitely and vividly rendered than is that of youth.

Adrian Savage[3] is the first book by Lucas Malet that I can recall which connects her thought with that of her father, Charles Kingsley. The theme, like that of the *Saint's Tragedy*, is the glory of matrimony, though the daughter is fighting, not false asceticism but false intellectuality. The abstract plea is cleverly hidden behind the prolonged

[1] *The Secret Garden.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

[2] *Christopher.* By RICHARD PRYCE. Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *Adrian Savage.* By LUCAS MALET. Harper & Bros.

sketch of a very charming masculine personality, that of Adrian Savage, who combines the best traits of the two peoples from whom he springs, the French and the English. He is chivalric, sympathetic, idealistic, with a fine and exquisite sense of honor, and, throughout the plot devised to glorify his traits, bears himself gallantly. In the dreary story of the starved woman cousin, whose over-intellectualized, under-humanized training makes her a prey to a passion for him which she cannot control, save through death, the ethical meaning is presented with a bald directness lacking in the author's vividly dramatic *Wages of Sin*, and in *Sir Richard Calmady*. The heroine is but a shadow, almost automatically smiling her Mona Lisa smile; she would be far more convincing if some indication were given of the forces drawing her away from Adrian. The attraction of the feminist movement is not explained, and there are no concrete touches in the treatment of her relation to it.

Lucas Malet's work is always interesting, and has always intellectuality and depth. Here, though there is a lack of centralization there is much suggestive character-interpretation, notably that of the mad caricaturist, M. Dax, who occupies a place in the pages totally out of proportion to his importance in the plot; of the piteous Joanna; of the vulgar and unscrupulous Challoner; most of all of Adrian, who is presented in all the reality of a very human complexity, and whose bewilderment in the face of the crises in the tale is full of reality.

The Joyous Wayfarer[1] is firm and fine in the texture of its workmanship, especially in character-delineation. The study of a man, born to be an artist, forced to become a lawyer, working his way into his own, is an old story in English fiction, but it is here told in new fashion, and is the record of a new and very real hero. The silent force of Louis Massingdale, half English, half French, makes itself felt from the first, in his words and in his reticences, in the potent influence of his personality upon others. In reading you remember your Thackeray, and *Trilby*, and *The Beloved Vagabond*, but the slight touches of reminiscence do not detract from the original and forcible treatment of a character of unusual strength and charm. The laxity of moral standard for which the notices of the book apologize is perhaps atoned for by the fact that the hero of the tale resolutely puts the sins of his youth behind him, when his first real experience comes, and the fact that blunders and indiscretions make up part of his sympathy with humankind, which is boundless, sweet, and strong. Picturesque background, picturesque motley personages, and a fine dramatic finale, add to the interest of the book.

Among the more serious pieces of fiction which attempt the working-out of human characteristics into dramatic plot, one finds *The Fruitful Vine*,[1] wherein Mr. Hichens attempts, without achieving, the impossible in the matter of character-delineation. It is an endeavor to study a human dilemma, — in this case a childless marriage, — and to follow the play of human motive and act in seeking relief from unhappiness. In cold-blooded fashion, much detail is heaped up around a central hypothesis; fact is heaped upon fact. There is a lack of relief, a dead solidity, an absence of light of intellect or of imagination, in the book, so that, in spite of its explicitness, it fails of an effect of reality. If — perish the thought! — Mr. Hichens had written

[1] *The Joyous Wayfarer*. By Humphrey Jordan. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[1] *The Fruitful Vine*. By Robert Hichens. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

a book twice as long, if he had written to the end of time, he could never have made the woman of the story real, for the combination of traits which he has attempted to make is monstrous and impossible.

Over-fastidiousness, delicacy, sensitiveness, could never lead to her solution of the problem. There is no genuine character-creation in this over-minute account of Dolores Cannynge, no imaginative grasp of the situation, no artistic fusion of story and background. As the *Fruitful Vine* moves on its unpleasant way to its revolting conclusion, we are aware all the time of sickliness, morbidity, a dreary emphasis on physical fact suggesting the resourcelessness of a generation aware, apparently, of only one way to take hold on life.

A bit of relief comes in the picturing of the happy home of the Denzils; but this phase of the story, except in the scenes dealing with the illness and death of the father, is commonplace enough. One wonders why the action should take place in Rome? Not all the beauty, significance, pathos, of Rome, past and present, can glorify the theme, partly because they have nothing to do with it, and the descriptions, sandwiched between the pseudo-scientific expositions of character, are no vital part of the motive power of the book.

Another story, of far less pretension, set against the same background, attains a far higher degree of artistic veracity. In *Her Roman Lover*[1] we find evidence of close and quiet work in character-study, and the presentation of widely-differing types is deftly and significantly done. The fact that the American girl and the Roman youth reveal two races does not mean that individual portraiture is sacrificed for the sake of the larger investigation. The attractions and repulsions of two contrasting personalities, the deep, if not complete, affection, the inevitable clash, make up a plot which unfolds itself so naturally that you cease to think of it as a plot. Among the many books which deal with the Italian temperament one rarely finds such close observation, and there is much subtlety in the way in which the fine meshes of thought and of feeling are woven and interwoven with the action. The background is delicately and suggestively sketched, but never obtruded; moreover, it is an essential part of the story.

There is always in Mrs. Deland's work genial observation of human nature, with constant outlook for its better side. The gift of humor, added to her gift of sympathy, meant unusual richness of dower for a woman, and it is partly due to the humor, perhaps, that she has been allowed to keep, with her moral earnestness, an artistic sincerity that reckons with the facts.

The new novel[1] is large in scope and deep in purpose — the story of a ruthlessly strong feminine personality which dominates everything about her, and becomes the determining influence in the fate of the chief personages in the book. At moments the Iron Woman suggests an abstraction, and seems compact of all the iron qualities of unflinching womankind of all times and all countries. If her peculiarities of hair, dress, and manner are a trifle overdone, appearing in almost mechanical repetition, yet in the main she seems true to fact, and is by far the most interesting character in the book, effectively set against a background of flaring light and molten metal from her foundry. The slow revelation of passionate maternal love, concealed by

[1] *Her Roman Lover.* By EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. Houghton Mifflin Co.

[1] *The Iron Woman.* By MARGARET DELAND. Harper & Bros.

the hard exterior, gives the character something of universality, and the disasters brought about by the weakness which is part of her greatest strength, are convincingly wrought out in the tale.

The story of the way in which her doting fondness ruins her son and brings about the crisis; of the way in which Helena Ritchie saves the situation, is ethically sound and strong, and is told with much dramatic power. The tale is didactic, yet human, full of the play of personality, but a trifle over-assured in its conclusions. Something of the freshness of observation that characterized the author's earlier work is gone, and, as the book systematically and triumphantly demonstrates its meaning, one is left with a sense that, after all, *Old Chester Tales* marks the summit of Mrs. Deland's achievement. In these, the sunny humor, the invincible faith in human beings, and in the power back of human lives, show at their best. Close observation, records of the habits and the traits of people, are delicately balanced. In *The Iron Woman* the scales tip too emphatically on the side of the lesson to be enforced.

In *Ethan Frome*,[1] Mrs. Wharton has produced a story of great strength, different in manner from much of her work, and of far deeper appeal. Instead of that amused, satirical aloofness, which gives the reader, in much of her fiction, a feeling that the author is a mere spectator, in no way involved in the human predicament, here is a depth of comprehending sympathy, too deep for mere word or comment, wrought into the very fibre of this tale of ill-starred love. The naked reality of human life and pain is presented with an almost startling vividness; the tale, though simply told, is finely dramatic in its way of following suppressed human passion to the inevitable tragic catastrophe. There is much less of mere analysis, much more of imaginative wholeness of conception than in many of Mrs. Wharton's tales, and there is an exquisite fitness of character to tradition and surroundings. It is one of the most skillful things that Mrs. Wharton has ever done, and her power of selection, her artistic restraint, have never been more in evidence.

Tante,[1] by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is a most unusual book, and is, in the depth and the thoroughness of the character delineation, by far the best among the sixty-odd recent novels upon my shelves. It is original in conception — a study, on a scale, I think, not before attempted, of feminine egotism; and in reading it one feels that at last the long-looked-for companion-piece to Meredith's *Egoist*, feminine to stand beside the masculine, has been found. This has not, however, the universality that makes Meredith's *Egoist* seem to sum up the egotism of all types of men; it is distinctively an investigation of an artist type; yet so much of it suggests the wrong side of the 'eternal feminine,' detected with keenness, presented with illuminating clearness, that many parts may well stand for a study of the egotism of all types of women. Instead of the passive hero, standing upon a pedestal for the admiration of womankind, as in Meredith's brilliant, ironic comedy, we see here the active-beneficent, the sham-motherly in all its phases, the self-seeking that disguises itself as care for others. Throughout, except in the rare moments when the veiled, passionate egotism breaks through, as lightning breaks through a cloud, we listen to a bland, masking vocabulary of

[1] *Ethan Frome.* By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

[1] *Tante.* By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. The Century Co.

sweetness and consideration that hides Tante's selfishness even from her own eyes.

The element of the typical in the character-study nowhere reduces it to mere abstraction, for close study is given to a temperament complex, many-sided, with a result of unusual artistic completeness. The characterization is deft, skillful, and full of concrete touches, and progressive revelation of the central personage goes on even when she is not actually before us, through the effect of the domineering personality on other lives. We are constantly made aware of her pervading presence through the memoranda on the heart and mind of her protégée, Karen Woodruff, so that the way in which this young girl faces the crisis in her life becomes a revelation of the older woman.

The comedy-plot involves discomfiture, exposure of the false and the unreal; Karen, the worshiper, sees her idol's feet of clay, and is thenceforward free to live her own life. As is usual in this type of critical comedy, there is little change or growth in the central character, only progressive revelation, as Tante becomes more and more hopelessly involved in her own characteristics.

The minor personages are delightfully done, with sympathetic humor. Slight but graphic touches bring Franz before us, the impossible young German Jew of the artistic soul and the kindly heart. The delineation of that unpretentious yet potent personality, Mrs. Talcott, the American 'old girl,' with her clearness of vision, her untrumpeted human kindness, shows that the author has not forgotten that which is best in the land of her birth. It would be well if Mrs. Talcott's remarks could be studied as a pattern by the many English writers of fiction — Lucas Malet among them — who attempt to render American vernacular, and who flounder so wildly among impossible terms, and possible ones in impossible combinations. Karen, the heroine, is full of charm, and both in her ecstasy of adoration for the older woman, and in her anguish of discovery, displays those qualities of loyalty and truth which long companionship with sham had been unable to weaken.

Tante, with its informing idea clearly and artistically presented, puts to shame the tales made up of an aggregation of details, and also brings out a lack in some of the stories first discussed in the article, which present truth of conviction, perhaps, but evade the novelist's sterner lack of reckoning with the actual. One does not feel here that the facts have been warped and twisted in making out a case; they ring true; our own partial observation constantly confirms them. But the author's mind is busy with the high task of interpreting human life, and not merely her hands, in collecting data, perhaps meaningless. The marshaling of idea and of evidence is masterly.

There is a cosmopolitan quality in the work which seems to come from actual acquaintance with the scenes and the types described, and has not the 'made-up' air which we find in many an American tale of European life. If there is in *Tante* something of over-elaboration, especially at the outset; if, sometimes, people and places are over-minutely described, with a loss of the graphic directness of *A Fountain Sealed*, yet, interesting from the first word, the story grows more and more interesting as one reads on, the situation becomes more and more dramatic, and the tragic crisis that flows so inevitably from the characters intensifies in power to the end.

There is, after all, more of sympathy than of satire in the book; one marvels

at the unembittered keenness of the author's mind, for the gentle understanding that accompanies her clearness of vision is not found often in people who 'see through' things. Miss Sedgwick goes further than the ordinary satirist, and sees through even her own cleverness, into that deep need of humanity — under all foibles, limitations, vanities — for sympathy.

THE YELLOW BOWL

BY LILY A. LONG

When first the Manchu came to power,
A potter made this yellow bowl,
With quiet curve and border scroll,
And here inlaid the imperial flower.
The peace of art was in his soul.
Had not the Manchu come to power?

Upon the flaky yellow base
That now is dull and now is bright,
A flowering branch, a bird alight,
Expressed his thought in formal grace.
Had not disorder taken flight
And left for art a quiet place?

And then, the artist sense alight,
He drew upon the yellow bowl
The symbol of the restless soul, —
A butterfly, in poisèd flight.
For though the Manchu was in power,
The soul must wake when strikes the hour.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

XXVI

A CHAPTER ON FILIAL DUTY

At the punctual hour of half-past four that afternoon Mother entered the lift at Park Mansions, and was hoisted in a patent elevator to the threshold of the Guilty Pair.

Happily on this occasion her ring was answered not by a damsel, a knife, and a potato, but by an undeniably smart young parlor-maid who was quite trim enough to please the most severely critical.

Was Mrs. Shelmerdine at home?

The S. Y. P., who had charming natural manners, answered smilingly in the affirmative.

As Mother entered the domain of the Guilty Pair, it seemed to her that everything in the little vestibule, and there was hardly anything in it to speak of, was, considering all things, in surprisingly good taste.

'Why, Mater, this is awfully nice of you,' said the manly voice of Mr. Philip.

Salutations of a filial and unaffected character. The young man was really not deep enough to be wary. All was about to be forgiven evidently, else the good old mater would not be calling upon 'em.

Nevertheless, a little surprise was in store for this optimist. Mary, whose amiable custom it was to meet the whole world a little more than half-way, did not exactly throw herself into the arms of Mother. Mother, moreover, did not exactly cast herself upon the neck of Mary.

They chose to shake hands rather than have recourse to any less formal style of reception.

'So nice of you, Lady Shelmerdine, to find your way up to our little foot in the air.'

It was said very cool and smiling, but if the young Minx had left it unsaid, it would have been just as well, perhaps, since somehow it did n't seem to help things particularly.

'The art furniture is more comfortable than it looks, Lady Shelmerdine,' said the young Madam archly. 'Try this one. Don't you like our yellow wall-paper? Phil-ipp's taste is so wonderful. Will you have some tea?'

Mother would be pleased to have some tea, but it was by no means clear, for all that, that Mrs. Philip was yet in the Family.

The young Madam poured out tea as though she did n't mind very much whether she was in the Family or whether she was n't.

'Have some tea-cake while it 's warm, Mater.'

Mother preferred bread and butter, thank you.

Conversation seemed to languish rather until Mother made the important discovery that you got quite a nice view of the park.

'Toppin' !' said Mr. Philip.

'I'm afraid these flats must be dreadfully expensive,' said the Maternal One.

'Not for the position, Mater.'

Mother hoped not, at any rate.

'Have you noticed our Whistler, Lady Shelmerdine?' said Mary the Demure.

Oh, where was the Whistler? Mother was so fond of canaries.

Something very nearly went wrong with the muffin of Daughter-in-law. Happily it stopped at very nearly.

'The little picture opposite, Lady Shelmerdine. But you can't really see it now the sun has got round to the west.'

Mother had to examine the gem, of course, like any other art critic. Glasses did great execution. Which was the Whistler? Ah yes, to be sure, an artist with a name so original was bound to be rated highly. A present from Sir Herbert Forrest, the famous actor-manager. Yes, Mother had seen him as the Woodman in *Twelfth Night*. How interesting to have such a memento from such a famous man. And how *well* you could see the park. And she did hope it was not too expensive. And everything in such good taste, although yellow for a wall-paper was a rather *modern* color. And such delicious tea. And what charming tea-cups. A present from Mr. Vandeleur. How kind — a memento, of course, of his respect and admiration for Philip's father.

'It did n't say so on the card though, Mater,' said Philip, the proudly inadvertent. 'It said on the card, "To Cinderella, from a Humble Admirer who wishes her every happiness."'

So nice of Mr. Vandeleur to be so tactful. Could there be a clearer indication of Mr. Vandeleur's esteem for the great Pro-Consul?

So much for these elegant preliminaries. But Mother's mission was both high and delicate. Enormous tact was needed. Where and how should she open the ball? *Suaviter in modo* this time, at least.

Was it correct that Philip was standing for Parliament?

Oh, yes.

But as a Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, according to the Leading Morning Journal.

Yes, that was correct also.

That seemed to leave matters rather as they were. Philip was pleasantly frank, yet without being particularly communicative. Mrs. Philip, who was dressed in quite good taste, seemed absorbed in the view of the park from the window.

'I am sure, dear Phil-ipp, you will be sorry to know that your father is upset.'

Like a dutiful son Phil-ipp was awfully sorry.

'And Mr. Vandeleur, of course. Your father was the last peer made by his gover'ment. So wounding to a man as sensitive as Mr. Vandeleur!'

Mr. Philip was sincerely sorry that his little adventure was being taken so seriously by people who he would not have supposed would have paid it any attention.

'But, dear Phil-ipp,' said Mother, 'your father holds such a *special* position in public life. He is *so* upset. A real grief to him, with the affairs of the country in their present deplorable state. The Constitution, you know, about to be overthrown. Dear Phil-ipp, have you fully considered the question?'

Dear Phil-ipp had considered the question, that is, as well as he was able to. He did n't pretend that he knew very much about it; but Polly rather thought (the prophetic soul of Mother!) but Polly rather thought that a man of means and leisure ought to go into Parliament and try and make himself useful to the world. Not that personally he felt he would be of any use at all.

'I can only say, dear Phil-ipp,' said

Mother, 'that your father is much upset; Mr. Vandeleur is much upset; the Press is much upset, and we have all talked about you quite anxiously. Don't you realize what an amount of political capital will be made of your standing as a Rag by the enemies of the Empire?'

'I should n't have thought anybody would have cared twopence about it, Mater. It is n't as though I had any ability.'

'It is not *you*, of course, who matters so much. It is your dear father who carries so much weight in the country.'

But Mr. Philip supposed, though not at all disrespectfully, that a chap of twenty-eight was entitled to views of his own.

Mother did n't quite agree with that general proposition. There were some things — for instance, Religion and Politics, to name only two, although there were others she could have mentioned — in which it was only right for a well-born and expensively nurtured Englishman to defer to the more matured wisdom of his ancestors.

Mr. Philip was awfully sorry, but he rather believed in Progress.

Daughter-in-law still looking through the window, although not wholly absorbed in contemplation of the vernal prospect, was dreadfully afraid that her smile might become vocal.

Mother was fearfully good at argument and always had been. Phil-ipp, of course, was the merest child at it, even though he had been selected by the Party of Progress to fight their great cause.

Mother in her inmost heart thought it was the clearest proof of the contemptible level of Rag intellect, that any body of registered voters should have brought themselves to confide in any such candidate. And Mother nearly boiled over when Mr. Philip made an even more abject confession of his impotence.

'Come and argue with the Mater a bit,' said he to the Person who was still pretending to look out of the window. 'She's much too clever for me.'

Should Mother take off the gloves? No, decidedly more politic not to remove them. Mother's third chin advanced a little, though, in spite of herself. This daughter of the people was likely to know more about the peeling of potatoes than of the conduct of high politics.

At the summons of her lord, however, the young Minx controlled her mobile features as well as in her lay; and in that designing mind was the question, Should she toy a little with this Victorian Mamma? Or should she exercise her arts and blandishments?

'It is so wrong of Phil-ipp,' said Mother, 'and I think *you* ought to exercise the influence that every wife, that is, if she is good and worthy, has with her husband, and dissuade him from this course. You do see, do you not, that it is most injudicious for a man in his position?'

'Well, Lady Shelmerdine,' said Mischief, having decided in favor of the broader way, 'Phil-ipp looks at it like this — don't you, Phil-ipp? The Rags do get on a bit, but the Waggers are generally going backwards.'

Followed an academic discussion of the situation. A most immoral proceeding Mother was bound to believe. Ingratitude could not further go than for the eldest son of the very last peer created by Mr. Vandeleur's gover'-ment to go over, horse, foot, and artillery to the foe.

'I'm not to blame for that, though, Mater, am I? And it would have been so much pleasanter for everybody, would n't it, if the Guv'nor had never been given that peerage.'

'To what extent should a son suffer

for the indiscretion of his forebears?' inquired Mischief solemnly.

Mother begged pardon; she did n't understand. At this point the Conference seemed to take a turn for the worse.

Did Mrs. Shelmerdine really suppose, said Mother in icy tones, that young men who stood in the position of her husband had no responsibilities to society?

Oh, yes, Mrs. Shelmerdine quite agreed that they had, and that was why personally she was so glad that he had decided to throw in his lot with the Party of Progress.

'Progress,' said Mother; 'what pray is Progress?'

It was certainly a difficult question for the young Madam to answer, but fortunately Phil-ipp was not depending wholly upon dialectics in the coming battle.

'I am sorry to hear it,' said Mother.

Yes, that was rather subtle for Mother.

'I suppose you feel, Lady Shelmerdine,' said the young wife, 'that if he depended entirely on his powers of argument he would have no chance of getting in.'

Yes, that was what Mother meant, exactly.

Well it seemed that Phil-ipp had several other strings to his bow.

Mother had implicit faith, however, in the essential good sense of her countrymen. They were such shrewd people in the midlands; and Mother hoped and believed that they would demand qualities more positive than those guaranteed by the fact that the Rag candidate was the eldest son of a distinguished father.

Mischief agreed; but if the Candidate was able to kick three goals against Aston Villa, which, in the opinion of the local experts, he was quite capable of doing if he went into special training for the purpose, there was no power on earth which could keep him from the head of the poll.

This, of course, took Mother out of her depth completely. She herself was something of an old parliamentary hand; and she had gained first-hand experience in the days when the Pro-Consul was merely Sir Walter and a light of the House of Commons. But this was beyond her.

Mother had never heard of Aston Villa; and when Daughter-in-Law took pains to explain who Aston Villa was, somehow Mother did n't seem to be very much enlightened. But of one thing she was sure. To fight a parliamentary election upon any such basis was sheer degradation of the British Constitution.

No, somehow the Conference did n't seem to prosper. But to do Mother justice, too, she was quite prepared to eat Humble Pie.

'To be perfectly candid, Phil-ipp,' said Mother, really getting to business at last, 'your father has taken counsel of Mr. Vandeleur, most anxious counsel; and acting upon his suggestion he is fully prepared to offer a warm welcome to you both in Grosvenor Square; and he very much hopes you will allow your name to be withdrawn, and sometime quite soon Mr. Vandeleur himself will find you a constituency, because he is really concerned that a young man of such promise should be lost to the party.

Thus did Mother struggle right nobly with the unsavory cates.

Phil-ipp and Mary were touched, of course, by the liberal offer, touched very deeply; but they did n't quite see how it would be possible for the former to swallow his principles, even allowing for the fact that the fatted calf is such delectable eating. They were awfully nice about it, though, which is, of course, what you would expect them

to be; but they maintained that, after all, a man who had attained the ripe age of twenty-eight might aspire to a few convictions. Dear Phil-ipp felt so strongly that the future lay with the Party of Progress.

Mother failed undoubtedly in her diplomatic errand. And no doubt the measure of her failure was in her parting words, that dear Phil-ipp would never be forgiven by his father if he persisted in going to the poll.

Mother took an affectionate leave of the Errant Son, but her leave of Daughter-in-Law was very guarded.

XXVII

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR FREE TRADE

Things had to go forward at Blackhampton in spite of the Ukase, and forward they went right merrily. The adoption of Philip was really a fine stroke on the part of the Rags, because the Blackhampton Rovers had a following of about thirty thousand persons weekly, and one and all of these thirty thousand acclaimed it as quite the right policy. The famous inside-right had had in his day — which was not so very far off either — only one superior in that responsible position, and he was Steve Bloomer. If the Rag candidate could only reproduce his form on a certain great occasion he was bound to go straight to the top of the poll.

A general election was expected in the autumn. Philip and Mary spent August at Trouville in order to get ready for the fray. Philip trained on the sands, and Mary composed speeches by the score while she listened to the seductive strains of Monsieur Marly's Marine Orchestra.

And then when this delightful month was over they went to Blackhampton in fighting trim, hired a house on its outskirts for three months, and set to work in grim earnest.

It was not long before they were the two most popular people in this rather unalluring city. It was democratic to the core; and the fact that the Rag candidate was the son of Mr. Vandeleur's very last creation was made a cardinal point by both his opponents in this three-cornered contest. But as the Candidate said with simple pathos at every meeting, 'Gentlemen, it is not fair to hold me responsible for my father. No man ought to be held responsible for his father. I am doing my level best to live down my father, gentlemen, and in so doing, I look confidently for the support of every follower of the Rovers in this room because they, I know, are good sportsmen.'

Whereupon, the good sportsmen in question invariably roared themselves hoarse.

'And now, gentlemen, I am going to ask my wife, who is a far better speaker than I am, to say a few words. There is no need for me to make you known to one another, because she tells me you are all old friends of hers.' (Loud cheers and cries of 'Sing us a song, Mary.')

Mary, looking like a picture-postcard, would then sit down to the piano, which with great foresight had been provided by the Executive Committee, and proceed to sing that famous ballad from *Iolanthe* about good Queen Bess's glorious days when the House of Lords did nothing in particular and did it very well.

Aston Villa were beaten handsomely on the following Saturday, and although the Candidate only managed to kick one goal he showed so much of his old form that it was clear that another striking blow had been delivered for the cause of Free Trade. In fact, the Opposition had not a look in.

Their meetings were very tame affairs by comparison, even if the standard of speech-making was thought by some people to be higher. But little or no interest was taken in them; while at those of the unfilial young man who was going to take away his father's Veto there was n't even standing-room an hour before the proceedings began. Undoubtedly it was going to be a signal triumph for the People's Cause.

The dissolution of Parliament occurred in the middle of November. A crowded and glorious fortnight followed. Notts Forest was beaten; a draw was made with Sunderland; and on the very eve of the poll, Tottenham Hotspur received a most crushing reverse.

It was all over but the shouting even before the fateful day had dawned. The Flag-Waggers could hardly raise a waggle; the sitting member realized already that he had lost his seat; Blackhampton went solidly for the Rags, and the best Inside-Right in England — never mind Steve Bloomer! — was hoisted with a noble majority to the top of the poll.

Unparalleled scenes were enacted in the Market Square. The horses were taken out of the New Member's carriage, and he and his charming wife were drawn in triumph through the principal streets.

When the news was published that the Rags had gained a seat at Blackhampton, and that the turnover of votes had been tremendous, Grosvenor Square was quite at a loss to understand it.

'It was n't as if the fellow had any brains,' said Father to everybody.

Mother, however, told everybody privately that she always thought that dear Phil-ipp had been underrated by his father.

Perhaps she was inclined to weaken a bit. After all it was better than leading an idle and useless life. However misplaced the ambition, it was an evidence of that dormant ability, which she, at any rate, always suspected to be there, since her family had never been known to be without it.

Father, however, was adamant. He went his way, and Philip and Mary went theirs. In spite of their wrongdoing the guilty pair contrived to be extremely happy in the little nest in Knightsbridge, whilst Father, alas! grew exceeding miserable.

By the time the guilty pair had been married a little more than a year, Mrs. Philip fulfilled one of the important duties incident to the degree in life to which it had pleased Providence to call her. She presented Philip with twins.

To the credit of Mother, be it said, the Twins proved altogether too much for her. She hauled down her flag completely, but Father still declined to be comforted, and every day made himself more unhappy and miserable. His appetite declined; his clothes no longer fitted him; no longer did he seem to care about public business. Instead of the succession being doubly secure, the Family might have been threatened with extinction.

XXVIII

THE END OF THE TALE

The little nest in Knightsbridge was no longer adequate, and a move was made to a more commodious abode in Pont Street. It was Mary's custom to give the Twins an airing in the park every morning when the weather was fine. Like a wise young mother she personally undertook this important duty, trundling the perambulator herself, and gaining health and happiness thereby, in spite of the emphatic protests of Philip, who seemed to think

that nursemaids had been invented for that purpose.

This was a subject, however, upon which Mary was a little inclined to dogmatism. She had no belief in nursemaids.

Thereupon the proud father, in spite of an involuntary shudder, felt that he himself should be allowed to undertake this onerous duty.

Mary laughed at this. It was not the business of man to push perambulators, and no self-respecting woman would ever endure the spectacle. Besides, said Mary, it would never do for white spats by Grant and Cockburn to condescend to such a menial occupation. The Button Club would certainly expel their wearer if he were guilty of any such solecism. Even as it was, rumor had it that he had been severely reprimanded by the Committee for daring to stand as a Rag for Blackhampton, and, worse, for getting himself elected by a considerable majority. If he were to be seen pushing a 'pram' in the park on a fine June morning, he would be compelled to resign.

The Young-Woman-with-the-Perambulator made a fascinating picture on these fine June mornings along by the railings of the Row; and had it been painted by Rembrandt or Velasquez or some other old and respectable painter, a good deal of money might have been offered for it by cosmopolitan millionaires.

Indeed the Young-Woman-with-the-Perambulator became rather a source of remark for some of the habitués of the thoroughfare. Elderly gentlemen with well-brushed side-whiskers, grandfathers all, remarked upon her to other elderly gentlemen. Sensible girl, they said, doing good to herself and to the nation at large, and setting an example to others. It was far better than leaving 'em to nursemaids and such-like careless hussies. You know that they are all right when you have charge of them yourself.

It chanced one morning as the procession followed its accustomed course, with Philip near at hand mounted on a quadruped that had turned out better as a hack than as a 'chaser,' a distinguished personage came upon the scene in faultless morning attire. He was none other than Arminius Wingrove.

A man of such wisdom could not do less than stay to admire the Twins. For the life of him, though, he could n't say which side of the family they favored most. Walter Augustus, named after the misguided Grandpapa who had declined to attend the christening, had certainly the eyes of his mother; Philip Archibald had certainly the eyes of his mother, also. The nose of Philip Archibald was undoubtedly that of his father; the nose of Walter Augustus was undoubtedly that of his father, also; while as for the mouth, the mouth of both Walter Augustus and Philip Archibald was undoubtedly that of both parents. Still it must not be thought that Walter Augustus and Philip Archibald had always to endure these imposing names. In domestic circles one was called Bow and the other Wow.

So unfeigned was the admiration of Arminius Wingrove that nothing would content him but that he should turn and accompany the procession as far as the Achilles statue. But before they were able to gain that desirable bourn, which itself commemorates a great moment in the life of the nation, yet one more historic incident was destined to occur. Alas, that its only commemoration is like to be these unworthy pages.

An elderly gentleman in a glossy silk hat, with well-brushed eyebrows and of a mien of generally composed im-

portance, was debouching slowly yet all unknown into this historic episode. He was not looking very happy, for all that he wore his habitual air of distinction. He was a Pro-Consul, and full many of the passers-by saluted him respectfully. But he did not seem in anywise the better for these manifestations of public regard.

If the truth must be told of this elderly gentleman, sorrow and envy were the occupants of his heart this lovely June morning, when even the metropolitan prospect was all that was fair and gracious. He was the most miserable grandfather in London instead of being the proudest and happiest, as he certainly ought to have been.

In his stately progress he passed other grandfathers. They were walking with their sons and daughters, and with the sons and daughters of their sons and daughters, and looking immeasurably the better for the privilege. Surely it was good to be a grandfather on this fine June morning. It seemed a perfectly honorable and rational and proper state of being.

With every yard he walked, the conviction grew firmer in him that this was the case. It was surely the duty of elderly gentlemen with well-brushed eyebrows to rejoice in that degree. There was a man he knew well, a member of Parliament, looking so pink and prosperous, with a small girl holding one hand and a small boy holding the other. Envy and sorrow were not in that heart, it was certain.

Could it be that his recent policy had been vain and weak and short-sighted? The great Pro-Consul had never asked himself such questions before, but it had become very clear to him that he would have to be asking them presently. A grandfather had surely no right to make himself as ridiculous as he had done.

Then it was that the great Pro-Consul came right opposite the Achilles statue, and the episode to which we have already referred got itself made into history.

A certain Mr. Wingrove, a famous dramatist who had been elected recently under the rule *honoris causa* to Grandfather's club, and with whom Grandfather was upon pleasantly familiar terms, came into view. Walking by the side of Mr. Wingrove was a charming-looking girl. She had charge of a most commodious double perambulator, and so proudly was she trundling it that it was quite clear to the great Pro-Consul that this was a case of Twins.

Grandfather in his present somewhat emotional state must needs stop and shake Mr. Wingrove heartily by the hand. And further he was constrained to offer his sincere congratulations. He overflowed with admiration.

'And *what* are their names?' he asked.

'One is called Bow, and the other is called Wow,' said the demure young mother.

It seemed indeed strange to Mr. Wingrove that the great Pro-Consul should not know the names of his own grandchildren, and, moreover, that he should not recognize them and their mother.

Then a light dawned suddenly upon him. Further, it seemed to this acute mind that in the absence of the lawful father, who had turned his horse and who was going now down the Row at a canter, a legitimate opportunity had presented itself for the exercise of the comic spirit.

'I should really like my wife to see them,' said the great Pro-Consul. 'Such splendid fellows; the picture of health.'

'Oh, yes, by all means,' said Mr.

Wingrove, with a rather sly smile at the proud young mother.

No time like the present. If Mrs. W. did n't mind bringing along these infant phenomena as far as Grosvenor Square, which is hardly ten minutes from the Achilles statue as the crow flies, he was sure that Lady S. would be enchanted.

The gracious young matron would be delighted to take them round to Grosvenor Square for the inspection of the wife of this most agreeable elderly gentleman, whose name, by the way, she had not the pleasure of knowing. All the same, the mention of Grosvenor Square and the demeanor of Mr. Wingrove combined to give the young madam a pretty shrewd suspicion.

As for Arminius Wingrove, he was amazed at the resource and the boldness of Providence, which, of course, he was quite entitled to be. And in that, to be sure, he was by no means singular. Many first-rate minds have been similarly occupied.

Grandfather, all unconscious of the wicked trick that Fate had put upon him, prattled along by the side of the four-wheeled chariot; and he was presently moved to indulge in the proud confidence that they had recently had Twins in the Family.

'Oh, really,' said Mr. Wingrove.

'How interesting,' said the proud young mother, not to be outdone in gravity.

'I must really go and see 'em,' said Grandfather.

'Oh, have n't you seen them yet?' said the fair charioteer.

Not yet. It seemed that a Pro-Consul had so many calls upon his attention.

'Well, if I were their mother, I don't think I should be very pleased with *you*. Have n't you been rather remiss, Mr. —? I have n't the pleasure of knowing your name.'

'Lord Shelmerdine,' said Mr. Wingrove, hastening to atone for his remissness.

By this they were waiting to cross Park Lane.

'Shall I tell him your name?' whispered the famous playwright to Mrs. Philip.

'No, of course you must n't,' said that designing young madam, 'unless you want to spoil everything.'

And that is the end of the tale.

(*The End.*)

THE LAWRENCE STRIKE: A STUDY

BY LORIN F. DELAND

[The city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, with a population of 86,000, has been built up in seventy years. During the last twenty years the increase in population has been about forty per cent, — twice as large as the growth of the entire country. The reason for this growth has been the factories, now locking up an investment of about $80,000,000, with an annual pay roll of $13,000,000 to 30,000 wage-earners. In the cotton and woolen mills 25,000 of these wage-earners are employed, and it is safe to say that for every operative there has been over $2,500 of capital invested. The city is now second in the country in output of woolens and worsteds.

The strike began on January 12. Its cause (explained later) was a reduction in pay of about three-and-one-half per cent by legislative reduction of factory working hours. Organized within two days, the strikers demanded an advance of fifteen per cent, abolition of bonuses, and double pay for overtime. The strike lasted nine weeks, and while they secured only about half their demands, the result was a great victory for the strikers. Within a fortnight the settlement had compelled corresponding advances in nearly all textile mills in New England, affecting 275,000 textile operatives.]

THE writer who reveals the truth about Lawrence will be respected and disliked by all factions. His impartiality and courage will entitle him to respect, but his praise and blame for each one of the parties in interest will certainly not make him popular.

The situation at Lawrence has been very complex, and to judge it correctly one must study it without passion, without prejudice, and, hardest of all, without pity. From first to last there has been much misrepresentation in the daily papers. The public has had to form its opinions from the press reports, and the tendency to 'play up' news for its dramatic rather than its actual value, has made these reports less significant than they have seemed to be. There has been over-emphasis and lack of proportion. Much that has been written was irrelevant to the questions at issue, and only served to arouse emotion, which impaired a just estimate. When people are said to be starving it is hard to be judicial about them. To be sure, nobody was starving in Lawrence at any time, but it was part of the emotion of the moment to suppose that they were. And so, when logic would not travel fast enough, pity has pushed it from behind. The many forms of suffering and distress have been accredited to the obvious instead of being traced to their true source. The public mind has become bewildered.

At present there probably cannot be a judicial presentation of the case; time is needed to put events in true relation to causes. But it is possible to correct some falsities and relieve some perplexities regarding essential facts. It is not the purpose of this article to outline the events of the strike, or restate what is generally known. It is written rather to try to clear up a confusion resulting from too much statement and too little reflection. It is not heat but light that is needed.

The parties involved in this controversy have been the City of Lawrence (through its officials: Mayor Scanlon, Commissioner Lynch, Marshal Sullivan, and Judge Mahoney); the Citizens' Committee of Lawrence; the

mills; the strikers; the militia of the state; the American Federation of Labor (represented by John Golden as head of the United Textile Workers of America); and the Industrial Workers of the World (represented by Ettor, Haywood, Thompson, Yates, and Trautmann). All relief workers, the Legislative Committee, and the Lawrence police, are comprehended in the above groups.

The trouble started over a question of wages: the withdrawal from the weekly envelope of two hours' pay, because of legislative reduction of the factory working hours of women and children (not men workers) from fifty-six to fifty-four hours a week, and the consequent inability to operate the mills for these two hours. Neither party had made any effort to secure this legislation, and to the employer it was so distasteful that he was drawn into committing an injustice and a tactical blunder, — that of giving no notice to his employees (many of whom were ignorant of both the language and legislation of the state) that the weekly pay would be changed to fit the legislation. No excuse can be given for this omission. It was open to reasonable doubt whether such legislative action, in the absence of any notice from the mill-owners, would necessarily work a revision of wages. It would have cost nothing more than a little courtesy to have made a brief explanation, especially in view of the dull mentality of many of the workers. Instead, the mill-owners permitted their employees to labor one entire week under a misapprehension of the facts, and in ignorance of the reduced wages each worker was to receive. They then presented the reduced pay.

An inflammable temperament on one side, and irritated aloofness on the other, aggravated the first clash, and within a few hours the strike was spreading rapidly. There was some intimidation, and a little destruction inside the mills, which drove out many who had no intention of striking.

At this time there was no strong labor organization in Lawrence, and no recognized leader or committee with whom the owners could confer. There were a few feeble craft unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. and a small number of unskilled laborers (probably about three hundred) who had recently joined the I. W. W. It is possible that if there had been a responsible organization, the strike would not have occurred. In any case it would have been a different affair, with a consideration of differences before a strike was declared, a conference, and a more orderly course of events.

That no reliable labor organization existed in Lawrence is due solely to the mill-owners. They had systematically discouraged every effort to organize the various crafts. Such organization was attempted by the United Textile Workers of America, but it could not gain ground against the quiet antagonism of the mills. Eight months before the strike, the very large body of unskilled non-organized textile laborers in Lawrence had attracted the attention of the I. W. W. The A. F. of L. had selfishly shown little interest in unskilled labor and the outbreak gave the I. W. W. its chance to secure recruits. Swiftly on the heels of the first trouble came Joseph J. Ettor to organize the workers of eighteen nationalities into a compact 'industrial' body under the banner of the I. W. W. Ettor is one of the five members of the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. (the highest authority in the order), a man crafty in method, quick in action, and with much personal magnetism.

No time was wasted by Ettor in mere organization. His plan of cam-

paign was, first to weld the factions tightly together, then win the victory, and then organize permanently. To unite those conflicting racial antagonisms into a single bond of brotherhood was no small job for any man to do, *yet Ettor did it!* Make a note of the man who could come as a stranger into that polyglot chaos, and transform it. He knew that misery makes strange bed-fellows, and that hearts are welded by suffering endured together. They would not call one another 'brothers,' so he made them brothers in misfortune, and he knew the value of permitting a certain amount of violence at first in order that its repression might fan the flames of resentment and help the 'uniting.' Tactically he outpointed the mill agents.

The working plan for temporary organization was very simple. Each nationality or group sent one, two, or three members to form a Strike Committee. This committee (about fifty persons) met every morning, heard reports, investigated complaints, and gave suggestions. All the strikers were admitted to stand at the back of the hall during these daily meetings, but were excluded from executive sessions. The I. W. W. leaders merely presided and spoke at these and other mass meetings, directed the organization work, and generally counseled what to do and how to do it. The Strike Committee received this advice, and if they approved it either acted on it or passed it on for the strikers' acceptance. The strikers held both group and general meetings, and a 'yes' or 'no' vote at these meetings was the final authority.

The handling of the acute situation during the first six weeks by the mills, the militia, the mayor, the police and the courts, has been severely blamed and warmly praised. Only an expert in such conflicts is competent to pass judgment here. I am not such an expert. The truth is probably between the two extremes. There is no doubt that the administration of law and order was somewhat arbitrary, yet the situation was critical and a strong arm was needed; the validity of the legal process under which Ettor was arrested was questionable, yet both Ettor and Haywood should have been prevented from inciting to revolution; the authorities who stopped the sending away of the children were again straining the validity of legal process to accomplish their ends, yet the children were obviously being sent away for exploitation, to arouse sympathy, and to incite contributions of money to prolong the strike.

The turning back of the children at the depot offered a fine chance to yellow journalism. As a matter of fact, there was no 'hideous brutality,' no clubbing of women, and no trampling upon children, except in the newspapers. It is always a revolting sight to see force used upon a woman, but if the woman resists violently, the force must be violent too. The scene at the depot was repulsive and nauseating, but no more revolting to witness than any surgical operation.

There was considerable disorder and rioting during the first fortnight, when Ettor was in control; there was a great amount of unseen intimidation during the rest of the time, when Haywood was the dominant force.

It was a very hard problem for the authorities. The militia, under the wise handling of Colonel Sweetser, performed a trying task with restraint; they deserve great credit. Judge Mahoney's bold and firm administration of the police court was the severest check to the weapon of intimidation. Some social workers who investigated Lawrence censured one of the mill agents because upon the approach of a riotous crowd armed with clubs and stones, a

powerful stream of water was thrown from the fire-hose directly into the crowd. It was a cold January morning, and many of the strikers possessed no other clothing than the garments they wore. The measure was drastic. Whether such a measure will stop violence or rather start violence; whether it was merited, and if merited whether wise, are questions which can properly be answered only by those eye-witnesses who have expert knowledge of the temper and control of mobs. That the mob was riotous is clearly shown, and it is not correct to say that the throwing of the water precipitated the window-smashing. It did, however, intensify the bitterness, and is even now remembered with deep resentment.

But the real grievance at Lawrence from first to last was the small sum which went into the pay envelopes, and sooner or later we must come to the question whether the Lawrence mills paid sufficient wages to their operatives, especially to the unskilled class.

The answer to that question depends upon the point of view. There are two points of view. The man who stands for the established order has strong arguments. He leans back upon twenty centuries of a certain relationship between capital and labor, in which capital has inaugurated, conducted, and created the enterprises of the earth, and labor has worked for capital, receiving its accepted wage.

'And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.'

By the standards of industrial civilization labor has been a commodity which could be bought and sold, and as such it is controlled by immutable economic laws. The market price of labor is governed, when not under the stress of industrial warfare, as all other market prices are governed, by the supply and demand. Everywhere and always this has been the rule in business dealings. The Lawrence mills are a business enterprise; they are run on a business basis; they must be so run! To run them on any basis of mixed business and philanthropy would be to end the textile industry in Lawrence. Where would the textile workers go then? To the Southern mills where still lower wages are given? Or to Philadelphia, where some of them have already gone, and where they now work fifty-seven hours for less wages than the Lawrence mills pay for fifty-four hours?

This is not meant as an argument in defense of those wretched wages in Lawrence. It is merely a statement that the low-paid, unskilled worker at Lawrence has been paid the wages that the laws of supply and demand have fixed for such labor.

Under the plan we are now considering, capital takes all the risk. Sometimes capital succeeds and gains greatly; sometimes it fails and loses all. Labor neither gains nor fails; it takes no risk.

Let us be fair about this matter. We have blamed the Lawrence mill-owner for the low wage. He is not to blame for it! The whole textile industry is not to blame for it! Who, then, is? The community — you and I and every one of us. We create the supply and demand.

Of course these people are not paid enough to live as American citizens or according to American ideas. But who knows whether they care for American civilization anyway, or would live up to American ideals if they had more pay? It is rather a matter of race and custom. Many of them represent a low scale of Asiatic living, lower even than the pauper labor of Europe; and a far more serious question than their present wage is, 'How do you propose to weave them into a Massachusetts community?' They understand no

law, language, or custom except of their own race, and care for no other. Who brought them over here? And who let them in? The United States authorities, after rigid investigation, find no evidence that the Lawrence mill-owners brought them. The truth is that the steamship companies, for their own profit, collected them from every direction and any source. Many of them arrive saturated with ideas of revolutionary socialism and class hatred. Our immigration laws let them freely in, regardless of the fact that they collect in such compact masses as to make it impossible to assimilate them or teach them American principles. We have reached a point where the congestion of tens of thousands of foreigners (with their impossible standards) in our industrial centres is preparing a very dark problem for the future.

We come back to consider the more recent and humanitarian attitude toward labor, as opposed to the old view of labor as a commodity. The humanitarian view is that labor is a partner with capital, and should share in the profits. A certain interest should be allowed for the use of the money, a certain extra profit for the risk of the business to which it is subjected, a certain sum set aside for renewal of the plant, and the remainder of the profits should be divided between capital which supplies the tool, and labor which works the tool. Just what proportion should go to labor varies according to the sympathy of the speaker, from an 'equal share' to a 'generous share.' It is fair to assume that as a necessary part of the plan the profits of every enterprise would have to be put in the 'pillory of publicity' and known by every one.

Whether such a form of enterprise would stimulate the development of business and encourage capital to take the risks of new undertakings, is open to serious doubt. It is certainly a splendid vision of righteous — if as yet unpractical — dealing; and on the moral point of view we must all agree. In fact, the only exception one need take to the plan is to insist that, as a partnership, it must in justice be accepted by both partners. To force one partner to join the partnership with a pistol pointed at his head, is only another form of despotism.

But the advocates of partnership point to the mills, which are already built and cannot run away, and they suggest that the capitalist owners can be compelled to accept the new partnership. In this they lose sight of one fact: that every large business must be renewed with fresh capital or it soon dies of exhaustion. But it may be claimed that this fresh capital is easily obtainable from the existing profits; and this brings us to the complaint that the Lawrence mills are said to have made very large profits during the beneficent years of the Dingley Tariff (from 1897 till the panic year of 1907), and that these high profits should have been used to pay higher wages to the workers, rather than to build new and larger mills. It is certainly true in theory that the tariff on manufactured textiles is placed there for the protection of the American workman, and the absurdity exists of protection for commerce and free trade for labor. But again it is true that the wages paid to American textile workers under this tariff have steadily averaged from forty-nine to one hundred and eighty per cent higher than those paid to the non-tariff-protected English worker in the same line of work, while the production per worker has been as large in Great Britain as in this country. Yet this takes no account of the greatly increased cost of living in the United States, and to be of any real value, such a comparison should be

made on the purchasing power of the pay envelope, rather than its monetary value. It is in evidence that a few of the English factory-hands who emigrated to Lawrence declared it harder to live under the wages of Lawrence [1] than under the wages of Lancashire. These are the confusing facts which await adjustment.

But in all this controversy it is interesting to note that no one has explained why the Lawrence mills should lead the way in this reform. Why should Lawrence be more high-minded than the business world? Why should the Lawrence mills do what no other employers anywhere are doing, and become semi-benevolent institutions? So long as economic laws govern all our industries to the extent they do to-day, it is asking much of Lawrence to demand that she should go beyond all precedents and inaugurate a new order.

When all is said, economic laws work out a far greater measure of justice than is seen upon the surface. Strike or no strike, it is open to doubt whether any body of workers can long obtain a higher wage than the economic conditions allow. The effort to make men exchange, not in accordance with supply and demand, but on arbitrary lines, would necessitate a new industrial order.

[1] "Wages of Lawrence" necessitates a word about the bonus system. It is a method of cumulative reward to each operative for increased output within one month, provided only one day has been lost from work. Seemingly fair, it really causes hardship. Women work when wholly unable to work because they cannot afford, by losing a second day to lose a month's bonus. Further, the system encourages favoritism. Thus, the loom-fixer's bonus is dependent on his weaver's bonuses, and he naturally favors those weavers who are ahead of their schedule. A weaver who is behind is kept waiting while a loom is arranged for some weaver who is sure of her bonus. This dependence of one worker's bonus upon another's extends through many processes. — THE AUTHOR.

The enthusiast will say that all this is of little account, for wages in the Lawrence mills have now been advanced, and the victory has proved the truth of the long contention. That is not yet determined. By the weapon of a strike these wages have been increased. The mill-owners, before adopting this arbitrary advance, wished to be sure that the economic conditions of the future would sustain those new wages. Regardless of their own judgment, they have been forced to pay them. Whether the future will justify and support this extra expense, no one knows. Future demand is uncertain; Schedule K seems assured of sharp downward revision. The prices of the mill products will now be advanced, and the demand for them is not a fixed quantity, but is directly affected by their cost. If the demand is cut down, either the number of workers or the hours of work must be decreased. That public sentiment is prepared to reduce still further the hours of labor is doubtful.

During the nine weeks of the strike, wages in the Lawrence mills have been constantly discussed in connection with the number of persons in the family group. Just what bearing the number of children had on the father's efficiency as a worker was never stated. It should not be necessary to point out that the number of children is wholly the affair of the father; the fact that he wanted a large family is no reason why the mills should pay him higher wages; and the real sin, if any exists, lies at his door for bringing children into the world when he was unable to support them.

But the newspapers, the strikers, and many relief workers, asked, 'Here is a man with wife and six children, receiving only twelve dollars a week; *do you call that a living wage?*' This was another way of insisting that the

number of dependents should decide the wage-scale. The only possible relation between wages and the size of the family is that the size of the wages should regulate the size of the family. A 'living wage' would seem to refer to a wage on which the worker may support himself. The expression can scarcely be held to include any number of extra persons, from one to twenty, whom the worker may elect to support.

I mention these two instances, not because they are important, but only to show the irrelevancy, the exaggeration, and the dangerous use of sentiment in place of reasoning, which marked so many of the newspaper accounts and helped to poison the public mind against the mill-owners. It is unjust to condemn the I. W. W. for inciting to violence, and not extend some condemnation to a portion of the press. It required no courage to play to the galleries; pity is always appealing. It was a fine pose to stand as the champion of the weak; something was always 'doing' on the strikers' side, and it offered a lot of local color.

There was no special interest in the mill-owners; they were only business men and uninteresting exhibits, but they were in the public eye and must be made interesting somehow. So the president of one of the large corporations was pictured as a robber baron, who did n't know how many automobiles he owned, but who charged the poor people for drinking water. Thousands of persons to-day believe that Mr. Wood is just that kind of a man. I do not know Mr. Wood, I have never seen him, I own no stock in his mills, and I hold no brief to defend him. But for the sake of getting within speaking distance of the truth, let the facts be known. I state them without the gentleman's knowledge or consent but I believe them to be accurate. Summoned before a tribunal, he was asked how many automobiles he had on a date some weeks earlier. At about the date thus specifically fixed he owned three cars; one had been burned up in a garage fire; an order had been given to replace it, and at a later date it was replaced; the second had been loaned to a relative or friend, and was away at about that date; the third was the car used for himself and his family. Whether on that exact day to which the inquiry referred the burned car had been replaced or not, — whether the loaned car had been returned or not, — he honestly did not know, and he made the only answer that he could truthfully make, '*I do not know.*'

Now for the drinking water. When the water-supply of the City of Lawrence was taken directly from the Merrimac River, it was under serious suspicion, and the people of the city very generally drank bottled spring-water. Then the city put in a large filtration plant, and the purified water, approved by the Board of Health, was freely drunk in every house and is to-day the regular drinking water of the city. It is claimed that in the mills the water-pipes run so close to the steam-pipes that the water becomes heated. These new mills of the American Woolen Company represent the furthest advance in mill-construction, the highest achievement in mill-engineering, and I do not believe that their heavily-jacketed steam-pipes can overheat the water-pipes near them. In the best office-buildings in Boston the faucet water in winter will run slightly warm for the first minute or so. This may happen in the Lawrence mills, but it is merely till fresh water can enter the pipes. However, for this or some other reason, certain of the operatives wanted bottled spring-water, and they clubbed together and ordered it delivered at the mill; it was n't cold enough to please them, so they ordered ice. They had a

perfect right to do all this, and had Mr. Wood attempted to restrain them he would have been justly called harsh names. But the owners had nothing to do with this spring-water: they neither ordered it, paid for it, nor knew anything about it other than as any outsider might know of it. Yet one Boston paper published a cartoon of a poor, ragged, half-starved little girl in one of the rooms of the mill dropping five cents into a slot in order to get a drink of water.

Much has been written about the wretched housing of the Lawrence operatives, and it is undeniably bad. But it is no worse than can be seen in Boston or New York. I asked one question wherever I went: 'Are the wages, housing, and general welfare of the operatives any worse in Lawrence than in any other textile city in Massachusetts?' I felt sure that the mills would say 'No,' but I thought the labor leaders would say 'Yes.' I asked Mayor Scanlon and he said 'No'; I asked a previous mayor of the city, I asked the Citizens' Committee, and I asked Judge Mahoney; they all said 'No.' Then I went to John Golden. 'No worse,' was his reply. I went to Ettor. 'Bad, but not any worse in Lawrence than elsewhere,' said Ettor. I went to Haywood. 'No worse here than in every Massachusetts textile city,' said he. Finally I went to the mill-owners and they said, '*A little worse*, because the overcrowding in one small section of the city is probably not equaled in any other textile centre.' It is interesting to note this evidence in view of the general impression that Lawrence was 'infamously notorious,' as one paper phrased it.

It was impossible to see the housing conditions fairly, however, unless one combatted the efforts of the labor organizations and relief agencies to show the visitor only the most distressing cases, and give only extreme statistics. In no case were these typical or average conditions, and when I insisted on seeing a dozen relief cases, taken at random, the answer was, 'But such cases would not be interesting! We can find you something a good deal worse if you 'll give us a little time.'

The fact is that the living conditions of some of the immigrants from southeastern Europe are their own choice, and they are vile. The men come without their families, for a quick clean-up of all the money they can collect, and a speedy return to their native soil. In some of the New England textile cities they sleep on the floor, from fourteen to seventeen in a room. They waste no money on even the cheapest restaurants, but eat in the same way in which they sleep — on the basis of hoboes and tramps. But they are as non-typical in their way as the published case of four families in five rooms, or one to which I was sent where sixteen persons (mostly boarders) lived in three rooms.

Lawrence is not wholly to blame for her congestion. In large measure overcrowding has come from under-letting. It should be stated that in some of the most congested houses money is being saved each week. Many families who crowd together in one or two rooms receive the same wages as those who live in entirely decent surroundings.

To form a proper estimate of the Lawrence strike some knowledge is necessary of the community in which the conflict occurred. The mills, which have practically built up the city, are owned mainly by a large body of non-residents, who have little knowledge of the place or its problems. Paying no taxes, they have no interest in the municipal government. The resident mill officials are very able men, but they have their important business duties and feel no call to engage in politics. The mills, until two years ago, paid

only a tax on their real estate and machinery (no franchise tax), yet they dumped into Lawrence thousands of operatives who, while paying not a single dollar toward the support of the city, must *at the city's expense* be educated, policed, safeguarded from fire, watched over in the matter of sanitation and health, and generally given all the privileges of city planning and administration. To cater to the wants of 30,000 factory-hands there have come into Lawrence many small store-keepers, clerks, sales-people, and mechanics in all trades, none of them owning much taxable property. There are no wealthy persons living in Lawrence. Naturally the taxes are high; the one cry from the taxpayer is, 'Keep down the taxes'; and his last concern or desire is to do anything for the foreigners who herd like cattle, outrage health and decency, and raise the tax-rate. It is a fact that the curriculum of the Lawrence schools (especially the evening schools) has had to be practically made over to provide for the teaching of English on a most extensive scale as the first step in the education of these non-tax-payers.

Into this puzzle of government few persons cared to enter; so the grafter entered and plundered the city of what little was left. Bankrupt and almost helpless, the State legislature came to the relief of Lawrence and provided it with a new charter, safeguarded against corruption. Loans were raised, and a fresh start was made under a new government of upright men. They had been in office just a fortnight, and were wholly inexperienced in their duties, when the strike came. That it should have almost paralyzed the city government was to be expected. The police force was unable to cope with a mob of from 5,000 to 9,000 highly inflammable men, and the mills would unquestionably have been damaged had not the Governor called out the troops. But Lawrence, with the help of the militia staggered through its task. The new city officials have learned a great deal. So have the citizens. So, too, have the mill agents. Best of all, public sentiment has been informed and is already working for many improvements.

The strike at Lawrence has forcibly called public attention to an organization as yet little known in the East, — the Industrial Workers of the World. It would be misleading to speak of it as a 'labor organization,' for that expression has come to have a very definite meaning in the last quarter of a century, and the aims and methods of the I. W. W. are wholly contrary to such an interpretation. The I. W. W. is an anarchistic organization, pure and simple. It makes no concealment of its nature or object. Its aim is the overthrow of the existing social order, the taking possession by labor of all the machinery of production and the driving out of the capitalist class. The organization was conceived in the brains of two men as recently as 1904; the project was discussed in that year in Chicago by a small body of chosen spirits. They sent word to all labor organizations inviting a conference. Those who responded came from the West, where the strength of the I. W. W. is still found. Six months later they held their first convention. The backbone of the movement was the Western Federation of Miners, the organization presided over by Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, and made famous by the dynamite work of Harry Orchard.

In 1908 the I. W. W. (then three years old) divided into two factions, and it still remains divided. Both agree on the end to be attained, but the Detroit faction believes this end should be attained in a democracy by the ballot, while the Chicago faction (strongly anarchistic) believes in 'direct action.'

Haywood and Ettor are of this latter group. In seven years, despite division, the I. W. W. has gained great headway, spreading like a pestilence through the north-western lumber camps and the metalliferous mining fields. Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and California are hot-beds of the movement. In the great strike at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, in 1909, they served notice on the State constabulary that for every person it killed a life would be demanded by the strikers, and they kept their word. In one battle ten strikers were killed, and the I. W. W. collected its ghastly toll. This civil war resulted in a victory for the strikers.

In New England (outside of Lawrence) the I. W. W. has some strength in New Bedford and in Providence. They have no power in New York State, but they are very strong at Paterson and West Hoboken, N. J. The famous preamble to the constitution of the I. W. W. has been called a vicious document. It was written by a man named Hagerty, and it can be condensed into one word, 'War.' One day I told Haywood that I should like to talk over that preamble with him, as I had heard it called a terrible document. He merely smiled, and said that he hoped it was terrible. Told once that his organization was 'incendiary,' Haywood replied, 'That's what we have been trying to tell you people. Glad you see the point!' Thus there is no evasion, no subterfuge, and no attempt to conceal the end to be attained or the method of attaining it. The end is social revolution; the method or tactics may be understood by the following extracts from a pamphlet issued by the I. W. W.: —

'As a revolutionary organization the Industrial Workers of the World aims to use any and all tactics that will get the results sought with the least expenditure of time and energy. The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. The question of "right" and "wrong" does not concern us.

'No terms made with an employer are final. All peace, so long as the wage-system lasts, is but an armed truce. At any favorable opportunity the struggle is renewed.

'The organization does not allow contracts with the employers. It aims, where strikes are used, to paralyze all branches of the industry involved, when the employers can least afford a cessation of work — during the busy season and when there are rush orders to be filled.

'Failing to force concessions from the employers by the strike, work is resumed and "sabotage" is used to force the employers to concede the demands of the workers.

'During strikes the works are closely picketed and every effort made to keep the employers from getting workers into the shops. All supplies are cut off from strike-bound shops. All shipments are refused or mis-sent, delayed and lost if possible.

'Strike-breakers are also isolated to the full extent of the powers of the organization. Interference by the government is resented by open violation of the government's orders, going to jail *en masse*, causing expense to the tax-payers — which is but another name for the employing class.

'In short, the I. W. W. advocates the use of militant "direct action" tactics to the full extent of our power to make them.'

This is not political socialism. It is not anything political or theoretical. The I. W. W. does not talk, write, or argue. It acts! It cares nothing for

'right' or 'wrong.' It openly defies government by law, and announces that it will use any violence it can commit.

The organization has no president; it has a General Executive Board of five men. Two of these are in the West, two are on the Pacific coast, and one (Ettor) is in the East. When I arrived in Lawrence Ettor was under arrest, but by permission of the authorities I spent half a day with him in jail. He is very different from Haywood, and quite unlike Trautmann, or Yates, or Thompson. He spoke unreservedly, and (after we had cleared up his first insincerity) with frankness. He told me things that I do not feel justified in repeating, yet he asked no pledge of secrecy. On the other hand, Haywood served notice upon me at the start that I could never have any conference with him unless he had some friend in the room, presumably as a witness. Haywood has been credited with not wishing the Lawrence strike to be settled, but with using the situation solely as propaganda for a demonstration of the I. W. W. The assumption is warranted, but nevertheless untrue. I know from inside sources that he was most solicitous to end the situation, — far more so than his appearance and words indicated. The I. W. W. does not believe in long strikes. To use its own words: 'A strike that cannot be won in four to six weeks cannot be won by remaining out longer. The employer can better afford to fight one strike that lasts six months than he can six strikes that take place in that period.'

It is impossible to see the advent of this new force in the labor field without contrasting it with the trade-unionism of the last quarter-century as embodied in the American Federation of Labor. Each organization has its good and bad points. The I. W. W. organizes industrially; safeguards unskilled labor (giving it an equal voice); and encourages every worker to learn a trade. The A. F. of L. organizes by crafts; does little for unskilled labor; and prevents the learning of some trades. The I. W. W. asks no recognition by employers; refuses to recognize them; signs no agreements; makes no effort to control its members from striking; and considers no peace assured. The A. F. of L. demands recognition by employers; recognizes them; signs agreements with them for long periods; enforces these agreements on the workers; controls its members from unauthorized strikes and precipitate action; and guarantees that settlements shall bring peace. Both organizations at times resort to violence, and both commit the economic folly of restricting output. The great divergence between them can be expressed in one sentence: The A. F. of L. is a *responsible* body. Never forget that! It is selfish, short-sighted, unprogressive, and at times vicious, but it is the best thing that Labor has been able to evolve for collective bargaining.

Sooner or later the labor of our mills, both skilled and unskilled, will have to be organized, but it must be a responsible organization, that shall permit no violence, stop the despotism of the closed shop, insure business stability through trade agreements, exact and observe high standards, and sanction no abuse of power or privilege by either side. The right of Labor to bargain collectively is fundamental, and it has accomplished more for the uplift of the workers than all the philanthropy we have evolved. The capitalist who does not admit the inherent fairness of collective bargaining really affirms that capital may combine into a huge unit, and that there is then no disparity in a bargain made between a large unit and an atom. Such a man is by his attitude hastening the day of social revolution.

Let him read the story of the multiplied strike in England last June and July, and see the handwriting on the wall.

The I. W. W. is merely the syndicalism of Europe, with its triple weapon of the multiplied strike, the sympathetic strike, and the general strike. It stands for war, but war without the Geneva Convention, and with no provision for the rights of non-combatants. It is private warfare, which the laws of civilization for centuries have prohibited. A conflict on a large scale is inevitably coming. Every public man in this country who has his ear close to the ground knows it is coming. Ask President Taft, if you are a Taft man. Ask Colonel Roosevelt, if you follow him. Each will admit that the conflict is certainly coming if some radical step is not taken to check it. A recent Commissioner of Labor in New York State said to me not long ago, 'You may like the labor unions or not, but the time is coming when you will be grateful to them as the only thing that stands between you and anarchy.'

The need of the hour is clearly indicated. It is, as Mr. Brandeis points out, a great opportunity for conservative trade-unionism. The rioting at Lawrence reveals the I. W. W. tactics in normal operation, while the spectacle of a few thousand lawless strikers forcing many thousand peaceable persons out of an employment which they wish to pursue, is a glimpse of I. W. W. despotism. Haywood and Ettor are seemingly outraged at any attempt to curtail the right of free speech, yet they themselves deny to thousands of non-belligerents the right of free labor, which is vastly more important.

It would be unjust to speak thus of the I. W. W. leaders without clearly explaining that these opinions do not for a moment apply to the Strike Committee at Lawrence. The reader must differentiate between the strikers themselves and an organization which merely used them as pawns in its attack upon the existing order. In the strictest sense the I. W. W. neither ordered the strike nor concluded it. The Strike Committee was composed in large part of men and women who deserved the highest respect for their sincerity, a real regard for their ability, and true admiration for their devotion to a cause.

The Lawrence strike is ended, but we must not let it pass without learning some of its lessons. The fact of eighteen diverse nationalities among the workers in one mill has been, for the first time, shown to be no barrier to a perfect solidarity of brotherhood in a common cause. The bonus system as now practised in textile mills, while fair in theory, has certain vicious features which cannot be countenanced. The way to make anarchism grow in this country is to refuse to allow organization and collective bargaining. Absentee ownership in a factory should not exempt stock-holders from all interest in the lives of their laborers. Finally, the presence in this nation of congested masses of vaguely-understood foreigners who absolutely refuse American standards of living should turn us to a careful consideration of our immigrant laws.

The Lawrence strike has cost the community millions of dollars. It has caused suffering and privation to 50,000 persons, and it will later collect a grim toll through infant mortality. Yet if all this has brought but the single return of awakening public opinion to the dangers ahead, this wretched conflict has been a blessing in disguise.

THE COTTON-MILL OPERATIVES OF NEW ENGLAND

BY W. JETT LAUCK

I

THE earliest employees of the New England cotton mills were secured almost exclusively from the farm and village population immediately adjacent to the early manufacturing centres. These employees consisted in the main of the children of farmers, usually the daughters, who went to work in the mills for the purpose of assisting their families, or to lay aside sums for their own dowries. The young women, as a rule, were attractive, well-educated; and the young men sober, intelligent, and reliable. At the time of the establishment of the mills, — about 1813, — there was a strong prejudice in New England against the so-called factory system because of the conditions which prevailed among cotton-mill operatives in Great Britain. As a consequence, after erecting the cotton mills, the chief endeavor of the promoters of the industry was to establish housing and living facilities under such conditions as would give proper assurance to the parents of New England who might consider sending their sons and daughters to the mills. This policy was successful, and sufficient labor rapidly moved into the new textile-manufacturing centres. In the light of the changed conditions which afterwards became prevalent in the New England textile-manufacturing towns, and the similar situation existing to-day in the South, it will be instructive to consider somewhat in detail this early class of operatives and the conditions under which they lived. A distinguished French traveler, Chevalier, who visited the United States in 1834, gave his impressions of the cotton-mill operatives in Lowell, which at that time was the most representative cotton-goods-manufacturing centre in New England, in the following words: —

'The cotton manufacture alone employs six thousand persons in Lowell; of this number nearly five thousand are young women from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, the daughters of farmers from the different New England States, and particularly from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont; they are here remote from their families, and under their own control. On seeing them pass through the streets in the morning and evening and at their meal-hours, neatly dressed; on finding their scarfs and shawls, and green silk hoods which they wear as a shelter from the sun and dust (for Lowell is not yet paved), hanging up in the factories amidst the flowers and shrubs which they cultivate, I said to myself, this, then, is not like [the English] Manchester; and when I was informed of the rate of their wages, I understood that it was not at all like Manchester.'

The measures which made possible this intelligent and efficient class of operatives is explained by a late historian of Lowell: —

'Mr. Lowell,'[1] the author states, 'had

[1] Francis Cabot Lowell, after whom the city is named.

seen the degraded state of the operatives in England, and his chief endeavor, after the fitting of his mill, was to insure such domestic comforts and restrictions as would warrant the parents of New England in letting their daughters enter his employment. He provided boarding-houses conducted by reputable women, furnished opportunities for religious worship, and established rules which were a safeguard against the evils which assail the young who are beyond parental supervision.

'The corporations were under necessity to provide food and shelter for those they employed. They adopted Mr. Lowell's plan, so effectively instituted at Waltham, and built boarding- and tenement-houses. Over these a rigid supervision was maintained. The food in the former was required to be of a certain standard. The rules governing the conduct of those who lived in the boarding- and tenement-houses were rather strict; but they were wholesome.'

One of the New England girls who worked in the Lowell mills during this period has left an interesting account of the situation which existed during her employment. Her description of the methods by which the mill-girls were secured and the conditions under which they lived and worked, affords a pleasing contrast with the Lowell of the present: —

'Troops of young girls came,' she writes, 'by stages and baggage-wagons, men often being employed to go to other states and to Canada to collect them at so much per head, and deliver them at the factories.

'A very curious sight these country girls presented to young eyes accustomed to a more modern style of things. When the large covered baggage-wagon arrived in front of a block or corporation, they would descend from it, dressed in various outlandish fashions, and with their arms brimful of bandboxes containing all their worldly goods. On each of them was sewed a card, on which one could read the old-fashioned New England name of the owner. . . .

'The knowledge of the antecedents of these operatives was the safeguard of their liberties. The majority of them were as well-born as their "over-lookers," if not better, and they were also far better educated. . . .

'Those of the mill-girls who had homes generally worked from eight to ten months in the year; the rest of the time was spent with parents or friends. A few taught school during the summer months. . . .

'The life in the boarding-house was very agreeable. These houses belonged to the corporation, and were usually kept by widows (mothers of mill-girls), who were often the friends and advisers of their boarders. . . .

'Each house was a village or community of itself. There fifty or sixty young women from different parts of New England met and lived together. When not at their work, by natural selection they sat in groups in their chambers, or in a corner of the large dining-room, busy at some agreeable employment; or they wrote letters, read, studied, or sewed, for as a rule they were their own seamstresses and dressmakers.'

During his tour of the United States, Charles Dickens visted Lowell, and has recorded his observations in his 'American Notes.' Concerning the American girl operatives and the impression they made upon him, he had this to say: —

'These girls, as I have said, were all well-dressed; and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks, and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposit these things

without injury; and there were conveniences for washing. They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women; not of degraded brutes of burden. . . .

'The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some, there were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass; in all, there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort, as the nature of the occupation could possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were only just then verging upon womanhood, it may reasonably be supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance; no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be a matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labour of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had the power.

'I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much. Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding-houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical.'

The state of affairs and the operative class described by these different travelers and historians continued until about 1840, when the expansion of the cotton-goods-manufacturing industry exceeded the local labor resources, and it became necessary to secure operatives from localities in this country outside of New England, as well as from Canada, Great Britain, and northern Europe.

II

Immigration to the cotton mills of New England from Great Britain and Canada was characteristic of the period 1840–1880. Members of the English, Irish, and Scotch races had come at an early date to the New England cotton-goods-manufacturing centres. Small numbers of skilled English operatives were secured from the British textile-manufacturing towns in the early history of the development of the industry in New England. Considerable numbers of Irish were employed in the unskilled work in connection with the erection of the mills. Members of this race were also employed in certain localities, as in Lowell, in the construction of the locks and canals to furnish the necessary water-power for the mills. Although both of these races gradually continued to come, the heavy immigration of the Irish did not occur until after 1840, and of the English until thirty years later. The Irish were employed in the largest numbers during the forties and fifties, and the English during the seventies. Both races, however, continued to seek work in the cotton mills in gradually diminishing numbers up to the year 1895.

Although the Scotch and Germans were early settlers in the mill-towns, and have always been represented among the cotton-mill operatives, the extent to which these races have been employed in the industry has always been of comparatively small importance. By the year 1895, the immigration from Great Britain and northern Europe to the cotton-goods-manufacturing centres of the North Atlantic States had practically stopped.

As soon as the expansion of the cotton-goods industry in New England made it necessary to go beyond the local labor supply, an attempt was made to secure operatives from Canada

also. Considerable numbers of French-Canadians entered the mills during the fifties, but the heaviest immigration of this race followed immediately upon the close of the Civil War. During the next thirty-five years, they continued to arrive in large numbers. During the past decade, however, small additions to the operating forces have been made by the members of this race.

Since the year 1885, and especially during the past fifteen years, the operatives for the cotton mills have been mainly recruited from the races of southern and eastern Europe and the Orient. There were very few representatives of these races before 1890. During the decade 1890–1900, however, the movement of races from the south and east of Europe set in rapidly. Of the new immigrant operatives, the Greeks, Portuguese and Bravas from the Western Islands, Poles, Russians, and Italians, came in the largest numbers. During the past ten years, the immigration of all the above-mentioned races has continued in undiminished proportions. Other races also have sought work in the mills, the most important in point of numbers being the Lithuanians, Hebrews, Syrians, Bulgarians, and Turks. At the present time immigration from the older sources has ceased or been reduced to unimportant proportions, and the races of recent immigration, so far as numbers are concerned, are rapidly attaining an ascendancy in the mills.

The chief reason for the employment of immigrant operatives, both in the past and at present, has been the impossibility of recruiting, at the rates of pay prevailing in the mills, an adequate labor force from native stock. The manufacturing of cotton goods in New England has had a steady growth for almost one hundred years, a conception of which may be gained from the fact that in the New England states alone only 46,834 persons were employed in 1840, as compared with 155,981 cotton-mill operatives in 1905. Along with this expansion in cotton manufacture there has gone a corresponding development in other branches of industry, which offered more attractive working conditions and more liberal compensation.

As a consequence, the original class of employees gradually made a change to other occupations and pursuits. As the places vacated by them, together with the new positions created by the growth of the industry, were filled by alien operatives the resultant working conditions were rendered still more unsatisfactory, and the exodus of the American employees was made more rapid. Another reason facilitating the more extensive employment of recent immigrants has been the fact that they could be used as a substitute for women and children, especially for night-work. The willingness of the southern and eastern European to accept low wages has made it possible to place him in many occupations formerly occupied by women and children. Furthermore, as a result of the statutes of the different states prohibiting the employment of women and children at night, men of recent immigration, especially Greeks, in times of unusual activity and demand for cotton goods, have been taken into the mills to do night-work.

From the standpoint of the industry as a whole, it may be said, therefore, that the employment of the immigrant has made possible its remarkable expansion. On the other hand, it is equally true that a similar development of the industry at higher wages and under better conditions might have occurred if the supply of cheap labor from southern and eastern Europe had not been available.

As an outgrowth of the extensive employment of recent immigrants a

number of significant changes in industrial organization and methods should be considered. The human element in the industry, because of the invention of numerous mechanical devices, has become more and more subordinate, and the entire process of manufacture more and more one in which machinery plays the leading part. The whole method of production is becoming automatic, and human labor necessary only in the case of a momentary break in the process. The introduction of the automatic loom may be cited as an illustration of this tendency. The operation of a large number of these automatic looms is more difficult and arduous for a wage-earner, but at the same time more remunerative, than the tending of a small number of the old-fashioned looms. It has resulted in the employment of a much larger proportion of male weavers, usually of recent immigration, who are generally less dependable than the women and girls formerly employed. The same situation is true relative to the spinning departments of the mills, where men are now employed extensively in contrast with the almost exclusive employment of women in the past.

III

The introduction of automatic machinery and improved mechanical devices in the mills is even more significant from the standpoint of the skilled operatives, American, British, and Canadian. The installation of such machinery makes it possible to employ, in occupations which have hitherto been considered skilled, and which required a number of years' experience in the industry, southern and eastern European immigrants of a very short period of residence in this country, who have passed through a comparatively limited apprenticeship. Perhaps the best example of the tendencies which have been operative in this direction is to be found in the case of mule-spinning. This occupation, which requires skill and experience, was, up to recent years, exclusively controlled by Americans and older immigrant employees. Their strong organization strictly limited the number of apprentices and was very exacting in its demand for higher wages and better working conditions. For many years the mule-spinners' union was able to enforce its demands because it controlled the highly skilled labor necessary to the industry. But the invention of the ring-spinning frame entirely changed the situation. This made it possible for a woman or girl, or inexperienced immigrant, in a few weeks, to become proficient in spinning yarns even of high counts.

The same causes which have weakened the mule-spinners' union have also affected the labor organizations based on other occupations in the industry. The introduction of automatic machinery has largely eliminated the bargaining power of operatives arising from special proficiency. Furthermore, it has been impossible, because of a diversity of languages, lower standards, and a pronounced indifference, to organize the incoming immigrant workmen and to educate them to American standards. The southern and eastern European immigrant usually has no permanent interest in the industry and does not wish to make a present sacrifice for a future gain. His main purpose is to earn as much as he can under existing conditions of employment, to live cheaply, and to save as much as possible, so that he may, after a few years, return home with a competence. Strikes and labor dissensions mean loss of earnings to him, and labor organizations are looked upon with disfavor because they deprive the wage-earner of a part of his earnings through the

payment of dues. It is true that, once he is aroused, the recent immigrant as a trade unionist will resort to extreme and revolutionary measures. When the strike, or other labor difficulty, is over, however, he usually drops his membership and active interest in the union.

The main reason why the Americans, together with considerable proportions of Irish, English, and French-Canadians, have abandoned the mills has been the greater opportunities in other branches of industry. As the cotton-goods centres developed, other industries came into existence or were established in the adjoining territory, and to these employees of the older class were attracted by the higher wages and more favorable working conditions. The natural operation of this tendency was quickened by the conditions which existed within the cotton-goods industry itself. The Americans were skilled employees and urgent in their demands for higher wages. The older immigrants from Great Britain, in considerable proportion, had been skilled operatives abroad, and sought higher wages and better conditions in this country. Where they were not skilled operatives before immigration they became quickly Americanized, and alive to opportunities along other industrial lines.

These classes of employees first attempted to secure better conditions within the cotton mills by organizing the operatives. Their unsuccessful efforts to unionize the industry, however, together with the impossibility of increasing the level of low wages, because of the availability of cheap immigrant labor, and the adoption of mechanical devices which made it possible to employ ignorant, inexperienced immigrants of low standards in larger and larger proportions, gradually led to their discouragement. Many Americans and older immigrants were involuntarily driven out of the industry as the result of strikes and labor controversies at different periods. Others abandoned the cotton mills voluntarily, and the tendency at present is for the Americans and older immigrants and their children not to seek employment as operatives.

The American girls who were once found in such large numbers in the mills have now almost wholly disappeared, or, in other words, the daughters and grand-daughters of native Americans no longer seek employment or are at work as operatives. The Irish, English, and French girls are also leaving the mills and engaging in other occupations, although this tendency is much stronger among the Irish than the French. Girls of the latter race at the present time compose the majority of the female operatives. On the other hand, the proportion of Polish and Portuguese girls in the mills has been rapidly increasing, and it is probable that they, with the Greek females, will be more extensively employed in the future.

IV

The Americans and the older immigrants who are still engaged in cotton-goods manufacturing, occupy the more skilled mechanical, supervisory, and technical positions which require training and experience. Practically all of the overseers, assistant-overseers, second and third hands, section hands, and foremen are Americans or English, Scotch, Irish, and Germans of the first and second generation. A very small number of recent immigrants will be found as second or section hands, their employment in this capacity being usually due to the fact that numbers of the same race are working in the same sections or divisions and it is necessary to have some one in charge who understands the language. Of the native-born males and females who are oper-

atives the largest proportion are in the spinning and weaving, and a very small percentage in the carding-rooms. On the other hand, the foreign-born employees, and especially those of recent immigration, are in the unskilled occupations, and in the disagreeable work of the picking and carding-rooms, although a considerable proportion are in the skilled and remunerative positions. A large number of Poles, Turks, Portuguese, Syrians, Greeks, and Lithuanians are engaged in spinning, and all, except the Lithuanian women, have a small representation in the weaving department. The races of recent immigration which show the largest numbers of weavers are the Flemish, Lithuanians, Poles, and Portuguese.

With the displacement of the old class of employees, and the substitution of alien operatives from southern and eastern Europe and the Orient, as might be expected, a radical change in working and living conditions has been developed. This change is largely due to the industrial and personal characteristics of the recent immigrant.

The southern and eastern Europeans have been marked by a high degree of illiteracy. Their industrial advancement and efficiency have been further retarded by the lack of ability to read and write and speak English. The recent immigrant has had very little money at the time of his arrival in the United States, and when he reaches his destination he is practically penniless. He must find employment at once, on any terms which are offered. Almost invariably, too, he has been a farmer or farm-laborer in Europe, and without industrial experience it is impossible for him to know what proper conditions of employment are. Furthermore, as has already been pointed out, the alien cotton-mill worker of recent years has no permanent interest in the industry and hopes after a few years of ceaseless work to be able to return to his native land with his savings. In other words, because of their attitude, characteristics, and availability, the southern and eastern European operatives have constituted a passive opposition which has been most effective in checking tendencies toward higher wages and better conditions of employment. With few exceptions every advantage in wages and working conditions has been gained in spite of their presence.

Living conditions too have greatly deteriorated. The old system of boarding houses and tenements under the supervision of the cotton-mill corporations has disappeared. The textile-manufacturing cities and towns now have their immigrant quarters sharply separated from the native-born population. Within these thickly-populated colonies there is further segregation according to race. The households of the southern and eastern European operatives are marked by low standards of living. The preponderance of males, together with low wages and the general desire to live on the basis of minimum cheapness and to save as much as possible, has led to boarding-groups instead of independent family-living arrangements. A normal family life — wife and children dependent entirely upon the husband for support — is unusual. The children of the household enter the mills as soon as they reach the legal working age, or, perhaps, boarders and lodgers are taken into the home, in order to add to the family income.

Owing to the comparatively small number of children among the recent immigrants, they depend mainly upon the payments of boarders or lodgers for family income supplementary to the earnings of the husband. In the case of all races, and especially among the Greeks, single men frequently live together according to what is known

as the 'boarding-boss' system. Under this method of living a man, or a man and his wife, act as head of the household. Each member of the group buys his own food and has it cooked separately or in conjunction with the others. The rent is paid by the so-called 'boarding-boss,' and the lodgers pay him or his wife a fixed sum, usually ranging from $2.50 to $3 per month, for room-rent, washing, and cooking. The 'boarding-boss' crowds as many men as possible into his house, in order to increase the profit by decreasing the per capita outlay for rent. In all classes of households all available space is used for sleeping-quarters, and frequently there is no separate room for cooking, eating, and general living purposes. Little attention is paid to housing or health regulations.

Between the inmates of the immigrant households and the native American population there is little contact beyond working relations in the mills. The immigrant children attend the public and parochial schools, but these institutions are often located in the foreign sections and have few American children on their rolls. Within the colonies, mercantile houses and places of amusement and recreation have been established by immigrants to meet the needs of the foreign-born population. As a consequence, the progress being made by the southern and eastern Europeans toward Americanization is very small. There is little interest in political or civic affairs. The entire situation is one which requires an active interest and effort in behalf of the recent immigrant by the native American population of the New England textile cities and towns. It goes further and raises fundamental questions as to the general measures to be adopted in dealing with the industrial effects of recent immigration.

WE ARE SO YOUNG

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

'COMING as I do from an older civilization I may say that what impressed me most on reaching your hospitable shores, and indeed what most impresses me now on my departure, is your wonderful' — We need not finish the sentence. As much as is written may be stereotyped for the beginning of an interview with almost any distinguished foreigner who visits the United States. He is likely to speak *ex cathedra* from the standpoint of a civilization presumably far older than ours, and he graciously excuses our shortcomings because we are so young. We, in turn, cheerfully agree that of course we are crude and our manners rudimentary; and that, on the whole, so far as those things that make for the grace of living are concerned, we are indeed poor.

We like to think of ourselves as the splendid, rough, vigorous folk, just in from the hardy life without, and deserving of forgiveness for any lapses into unpleasantness because we have

been doing such big, fine things. The foreigners say so and we say so, too. We admit and rather encourage the idea that foreigners have better manners than we, and then we explain why: because we are so young.

To warrant this generous attitude toward ourselves, we must do our rough work better than the foreigner, — else why should we be excused? The prairies are all ploughed and cultivated, and have been for years; the forests have been cut to such an extent that we need more wooded land rather than less, and the achievement of having 'cleared' a tract of timber in such a manner as to inhibit further growth, and yet invite fire and devastation, has not enough merit in itself to justify social short-comings. To mine coal with no consideration for the lives of miners and no thought of the waste of this precious product, or to make coke in bee-hive ovens and burn up the valuable tar and gases that under modern methods may be saved and put to use is, indeed, doing things in a rough, wholesale way; but it hardly seems fair to count them of such merit as to warrant a general social dispensation. And I think that it will be found that those who go about the work of lumbering, mining, and the like, scientifically, achieving results that call for economic praise, are the very Americans for whom no special apologies need to be made.

Now I respectfully offer the opinion that we are not young at all; that as a nation we are older, politically, than France, Germany, Italy, Norway, or Greece. We have more and larger experience in matters of government than they, and for that reason we should be better informed concerning the ways of collective humanity. Our forbears were on the earth and busy just as long ago as those of the distinguished and undistinguished foreigners, and were living in the same countries. In fact, we had the same forbears, if you go back far enough.

The purpose of this writing is not to discuss American manners; its only object is to note the acknowledgment to which this often-heard repining and excusing leads. Admitting, but only for the sake of argument, that the manners of Americans are worse than those of Europeans, the only possible reason for it — unless we are willing to assume the responsibility ourselves — is that our parents and grandparents were vulgar people, and that we have not been well brought up.

The early settlers of America, who begot the diminishing majority of us, did not come here because they were weak or uncivilized; they came because they thought they could make things go by themselves without asking favors of anybody. This makes for self-respect, and self-respect is the essence of good-breeding. Again, the majority of them were farmers; that is to say, they lived on their own estates and were lords of their own domains; an experience that in Europe is supposed to make for the most desirable views of life and habits of demeanor. The impression seems to prevail there that the master of broad acres begets, for some reason, better-mannered children than the peasant or tenant farmer, the small trader, or the laborer. I do not offer this as my opinion; I simply record it.

It is also worth while to note that a century or so ago there were not enough lords of the manor living to beget all of the foreigners who are supposed to have better manners than we. The conclusion must be that the peasants and other humble people who were the ancestors of the great majority of the English, French, Germans, Austrians, and others, must have been potent to endow their progeny with qualities of grace; and that our own

forefathers were sorely lacking in this feature. Moreover, three generations are supposed to be enough to make a gentleman, and a great proportion of us come from people who have been here three generations. If, then, we are ill-mannered and common, our fathers and grandfathers must have been ill-mannered and common people; or else we are a poor and decadent lot that cannot keep up the strain.

Of course, every one is free to answer as he pleases the question whether doing such things as planning and mastering conditions destroys grace of behavior. My own experience among men of such achievements is to the effect that they have imagination, know the needs and wishes of others intuitively, and meet those conditions with ease; in short, they are usually desirable companions, at meat as well as at work. If a man is suddenly transplanted from a condition of modest living to affluence, he is likely to be awkward in his new surroundings at first, but such awkwardness is not of necessity bad manners; moreover, newly-rich people obtain elsewhere as well as here. Germany, England, Austria, Northern Italy, and South America abound with them. And among them are to be found everywhere considerable numbers who never have been taught their duties to others, and who seem congenitally incapable of learning what their obligations are. The only difference is that the people of no other country regard such men as their national type, and nowhere else are they excused. And whether or not there are more of this sort here than elsewhere, they do not constitute the nation. The rest of us are here, and we are the people.

Again, it is not fair to expect the graces of life to develop among the unfortunates whose lives are so hemmed in by manual labor that they have only time to eat and to sleep. The man who does seventy hours a week in the works or shop is to be excused, and so is his wife. They excuse him in Europe, and we might as well do so, too. In fact, in Europe, they have more such, proportionately, than we. So the only fair way to judge is to leave out, in America as they do in Europe, the comedy-rich and the down-trodden poor.

The opinion might be ventured that we have all sorts of people in this country: some men and women of unsurpassable grace and charm; some rough, honest, genuine people whom we may be proud to have with us; some stupid and shallow, both with and without a knowledge of the etiquette of the day; and some hopeless boors. It might be added that we have not by nature the pleasant, easy manners of the Latins, but that we have in general the merits and faults of a people composed largely of Teutonic and Celtic stock. But this also describes a good part of Europe. No finished product of civilization is to be found there any more than here; for that we must look to the fellaheen of Egypt or to India. The rest of us, Europeans, North and South Americans, are all in the melting-pot.

The other day in discussing the difficulties of an Oriental state that had intrusted certain of its interests to the hands of an American, an eminent British statesman remarked that the American representative was doubtless honest and sincere in his intentions, but that it was hardly to be presumed that he was familiar with diplomatic usage. Being an American, you see, he was not expected to know how to behave. Suppose he had been an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. He might have been criticized, but it would have been on some other ground; for none but Americans suffer the imputation that they are socially inefficient or inferior without lively resentment.

Suppose a distinguished American

were to travel in Germany, and being fêted on his departure, were to say, 'I have been deeply impressed with the splendid vigor and industry of your people. Your young government has but the faults of youth. The vanity of your young army-officers indicates, after all, a certain self-respect that, in the next generation may develop into more worthy men with broader vision. The somewhat archaic table-manners that one meets with in his travels are not faults of the heart; in my own older country we were no further advanced a generation or so ago.' The gentleman would not be popular.

Suppose he were to say to his English hosts that the prismatic marriages contracted by so many of the young men of their nobility are not a misfortune peculiar to England alone; that he meets the same evidences of social decadence, and substantially the same types, among many of our young millionaires, and rejoices to find their middle-class still rugged and strong. Or if he were to comment on the unhappy depths to which the English language has fallen among the humble people of England, were to intimate that the idioms of the American yeoman, his 'Yes, sir,' and 'Yes, ma'am,' are indicative of court life of Georgian days, and assure them that while, of course, they cannot hope to reach the good-breeding of our people, he nevertheless finds them very entertaining. His parting would be sped, indeed.

And yet we seem to like that sort of thing in this country. We encourage such comment.

It is well, perhaps, that we are humble about our social deficiencies. That there is great room for improvement is evident without entering into comparisons. But it is not fair to blame our grandparents for it. They were not such a bad lot. The fault is ours.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON MOVING

Pleasant Valley was a town, as towns go, with an ugly line of mills along a lovely line of water; with houses — some pleasant, some ugly; and a bulwark of low hills — all pleasant. As a rule, I think that we children were not consciously proud of Pleasant Valley, *per se*. There were, of course, occasions when civic pride stirred our sluggish pulse; as when my brother Tony, in a big geography, found a map on which Pleasant Valley was spelled out; or, as when our fire-company received what appeared to be a silver cake-dish for having the best something-or-other in the county. But, on the whole, our emotions toward our natal city seemed to find expression in a standing willingness — not to say urgency — to move away from it.

Everybody moved, we said. The Ellardsons had moved seven times since Harold was born, and he was nine months younger than our Tony. Furthermore, Reddy Smollett told Boy that they — the Smolletts — had once lived two thousand miles away; not that we believed that; still, it was indisputable that they had not always lived in Pleasant Valley, since we, with our own eyes, had watched their chattels brought in, and had attended the

setting up of each piece of their scanty furniture, in the little house on the back of Hennie Curlew's father's yard. And, besides these signal examples, was it not known that in Fenwood City (our nearest metropolis) moving vans ran along the street even as water. Apparently, moving was a particular diversion of the city-bred — a privilege enjoyed by the opulent, who, it seemed, traveled from house to house, April and September, on and on, through their lifetimes, ever stimulated and renewed by fresh woods and pastures. *That* was wealth to a purpose!

But our parents were strangely apathetic to our incitements. They offered no good reasons for not moving, and still they did not move; and even reproved Anthony for saying that Pleasant Valley was a 'rotten dead town,' and me for promptly repeating it.

No; here we were, and had been for sixteen years, and no sign of a forward movement. Then arrived the crisis.

Father had a 'call.' Oh, mystery of church-government, — the question of moving clothed in heavenly guise!

It was a call to Philadelphia — the real Philadelphia, mind you, down in the lower right-hand corner of Pennsylvania. Hennie Curlew said that when they were in Philadelphia they lived in a big hotel and could have ice-cream for dinner every day. That settled it for me and Tony. Philadelphia drew us as a magnet — why this unconscionable delay? Well, father was 'considering the call' — a mere form, of course. During this period, father held long consultations with mother, which usually broke off if we children entered the room — except Christiana and Sidney, who grew insufferably responsible. Anthony and I, however, took every occasion to make clear where we stood.

'Hennie Curlew says there's a river there.'

'And a park!'

'And the Liberty Bell! How could a true patriot resist the opportunity to live snug up against the Liberty Bell?'

'And it has a crack in it.'

'And all the children have bicycles in the park.'

'And white marble all over their houses.'

Failing to awaken any marked enthusiasm, we halted; then, —

'I hate this Pleasant Valley,' says Tony. 'It's getting to be the *wickedest* town. You ought to hear the fellows swear up at the engine-house.'

'Yes and *I* heard a man swear,' — my contribution.

'I don't want you to stay about the engine-house, Anthony,' says mother.

'Well, I was just walking past — and there's *more drunken-ness* every day,' continues Tony, with a pious sigh of discouragement over the decay of civic righteousness.

'Once a drunk man waved a cane at me,' I began; but this was an old and long story, and Tony interrupted, —

'And Mrs. Finney sells candy on Sabbath. Stiffey Lutz bought some. He told me would I buy some. I told him no, I was taking my nickel to Sabbath school.'

'You told him you did n't have any,' I corrected; but Tony paid no heed.

'At Philadelphia,' he pursued, 'they let you have your school-books free.'

'And if you bust them, or scribble in 'em, you have to pay for them,' put in I, tactlessly; for I was so beside myself over Hennie Curlew's report of Philadelphia, as a whole, that I no longer could discern wheat from tares among my arguments.

Then father took me up, a flushed and excited little heap, fast growing incoherent in my championship of the strange city of which I knew only its position in Tony's geography.

'And what makes you and Tony so

set upon staying in Pleasant Valley?' father guilelessly inquired.

'Why, I — why we —' I sputtered, sliding off his knee in my zeal to set right this misunderstanding; then, catching his eye, I understood.

'O father!' I chided, with deepest reproach.

And father laughed heartily, as was his wont, sometimes, to hide a trouble in his heart. But we were too thoughtless to know that it gave him pain to refuse even our most childish longings.

And so we lived two weeks, expectant, proud, overbearing among our neighbors, in our new importance, while the 'call' swung in the balance. If Aunt Lucie's Mary and spiteful Johanna Bailey took the best seats in the apple tree, 'Maybe I'm going away to Philadelphia, and never coming back,' I would say.

And Tony, to be ready at any moment, sold his chickens and pigeons, even traded his second reader for two bean-shooters, relying on the munificence of the Philadelphia school-board.

Then, even then, when the meat was in our mouths, were we smitten. And in the following fashion: —

Father, away at a meeting of Presbytery, sent mother a telegram. The 'call' had been formally presented at the Presbytery, and father, it seemed, had formally declined.

When he came home the next day, it was explained, not only to mother, but to us all, how there had been prayer, and father had decided that the 'call' was not the Lord's will. And, though I wept a little, I understood, and we were happy, and father ordered ice-cream for supper that night. But on the street, after supper, it was clear that Tony and I had lost prestige.

'We *could* have gone,' I reiterated for the tenth time.

'Then why did n't you?' coldly inquired Johanna and Hennie Curlew.

BIRD-SONGS IN PICTURES

May it not have occurred to many observers of nature that while the cow, the horse, sheep, and even goats, are frequently used by landscape painters as a part of the decorative plan of their pictures, or to add to the pastoral sentiment, the bird, which so enlivens the natural scene and lends to it the charm of color and song does not appear?

I confess that to me much of the delight of an early morning landscape of Corot or Claude Monet is due in no small measure to the music of singing birds. Though not one is to be seen, I am sure they are there.

There is a story told of Corot that he was once painting in a wood, while near him sat another painter whose creed was to record things in nature just as they are. Coming over to the easel of Père Corot, he said, —

'Why, you are not painting this scene at all as it really is. You have left out that large rock yonder and put in a birch tree — there is no such tree to be seen.'

With a confiding smile, Corot replied, 'If you'll not say anything about it, I will tell you why I put in that birch. It was to please the birds.'

Charming as the story is, it is not needed to show the discerning person that the songs of morning birds must have been a large part of the artist's delight in dewy fields and shadowy woods.

Beauty born of murmuring sound had passed into the face of Wordsworth's Lucy, and it may not be a too great stretch of the fancy to believe that the singing of birds has put joy into the heart of many a painter, and has become 'a portion of the loveliness' of his picture.

To be a lover of nature is to be a lover of birds. They are singing through all poetry from Chaucer down. When

the woods are silent 'and no birds sing,' do we not feel that a large measure of our enjoyment has departed? In the pictures of nature which the artist makes for our pleasure there must somewhere be birds. Though we do not see them, their 'unheard melodies' will be heard by those who listen aright.

The cow, which has figured so largely in modern landscapes, has the advantage over the bird of mere bulk. The same may be said of sheep in flocks, which have become somewhat tiresome in the pictures of the Dutch Mauve and Ter Meulen. Reversing the old guide to the behavior of children, the bird must be heard but not seen. The brilliance of the tanager flashing across the green of deep woods, the pale rose of the grosbeak, the bold red and black of the little redstart, all must vanish in the large scale on which objects are made to appear in the picture, while the serene heifer, 'far heard,' remains a visible and tangible contribution to the composition. And yet, who does not believe that the plumage and song of the birds, together with their engaging movements, have brought more joy to the painter?

Still, it is sometimes not an unalloyed joy, as this little story which William Morris Hunt used to relate, will show.

Several young painters, Hunt among them, were hard at work on a warm spring morning in the forest near Barbizon. Under a large beech sat one 'Dicky' Hearn, struggling and perspiring under the difficulties of rendering the scene before him. A bird alighted on a branch above and poured forth a glorious song in 'full-throated ease.' Hearn laid down his palette and brushes, and looking admiringly at the bird, remarked, —

'Oh, it 's easy enough for you to *sing*, but I 'd have you to know that *painting* is a blamed hard thing to do.'

EDUCATION DRAMATIZED

A Letter to the Editor

To the Editor of the Atlantic: —

Sir: —

No one doubts the value of the dramatic in education; but when it usurps the whole field, with the aim of cultivating the dramatic instinct just because a child *has* a dramatic instinct, as is depicted by Miss Johnson in the February *Atlantic*, it seems incumbent on some educator, who stands for balance and sanity in education, instead of tangential faddism, to remonstrate.

In the first place the statement made by the author, 'If nature implanted certain instincts, it is not ours to discriminate which, if any, we shall neglect, and help to stunt or kill,' is rather undiscriminating. It seems to me it is our business to discriminate among the instincts and to decide what ones ought to be cultivated, what ones should be diverted from their primitive ends into activities which are compatible with civilization, and what ones ought to be let alone. Some instincts which crop out now, and which were advantageous in a way-back age, may not be so in our present civilization. Certainly the instinct of fear is not to be cultivated as *fear;* the instinct to fight with the fists and teeth is one which should at least be modified.

We all know the schools of the past with their emphasis upon formal, passive, abstract impression without much of the concrete and active expression. Then the idea that expression is just as important as impression took hold of our educators, and of course enthusiasts went to the other extreme, and in their endeavor to emphasize the concrete and the physically active expression forgot the value of that apart from the concrete. Perhaps England

has lagged behind and is still in the enthusiastic stage, but in our country to-day the feeling is rife among certain educators that the concrete can be overdone. Our clearest, quickest thinkers think in word-images, not predominantly in sense-perceptions or images of the objects themselves, and if the child is continually compelled to use the concrete, he may never sufficiently emancipate himself from that rather primitive type of thinking.

Evidently the author would teach a dance for the sake of having a device to teach number combinations. If the dance is not worthy of being taught for its own value, then it ought to be discarded. If combinations are needed in order to carry out the dance, then they ought to be taught for that purpose and in that connection. Anyway, combinations cannot be properly taught in the manner suggested by the author, as no amount of ingenuity can make ten individuals out of an individual numbered eight and another numbered two. Or, if the children have learned that eight individuals and two individuals make ten, then the mental symbols, or those on paper, will do truer service in 'fixing' the combination. Plenty of rational application for this combination will be found in the ordinary activities of the children. If a situation must be constantly dragged in merely for this purpose, why, perhaps, the children were not ready for that bit of knowledge.

Nature-study dramatized! If nature-study means anything at all it means actual work with nature itself, and that in the form of inductive and deductive reasoning about nature. Nature-observations and knowledge may be utilized in dramatics, but it does not follow that if nature is to be learned it must be through dramatization.

Again, the events in history and geography that lend themselves to dramatization are not always the most important. While a trip across the ocean may in a certain way be dramatized, how can that be done for the effect of climate and soil on the character of vegetation? Dramatization is limited to concrete, specific events. The teacher who stops with it, forgetting the building up of general notions, does only half her work.

Perhaps I exaggerate a little, but it seems to me that Miss Johnson would have the child learn merely through its own trial and error, or trial and success. In no case does the teacher seem to direct, suggest, or modify. What the child does of his own volition seems to be accepted as final. Is not trial-and-error learning alone rather slow and inadequate? Is it not a part of the business of older people unobtrusively to aid in planning, and to give suggestions that will cause more rapid progress to be made?

The effect of such an article as this upon the layman is to give him a wrong impression of our profession. He will feel that we are unbalanced faddists, and he will not respect, as we wish him to, the very vital place which play and dramatization have in education. He will peevishly insist that the good old days of book-learning netted better results. The effect upon the young and untrained teacher is quite as bad. She seizes eagerly on such alluring methods as a panacea for all school-room ills and drudgery. She 'plays out' everything, from Shakespeare to the addition table of twos, forgetting the vital place that the cultivation of so-called abstract imagery and reasoning, apart from the concrete situation, holds.

No, 'Education Dramatized' does not get at the heart of the problem. We are done with 'cure-alls' in education as well as in medicine.

Yours respectfully,

MARY A. GRUPE.

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JUNE, 1912

SHOULD SMITH GO TO CHURCH?

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I THINK he should. Moreover, I think I should set Smith an example by placing myself on Sunday morning in a pew from which he may observe me at my devotions. Smith and I attended the same Sunday school when we were boys, and remained for church afterwards as a matter of course. Smith now spends his Sunday mornings golfing, or pottering about his garden, or in his club or office, and after the mid-day meal he takes a nap and loads his family into a motor for a flight countryward. It must be understood that I do not offer myself as a pattern for Smith. While I resent being classified with the lost sheep, I am, nevertheless, a restless member of the flock, prone to leap the wall and wander. Smith is the best of fellows, — an average twentieth-century American, diligent in business, a kind husband and father, and in politics anxious to vote for what he believes to be the best interests of the country.

In the community where we were reared it was not respectable not to go to church. I remember distinctly that in my boyhood people who were not affiliated with some church were looked upon as pariahs and outcasts. An infidel was a marked man: one used to be visible in the streets I frequented, and I never passed him without a thrill of horror. Our city was long known as 'a poor theatre town,' where only Booth in *Hamlet* and Jefferson in *Rip* might be patronized by church-going people who valued their reputations. Yet in the same community no reproach attaches to-day to the non-church-going citizen. A majority of the men I know best, in cities large and small, do not go to church. Most of them are in no-wise antagonistic to religion; they are merely indifferent. Clearly, there must be some reason for this change. It is inconceivable that men would lightly put from them the faith of their fathers through which they are promised redemption from sin and everlasting life.

Now and then I hear it asserted that the church is not losing its hold upon the people. Many clergymen and laymen resent the oft-repeated statement that we Americans are not as deeply swayed by religion as in other times; but this seems to me a case of whistling through a graveyard on a dark night.

Mr. Fosdick, in his good-humored paper 'Heckling the Church,' [1] cries, in effect, that the church is moving toward the light; don't shoot! He declares that no one who has not contributed something toward the solution of the

[1] The *Atlantic* for December, 1911.

church's problem has a right to criticize. I am unable to sympathize with this reasoning. The church is either the repository of the Christian religion on earth, the divinely-inspired and blessed tabernacle of the faith of Christ, or it is a stupendous fraud. There is no sound reason why the church should not be required to give an account of its stewardship. If it no longer attracts men and women in our strenuous and impatient America, then it is manifestly unjust to deny to outsiders the right of criticism. Smith is far from being a fool, and if by his test of 'What's in it for me?' he finds the church wanting, it is, as he would say, 'up to the church' to expend some of its energy in proving that there is a good deal in it for him. It is unfair to say to Smith, who has utterly lost touch with the church, that before he is qualified to criticize the ways and the manners of churches he must renew an allegiance which he was far too intelligent and conscientious to sever without cause.

Nor can I justly be denied the right of criticism because my own ardor is diminished, and I am frequently conscious of a distinct lukewarmness. I confess to a persistent need in my own life for the support, the stimulus, the hope, that is inherent in the teachings of Christianity; nevertheless the church — that is to say, the Protestantism with which I am familiar — has seemed to me increasingly a wholly inadequate medium for communicating to men such as Smith and myself the help and inspiration of the vision of Christ. There are far too many Smiths, who do not care particularly whether the churches prosper or die. And I urge that Smith is worthy of the church's best consideration. Even if the ninety-and-nine were snugly housed in the fold, Smith's soul is still worth the saving.

> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my Testyment fer that.

Yet Smith does n't care a farthing about the state of his soul. Nothing, in fact, interests him less. Smith's wife had been 'brought up in the church,' but after her marriage she displayed Smith to the eyes of the congregation for a few Easter Sundays and then gave him up. However, their children attend Sunday school of a denomination other than that in which the Smiths were reared, and Smith gives money to several churches; he declares that he believes churches are a good thing, and he will do almost anything for a church but attend its services. What he really means to say is that he thinks the church is a good thing for Jones and me, but that, as for himself, he gets on comfortably without it.

And the great danger both to the church and to Smith lies in the fact that he does apparently get on so comfortably without it!

I

My personal experiences of religion and of churches have been rather varied, and while they present nothing unusual, I shall refer to them as my justification for venturing to speak to my text at all. I was baptized in the Episcopal church in infancy, but in about my tenth year I began to gain some knowledge of other Protestant churches. One of my grandfathers had been in turn Methodist and Presbyterian, and I 'joined' the latter church in my youth. Becoming later a communicant of the Episcopal church, I was at intervals a vestryman and a delegate to councils, and for twenty years attended services with a regularity that strikes me as rather admirable in the retrospect.

As a boy I was taken to many 'revivals' under a variety of denomina-

tional auspices, and later, as a newspaper reporter, I was frequently assigned to conferences and evangelistic meetings. I made my first 'hit' as a reporter by my vivacious accounts of the performances of a 'trance' revivalist, who operated in a skating-rink in my town. There was something indescribably 'woozy' in those cataleptic manifestations in the bare ill-lighted hall. I even recall vividly the bump of the mourners' heads as they struck the floor, while the evangelist moved among the benches haranguing the crowd. Somewhat earlier I used to delight in the calisthenic performances of a 'boy preacher' who ranged my part of the world. His physical activities were as astonishing as his volubility. At the high moment of his discourse he would take a flying leap from the platform to a covered marble baptismal font several yards distant. He wore pumps for greater ease in these flights, and used to run the length of the church with astonishing nimbleness, across the backs of the seats over the heads of the kneeling congregation. I used to listen with delicious horripilations to the most startling of this evangelist's perorations, in which he described the coming of the Pale Rider. It was a shuddersome thing. The horror of it, and the wailing and crying it evoked, come back to me after thirty years.

The visit of an evangelist used to be an important event in my town; converts were objects of awed attention, particularly in the case of notorious hardened sinners whose repentance awakened the greatest public interest and sympathy. Now that we have passed the quarter-million mark, revivals cause less stir, for evangelists of the more militant, spectacular type seem to avoid the larger cities. Those who have never observed the effect of a religious revival upon a community not too large or too callous to be shaken by it, have no idea of the power exerted by the popular evangelist. It is commonly said that these visits only temporarily arrest the march of sin; that after a brief experience of godly life the converts quickly relapse; but I believe that these strident trumpetings of the ram's horn are not without their salutary effect. The saloons, for a time at least, find fewer customers; the forces of decency are strengthened, and the churches usually gain in membership. Most of us prefer our religion without taint of melodrama, but it is far from my purpose to asperse any method or agency that may win men to better ways of life.

At one time and another I seem to have read a good deal on various aspects of religion. Newman and the Tractarians interested me immensely. I purchased all of Newman's writings, and made a collection of his photographs, several of which gaze at me, a little mournfully and rebukingly, as I write; for presently I took a cold plunge into Matthew Arnold, and Rome ceased to call me. Arnold's writings on religious subjects have been obscured by the growing reputation of his poetry; but it was only yesterday that *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible* enjoyed great vogue. He translated continental criticism into terms that made it accessible to laymen, and encouraged liberal thought. He undoubtedly helped many to a new orientation in matters of faith.

My reading in church history, dogma, and criticism has been about that of the average layman. I have enjoyed following the experiments of the psychical researchers, and have been a diligent student of the proceedings of heresy trials. The Andover case and the Briggs controversy once seemed important, and they doubtless were, but they established nothing of value.

The churches are warier of heresy trials than they were; and in this connection I hold that a clergyman who entertains an honest doubt as to the virgin birth or the resurrection may still be a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. To unfrock him merely arouses controversy, and draws attention to questions that can never be absolutely determined by any additional evidence likely to be adduced. The continuance in the ministry of a doubter on such points becomes a question of taste which I admit to be debatable; but where, as has happened once in late years, the culprit was an earnest and sincere doer of Christianity's appointed tasks, his conviction served no purpose beyond arousing a species of cynical enjoyment in the bosom of Smith, and of smug satisfaction in those who righteously flung a well-meaning man to the lions.

Far more serious are the difficulties of those ministers of every shade of faith who find themselves curbed and more or less openly threatened for courageously attacking evils they find at their own doors by those responsible for the conditions they assail. Only recently two or three cases have come to my attention of clergymen who had awakened the hostility of their supporters by their zeal in social service. The loyal support of such men by their fellows seems to me far nobler than the pursuit of heretics. The Smiths of our country have learned to admire courage in their politics, and there is no reason for believing that they will not rally to a religion that practices it undauntedly. Christ, of all things, was no coward.

There is, I believe, nowhere manifest at this time, within the larger Protestant bodies at least, any disposition to defend the inerrancy of the Bible, and this is fortunate in that it leaves the churches free to deal with more vital matters. It seems fair to assume that criticism has spent its force, and done its worst. The spirit of the Bible has not been harmed by it. The reliance of the Hebrews on the beneficence of Jehovah, the testimony of Jesus to the enduring worth of charity, mercy, and love, have in no wise been injured by textual criticism. The Old Testament fancifully imagined as the Word of God given by dictation to specially chosen amanuenses, appeals to me no more strongly than a Bible recognized as the vision of brooding spirits who, in a time when the world was young, and earth was nearer heaven than now, were conscious of longings and dreams that were wonderfully realized in their own hearts and lives. And the essentials of Christ's teachings have lost nothing by criticism.

The Smiths who have drifted away from the churches will hardly be brought back to the pews by even the most scholarly discussion of doubtful texts. Smith is not interested in the authenticity of lines or chapters, nor do nice points of dogma touch the affairs of his life or the needs of his soul. The fact that certain gentlemen in session at Nicæa in A.D. 325 issued a statement of faith for his guidance strikes him as negligible; it does not square with any need of which he is conscious in his own breast.

A church that would regain the lost Smiths will do well to satisfy that large company of the estranged and the indifferent that one need not believe all that is contained between the lids of the Bible to be a Christian. Much of the Bible is vulnerable, but Jesus explained himself in terms whose clarity has in no wise been clouded by criticism. Smith has no time, even if he had the scholarship, to pass upon the merits of the Book of Daniel; but give him Christ's own words without elucidation and he is at once on secure ground. There only lately came into my hands

a New Testament in which every utterance of Jesus is given the emphasis of black-face type, with the effect of throwing his sayings into high relief; and no one reading his precepts thus presented can fail to be impressed by the exactness with which He formulated his 'secret' into a working platform for the guidance of men. Verily there could be no greater testimony to the divine authority of the Carpenter of Nazareth than the persistence with which his ideal flowers upon the ever-mounting mass of literature produced to explain Him.

II

Smith will not be won back to the church through appeals to theology, or stubborn reaffirmations of creeds and dogmas. I believe it may safely be said that the great body of ministers individually recognize this. A few cling to a superstition that there is inherent in religion itself a power which by some sort of magic, independently of man, will make the faith of Christ triumphant in the world. I do not believe so; Smith could not be made to think so. And Smith's trouble is, if I understand him, not with faith after all, but with works. The church does not impress him as being an efficient machine that yields adequate returns upon the investment. If Smith can be brought to works through faith, well enough; but he is far more critical of works than of faith. Works are within the range of his experience; he admires achievement; show him a foundation of works and interest him in strengthening that foundation and in building upon it, and his faith will take care of itself.

The word we encounter oftenest in the business world nowadays is efficiency; the thing of which Smith must first be convinced is that the church may be made efficient. And on that ground he must be met honestly, for Smith is a practical being, who surveys religion as everything else with an eye of calculation. At a time when the ethical spirit in America is more healthy and vigorous than ever before, Smith does not connect the movements of which he is aware in business and politics with religion. Religion seems to him to be a poor starved side-issue, not a source and guiding spirit in the phenomena he observes and respects.

The economic waste represented in church investment and administration does not impress Smith favorably, nor does it awaken admiration in Jones or in me. Smith knows that two groceries on opposite sides of a street are usually one too many. We used to be told that denominational rivalry aroused zeal, but this cannot longer be more than an absurd pretense. This idea that competition is essential to the successful extension of Christianity continues to bring into being many crippled and dying churches, as Smith well knows. And he has witnessed, too, a deterioration of the church's power through its abandonment of philanthropic work to secular agencies, while churches of the familiar type, locked up tight all the week save for a prayer-meeting and choir-practice, have nothing to do. What strikes Smith is their utter wastefulness and futility.

The lack of harmony in individual churches — and there is a good deal of it — is not reassuring to the outsider. The cynical attitude of a good many non-church-going Smiths is due to the strifes, often contemptibly petty, prevailing within church walls. It seems difficult for Christians to dwell together in peace and concord. In almost every congregation there appears to be a party favorable to the minister and one antagonistic to him. A minister who seemed to me to fill more fully the Christian ideal than any man I have

known was harassed in the most brutal fashion by a congregation incapable of appreciating the fidelity and self-sacrifice that marked his ministry. I recall with delight the fighting qualities of another clergyman who was an exceptionally brilliant pulpit orator. He was a Methodist who had fallen to the lot of a church that had not lately been distinguished for able preaching. This man filled his church twice every Sunday, and it was the one sought oftenest by strangers within the city's gates; yet about half his own membership hated him cordially. Though I was never of his flock, I enjoyed his sermons; and knowing something of his relations with the opposition party of his congregation, I recall with keenest pleasure how he fought back. Now and then an arrow grazed his ear; but he was unheedful of warnings that he would be pilloried for heresy. He landed finally in his old age in an obscure church, where he died, still fighting with his back to the wall. Though the shepherd's crook as a weapon is going out of style, I have an idea that clergymen who stand sturdily for their own ideals receive far kindlier consideration than those who meekly bow to vestries, trustees, deacons, elders, and bishops.

Music has long been notoriously a provoker of discord. Once in my news-hunting days I suffered the ignominy of a 'scoop' on a choir-rumpus, and I thereupon formed the habit of lending an anxious ear to rumors of trouble in choir-lofts. The average ladder-like *Te Deum*, built up for the display of the soprano's vocal prowess, has always struck me as an unholy thing. I even believe that the horrors of highly embellished offertories have done much to tighten purse-strings and deaden generous impulses. The presence behind the pulpit of a languid quartette praising God on behalf of the bored sinners in the pews has always seemed to me the profanest of anomalies. Nor has long contemplation of vested choirs in Episcopal churches shaken my belief that church music should be an affair of the congregation.

There seems to exist inevitably even in the smallest congregation 'a certain rich man' whose opinions must be respected by the pulpit. The minister of a large congregation confessed to me despairingly, not long ago, that the courage had been taken out of him by the protests evoked whenever he touched even remotely upon social topics like child labor, or shorter hours for workingmen. There were manufacturers in that church who would not 'stand for it.' Ministers are warned that they must attend to their own business, which is preaching the Word of God not so concretely or practically as to offend the 'pillars.'

Just what is it, I wonder, that a minister may preach without hazarding his job? It is said persistently that the trouble with the church at the present day is that the ministers no longer preach the Word of God; that if Christian Truth were again taught with the old vigor, people would hear it gladly. This is, I believe, an enormous fallacy. I know churches where strict orthodoxy has been preached uninterruptedly for years, and which have steadily declined in spite of it — or because of it. Not long ago, in a great assembly of one of the strongest denominations, when that cry for a return to the Old Bible Truth was raised, one minister rose and attacked the plea, declaring that he had never faltered in his devotion to the ancient truths, and that yet his church was dying. And even so, many churches whose walls echo uninterruptedly an absolutely impeccable orthodoxy are failing. We shall not easily persuade Smith to forego the golf-links on Sunday morning to hear the Old Gospel

Truth preached in out-worn, meaningless phrases. Those old coins have the gold in them, but they must be recast in new moulds if they are again to pass current.

III

The difficulties of the clergy are greatly multiplied in these days. The pulpit has lost its old authority. It no longer necessarily follows that the ministers are the men of greatest cultivation in their community. The Monday morning newspapers formerly printed, in my town, pretty full excerpts of sermons. I recall the case of one popular minister whose sermons continued to be printed long after he had removed to another city. Nowadays nothing from the pulpit that is not sensational is thought worthy of printing. And the parson has lost his social importance, moving back slowly toward his old place below the salt. He used to be 'asked,' even if he was not sincerely 'expected' at the functions given by his parishioners; but this has changed now that fewer families have any parson to invite.

A minister's is indubitably the hardest imaginable lot. Every one criticizes him. He is abused for illiberality or, seeking to be all things to all men, he is abused for consorting with sinners. His door-bell tinkles hourly, and he must answer the behest of people he does not know, to marry or bury people he never heard of. He is expected to preach eloquently, to augment his flock, to keep a hand on the Sunday school, to sit on platforms in the interest of all good causes, and to bear himself with discretion amid the tortuous mazes of church and secular politics. There seem to be, in churches of all kinds, ambitious pontiffs — lay popes — possessed of an ambition to hold both their fellow laymen and their meek, long-suffering minister in subjection. Why any one should wish to be a church boss I do not know; and yet the supremacy is sometimes won after a struggle that has afforded the keenest delight to the cynical Smiths on the outside. One must view these internecine wars more in sorrow than in anger. They certainly contribute not a little to popular distrust of the church as a conservator of love and peace.

There are men in the ministry who can have had no clear vocation to the clerical life, but there are misfits and failures in all professions. Some of these, through bigotry or stupidity, do much to justify Smith's favorite dictum that there is as much Christianity outside the church as within it. Now and then I find a Smith whose distrust of religion is based upon some disagreeable adventure with a clergyman, and I can't deny that my own experiences with the cloth have been, on one or two occasions, disturbing. As to the more serious of these I may not speak, but I shall mention two incidents, for the reason that they are such trifles as affect Smith with joy. Once in a parish-meeting I saw a bishop grossly humiliated for having undertaken to rebuke a young minister for wearing a chasuble, or not wearing it, or for removing it to preach in, or the other way round, — at any rate it was some such momentous point in ecclesiastical millinery that had loosened a frightful fury of recrimination. The very sight or suggestion of chasubles has ever since awakened in me the most un-Christian resentment. While we fought over the chasuble I suppose people actually died within bow-shot of the church without knowing that 'if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous.'

And speaking of bishops, I venture the interpolation that that office, believed by many to be the softest berth

in Zion, as it exists in the Episcopal church, is in fact the most vexatious and thankless to which any man can aspire; nor have I in mind the laborious lives of adventurous spirits like Whipple, Hare, and Rowe, but others who carry the burdens of established dioceses, where the troubles of one minister are multiplied upon the apostolic head by the number of parishes in his jurisdiction.

Again, at a summer-resort on our north Atlantic coast once familiar to me there stood, within reach of fierce seas, one of the most charming of churches. It was sought daily by visitors, and many women, walking the shore, used to pause there to rest, for prayer, or out of sheer curiosity. And yet it appeared that no woman might venture into this edifice hatless. The *locum tenens*, recalling St. Paul's question whether it is 'comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered,' was so outraged by the visits of hatless women to the church that he tacked a notice on the door setting forth in severe terms that, whereas men should enter the church bareheaded, women should not desecrate the temple by entering uncovered. I remember that when I had read that warning, duly signed with the clergyman's name, I sat down on the rocks and looked at the ocean for a long time, marveling that a sworn servant of God, consecrated in his service by the apostles' successors, able to spend a couple of months at one of the pleasantest summer-resorts in America, should have been horror-struck at the unholy intrusion of a hatless girl in his church, when people in the hot city he had fled suffered and died, ignorant of the very name of Christ.

IV

'My church home' is an old phrase one still hears in communities where the social life is not yet wholly divorced from the church. There is something pleasant and reassuring in the sound of it; and I do not believe we shall ever have in America an adequate substitute for that tranquillity and peace which are still observable in towns where the church retains its hold upon the larger part of the community, and where it exercises a degree of compulsion upon men and women who find in its life a faith and hope that have proved not the least strong of the bulwarks of democracy. In wholly strange towns I have experienced the sense of this in a way I am reluctant to think wholly sentimental. Where, on crisp winter evenings, the young people come trooping happily in from the meetings of their own auxiliary societies, where vim and energy are apparent in the gathering congregation, and where one sees with half an eye that the pastor is a true leader and shepherd of his flock — in such a picture there must be, for many of us, something that lays deep hold upon the heart. They are not concerned in such gatherings with higher criticism, but with cleanness and wholesomeness of life, and with that faith, never to be too closely scrutinized or analyzed, that 'singeth low in every heart.'

One might weep to think how rare those pictures must become — one might weep if there were not the great problems now forced upon us, of chance and change, that drive home to all thinking men and women the great need of infusing the life of the spirit into our industrial and political life. If, in the end, our great experiment in self-government fail, it will be through the loss of those spiritual forces which from the beginning have guided and ruled us. It is only lately that we have begun to hear of Christian socialism, and a plausible phrase it is; but true democracy seems

to me essentially Christian. When we shall have thoroughly christianized our democracy, and democratized our Christianity, we shall not longer yield to moods of despair, or hearken to prophets of woe.

The Smith for whom I presume to speak is not indifferent to the call of revitalized democracy. He has confessed to me his belief that the world is a kindlier place, and that more agencies of helpfulness are at work, than ever before; and to restore the recalcitrant Smith to the church it is necessary first of all to convince him that the church honestly seeks to be the chief of such agencies. The Young Men's Christian Association, the Charity Organization Society, and the settlement house all afford outlets for Smith's generous benevolences. And it was a dark day for the church when she allowed these multiplying philanthropies to slip away from her. Smith points to them with a flourish, and says that he prefers to give his money where it is put to practical use. To him the church is an economic parasite, doing business on one day of the week, immune from taxation, and the last of his neighbors to scrape the snow from her side-walks! The fact that there are within fifteen minutes' walk of his house half a dozen churches, all struggling to maintain themselves, and making no appreciable impression upon the community, is not lost upon Smith, — the practical, unemotional, busy Smith. Smith speaks to me with sincere admiration of his friend the Salvation Army major, to whom he opens his purse ungrudingly; but the church over the way — that expensive pile of stone closed tightly for all but five or six hours of the week! — Smith shakes his head ruefully when you suggest it. It is to him a bad investment that ought to be turned over to a receiver for liquidation.

Smith's wife has derived bodily and spiritual help from Christian Science, and Smith speaks with respect of that cult. He is half persuaded that there must be something in it. A great many of the Smiths who had never had a church tie, or who gave up churchgoing, have allied themselves with Christian Science, — what many of Mrs. Eddy's followers in familiar talk abbreviate as 'Science' as though Science were the more important half of it. This proves at least that the Smiths are not averse to some sort of spiritual food, or quite clearly demonstrates a dissatisfaction with the food they had formerly received. It proves also that the old child-like faith in miracles is still possible even in our generation. Christian Science struts in robes of prosperity in my bailiwick, and its followers pain and annoy me only by their cheerful assumption that they have just discovered God.

Smith's plight becomes, then, more serious the more we ponder his case; but the plight of the church is not less grave to those who, feeling that Christianity has still its greatest work to do, are anxious for its rejuvenation. As to whether the church should go to Smith, or Smith should seek the church, there can be no debate. Smith will not seek the church; it must be on the church's initiative that he is restored to it. The Layman's Forward Movement testifies to the awakened interest of the churches in Smith. As I pen these pages I pick up a New York newspaper and find on the page devoted to sports an advertisement signed by the Men and Religion Forward Movement, calling attention to the eight hundred and eighty churches, Protestant and Catholic, and the one hundred and seven synagogues in the metropolis, — the beginning, I believe, of a campaign of advertising on sporting pages. I repeat, that I wish to belittle no honest effort in any quarter or under any

auspices to interest men in the spiritual life; but I cannot forbear mentioning that Smith has already smiled disagreeably at this effort to catch his attention. Still, if Smith, looking for the base-ball score, is reminded that the church is interested in his welfare, I am not one to sit in the scorner's seat.

V

A panacea for the ills of the church is something no one expects to find; and those who are satisfied with the church as it stands, and believe it to be unmenaced by danger, who think the Will of God is manifested even in Smith's disaffection, will not be interested in my opinion that, of all the suggestions that have been made for the renewal of the church's life, church union, upon the broadest lines, directed to the increase of the church's efficiency in spiritual and social service, is the one most likely to bring Smith back to the fold. Moreover, I believe that Smith's aid should be invoked in the business of unification, for the reason that on patriotic grounds, if no other, he is vitally concerned in welding Christianity and Democracy more firmly together. Church union has long been the despair and the hope of many sincere, able, and devoted men, who have at heart the best interests of Christendom, and it is impossible that any great number of Protestants except the most bigoted reactionaries can distrust the results of union.

The present crisis — for it is not less than that — calls for more immediate action by all concerned than seems imminent. We have heard for many years that 'in God's own time' union would be effected; and yet union is far from being realized. The difficulty of operating through councils and conventions is manifest. These bodies move necessarily and properly with great deliberation. Before the great branches of Protestantism have reconciled their differences, and agreed upon a *modus vivendi*, it is quite possible that another ten or twenty years may pass; and in the present state of the churches, time is of the essence of preservation and security.

While we await action by the proposed World Conference for the consideration of questions touching 'faith and order,' much can be done toward crystallizing sentiment favorable to union. A letter has been issued to its clergy by the Episcopal church, urging such profitable use of the interval of waiting; and I dare say the same spirit prevails in other communions. A purely sentimental union will not suffice, nor is the question primarily one for theologians or denominational partisans, but for those who believe that there is inherent in the method and secret of Jesus something very precious that is now seriously jeopardized, and that the time is at hand for saving it, and broadening and deepening the channel through which it reaches mankind.

VI

In the end, unity, if ever it takes practical form, must become a local question. This is certainly true in so far as the urban field is concerned, and I may say in parenthesis that, in my own state, the country churches are already practicing a kind of unification, in regions where the automobile and the interurban railway make it possible for farm and village folk to run into town to church. Many rural churches have been abandoned and boarded up, their congregations in this way forming new religious and social units. I suggest that in towns and cities where the weaknesses resulting from denominational rivalry are most apparent, the problems of unification be taken up

in a purely local way. I propose the appointment of local commissions, representative of all Protestant bodies, to study the question and devise plans for increasing the efficiency of existing churches, and to consider ways and means of bringing the church into vital touch with the particular community under scrutiny. This should be done in a spirit of absolute honesty, without envy, hatred, or malice. The test of service should be applied relentlessly, and every religious society should make an honest showing of its condition and needs.

Upon the trial balance thus struck there should be, wherever needed, an entirely new redistribution of church property, based wholly upon local and neighborhood needs. For example, the familiar badly-housed struggling mission in an industrial centre would be able at once to anticipate the fruits of years of labor, through the elimination of unnecessary churches in quarters already over-supplied. Not only should body and soul be cared for in the vigorous institutional church, the church of the future, but there is no reason why theatrical entertainments, concerts, and dances should not be provided. Many signs encourage the belief that the drama has a great future in America, and the reorganized, redistributed churches might well seize upon it as a powerful auxiliary and ally. Scores of motion-picture shows in every city testify to the growing demand for amusement, and they conceal much mischief; and the public dance-house is a notorious breeder of vice.

Let us consider that millions of dollars are invested in American churches which are, in the main, open only once or twice a week, and that fear of defiling the temple is hardly justification for the small amount of actual service performed by the greater number of churches of the old type. By introducing amusements, the institutional church — the 'department church,' if you like — would not only meet a need, but it would thus eliminate many elements of competition. The people living about a strong institutional church would find it in a new sense, 'a church home.' The doors should stand open seven days in the week to 'all such as have erred and are deceived'; and men and women should be waiting at the portals 'to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up those who fall.'

If in a dozen American cities having from fifty thousand to two or three hundred thousand inhabitants, this practical local approach toward union should be begun in the way indicated, the data adduced would at least be of importance to the convocations that must ultimately pass upon the question. Just such facts and figures as could be collected by local commissions would naturally be required, finally, in any event; and much time would be saved by anticipating the call for it.

I am familiar with the argument that many sorts of social service are better performed by non-sectarian societies, and we have all witnessed the splendid increase of secular effort in lines feebly attacked and relinquished, as though with a grateful sigh, by the churches. When the Salvation Army's trumpet and drum first sounded in the market-place we were told that that valiant organization could do a work impossible for the churches; when the settlement house began to appear in American cities that, too, was undertaking something better left to the sociologist. Those prosperous organizations of Christian young men and women whose investment in property in our American cities is now very great are, also, we are assured, performing a service which the church could not properly have under-

taken. Charity long ago moved out of the churches, and established headquarters in an office with typewriter and telephone.

If it is true that the service here indicated is better performed by secular organizations, why is it that the power of the church has steadily waned ever since these losses began? Certainly there is little in the present state of American Protestantism to afford comfort to those who believe that a one-day-a-week church, whose apparatus is limited to a pulpit in the auditorium, and a map of the Holy Land in the Sunday-school room, is presenting a veritable, living Christ to the hearts and imaginations of men.

And on the bright side of the picture it should be said that nothing in the whole field of Christian endeavor is more encouraging or inspiring than an examination of the immense social service performed under the auspices of various religious organizations in New York City. This has been particularly marked in the Episcopal church. The late Bishop Potter, and his successor in the metropolitan diocese, early gave great impetus to social work, and those who contend that the church's sole business is to preach the Word of God will find a new revelation of the significance of that Word by a study of the labors of half a dozen parishes that exemplify every hour of every day the possibilities of efficient Christian democracy.

The church has lost ground that perhaps never can be recovered. Those who have established secular settlements for the poor, or those who have created homes for homeless young men and women, can hardly be asked to 'pool' and divide their property with the churches. But, verily, even with all the many agencies now at work to ameliorate distress and uplift the fallen, the fields continue white already to the harvest, and the laborers are few. With the church revitalized, and imbued with the spirit of utility and efficiency so potent in our time, it may plant its wavering banner securely on new heights. It may show that all these organizations that have sapped its strength, and diminished the force of its testimony before men, have derived their inspiration from Him who came out of Nazareth to lighten all the world.

VII

The reorganization of the churches along the line I have indicated would work hardship on many ministers. It would not only mean that many clergymen would find themselves seriously disturbed in positions long held under the old order, but that preparation for the ministry would necessarily be conducted along new lines. The training that now fits a student to be the pastor of a one-day-a-week church would be worthless in a unified and socialized church.

'There are diversities of gifts'; but 'it is the same God which worketh all in all.' In the departmental church, with its chapel or temple fitly adorned, the preaching of Christ's message would not be done by a weary minister worn by the thousand vexatious demands upon a minister's time, but by one specially endowed with the preaching gift. In this way the prosperous congregation would not enjoy a monopoly of good preaching. Men specially gifted in pastoral work would specialize in that, and the relationship between the church and the home, which has lost its old fineness and sweetness, would be restored. Men of special talent in that field would direct the undertakings frankly devised to provide recreation and amusement. Already the school-house in our cities is being put to social use; in the branch

libraries given by Mr. Carnegie to my city, assembly-rooms and kitchens are provided to encourage social gatherings; and here is another opportunity still open to the church if it hearken to the call of the hour.

In this unified and rehabilitated church of which I speak, — the every-day-in-the-week church, open to all sorts and conditions of men, — what would become of the creeds and the old theology? I answer this first of all by saying that coalition in itself would be a supreme demonstration of the enduring power and glory of Christianity. Those who are jealous for the integrity of the ancient faith would manifestly have less to defend, for the church would be speaking for herself in terms understood of all men. The seven-day church, being built upon efficiency and aiming at definite results, could afford to suffer men to think as they liked on the virgin birth, the miracles, and the resurrection of the body, so long as they practiced the precepts of Jesus.

This busy, helpful, institutional church, welcoming under one roof men of all degrees, to broaden, sweeten, and enlighten their lives, need ask no more of those who accept the service than that they believe in a God who ever lives and loves, and in Christ, who appeared on earth in his name to preach justice, mercy, charity, and kindness. I should not debate metaphysics through a barred wicket with men who needed the spiritual or physical help of the church, any more than my neighbor, Smith, that prince of good fellows, would ask a hungry tramp to saw a cord of wood before he gave him his breakfast.

Questions of liturgy can hardly be a bar, nor can the validity of Christian orders in one body or another weigh heavily with any who are sincerely concerned for the life of the church, and the widening of its influence. 'And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.' I have watched ministers in practically every Christian church take bread and break it, and bless the cup, and offer it in the name of Jesus, and I have never been able to feel that the sacrament was not as efficacious when received reverently from one as from another.

If wisdom and goodness are God, then foolish, indeed, is he who would 'misdefine these till God knows them no more.' The unified seven-day church would neglect none of 'the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy and faith,' in the collecting of tithe of mint and anise and cummin. It would not deny its benefits to those of us who are unblest with deep spiritual perception, for it is by the grace of God that we are what we are. 'I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also. Else if thou bless with the spirit how shall he that filleth the place of the unlearned say the Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he knoweth not what thou sayest.'

> Hath man no second life? — *Pitch this one high!*
> Sits there no judge in Heaven our sin to see? —
> *More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!*
> Was Christ a man like us? *Ah, let us try*
> *If we, then, too, can be such men as he!*

Somewhere there is a poem that relates the experience of a certain humble priest, who climbed the steeple of his church to commune more nearly with God. And, as he prayed, he heard the Voice answering, and asked, 'Where art thou, Lord?' and the Lord replied, 'Down here, among the people!'

PATENTS AND THE PUBLIC

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

RECENTLY the Supreme Court of the United States rendered a decision in what is known as the Mimeograph Case, which not only reasserts a patentee's undisputed right to impose extraordinary conditions upon the use of his machine, but affirms his equal right to control the supply of materials to be used in its operations. This radical extension of the patent right was the startling feature of the decision, but its plain restatement of a patentee's dictatorial powers over his invention seems to have been even more effective in arousing the public mind to a sense of the alarming possibilities contained in every patent issued. The added prerogative falls rather as the proverbial 'last straw' upon an already intolerable situation, and the public rises to inquire, 'What is back of these grants, so freely handed over to inventors?'

The object of our patent system, as stated in the Constitution, is 'to promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts.' That is, in order to get inventions for public use, the patent laws were made for the encouragement of inventors. The community's interest in new discoveries is, theoretically, the prime consideration; the reward to the inventor is no more than a just and agreeable means to attain the desired end.

But our patent law, as it has come finally to be construed, is singularly oblivious of the public. It devotes itself exclusively to the patentee. It does not reward the inventor and take over the invention; it awards him the invention itself for a period of seventeen years, and makes no demand upon him to administer it for the public good, or, indeed, to administer it at all. Instance any patented improvement: suppose manufacturers engaged in the particular line adopt the device in their machinery or process, in their desire to market a more perfect article, — the one attainment which really interests the public. The law interferes. But it does not say to the manufacturers, 'You must pay a reasonable tribute to the inventor before you may make this improved device'; it says, 'You must *stop making* the device.' And there it rests. In proclaiming a new and useful invention by publishing the patent, the government merely informs us of one more thing which we may not use. It leaves the public at the inventor's doorstep, expectant, but unassured of admittance.

Then, in what manner, and to what advantage, we may participate in the discovery, depends on the inventor's ability and disposition to provide adequate facilities for its production; to interest the necessary capital; so to perfect the device in details and workmanship that it may attain its highest usefulness; to secure for it adequate publicity and distribution throughout the country. The price is of his making; he may elect to sell it under any sort of restrictive condition his fancy dictates, or not to sell it at all, but rent it, on terms laid down by himself. If, as often happens, selfish interests are to gain thereby, he or his assignees

may suppress the invention altogether, and it must remain legally buried for seventeen years, although published to the world in letters-patent.

No wonder we are a nation of patentees. The imagination of young America is fired by the prospect of easy fortunes under the seventeen-year monopoly. Untrained minds are led to imagine riches in fantastic contrivances, much as children see diamonds in glittering stones which their elders do not find worth picking up. So the flood of applications pours in upon the patent-office at the rate of two hundred per day. Nearly half are denied patents, and out of the hundred successful applications come possibly ten successful patents.

The average citizen is easily misled by this formidable record of inventive genius. He points with pride to a result made up of ninety per cent waste. It is as plain as daylight that the patent system encourages invention, but inventions are without value to the community except as they are set to work 'to promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts.' We need to be reminded that *for this end* the patent laws were devised. We are so accustomed to regard the encouragement of invention as the complete function of the patent laws, and are so impressed by the bulky output, that only on special occasion, when one of our supposedly beneficent creations 'shows its teeth,' does it occur to us to ask, 'Where do *we* come in?'

Take as the first case that of the independent inventor who devises a valuable improvement. He may realize his inability single-handed to serve a great country with his invention; if he attempts the feat, the country is dependent upon the one source, more or less feeble. He is confronted by the probability of infringement, with its attendant difficulties; the law attempts to give him a control of his invention so absolute and so arbitrary that he, individually, cannot hope to maintain it. Almost invariably he does the best thing an inventor can do for his own interest, — he sells his patent to some company or corporation far better equipped than he to get the utmost out of his remarkable grant. The public rarely has an opportunity to reward an inventor; he gets a few hundred dollars, or a few thousand, from his assignees, and then the community pays tribute for seventeen years, *not* for the encouragement of inventors, but for the encouragement of men of extraordinary business ability who could not tell, offhand, the difference between a cotter-pin and a crank-shaft.

But the large majority of successful inventions do not even originate outside corporation influence. The real business of inventing is done, and will continue to be done, in increasing measure, within the industries. Here, also, the inventor rarely gets more than a small share of the tribute paid under the patent system. Workable ideas usually originate with workmen. While some of these inventing workmen are at liberty to take out patents independently, their inclination is to sell to their employers. But many of them are not independent.

It has become the custom among large employers to require of their employees a contract that any inventions they may make during their term of employment shall be assigned to the employer, under a stipulated reward in money or increased wages. In addition to this arrangement with their workmen, manufacturers engaged in work involving a knowledge of the sciences, such as the great telephone, electric, and chemical companies, almost without exception maintain extensive laboratories, presided over by salaried men selected for their originality and

technical skill, who devote their entire time to the development of new devices and processes. Every idea evolved in these laboratories, and by the subsidized workmen in the shops, the employer makes the subject of a patent, in the endeavor not only to perfect his own product, but to prevent his rivals from perfecting their product.

In this contest the community suffers. Each manufacturer in a given line may use only such patented improvements as he himself controls; for the other portions of his machine or process he must confine himself to unpatented principles, or to combinations on which the patents have expired. The machine of each manufacturer has its good features, but no single machine may have all the good features. The product cannot rise to the standard of which the industry is really capable. Our patent system thus obstructs the approach to perfection. It is easy to imagine the owner of a meritorious idea so handicapped in his choice of necessary mechanism as to make his machine unmarketable, and thus a valuable improvement upon a given machine may be forever lost in the mediocrity of its remaining parts. In this instance the law defeats its own purpose.

The anomalous situations imposed by conflicting patents have led logically to great combinations of manufacturers, — combinations originally entered into, perhaps, for the purpose of perfecting machines and processes by a union of patents, but which, having incidentally added to their monopoly of patents the advantage of lessened competition, have borne heavily upon the public.

Unlike the monopolies which maintain their advantage by the abuse of well-intentioned laws, the patent owner's is a strictly legal monopoly that cannot be investigated and need not be reasonable.

A single circumstance of doubtful virtue intervenes to prevent untold excesses on the part of patent owners, — the possibility of infringement by other manufacturers. So clumsily designed and administered are the laws against infringement that no sooner is the value of a patent recognized than it is infringed upon, if its owner's manipulation of it gives opportunity to make the adventure profitable; but a wise patent owner knows that the nearer he confines his demands to a competitive basis, the less he will have to contend with infringement. Thus the public profits by his selfish discretion. A strict enforcement of the patent laws would be a national calamity; but we may hardly pride ourselves on this escape from extortion through the violation of laws.

Some may wonder why we continue a system so imperfectly serving its intended beneficiaries, the inventor and the community. We suffer in this, as in other respects, from laws which have outlived the conditions that made them necessary. Some of our land laws were kept alive by land speculators long after their constructive usefulness had ceased. The great 'protected' manufacturers now threaten to strangle us with the very line that we threw out to them in their struggling infancy. Among these survivals, the patent laws are the most ancient. In the essentials they remain as originally drafted from the patent systems of Europe.

Doubtless there was once a time when the simplest way to encourage an inventor was to give him the exclusive right to make the device for his neighbors. Until comparatively recent times every important discovery necessitated the founding of a new industry. Exclusive privileges were properly granted to encourage the in-

vestment of capital in untried enterprises. But in the present highly-developed state of the industries, these conditions have ceased to exist. Scarcely an invention is now made that would not fall naturally within the lines of some established industry, equipped and eager to serve it to the public. Is it reasonable to suppose that the industry and eighty millions of people are going to await the uncertain movements of one man for their participation in the discovery? Experience has shown that they do not. It is very true that we have profited immensely from inventions, even if at a great disadvantage, and we owe much to the patent law for the inspiration it has been to inventors; but beyond this single virtue, our patent system works directly against the natural, effective, and economical delivery of new inventions to the community, and holds for the inventor no certainty of reward in proportion to the value of his discovery. Both are at the mercy of the middle-man.

Now suppose we were to get away from ancient traditions, and construct a patent system adapted to the present day. The inventor wants compensation for his discovery; give him compensation, — not the discovery. The community wants the discovery; although the plain teaching of our patent law makes it heresy to say so, the community is entitled to it. Both ends can be attained at once by making the discovery public, in fact, as well as in letters-patent, to all who may wish to make use of it, with the single obligation that they shall pay to the inventor legally determined royalties during the life of his patent.

Under our present system, the most fortunate inventors are those who succeed in establishing their patents on a royalty basis. The law might as well bring this opportunity to every inventor, with the added advantage to him and the community that, instead of being restricted to one licensee, both would do business with an entire industry. The royalties, carefully graded to provide just compensation, would be paid to the inventors, and a penalty for not so paying them would enforce this reasonable exaction. New inventions, at once engaging the attention of experienced manufacturers throughout the country, would automatically come before the public in their most perfected form, through well-established channels, and under conditions assuring competitive terms, plus the royalties. The inventor would not of necessity be forced to go into business, or to sell his rights for an arbitrary price. His inclination would be to retain his patent, supplement its publication by advertising it to the industry likely to be interested, and gather direct from it such reward as his invention might merit.

Various objections may be made to the proposed plan. It may be contended that with the right to manufacture conferred promiscuously, many would be able to evade the payment of the royalty. Lawlessness under no system could exceed the present riot of infringement. Infringement is encouraged not only by the inadequacy of the laws against it, but even more by the impossibility of securing on any terms the right to use improvements patented to rival concerns. With that right granted by law to all manufacturers alike, and the royalty fixed by law, the royalty would generally be paid, and it is safe to assert that the penalty for non-payment need not even be severe.

The difficulty of devising just royalties may be interposed. No more rigid and arbitrary compensation can be conceived than the present unqualified grant of the discovery itself for the set

term of seventeen years. Far more equitable would be a scale of royalties based upon classification, cost of article, and other obvious factors. A study of the numerous instances in which inventions are now being worked on a royalty basis, would greatly assist in devising a satisfactory scale. To provide for special cases in which the royalties might work a hardship, either to the inventor or to the community, there could be a commission to which either might appeal for a proper readjustment.

Perhaps the most plausible argument that may be urged against the proposed system is that in some instances a new device needs to be practically demonstrated before the public will awake to its merits, — an expensive undertaking, inadequately met by the prospect of future royalties. Under the new encouragement given by the legal right to make use of any patent, very rarely would a valuable idea escape interested manufacturers; and if a certain amount of demonstration were necessary, that expense could be undertaken with a view to the later general adoption of the discovery, and regarded as one means of advertising it. Then would follow the inventor's reward, in proportion to the real value of his invention.

If the objection be raised that manufacturers would cease to subsidize their workmen, discharge their salaried investigators, and close their laboratories, if the discoveries made were to be placed at the disposal of their rivals, a sufficient answer is that the business of inventing among them is little dependent upon the patent laws. Patent laws bring forth patents galore; necessity is still the mother of invention. It is safe to say that, such are the exigencies of modern manufacturing, not one laboratory would be closed, nor a single inventive workman disregarded. Each manufacturer would secure to himself the advantage over his rivals of the fixed royalties upon his patents, — a just compensation for his encouragement of invention, but not an exclusive monopoly.

Under this system of compensation by royalty, the rights granted in a patent would be less preposterous, less attractive to dangerous exploiters, yet far more certain to bring returns to the inventor. Now, if we can thus easily provide a more just reward for the inventor, and a more advantageous participation for ourselves, why — except that the custom of ages holds us — should we sit by while men who never invent make invention their tool for getting a non-competitive grip on the community?

The road to this reform is a rocky one, for it leads directly through the sacred preserves of the patent-protected monopolies. They will put up a tearful plea for the inventor, and point out cases in which inventors themselves have succeeded in reaping enormous profits for the full period of seventeen years. But extortion at the hands of an inventor is not a bit less unpleasant and unjust than at the hands of a combination of men. The killing monopoly latent in every patent issued is the thing aimed at, no matter who develops it. It merely happens that, for reasons already set forth, nineteen twentieths of this evil are due to assigned patents.

So changed are the conditions now surrounding invention and industry that it has become a public duty to reconstruct our patent system so that it shall primarily 'promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts,' and also provide a reward for invention which the inventor himself may reasonably hope to secure.

CLARISSA'S OWN CHILD

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

I

It was half-past three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon in April when Associate Professor Charleroy (of the Midwest University at Powelton) learned that he was to lose his wife and home.

For April, the day was excessively hot. The mercury stood at eighty-nine degrees on the stuffy little east porch of the Charleroy home. There was no ice in the refrigerator, the house-cleaning was not finished, and the screens were not in. The discomfort of the untimely heat was very great.

Clarissa Charleroy, tired, busy, and flushed of face, knew that she was nervous to the point of hysteria. This condition always gave her a certain added clearness of vision and fluency of speech which her husband, with justice, had learned to dread. Indeed, she dreaded it herself. In such moods she often created for herself situations which she afterwards found irksome. She quite sincerely wished herself one of the women whom fatigue makes quiet and sodden, instead of unduly eloquent.

Paul Charleroy, coming from a class-room, found his wife in the dining-room, ironing a shirt-waist. The door was open into the little kitchen beyond, where the range fire was burning industriously, and the heat poured steadily in.

'I thought it would be cooler in here,' Clarissa explained wearily, 'but it is n't. I have to get these waists ready to wear, and a gingham dress ironed for Marvel. The child is simply roasted in that woolen thing. But the starch *will* stick to the irons!'

Professor Charleroy shut the door into the kitchen. He frowned at the ironing-board, balanced on two chairs in front of the window. Small changes in the household arrangements were likely to discompose him. In his own house he was vaguely conscious always of seeking a calm which did not exist there.

'Can't the washerwoman do that ironing?' he inquired.

Clarissa dropped her iron and confronted him dramatically.

'Doubtless — if I could afford to pay her,' she responded. 'As you are already aware, the salary of associate professors in the Midwest University is fourteen hundred dollars a year. When steak was a shilling a pound and eggs fifteen cents a dozen and the washerwoman asked a dollar a day, one could afford to have her help longer. Now it is different.'

Professor Charleroy moved quietly over to the ironing-board and put the flat-iron, which was still hot enough to scorch, upon its stand. Then he arranged, in a glass, the handful of daffodils he was carrying, and set them where the April sunshine fell across them.

'Yes, I know it is different,' he said gloomily. 'But it may be different again if I can place my text-book. When we married, Clarissa, I thought your own little income would be sufficient to protect you from such economies as I

knew would be most distasteful to you — but, somehow, it — it does n't seem to do it.'

'It goes,' returned Clarissa. 'I don't know how it goes, but it does. I dare say I'm not a good manager. It is n't as if I dressed well, for I don't. But I would n't mind, if we could go to Chicago for a week of music and theatres in the spring. But we can't do anything but live — and *that* is n't living! Something is wrong with the whole system of woman's work in the world. I don't know what it is, but I mean to find out. Somebody has got to do something about it.'

She threw back her small blond head as she spoke, and it was as if she gave the universe and all its powers warning that she did not purpose to live indefinitely under such an ill-arranged order of things as they were maintaining. Let the universe look to itself!

'I met Baumgarten of the Midwest Ice Company on the campus. He says if this weather holds, he will start his ice-wagons to-morrow,' suggested her husband anxiously. He had very definite reasons for wishing to divert Clarissa from consideration of all the things that are out of joint in the world.

'Ice is a detail. Sometimes details do help,' admitted Clarissa, fanning her blazing cheeks.

'We will have Jacob come and wash the windows and put on the screens in the morning,' he continued very gently. 'And I will uncover the roses and rake the beds this afternoon. I should have done it last week, but no one could foresee this weather.'

'I'm not ready for Jacob until I have been through the closets. They must be cleaned first. — I hate to clean closets! I hate to cook, to sew, to iron, to dust, to scrub! There are women who like these occupations. Let such people assume them!'

'I can hear you, Clarissa, if you speak less oratorically. We are not in an audience-room,' suggested her husband.

Clarissa was slender, fair, and dramatic. If she was in the room you looked at her. Her Norman nose was delicately cut, her manner fastidious, but her collars were carelessly put on, and her neck-ties had a vaguely one-sided effect. She just escaped being pretty and precise and reliable-looking by a narrow margin, but escape she did. She was, instead, disturbing, distracting, decidedly lovable, not a little pathetic. Her face was dreamy, yet acute — the face of an enthusiast. The line of her jaw was firmly and beautifully drawn; her intellectual activity was undeniable, but philistines mistrusted her conclusions at sight — and justly.

'This is not a good day on which to hold an argument,' she went on with dignity, ignoring her husband's sub-acid comment. 'It is too easy to be uncivil when one is so uncomfortable. But I have been thinking about these matters for a long time, Paul, as you know. I have been forming my resolutions. They are not lightly taken. I was almost ready, in any event, to tell you that I had decided to renounce the domestic life.'

'To ——?'

'To renounce the domestic life,' repeated Clarissa with emphasis. 'Homes are an anachronism at the end of the nineteenth century, anyhow. It is time women had the courage of their convictions and sloughed off an anti-social form of habitat that dates from the Stone Age.'

'Do you mean you would rather *board?*'

Clarissa stared. 'What has boarding to do with it?' she inquired rather haughtily. 'I am talking about the universal problem of woman's work.

One's own individual makeshifts do not affect that. But if it is ever to be solved, some woman must solve it. Men never will. Sacrifices will have to be made for it, as for other causes. There are women who are ready to make them — and I have discovered that I am one of the women.'

Professor Charleroy received this statement in absolute silence.

'As a temporary alleviation,' Clarissa went on meditatively, 'families might be associated upon some group-system. The operating expenses of the individual establishments would be greatly reduced, and the surplus could be applied to developing the higher life of the members of the group. It would be quite practicable, even in our present crude civilization, to arrange such groups. But of course that would be a temporary expedient. In the redeemed form of social life, it will not be necessary.'

'What ails you, Clarissa? Did that lecture you delivered before the Saturday Afternoon Club go to your head?'

Clarissa flushed. Her club paper on 'After the Home — What?' was a sensitive subject. She already had been chaffed a good deal about it.

'Of course I know,' she said with dignity, 'that I am not a genius. I can't organize. I can't write. I'm not pretending to be in the class with Ibsen or Olive Schreiner or Sonia Kovalevsky! No, nor with the American women who are going to work out their ideas. I don't believe I'd make a good social worker, either. I have n't enough patience and tenderness. But I *can* talk. You know I can talk, Paul.'

Yes, he knew it. To his cost, he knew it. She had the gift of fluent, winning speech, speech with an atmosphere, a charm. Uncouth theories acquired grace on her lips, and plausible theories seemed stronger than they were. She ironed shirt-waists badly, and the starch stuck to the irons, but she could make the worse appear the better reason with deftness and dispatch. Somewhere, somehow, a coal from the sacred fire had touched her lips. You might be indignant, outraged, at her theories, but you never refused to listen while she set them forth.

'I figure it this way,' she continued. 'In all great causes, the people who can think and write need the help of the people who can talk, to disseminate their ideas, to popularize them, to get them brought home to the people who don't think and don't read, and yet have influence. That shall be my *métier*. I can do it. I can do it well. I will do it for a living wage and put my heart and soul into doing it. Without going outside a very narrow field, — say, that of parlor talks, — I can yet be a promoter of great causes. I will be a walking delegate from the Union of the Elect! I will fight the good fight for Utopia! Why, Paul, I can make it glorious!'

Her face shone with a wonderful light. Her slender, delicately-rounded figure vibrated with enthusiasm. She did not see the expression on her husband's face. When great thoughts were astir in Clarissa's brain, her high imperturbability, her bright serenity, were maddening. To assail them, logic was as useless as passion. She was simply in another world from this.

Her husband sat down heavily. He felt an unacademic desire to box her ears. Perhaps, had he done so, there would have been no story, for like most women with erratic nerves Clarissa Charleroy had the elemental liking for a masterful man.

However, her husband's Huguenot blood and scholastic training did not help him to carry out such primitive impulses toward domestic discipline. He was a man of sturdy build, with a

fine head and brown eyes of the gentle, faithful kind. Conscientious, persistent, upright, he perfectly fitted that old-fashioned description our fathers loved, 'a scholar and a gentleman.' It cannot be denied that this type is out of place in our modern life; it is especially at a disadvantage when confronted with such a modern wife as his.

'Do you mean to — to *leave* Marvel and me?' he inquired in a voice that was not as even as he could have wished. His back was toward the window. His wife could not see that he had turned white, but she did notice that he looked steadily down into the palms of his hands.

She faced him with a fine composure.

'I don't see that I'm much good here — and I, myself, am certainly very miserable,' she said. 'There is so much antagonism between you and me, Paul. We think alike about so few things!'

'Do you think the antagonism lies between you and me — or between you and our circumstances?' inquired the professor. His voice was controlled now, but cutting. 'Also, do you feel any special antagonism to Marvel? She is rather like yourself, you know.'

Clarissa nodded brightly. He was stunned to see that she approved this.

'That's better! Do fight me, Paul! It clarifies my ideas, and I see more definitely what I want. I wish you were a good fighter. I like hard knocks!'

'Good Lord! little girl, you don't mean all this nonsense — you can't. Why, it's impossible. You're my wife. I've done my best. Some day I shall do better. We shall win to peace and comfort yet — if you stand by. My text-book —'

Clarissa waved a disdainful hand. Her blue eyes were liquid, wonderful.

'You don't seem to think of the cause, Paul! Don't you realize that *I can do good work for humanity?* Everybody can't do that. Everybody is n't called to it. I am.'

Paul Charleroy let this statement pass. It hung in the air between them, unchallenged, undenounced. Possibly it was true. But, the man was wondering dumbly, what became of other men to whom this thing really happened? Did it crush them all like *this?* How did they keep up hope, decency, honor? How did they preserve their interest in the game and make life worth living afterward? Already he felt heavy upon his heart a presentiment of airless days, of tortured nights. The loneliness of it! No tenderness anywhere in life for him? No love? Then, what use to live? Humanity? Was n't he humanity?

Nevertheless, when he spoke, he only said, 'And Marvel? Is Marvel called to be motherless?'

Clarissa's serene face clouded faintly. The question of Marvel did, indeed, puzzle even her facility. And yet she had light on that problem also.

'If I really prove to be any good — and I think I shall be a helper in a movement that is going to revolutionize the earth,' — Clarissa said gravely, 'there are others to consider besides Marvel. It — why, it *may* be, Paul, that my duty is to the race! I'm not an especially good mother for Marvel at her present age — the young-animal stage of her development. All a child under twelve years needs is to be properly fed, and clothed, and taught the elementary things. It has all been standardized, and is a matter for experts, anyhow. Your sister Josephine would be a better mother for her for the next few years than I. Why should I do what others can do better? When Marvel begins to *think*, it will be different. Then she will need my influence. I should like to let you have her for the next few years, and have her come to

me when she is fifteen or sixteen. How would that suit you, Paul?'

Her husband moved his shoulders imperceptibly, but said nothing. The thing had passed the point where rational speech, as he conceived it, was in place. If Clarissa did not see the shallowness, the sheer indecency, of discarding one's human relations as if they were old clothes, he could not make her see it. Was it only half an hour ago that he had come down the street in the spring sunshine, under the budding elms, bringing Clarissa a bunch of daffodils and thinking of making a garden, and of all the dear, homely April tasks?

Clarissa assumed that his silence was one of acquiescence. Sooner or later people always acquiesced.

'It is really sweet of you to take it like this, Paul,' she said warmly. 'I never have understood why people should n't be thoroughly rational about these matters. There's no occasion for bitterness. I should like to have people say we had remained ideal friends. I shall always be as much interested in your welfare as in my own. — Yes, more. I should never dream of marrying again, myself, but in time I think it might be well for you to divorce me and do so.' Her mobile face became introspective, absorbed. 'Ruth Lawrence is rather too sentimental, not energetic enough for a professor's wife. And Nora Mills is heartless. I think she would marry you for a home, but you must n't let her do it. There is Evelyn Ames. I think Evelyn would do. She is so gentle and reliable!'

She was actually absorbed in this problem, her husband perceived to his utter amazement. He shivered with distaste. This was too grotesque. It could not be true.

His wife looked at him for approval. She noted that the look of fear was gone from his dark eyes. Something unwonted, ironic, flashed there in its stead. It was neither mirth nor malice, yet approached both. He set his boyish-looking mouth firmly, and shook off his silence as one throws off a nightmare. He would meet her on her own ground, and be as indifferent as she.

'Really, Clarissa, *that* is the first sensible thing you have said this afternoon,' he forced himself to say. — 'Why, what's this?'

It was the small daughter of the house who chose this moment to emerge from under the table, clutching fast a jaded-looking doll and a handful of its belongings. Her round eyes were fear-struck and her quick glance curiously hostile, but she slipped silently from the room. Her presence there was soon forgotten by her parents — but children do not forget. Of all the incomprehensible words tossed to and fro above her head, Marvel remembered every one.

II

Marvel Charleroy found the letter in the box at the gate where the postman had left it. There was other mail; she glanced at the covers light-heartedly as she went toward the house. She was not very familiar with her mother's handwriting and, for the moment, did not recognize it.

The house was low, gray-shingled, and inviting. It had a kindly, human aspect, and though it was a modern structure built at the time of Professor Charleroy's second marriage, eleven years before, there was about it something of that quiet dignity we associate with age. The branches of a wide-spreading old elm swept one of its chimneys; the lawn was broad, the lilacs and syringas tall; ranks of high hollyhocks in shades of rose and wine, rising against gray lattice, shut off the kitchen gardens at the rear. The beds that bordered the paths were planted to a tangle of old-fashioned flowers.

gorgeous in the July sunshine. There was a subdued gayety about the whole aspect of the sheltered, sunny place, a look of warmth and home and joy, that was especially dear to Marvel Charleroy. It satisfied in her some elemental need.

She preserved a vivid memory, of which she never spoke, of the box-like little house on Spring Street, her early home. She recalled that house as disorderly and uncomfortable during her mother's régime; as frigid and uncomfortable during the reign of her Aunt Josephine. She figured herself as always holding her breath, as always waiting for something, while she lived there. It was not until she was twelve (four years after Clarissa Charleroy left her husband), that Marvel, to her own childish apprehension, began to fill her lungs, began, indeed, to live.

It will be inferred that the catastrophe so clearly outlined on that April afternoon fifteen years earlier, did, in fact, occur. For various reasons, it did not take place immediately. For one thing, it required time for Clarissa to put herself into touch with causes that desired to be 'promoted' by her silver tongue and wistful, winning ways. Then, too, there were moments when she wavered. So long as Paul could maintain that pose, achieved with great effort, of good-natured, sarcastic scoffing at their tragedy, Clarissa herself did not believe in it wholly. Sometimes they drew very near together. A debonair, indifferent Paul who jested about her 'calling' attracted her. A Paul who could demand cheerfully as he took his second cup of coffee, 'Well, Clarissa, am I the Tyrant Man this morning?' was not unlikely to elicit the answer, 'No, not to-day, Paul. You're just own folks to-day.' But a Paul who had heard the wolf howling at the door of his heart, who looked at her with eyes in which she saw fear and the shadow of a broken life, repelled her utterly. Women are reputed to be soft-hearted. Paul Charleroy, musing upon his own predicament in those days, remembered this age-long superstition with wonder.

In spite of various respites, a catastrophe which is latent in a temperament will, some day, come to pass — unless, of course, the owner of the temperament decides to be absolute master of himself. Nothing was further from Clarissa's thought than to recapture her married happiness by an assault on her own disposition.

It is not good to linger over this portion of their story. Clarissa did, finally, take over the task of reforming as much of humanity as she could persuade to see the need of it, and she laid aside the business of looking after her husband and her child. Miss Josephine Charleroy, ten years her brother's senior, and competent rather than sympathetic, assumed these discarded responsibilities.

By slow degrees, Paul Charleroy's circumstances became less straitened. He did place his text-book well, and derived a considerable income therefrom; on the death of old Dr. Lettarby he succeeded to the full professorship, with the munificent salary of twenty-five hundred a year. Last of all, some time after Clarissa and he were made free of each other by legal means, he did actually marry Evelyn Ames.

Thus, it will be seen, Clarissa's forecasts were fulfilled. Her notions were absolutely practicable; they really, all of them, worked, and worked well. In the long run they even worked beneficently, but one prefers to attribute this to the mercy of Providence rather than to the foresight of Clarissa.

Marvel Charleroy was twelve years old when her father married again, and life began for her. The little girl noted, dimly at first, then with growing won-

der and appreciation, how interesting the commonplace things became under the new rule. Though her frocks were simple as ever, their adaptation to herself made it a pleasure to wear them; she seemed suddenly to have acquired a definite place in the family life, a position with duties and with compensating pleasures. Her friendships were considered, her friends noticed and welcomed. For the first time she felt herself an individual. Somebody was interested in what she did and said and thought. Her own shy young consciousness of personality was reflected back to her, strengthened, and adorned. She perceived with something like awe that the girl named 'Marvel' did not live only in her breast. Her father and his wife knew a Marvel whom they believed to be industrious and clever, loving and helpful. These qualities were multiplied tenfold by her perception that they were looked for from that Marvel whom the heads of the house seemed so happy to own and to cherish.

The child throve. She who had wondered vaguely at the stress laid by her books upon the satisfactions of home, now tasted thirstily of that delight. And she repaid the miracle of Evelyn's tenderness with the whole of an ardent heart.

To her elders, the years went fast. Suddenly, as it seemed, Marvel was a young woman with more than her fair share of gifts and graces. She was exquisitely pretty, with an effective little style of her own; she made a brilliant record as a student; she had the rich endowment of easy popularity. Further, she seemed to possess, so far as slight experiments could demonstrate, that rare thing, the genuine teacher's gift. Something of her father's passion for scholarship, something of her mother's silver-lipped persuasiveness, met in the girl and mingled with certain deep convictions of her own.

The practical outcome of all this was the suggestion that her Alma Mater, Midwest, would be glad to attach her to its teaching force without insisting upon an additional degree. She had spent one year abroad since her graduation, part of which was occupied in study. But, like many young Americans, she found her own reflections on the Old World more stimulating than any instruction offered her there.

Now she was at home, ready to begin work in September, enthusiastic, almost effervescent, with her satisfaction in the arrangement of her own little world.

Coming into the shaded house, out of the blaze of the July sunshine, she dropped her father's letters on the desk in his study, and ran upstairs to read her own. It was quite an hour before she heard him calling at the foot of the stair, —

'Marvel! Come down, daughter, I want you.'

Something in his voice — she did not know what — gave her a thrill of apprehension. She had never heard just that tone from him before.

She found Professor and Mrs. Charleroy waiting for her in the living-room. Their faces were grave and troubled. Marvel's apprehensive pang mingled with a curious little resentment that her nearest and dearest could allow themselves to look thus, all on a summer morning, in this highly satisfactory world.

'Daughter, I have a letter here,' her father began at once, 'a letter from your mother. It concerns you more than any one. The question it involves is one for you to decide. I ought not to conceal from you my belief that you will need to consider the matter very carefully.'

Marvel took the letter with gravity, hoping that this portentous seriousness was misplaced. This is what she read: —

My dear Paul, — You remember, of course, that when we separated, it was with the understanding that Marvel was to come to me when she was fifteen or sixteen. But, as you urged, when I brought the matter up at that time, she was then just completing her preparation for college. Since she desired college training, it was certainly easier and simpler for her to have it at Midwest than elsewhere. I put aside my own preferences, because the arguments in favor of her remaining with you were weighty. But it does not seem to me just or right that I should be deprived of my daughter's society entirely, because I waived my preference as to her education. I feel that she has been deprived of my influence, and I of her companionship, already too long.

As I understand it, she graduated a year ago, and has since been abroad. It seems to me this winter will be an excellent time for her to come to me. I shall have an apartment in Chicago, and she will find it easy to arrange for post-graduate work if she desires. I shall be less busy than usual, for my health has given way a little under the strain of my work, and the doctor has warned me to rest as much as possible. I am looking forward with pleasure to introducing her to my friends, my life, my ideas.

When will it be most convenient for her to come? I should say about the first of October.

As ever, my dear Paul,
Your sincere friend,
Clarissa Charleroy.

'Well, really!'

Marvel dropped the letter on the floor and turned to face her family with more than a suggestion of belligerence. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes burning, and her head held high with a little air that reminded her auditors swiftly and inevitably of Clarissa Charleroy's self.

'Dear people, what do you look so frightened for?' she demanded. 'I call it very cheeky of my mother to make such a demand of me. Does n't she realize that I'm a person with a career of my own — and that when I'm not busy with that, I have to keep my eye on you two! I have n't the slightest intention of leaving home — so you need n't look like *that!*'

Marvel's little harangues usually met with instant response from her family. They were wont to brighten and become argumentative, even when they disagreed. But neither of them answered this pronouncement.

Her father sat by an open window, looking out upon the garden's gayety with unseeing eyes. His wife sat at another window watching him wistfully, while Marvel faced them both from the hearth, offering her cheerful young defiance for their approval.

Their silence, their gravity, startled the girl. She looked from one face to the other in quick scrutiny. What did this mean? For perhaps the first time in her life, it flashed through her mind that, after all, she knew nothing of the inner attitude of these two people, whom she greatly loved, toward the two facts which had made them all one household — her mother's divorce, namely, and her father's remarriage. The whole structure of three united, happy lives was built upon these cataclysmal facts — yet she had never asked what thought they held of them! Dignified, delicate, scrupulous, she knew them both to be. Through what anguish and uncertainty might they not have passed before they clasped hands at last, making of their two hearts a shelter for her robbed, defenseless one?

Her manner changed on the instant.

'Dear family, you don't *want* me to

go? Surely — why — you *can't* want me to go?'

'No,' said Evelyn in a low voice, 'dearest, no. Certainly we don't want you to go. Only —'

'But my work!' cried Marvel passionately, answering their faces, not their words. 'I want to do it so much! How can I possibly leave my work? And you, and my life here — everything!'

Her father turned his face further toward the window, looking out blindly, but Marvel caught his expression — the look of one who tastes again an ancient bitterness. She did not know its full meaning, but her sympathy leaped to meet it. Evelyn Charleroy, watching her, felt a sudden stirring of pride in the girl's swift response to another's need, her quick tenderness. It was thus that Evelyn saw the life of woman — as one long opportunity for the exercise of these qualities.

'Darlingest father, of course I'm not going to leave you. Still, if I were — what is mother like? What does she expect? What am I to do if I go to her?'

'She is a brilliant woman,' answered Professor Charleroy. 'In many ways you are not unlike her, Marvel, in mental alertness and all that. As for what she expects — God knows!'

The girl pursued her point. 'It is n't an occupation — to be a brilliant woman. I 'm not quite sure, even, what she does. She lectures? She is philanthropic, or humanitarian, or something like that? Does she write?'

'No,' answered the professor, choosing his words with evident and conscientious care. 'That is not her gift. She has the endowment of convincing speech. She has used it admirably for many admirable causes — and quite as ably for other causes that I esteem less. But that, you understand, is my personal point of view. Her chief interest, however, has been the so-called advancement of women, and you might describe her as one of the many inconspicuous promoters of that movement. Chiefly, at present, she is holding classes, giving parlor-talks, what not, in which she paraphrases and popularizes the ideas of her leaders. Her personality, though winning, does not carry far, and she is only effective before a handful of people. Her — her conversation is possibly more convincing because it is less susceptible of close examination than the written word. But I do not wish to be unjust.'

'Then I take it mother is not scholarly?' asked the girl of academic training.

'She is not taken seriously — by the serious,' the professor admitted. 'You know, Marvel, there are women who are — who are dearly enthusiastic about the future of the race, who really are not in a position to do advanced thinking about it. Of course there are others of whom I would not venture to make such an assertion, but in my judgment your mother belongs to the former class. You will form your own opinion upon the subject. Do not go to her with any bias in your mind. She is sincere. Her passion for humanity is doubtless real, but it seems to me that her erratic spirit has turned it into a channel where it is ineffective. In any case, she is an attractive woman. A winter with her should be interesting.'

His daughter eyed him gravely. There were depths of reserve in her face and voice. She had felt much, and said little, about this mother whom they were discussing thus dispassionately. Perhaps it gratified her young dignity that she was able to consider with apparent detachment the woman of whom she had thought long in secret with bitter, blinding tears.

'It is, as you say, a thing to consider,' she observed gently. 'I may be mis-

taken in deciding off-hand that I will not go. I'll think it over, father dear.'

Professor Charleroy rose, visibly pulling himself together. Crossing the room, he picked up the letter Marvel had dropped and handed it to her.

'I also may be mistaken,' he said, 'in my first feeling about the matter. Yet I think not. But we will not decide hastily.'

When he left the room, Marvel partly closed the door and turned to her step-mother.

'Now Evelyn, you darling, you know all this is perfectly ridiculous. Apparently I can't tell father so, — I could see I was hurting him, — but it simply is ridiculous!'

'I do not feel so, Marvel,' Mrs. Charleroy answered steadily.

'What *right* has she?' the girl stormed. 'What right, I wish to know? To summon me like this! Did n't she throw us away, father and me, once and for all? You can't recall a thing like that! Why should she think she could take me back any more than father? "Influence" me, indeed! She does n't know the A B C of influence! I am made — done — finished. Such as I am, she has had no hand in me. If the outcome is creditable, thanks are due to you and father and the Herr Gott. Oh, I know the things that have gone to my making! I don't talk about them much, perhaps, but I know!'

Mrs. Charleroy sat very still, regarding her step-daughter anxiously. She was a woman of the most benignant of all the elder types: slight, but strong; her brown hair parted smoothly, and brought back from a high full forehead; she had a firm chin, with a tense, sweet mouth, and large, thoughtful, gray-blue eyes.

'Are you quite sure you are completely finished, dear? I would n't dare affirm that of myself.'

'If there were no other reasons — why, even if I wanted to go,' Marvel went on, 'there is my work. I have accepted a position in the English department. They are depending upon me. I am ready, and there is no one to take my place.'

'You are mistaken there. Miss Anderson would be glad to retain the position for a year. Something has happened to her arrangements for foreign study, and I heard it intimated the other day that she regretted resigning when she did. She would be delighted to stay on. You could, I think, come back to the position next year. I believe you could arrange with Professor Axtell.'

'O Evelyn! Why do you wish to make my going easy? Don't you see I can't bear it?'

'I don't know how to say what I wish,' said the elder woman wistfully. 'If I remind you that after all she is your mother, I am afraid it will not mean to you what it does to me.'

'Certainly I think that, as between us two, the fact no longer carries obligation from me to her!' said Marvel steadily.

'O Marvel! You are hard!'

'No! I am just.'

'Justice is never so simple as that,' returned Evelyn Charleroy. 'But even if it were, your father — I — would rather see you merciful. It would be more like you, Marvel!'

Marvel set the line of her red lips. 'I do not wish to go, not even to live up to your idea of me!'

'Marvel, listen to me a moment. I may not to able to make you understand — but I must try. This is the thing I must make you know. The reactions upon the spirit of the ties of the flesh are, simply, the most miraculous things in all this miraculous world. I am not preaching. I am just telling you what I know. This business of be-

ing a child, a parent, a husband, a wife, — no creature can escape that net of human relationships wholly. It is there, right there, that we are knotted fast to the whole unseen order of things. What we make of those ties determines what we substantially are. Oh, if you could see it as I see it! This is the real reason, the strongest one of all, for our wishing you to go. You must not throw away the chance it is — the chance of finding out what you are to each other. You must concede something for the sake of learning that!'

'It is n't the mother after the flesh, but the mother after the spirit, to whom are due the great concessions!' cried the girl, 'and, Evelyn, *that* is you!'

'Marvel — there is still another reason. It may appeal to you more.'

Evelyn Charleroy's agitated face, the tumult of her eyes, startled her step-daughter. She could not bear disturbance of that dear serenity.

'Child! — Do you suppose it was an easy thing for me to come into your father's life and take your mother's place while she still lived? There were months of doubt. There was hesitation that was agony to us both — but in the end — I came. Thus far the thing has seemed to justify itself. It has seemed to work for peace, for blessedness, to us all. I have felt no wrong, have been refused no inner sanction. And yet, I tell you, I am still uncertain of my right to all that your mother threw away, and I do not, even yet, entirely defend my action in taking it! You have been our comfort, our greatest blessing, because it has seemed to be well for you. But, don't you see, if you fail us now; if we have made you selfish; if, through us, you have come to ignore that elemental tie; if you lose out of life whatever it may hold for you, we — we shall doubt our right — we shall be less sure' — The woman's voice fluttered and fell on silence suddenly.

'O Evelyn!' the girl cried out in sharp distress, 'don't, don't look like that! Dearest, don't dare to feel like that! There is no need! I won't be horrid! I'll do anything on earth that you and father really wish!'

III

CHICAGO, *November fifth.*

PRECIOUS FATHER AND EVELYN: — I know all my letters thus far have been rather no-account. They were just to let you know that I was well, and interested, and getting used to things. I loathe the city so that I think I must be a country mouse. Every time I go down in the Elevated, past all the grimy, slimy, hideous back-buildings, something in me turns over and revolts. I want to be within reach of red leaves, and wheat-stubble, and fat quail running in the roadside grass. Did the little red and yellow chrysanthemums do well this year? How about that marigold border I planted in the kitchen garden?

However, I am going to have a most instructive winter. It was crude of me to think it, but because mother's friends are mostly different kinds of reformers, I expected to find them dubs and scrubs. It seems droll for people who can't live the normal human life successfully to set themselves up to say that therefore it 's all wrong, and they will show us a better way to play the game. But only a few of these are that kind of reformers, and they 're not dubby and scrubby at all! Some of them are just reformers from the teeth out. They 're merely amusing themselves.

Mother is n't playing, however. She 's tremendously in earnest. Being a reformer is n't fattening. She keeps back no pound of flesh. She is so thin

and tense and nervous, so obsessed with her own ideas, that it worries me sometimes. I feel as if I lived perpetually in the room with an electric fan. I have been to her classes several times. She has a certain eager eloquence, a real appeal, that will always gain her a hearing. I wish she could keep her neck-ties straight, but that is a trifle.

Do you remember old Mrs. Knowles saying that she loved to sit at the window and 'see the people going pro and con in the street?' That is my present occupation! These people do a tremendous amount of 'going pro and con' in the world of the mind. I have been hearing a vast deal of feminist discussion, owing to the appearance of some new books in that line. Can you see why, if nature has spent some thousands of years making women 'anabolic, or conservers of energy,' they should try to reverse the process in a decade and become even as men, who are 'kataboli, or dispensers of energy,' just because a stray thinker supposes it would make them more interesting if they all had a business life and dispensed that energy down-town? It seems to me ill-advised to defy nature wholesale. I am willing to work for bread, or for the love of work — but not to oblige illogical theorists!

I'm glad I don't have to reconcile all the different views I hear! One person will argue that women's work in the home is so complicated and taxing that it all ought to be done for her by specialists, while she goes down-town and becomes some other kind of specialist herself. This is the school of thought to which mother belongs. One or two of its leaders are terribly clever — and mother is rapturously sure that wisdom was born with them! She is so happy to be advocating and expounding their ideas! I find this discipleship pathetic. One does n't deny that they have visions, — mother has them also, — but to me their visions are not divine or beautiful.

The next person will be a reactionary, and say that we are going straight to destruction because some women are thrown into industrial competition with men.

A third will be sure that, because modern life with all its industrial developments outside the home has drawn many women away from home-life, therefore all women ought to be thrown out of their homes in a bunch and hustle for themselves in the market-place. There's no longer anything to do at home, and if they stay there they will get fat and lazy and parasitic. I argued about this half the evening with an apple-faced youth of twenty-five who is still supported by his mother. You would have supposed, to hear him, that feminine hands and feet were going to atrophy and fall off from disuse, and that we should turn into some kind of chubby white grub with mouths perpetually demanding to be fed.

I don't deny that there are indolent women in the world, but I certainly never saw any parasites in the college set at Powelton. Somebody will have to 'show me' before I can get up any heat of conviction on the subject!

No longer anything to do at home! It has kept me so busy putting one attenuated little reformer-lady's flat to rights and training a cook for her that I have n't had a minute, yet, to see about those courses I meant to take at the University! I shall get around to them presently, I hope.

Mother took the flat before I arrived, and the packers brought her furniture from storage and unpacked it, and set it about according to their fancy, and cleaned up the mess and departed. We moved our trunks out the next morning. Mother went up and

down and to and fro, as unsettled as the Cat that Walked. Finally she demanded of me, 'Marvel, what ails this flat?' and I said, 'Why, mother, the colors are all wrong and it is n't cosy.'

She threw up her hands in despair. 'Is cosiness to be the end of our living?' she demanded; and I said, 'It is.'

You see, she can explain adorably about beauty in the home, but she had n't known any better than to leave the tinting to the kalsominer. — 'Kalsomine is his business. He ought to know better than I,' she said. She has such blind faith in specialists! — There resulted a red dining-room, a terrible green living-room, and dark lavender bed-rooms! No wonder poor little mother was miserable!

Getting it put right was messy, deplorable, and expensive beyond words; but it is all nice tans now, with charming chintz draperies and chair-covers. I did the upholstering myself, and it is n't half bad.

Mother does n't like ugly things, nor get them of her own free will, but she is obsessed to accept the advice of everybody who pretends to be a specialist, and they 'do' her frightfully. It is one of the penalties of being a Super-woman.

Getting a cook required diplomacy. It is a point of honor with mother to take meals in restaurants or buy delicatessen-stuff. She was in the hospital two months with inflammation of the liver last winter, and dyspepsia makes half her days hideous. If people will live on indigestible ideas, instead of home-cooking, I'm afraid it's what they must expect! I freely admit that I can't combat mother's ideas, as ideas, — I'm not clever enough, — but she does n't know how to be comfortable, which is to be efficient. She is rabidly against kitchens, but arithmetic demonstrates that here, in Chicago, this winter, it will cost less, and be more healthful, to have a maid for the season instead of dragging ourselves out in the snow to eat thirty-cent breakfasts and fifty-cent luncheons and seventy-five-cent dinners, and pay a woman for coming to clean. I argue that, so long as the Redeemed Form of Society has n't arrived, we are n't disloyal to it by doing this!

Myra Ann has learned to make Evelyn's beef-tea and mutton-broth. Mother needs them badly. Then I discovered that eggs have always disagreed with her, but she went right on eating them because she thought them an 'ideal food,' and that if her stomach was n't sufficiently standardized to appreciate them, it ought to be! I call that heroic, if it is droll. Idiosyncrasy is something for which mother's creed makes no allowance. We now have an attractive set of eggless breakfasts. — Does all this sound like a model housekeeper writing to a domestic journal? Evelyn knows I have a little right to throw bouquets at myself, for I was n't born a housekeeper — but housekeepers *can* be made!

Seems to me, if you ought to standardize an individual's diet, as mother thinks, similar arguments apply to his clothes, his features, his body, his mind, his soul. There's no logical place to stop. Yet we know that diversity, not similarity, is the end nature is always seeking in evolution. Of course, if you are going to buck all the natural laws, that's different!

My country brain gets tired in such a menagerie of ideas. In our own life at home, there is comfort, peace, sufficient stimulus, development; this life is exciting, but barren of something that I will call soil to grow in, because I don't know any better word. Of course it is great fun for me to come in contact with so many different kinds of minds and hear them emit their theories. Only, somehow, the theorists lack reality to me. Do I make myself clear?

I hope this will give you a notion of what I'm doing and thinking, and that you'll know I'm really having a beautiful time. I miss you both horribly, though. I will tell about some of the people in my next letter. I'm acting as mother's secretary just now. She really needs one, and it's interesting work.

Ever and always,
Your loving child,
MARVEL.

IV

It was eleven o'clock on a mid-April morning — she never in after-life forgot the day or the hour — that Clarissa Charleroy saw to the depths of her daughter's mind.

Clarissa awoke that morning with a severe neuralgia. She had given two parlor-talks the day before, and was now paying the penalty of over-exertion. To lie flat was sickening, yet to rise was impossible.

Marvel promptly took the case in hand. The pillows were piled high; one hot-water bag was slipped under that aching spot at the back of her neck, and another placed at her chilly feet. Marvel knew that a hot bag must be covered with linen; Marvel knew that an alcohol rub changes even a neuralgic's outlook. Marvel was perfectly familiar with the latest non-depressant remedy for neuralgia, hunted up the empty box, telephoned the druggist, and had the prescription filled and ready to administer in half an hour; when she left the room it was only to reappear again with a cretonne-and-mahogany tray, fresh toast, and weak tea, at the very psychological moment when the thought of food ceased to be a horror.

Under these ministrations, what had promised to be an all-day siege gave way so satisfactorily that by eleven o'clock Clarissa, arrayed in Marvel's blue négligée, was temporarily reposing on the lounge in the living-room, while her own room was airing. She was in that delicious, drowsy, yet stimulated, state which follows the cessation of suffering.

For April, the day was unusually warm. The windows were open; the sun was pouring happily in, contending in gayety with a great jar of daffodils covering the low table at Clarissa's side. Marvel in a dull-blue house dress, white-braided, sat across the room darning a stocking, with an expression of severity. Mending was one of the domestic duties for which she had little taste. Owing to her constant activities as housekeeper and secretary for Clarissa, she had not yet begun to attend lectures at the University. Her mother, I fear, was serenely blind to the implications of this fact.

Clarissa, lying high among pillows, in the peace that follows pain, regarded her daughter with a profound pleasure. There was something about her — was it the length of curling lashes veiling her eyes? or the tendrils of fair hair the warm wind lifted on her forehead? or the exquisite color that came and went in her cheeks? or the slender roundness of her erect young body? — there was a something, at all events, a dearness, an interest, a charm, unlike all other girls of twenty-three! Not for the first or the second, but for the hundredth time, that winter, Clarissa was conscious of an unutterable hunger for the years she had foregone. She seldom looked at Marvel's bloom without remembering that she had no mental picture of her girlish charm, her maiden magic. How was it possible to grow old without such memories to feed her withering heart upon?

She must not think that the locust had eaten these years! The thought pierced her like a knife, and she put it

away from her with all her might. Had she not chosen the better, though more barren, part? Had she not fought a good fight? And for this hour, at least, she was happy.

Leaving Marvel's face, her gaze traveled round the room. The actual alterations were not many, yet they had produced harmony. The apartment was restful now. The very walls seemed to encompass and caress her. Perhaps it was only just, Clarissa reflected, that a woman who had poured out her years and her strength in working and planning for an obdurate world, should have, when her energy was spent, some such warm and tender shelter, some equable spot all flowers and sunshine, wherein she might be tended as Marvel was tending her, so that she might gather strength to go forth to other battles.

She turned her eyes again upon her daughter. Marvel, feeling the long look, glanced up.

'Are you comfy? Is there anything more you want, mother?' the girl inquired.

Clarissa shook her head. 'No, nothing. Really, child, you are an excellent nurse. Quite a — quite a Marvel! Were you born so? Where did you get it? Not from Paul or me!'

Marvel smiled faintly to herself.

'Where did I get that name?' she parried. 'I have often wondered about that. Father could n't, or would n't, tell me.'

The slow, difficult color came to Clarissa's cheeks. How many years since she had recalled the naming of her daughter!

'There is no secret about it,' she said. 'When the the nurse first laid you on my arm, I saw what seemed to me such a wonder-child that I said, "Every baby in the world ought to be named Marvel. Mine shall be." — That's all. It was just a fancy. Your father wanted to name you Clarissa Josephine. — Where did those daffodils come from? Did the Herr Professor send them?'

Marvel nodded carelessly. This was so common a matter as to be undeserving of comment.

Clarissa resumed her train of thought. What tact the girl had shown! She had slipped into her mother's life easily. At the beginning she had taken her little stand, assumed her pose. 'I am not a believer in your panaceas,' her manner always, and her lips once or twice, had said, 'but nothing human is alien to me. Pray shatter society to bits and remould it nearer to the heart's desire — if you can.'

Clarissa saw no reason why Marvel should not remain with her. A couple of legacies had increased her small income to the point where she might have dispensed with her irregular and uncertain earnings, had these not represented an effort that was the essence of life to her. She could even afford, for a time, the inconsistent luxury of an idle daughter; but if Marvel desired to exercise her teacher's gift, why not do so in Chicago?

'How comfortable we are!' said Clarissa, drowsily and happily. 'That blue dress is very becoming to you, child. I believe we can't do better than to keep this flat for next winter. I wonder if we could n't arrange with Myra Ann to come back in the fall? We could pay her half-wages while we were out of town. Her cooking seems to agree with my stomach better than I dared suppose any home-cooking could!'

'Why, mother! You forget I am still an instructor-elect at Midwest. I must go to my work in September.'

Clarissa started up against her pillows and spoke with her usual vehemence and directness.

'I do not wish you to go back to Midwest, Marvel. I want you to stay with me. I have had too little of my daughter's society in my life.'

The girl dropped her work and faced her mother. 'That, mother, is hardly my fault.'

Their glances met and crossed, rapier-like, with the words. Apprehension seized Clarissa. She did not fathom the meaning of Marvel's gaze.

'Do you mean it is my fault, Marvel?'

Her daughter kept silence. For almost the first time in her life, the older woman felt herself compelled to valiant self-defense.

'My work has justified itself, Marvel. I am not boasting when I say that I truthfully believe the good day of release from servitude is nearer for all women because I had the courage to leave my home and go into the wilderness, preaching the coming of the Woman's Age and furthering, even though feebly, all the good causes that will help it on.'

Marvel still kept silence. She knew so many things to say! Was it not better to utter none of them?

'I wanted,' continued Clarissa, 'to give my mite toward making this a better world for girl-babies like you to be born into.'

Her face wore the deep, wistful look that marked her highest moments; this was the reason upon which in her secret soul she relied for justification — but her daughter was not touched by it at all!

'Well, Marvel?'

'Really, mother,' said the girl crisply, driven to make answer, 'don't you realize that you would never have gone in for Humanity if you had n't hated cooking?'

'Why cook when I hated it?' Clarissa, up-in-arms, flashed back.

'Why, indeed? — but why drag in Humanity? And why should I give up *my* work to stay here? I felt I ought to come — for a while — when you asked it. I could see that father and Evelyn thought I ought. But now that I have put the flat in shape and trained Myra Ann, — she wants to stay with you, by the way, — things will run smoothly. I can come up occasionally to see how it goes.'

At this assumption that her need of her child was purely practical something, some tangible, iron thing, seemed to strike Clarissa's heart. She could feel its impact, feel the distressful shudder along all her nerves, the explosion in her palms. She looked down at them curiously. It almost seemed to her that she would behold them shattered by the pain!

She turned her eyes away and they fell upon the bowl of daffodils. Daffodils burning in an April sun. In what long-forgotten hour of stress had she once seen the flame of daffodils burn bright against an April sun? Slowly her brain made the association. Ah, yes! That day she told Paul she would leave him, he had brought her daffodils. — Had *Paul* felt like this?

Clarissa — Clarissa who had never before either asked or given quarter — heard her own voice, tense with feeling, say, 'Marvel, I can't let you go, not yet!'

'Why, mother! I can't stay longer than June. Of all people in the world, you ought to admit that I must do my work! Of course I know you need a home as much as any one, though you never own it. That 's why you have liked to have me here this winter — because I could help you make one. You none of you know, you reformers! You are just air-plants. You have no roots.'

'It is part of the profession. "Foxes have holes —"' Clarissa retorted, driven to her last defense.

Marvel lifted her head, shocked at the implication.

'I don't believe it is wrong to tell you what I think,' she said abruptly. 'You ought to know the other side, my side. Of course I'm only a girl still. I dare say there is a great deal I do not understand. But I do know about homes. The attitude of these people you admire and quote does seem to me so ridiculous! They all admit that the race lives for the child. But they say — and you follow them — that the child can be best cared for by specialists, and the house can be left to itself, while the mothers can, and should, go out and hunt up some other "specialty." It is the idea of a shirk! Loving a child is a profession in itself. You have to give your mind and soul to it. I tell you I know. *I know because I was motherless!* — Can't you see that everything your specialists can do for the child is useless if you don't give it what it wants and needs the very most of all? Oh, I think some grown-ups were born grown-up. They don't seem to remember!'

'Remember — remember what?' Clarissa interjected sharply.

'I don't know if I can make you understand. It is such a simple, elemental thing. You either know it, or you don't. You may mother chickens in a brooder, but you must mother children in your arms. After you left, mother, for four mortal years I was the most miserable scrap on earth. I was fed and clothed and taught and cared for. I was petted, too — but it was never *right*. All the while I felt myself alone. Aunt Josephine did n't count; even father did n't, then. I could not sleep for loneliness, and I used to wake far in the night, my eyes all wet with tears. I had been crying in my sleep. The universe felt desolate and vacant. Just one little girl alone in it! There was such a weight at my heart! I would cry and cry. It was an awful, constant hunger for the mother that I did n't have. So — I know how it is with all children. Their hearts must be fed!'

Clarissa listened, astounded.

The girl stood now at the open window, breathing in the soft spring air in long-drawn, tremulous breaths. The excitement of speech was upon her. Her eyes were liquid, wonderful. And never, in all her life, had she looked so like the woman who watched her breathlessly.

'These are such big things,' she went on, 'I hardly know how to talk about them. But I have thought a great deal. I know the world must be made better, and every one must do his share. But, mother, you can't save the world in platoons. Even Christ had but twelve disciples. I'm not denying that thousands of women must work outside the home; I'm not denying that hundreds may be specially called to do work in and for the world. But the mothers are not called. They must not go, unless want drives. They have the homes to make — the part of the homes that is atmosphere. Oh, don't you know what I mean? The women who understand can make a home in a boarding house or in foreign lodgings; in a camp on the desert or in an eyrie in the mountains. It's the feel of it! Don't you understand it at all, — the warm, comforted, easeful feeling that encompasses you when you come in the door, or raise the tent-flap? Home is the thing that nourishes, that cherishes, that puts its arms about you and says, "Rest here!"

'I know — for father and Evelyn made a home for me. Father is like me. He is lost, shipwrecked, ruined, if his heart is n't sheltered. I don't know what I think about divorces and remarriages. It is all so perplexing. I do not know at all. But I know you

broke up a home, and Evelyn made one. Whatever people do, if they can do that for a child as father and Evelyn did it for me, I should n't wonder if they are justified before gods and men!'

The rapid sentences fell like hammer-strokes upon Clarissa's naked heart. She felt that she ought to be defending her beliefs, but she could not take her eyes from Marvel's glowing face, and the girl went swiftly on: —

'The people that you follow — they admit the race lives for the child, that the mother must risk her life to give it life. Then, they seem to think, the sacrifice can cease. But if you know about homes, you know better. As she gives her body to be the matrix of another body, so she must give her spirit to make a shelter that shall be the matrix of another spirit. If she refuses to do this, she fails, and all her labor is in vain. It is very simple. As I see the world, the mothers must die daily all their lives. There is no other way. It is a part of life, just as bearing and birth are parts of life. No one denies that they are hard — hard — hard. But that is the glory of it! Nothing is worth while that lacks the labor and the danger, the pain and the difficulty!'

For once in her life Clarissa was speechless. Words would not come. The inherited weapon of her own fluency had been turned against herself. For as other women had been shaken from their old faiths and allegiances by Clarissa's gift of tongues, even so had she been shaken by her child. The girl's young cogency had struck her dumb.

In the long minutes of silence that followed Clarissa was, perhaps, more truly a mother than she had been since Marvel first lay in the circle of her arm. She saw a daughter's point of view at last. She knew which proclaimed the deeper doctrine, which was the truer prophet of humanity, her child or she.

Yet when she spoke at last, it was not to discourse of Humanity. Humanity was forgotten; she and her child were all. Her lips shaped, unbidden, that old, old demand of the hungry heart.

'Marvel — don't you *love* me at all?'

Marvel hesitated. Her air of detachment was complete.

'You never tried to make me love you, mother. Even love goes by a kind of logic. Domestic life gives you one kind of reward; public life another kind. You get the kind you choose, I take it, and no other. If you want love, you must choose the love-bringing kind,' said this austere young judge. 'And I've found out another thing by myself. You love ten times as much when you have served with hands and feet as well as brain. I do not know why. I only know you do. If — if I love you at all, mother, it is because of the work I have done for you here — in making it like home!'

Clarissa bowed her head on her hands, in a bitterness made absolute. This child of hers was her own child. What right, indeed, had she to expect self-sacrifice, tenderness, cherishing, from the flesh of her flesh? That which she had given was rendered unto her again in overflowing measure, and beholding she saw that it was just.

Marvel, standing at the window in the sunshine, a little excited by her own eloquence and wondering at it still, had no conception of the havoc she had worked. Indeed, she was innocent of the knowledge that any one, least of all herself, had the power to move her mother greatly. She assumed, after the careless fashion of youth, that her elders were indifferent and unemotional. Suddenly, she heard

an unfamiliar and terrifying sound. Her mother was sobbing with harsh, rending sobs, tearless and terrible.

Marvel turned in quick alarm and stood confused before this anguish of her own inflicting. Clarissa's very soul seemed sobbing, and her daughter did not know how to bear the sound.

The girl wrung her hands helplessly. Something struck her heart and quivered down her nerves. Then, as she watched this woman, so like, yet so unlike herself, all at once — she understood! She was suffering with every painful breath her mother drew. In the heart of her heart she felt them. They two were bound together there. It was even as Evelyn had told her, — Evelyn, the beloved, whose truth had never failed her yet! The primal tie that draws God to his worlds still holds the woman and her child. It was a wonder and a miracle unspeakable — but it was true. Throbbing and palpable, she felt the tie.

It was as if her eyelids were anointed, and all the deep and secret things of life lay clear. Ah, she had not known the half before! How shallow and complacent she must have seemed! She dropped on her knees beside the lounge. No eloquence now! She stammered commonplace words eagerly, pitifully.

'Mother dear! Mother, I did n't mean to hurt you so! I did n't know. *I did n't know!* Don't cry! O, mother dear, *don't cry!*'

Clarissa lifted a drawn, woeful face, and looked straight into her daughter's eyes. I cannot tell you what she saw there of wonder and new-born tenderness. But she drank of that look thirstily, as might one who had found springs of living water after a desert drought.

Her own child's hand had struck her down. Yet, in her overthrow, she read in Marvel's face the sign all mothers seek. Ungentle and unmerciful the girl had been, yet gentler and more merciful than she! And by that token she knew her life not wasted utterly. For she had given to this world — this piteous world for which she had labored clumsily and ineffectually in alien ways — the best thing that the woman has to give. Offspring a little better than herself she gave to it. This child of hers, just now so hard, yet now become so pitiful, was her own child — and more. Of her flesh and of her spirit had been wrought a finer thing than she.

THE VALUE OF EXISTING TRADE-UNIONISM

BY CHARLES NORMAN FAY

I

DURING the thirty years from 1879 to 1909 I was at the head successively of several corporations employing from two hundred to two thousand working people. Like most believers in democracy I originally believed also in the organization of labor; in the right of the working men, singly weak, to strengthen themselves by union in any honest effort for their own betterment. I believed that organization, bringing to the front the ablest minds among their number, would tend to educate the working people in the economics of labor, to their own good and that of the community. Results, however, have been disappointing. The management of trade unions appears to have become like that of city politics — an affair of personal self-interest rather than of the public good. This conclusion is drawn from various personal experiences, and from public documents to which I shall hereafter refer.

I came into contact with organized labor when, about 1899, a small typewriter factory in Chicago which I controlled, employing some two hundred and fifty men, joined the National Association of Manufacturers, consisting of over three thousand of the largest employers in the United States. At the moment I found its attention preoccupied with the matter of union labor. A great dread of labor unions swept over employers about 1900, and the National Association of Manufacturers, the Anti-Boycott Association, the Metal Trades' Association, the Typothetæ, and many local associations were formed, largely for the purpose of defense. Labor conditions grew worse; strikes, original and sympathetic, multiplied, until many employers moved their works out of the city, and many others, including our concern, opened negotiations with various country towns for removal thither. We joined the Anti-Boycott Association, about 1901, and I became a member of the committee in charge of the litigation begun by this association in the Chicago courts. I was made, about the same time, the vice-president for Illinois of the National Association of Manufacturers, and subsequently the chairman of its special committee on strike insurance.

My company's factory was unionized in 1903, for the first time in its nine years of existence, and forthwith was 'struck' by six unions affiliated with the Chicago Federation of Labor. The union demands included an eight-hour day instead of ten hours, an advance of twenty per cent in wages, the handing over of shop rules and discipline to a union committee, the sanctioning of sympathetic strikes, the closed shop, and a number of lesser requirements.

Our company was young. Engaged as we were in a fierce competition with the so-called Typewriter Trust, and other large typewriter makers, whose works were without exception in country towns, and who paid lower wages for ten hours a day, the

narrow margin of profits which we had attained would have vanished instanter, and we should have started at once toward bankruptcy. I stated these facts to the union leaders, and invited them to put an expert on our books to verify my assertion. They replied that they could not bother with our books, that we could 'cook' our accounts to suit ourselves, and anyhow they did not care to deal with weak concerns. If we could not do business in Chicago under union conditions, we had better get out of business or out of Chicago. 'What then of our men whom you have just unionized?' I asked. 'Would you destroy their jobs forthwith?' 'They must sacrifice themselves for the cause of labor,' was the reply, and the poor fellows did. As the business agents left they whistled, and most of the men dropped their tools and marched out.

Before this there had been a fortnight of negotiations, during which I looked about for help. I tried to join the Metal Trades and the Employers Associations, and to get under their collective-bargain umbrella; but I found no room there. These associations were controlled by the larger local factories such as the harvester, ice-machine and electrical works, with whose methods, scale of operations, sales, and seasons, our little typewriter factory had practically nothing in common. Labor conditions which were tolerable to them were to us about as deadly as the union demands. So I found myself, with a heavy heart, compelled to make my fight alone.

A few months before, I had met on the railway train one of the Studebakers of South Bend, whose factory had recently passed through a strike, of which he told me as follows: —

'There had never been any unions in South Bend until the organizers came from Chicago to organize our men. As soon as this was done, they called a strike. Their demands seemed to us impossible. So we called the men together, and I made them a speech. I said to them, "We have got along with you men, from father to son, for thirty years, and have never had any trouble until these strangers came in to make it. Now you have put up to us demands that we believe are impossible. You, of course, believe the other way. And what you believe, any other body of men are likely to believe. If we can't get along with you, we can't get along with anybody else. Therefore, we are not going to try to supply your places or to run this factory unless we run it with you. We shall simply shut down and give you a chance to look around for a better job. If you don't succeed in finding one and wish to come back, the old job is ready for you on the old conditions whenever men enough decide to come to work to run the shops. If you never come back the shops will stay closed."

'So we shut down and left simply the watchmen there, as at night. We employed no strike-breakers, and there was no hard feeling. After a few weeks the older men began to think and argue and, in the course of two months, the strike gradually faded out. The men came back, a few at a time, work started up, and we have been non-union ever since. No property was wrecked and no men killed, and we have had nothing to regret.'

Mr. Studebaker's narrative impressed me strongly, and when I faced a similar situation I followed his lead exactly. We paid off the men and inclosed in every pay envelope a letter stating that we should not fill the men's places, but merely wait until they found out that all the unions in Chicago could not furnish them another job; after which, if they chose to come back, the old jobs would be ready under the old conditions. If they

found other work and did not return in a reasonable length of time, we should feel free to start up with new employees, first giving each man ten days' notice so that he could, if he chose, apply for his old situation.

So the shop remained closed for nearly eight weeks. The unions picketed it in the meantime, but without reason. After six weeks the majority of the men indicated that they wished to return to work, and we gave them the agreed ten days' notice. Before starting up, as many of the men expressed the fear of slugging, we agreed to put the property under the protection of the courts, and applied for an injunction restraining the unions and our union employees from picketing, intimidation, and violence.

Nevertheless, on the day that work was resumed, two men were slugged. We caught the sluggers, brought them before the court, had them sentenced, and then had the sentence suspended during good behavior. We also furnished our men with police escort to and from work.

These precautions ended all difficulties. The majority of our employees privately told their foremen that they had had no grievances, and had joined the union only because they were afraid to stay out. As soon as they felt themselves protected by the law, they quit the unions and returned to work.

None of them except the pickets received strike benefits from the unions while the strike lasted, although they had been told when joining the unions that a large war-fund had been laid by in previous years in anticipation of this year of struggle, from which they should benefit. When our strike was announced in the papers, the Chicago manager of a detective agency called to see me, stating that his office made a specialty of handling strikes, and that he could give me advance information of every movement made against our company. I expressed some doubt as to his ability to do so. He replied about as follows: —

'These union leaders are all grafters; they will take money from you, or from me, from the politicians, and from the men, — anywhere they can get it. Our agency practically owns an official in every important union in America. We will give you detailed type-written reports of the proceedings of the executive and finance committees of the six unions with which you are concerned. When you start up, the unions will slip a union man in your shop to *re*-organize it. We will slip one of our operatives in there, too, and he will keep you informed as to what the union man is doing.'

He finally persuaded me to accept his services, and for nearly six months I received his daily reports, whose accuracy, regarding our strike at least, was sufficiently verified by my knowledge of the facts from our own side. The financial statements, which came in twice a month, showed that but one-fifth of the union war-fund came back to the men, mostly in the shape of pay for pickets, while four fifths went in salaries and expenses of the organization. The largest single items were the bills of a certain lawyer, perhaps the most conspicuous champion of down-trodden labor in America, aggregating many thousands of dollars, paid him for defending sluggers and fighting injunctions against violence and intimidation of non-union men. Our strike collapsed in about eleven weeks, but according to these statements our pickets, who disappeared from the neighborhood entirely about that time, were continuing to draw pay when I stopped taking the statements some three months after. As the business agents were frequently seen about our neighborhood, and must have known

that the pickets were not there, the interesting query arises — *who got the money* that was charged as paid for the services of the latter?

Another interesting item in the financial report was two dollars per man paid to the organizers for organizing our shop. To cover this, each man had been charged three dollars initiation fee, and about fifty of our men failed to pay it. After the collapse of the strike the business agents proposed to me to 'call it off,' provided the company would pay the union the amount of these defaulted initiation fees, — a proposal quite in keeping with the whole miserable performance.

When we finally started up as a non-union shop, desiring to keep out union spies while filling a few vacancies, we advertised anonymously for men of the six trades, in three different ways, thus running eighteen 'ads' at once: for union men, closed shop — for non-union men, non-union shop — and for men, open shop. Nearly a hundred applicants answered both union and non-union advertisements and were, of course, rejected; but the far more interesting development was the fact that out of about one thousand applications received by mail over eight hundred and fifty were for the non-union job. Many wrote strongly, eager for steady work from which they could not be called by business agents every little while. Even from the 'polishers,' supposed to be solidly unionized, of fifty-one applications thirty-one were for the non-union job. This 'straw vote' satisfied me that our little shop at least could ignore the unions; and it did.

Meantime the work of the Anti-Boycott Association was going on in Chicago and the vicinity. Its purpose was to enforce the common and statute law regarding conspiracy and combination in restraint of trade against the labor unions. The strikes of 1901–1903 afforded a favorable opportunity, and Chicago a strategic point for its operations. Several important injunction suits were brought and fought through the local committee of which I was a member. The moral effect of the protection of the courts upon the laboring population was so marked that, during the years from 1900 to 1903, not far from one hundred injunctions were taken out in Chicago and the vicinity. It became well understood among employers that the majority of employees, even union men, preferred to remain at work *if protected;* naturally the hostility of the unions to the issuing of injunctions by the courts grew bitter, and still persists.

Eventually less aggressive counsels prevailed in the National Association of Manufacturers. Suggestions of a great fighting association of employers and the formation of a large war-fund, of extensive lock-outs and the like, came to nothing. Collective bargaining accomplished little. The Studebaker method of non-resistance, involving merely ability to shut down, appealed to me as the best defense against professional trade-unionism. I therefore proposed at the annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers a method of conferring that ability on every member; namely, a plan for mutual strike insurance, permitting any member to insure against loss of profits and waste of fixed charges during idleness caused by strikes.

The Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, had published, in 1901, the first report of the Department of Commerce and Labor on Strikes and Lock-outs, covering the years 1881 to 1900. The averages from this report indicated that such insurance could be written at a premium of less than one per cent per annum.

The association listened to the suggestion and appointed a committee on

strike insurance, of which I was made chairman; and in that capacity I conducted an extensive correspondence, sending out printed interrogatories to the entire membership of the association, which yielded much valuable information, — among other things the fact that union labor was universally found to be from thirty to forty per cent less efficient than non-union labor.

I then thought, and still think, strike insurance an absolutely lawful, cheap, and practical method of coöperation among employers, which if generally adopted would put professional labor leaders clean out of business. For an employer need only say to the business agents, 'Go ahead and strike. It will cost me nothing. I am insured, and I will shut down and go fishing until the men feel like going to work again.'

But my associates, like myself, had had their experience in 1903; and had found out that unionism had not entirely superseded the laws of supply and demand. They answered my committee substantially as follows: 'Your proposals are sound, but not worth while. We do not have strikes very often. When business is good, and we want men, we have to bid up for them; when it is bad and we do not want them, they come around after us. We prefer to take our chances, and if a strike comes, meet it in our own way. Organized or not, we can and will pay labor only what trade justifies.'

In short, by 1904, to these representative employers, over three thousand of the largest in the land, organized labor was no longer the devouring monster of 1900, but had shrunk to a mere gad-fly of trade, at which the patient ox of industry might indeed switch an uneasy tail, but against which it was scarcely worth while to screen him.

Later on, our company dropped out of the National Association of Manufacturers and of the Anti-Boycott Association, and my personal contact with the labor organizations ceased. I now relate these experiences merely as a 'story' to lead the reader on to a far more important and convincing array of facts found in certain public documents, namely: —

The Second Report of the Commissioner of Labor, on Strikes and Lockouts from 1881 to 1905; the Report of the Senate Committee on the Course of Prices and Wages from 1900 to 1907; of the Census Bureau on Manufactures brought down to 1905; and the advance bulletins of the Census of 1910.

According to the first-mentioned report, there were in the United States in 1905, besides transportation companies, some 216,262 wage-paying concerns, employing 6,157,751 workers. In 1881 the workers numbered 4,257,613; so that for the twenty-five years included their average number may be assumed as 5,200,000. During this period there were no less than 36,757 strikes (not counting those of less than a day), involving 181,407 concerns, and 1546 lockouts involving 18,547 concerns. Neglecting the lock-outs and excluding railroad employees, 8,485,600 persons were thrown out of employment by strikes, for an average period of 25.4 days. These totals are large enough to form the basis of reliable percentages and sound conclusions. Assuming the low normal of 250 working days per annum, we may figure the total time lost by strikes during that twenty-five years as two thirds of one per cent of normal working time — an almost negligible fraction.

Of the establishments involved, 90 per cent were 'struck' by organized, and but 10 per cent by unorganized labor.

Organized labor won or partly won in 65 per cent, and unorganized labor in 44 per cent, of strikes undertaken.

Lock-outs averaged 85 days in dura-

tion, against 25.4 days for strikes. Employers won or partly won in 68 per cent of the lock-outs begun.

Sixty-seven per cent of all strikes were for wages, hours, and other primary questions between employers and their men; 33 per cent were for recognition of the unions, and other secondary questions between employers and the unions, as distinguished from the men. But, during the twenty-five years, as labor organization progressed, this proportion changed steadily and significantly. In 1881, for instance, wage questions caused 71 per cent of the strikes, and 'recognition' but 7 per cent. In 1905 the figures were respectively 37 and 36 per cent. As the percentage of strikes for recognition rose, the percentage of victories fell, from the grand average of 65 per cent for the twenty-five years, to 52 per cent in 1904 and 1905, the last two years.

Substantially no strikes were undertaken for sanitary conditions, or against dangerous machinery, child or female labor, and the like welfare questions, which the labor leaders have practically left to the philanthropists.[1]

To-day, after fifty years of organization, we may say roughly that 70 per cent of the industrial workers and 90 per cent of all wage-earners *remain non-union* and may be presumed not to favor strike-machines. The enormous majority of wage-workers neither unionize nor strike, but prefer to remain at work and settle their wage questions and working conditions for themselves directly with their employers.

II

In valuing the widely differing results of strike-effort, that is, the efficiency of trade-unions, certain general considerations must be borne in mind. 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.' All an employer needs to win any ordinary strike is the ability merely to shut down, and wait until starvation does its work. This he knows perfectly well. But low wages, long hours, and such primary questions between him and his men are seldom worth to him a shut-down, or a fight to keep running. They mean merely increased cost of labor which, like that of material, can generally be added to prices, and the burden passed along to the consumer. Indeed, the large majority of increases and decreases, the natural fluctuations of wages and prices, take place automatically under the law of supply and demand; and differences come to the striking point, as we have seen, only two-thirds of one per cent of the time — which is too seldom to count much. Ordinarily, therefore, the employer is indifferent, and easily yields wages and hours demanded. He is seldom the tyrant blood-sucker of helpless laboring men, women, and children that union leaders and muck-rakers love to depict; with rare exceptions he is a pretty

[1] Strikes succeeded according to their causes as follows: —

For higher wages	69 per cent.
" shorter hours	61 " "
" recognition	57 " "
Against reduction of wages	48 " "
Sympathetic strikes	23 " "

The building trades developed 39 per cent of all strikes and 55 per cent of all lockouts.

During the whole twenty-five years, 45 per cent of all male and 28 per cent of all female employees have struck, averaging one strike each. The maximum number on strike in any one year was 563,143 in 1902, or about one hand in every ten. On the average, but one hand in fifty struck each year.

The Federation of Labor (see its reports) claimed 692,000 members in 1890, 1,500,000 in 1905, and 1,700,000 in 1910. Including unions not in the Federation, perhaps 2,000,000 may be assumed as the present membership, and 750,000 as the average membership, of all the unions in the United States, for the twenty-five years ending in 1905; this last being, say, 15 per cent of the 'industrial' wage-workers, and but 5 per cent of the entire wage-working population. It made, however, 90 per cent of the trouble.

decent fellow, who likes his working people, and willingly pays full going wages, and runs as short hours as his trade will permit.

Of prime importance to him, on the other hand, is the kind of work he gets for wages paid during the $99\frac{1}{3}$ per cent of the time between strikes. 'No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or he will hold to the one, and despise the other.' When 'recognition' means that employees must take orders from half a dozen different unions instead of from the man who pays them; that old and faithful hands must unionize or leave; that sympathetic strikes and boycotts and refusal to handle non-union material may unexpectedly and uselessly involve him in the troubles of distant strangers; in short, that brains, foresight, and energy may any day be ripped out of his business, as a scullion rips the vitals from a fish, and it must broil helpless on the gridiron of competition, — all of this being exactly what 'recognition' does mean, — verily the employer is bound to fight or lock out, if he can. But first, with property and trade at stake, he carefully considers his position.

He cannot fight or lock out, but must yield for the nonce, when, as in the building trades, time is of the essence of his obligations, with important work to be finished by a day certain; or when he is financially so weak that he must keep going or fail. He cannot yield or lock out, but must fight, when, as in the railroad and other public service, the law and franchises enforce continuous operation, yet limit prices for service; or when, as of late in the soft-coal and garment trades, competition is so intense as to have precisely the same effect. The poor chap ponders long, and often decides wrongly. But the labor leaders are held back by no financial responsibility of their own or of their unions. The union men may suffer individually, but the leaders' comfortable salaries run on, and union treasuries are on tap. The leaders' personal importance increases enormously during a strike, while for the grafters among them — and union history is full of graft — the strike is their greatest opportunity.

The student can understand, then, why there were ten strikes to one lock-out, and nine union strikes to one called by unorganized labor; why labor has won the majority of strikes so far, and lost the majority of lock-outs; why, as they strike more and more for 'recognition' and like secondary causes, the unions win less and less; and why the leaders fight three times as desperately, and hold their unlucky followers out three times as long, for 'recognition,' involving their own power and prestige, as for wages, concerning only the men — yet, nevertheless, lose oftener in the end. One can understand, too, why, when trade conditions compel reductions of wages or demand shop discipline and efficiency, capital takes a stand and labor is comparatively helpless.

And finally one can understand why — as Allan Pinkerton said of the Mollie McGuire thirty years ago — 'Organized labor is organized violence.' It must always be. So long as the great majority of laborers remain outside the unions, and a majority of those inside are there only through fear, terrorism becomes the only means of preventing free competition in labor and the settlement of strikes according to the real attractiveness, or the contrary, of labor conditions. Samuel Gompers is credited by a recent New York daily with the remark, 'Organized labor without violence is a joke.' It seems impossible that he should have said such a thing, but the thing itself is true of existing trade-unionism.

Seeing then that labor is at actual 'war' with capital but two thirds of one per cent of the time; and that even then organized labor wins but three times to unorganized labor's twice, what after all is all this colossal organization worth to labor? What is the net value of three wins to two during less than one per cent of the time? Does this minute increase of efficiency justify the cost of organization during the remaining ninety-nine per cent?

The labor leaders will answer that organization is the sole foundation of good wages *all* the time. Well, is it? Let us turn to the Senate Report on Wages and Prices for the following testimony: —

While from 1900 to 1907 the average price of 25 leading commodities advanced 17 per cent, farm labor, entirely unorganized, advanced from 60 to 67 per cent. Ribbon and hosiery mill-labor, poorly organized, two thirds of whose strikes failed (see strike report) advanced respectively 44 and 36 per cent; railway labor, highly organized, advanced as follows: trainmen 33 per cent, machinists 30 per cent, engineers 20 per cent, miscellaneous 18 per cent; building-trades labor, over-organized, advanced but 32 per cent; cabinet-makers, well-organized, advanced but 20 per cent.

Another comparison from the same report of wages paid in 1907 in different cities and countries, shows that union carpenters earned in Philadelphia $21 per week, in Louisville $18, in Baltimore $21, in Chicago $27.50, in London, England, $10.65. Union compositors earned in Philadelphia 43 cents per hour, in Chicago 67 cents, in San Francisco 80 cents.

That is to say, of the different classes considered by the Senate Committee, entirely unorganized, unskilled labor gained most in wages, badly organized labor came next, and the best organized and strongest of all union labor, the railway engineers, gained least; while laborers of the *same* unions at one and the same time, in different cities of the same country, drew widely different and apparently inconsistent rates of wages for the same work.

How can these contradictory facts be accounted for on the theory that unionism is the foundation of wage scales? *It is not.* Actually, they are fixed the world over by local conditions of supply, demand, and efficiency; and trade-unionism has had about as much effect upon them, broadly speaking, as has had that magnificent fake, the protective tariff.

If unionism cannot, what then can secure for the workingman high wages, that is, a high standard of living? The answer is plain — nothing but efficiency: high-producing power conferred on labor by conjunction with brains and capital. This almost axiomatic proposition is prettily demonstrated by the 1905 Census Report on Manufactures, which shows: —

That small establishments whose annual product amounted to $5000 or less employed 1.9 per cent of the labor, drew 1.6 per cent of the pay-roll, and produced 1.2 per cent of the total output.

That middle-sized concerns of $100,000 to $200,000 annual product, employed 18.8 per cent of the labor, drew 18.3 per cent of the wages, and produced 14.4 per cent of the output.

That large concerns of $1,000,000 or more annual product employed 25.6 per cent of the labor, drew 27.2 per cent of the pay-roll, and produced 38 per cent of the output.

Evidently the little fellow who is 'crushed by the trust' and goes to work for it, 'no longer free but a mere slave,' draws more pay than before, as it grows bigger, and his efficiency grows with it. A little of the resulting saving

comes to him direct; a little goes to the trust; but the bulk of it comes to you and me, to everybody, himself included, in reduction of prices and cost of living. That is the law of trade.

How much ought to come to him direct? What should be his share of the increment of his productive value due not to himself, but to capital and brains? Not much! Like the 'unearned increment' on real estate, most of it rightfully belongs to the community; and one way or another the community gets it. What then are those 'rights of labor,' which labor is to get when Mr. Gompers's prophecy of the final domination of muscle over mind is realized? Probably labor itself would define them as an even 'divide,' master and man alike, all round. Well, what would that amount to? Here is a crude guess.

The census of 1910 gives the total wealth of the nation as about 107,000 millions of dollars, of which about one quarter was in the land; which last the nation neither made nor saved. The rest was in worldly goods produced by all, and saved by some of us. It amounts to, say, $983 each for every man, woman, and child in the United States; or, say, $4500 per family. At the usual capitalistic return of 5 per cent this would yield $225 per annum, or 61 cents per day per family. That is, were all the brains and property of the country to continue as now at the service of labor, and were it to work as hard as now, and were each family head to draw 61 cents per day greater average pay, labor would get everything — nothing left for capital, brains, and time spent in evolution of the commercial situation.

Labor would probably turn upon Gompers and say, 'Is that all? Where are our rights — our automobiles and Scotch castles, our golf and idle days?' And some wiser man than Edward Bellamy would answer, 'Those things are not on the cards, boys. You will each have to turn out many hundred times more work than you are doing every day in order to pass such luxuries around.' The boys would probably reply, 'If 61 cents a day extra, and hard work for life, is all there is in it, we will take a vacation and spend our $4500 apiece right now, and have one good time while it lasts.'

As a matter of fact, there are no 'rights,' there is no enormous profit stolen from its daily toil, which labor does not get. The whole wealth of the country, its accumulation of three centuries, was 80,000 million dollars in 1910, land-values neglected. The farm products of that year were 9000 millions, the industrial products 15,000 millions, and the precious metals 126 millions; probably all in all we produced 25,000 millions of dollars value last year. The savings of three centuries, then, are barely three years' product! and they, too, are perishable. The food and merchandise disappear in a year; the roads, rolling-stock, and machinery in ten years; the buildings, say, in thirty. All must be renewed from year to year. The world really lives from hand to mouth, its toiling millions consuming at least 97 per cent of all they produce. A few million of workers of rare industry and thrift, a few hundred thousand of still rarer brain and energy, gather together the small fraction that remains, and concentrate it by the world-wide machinery of modern commerce in a few favored countries — for themselves, as they fondly suppose, but really, under a mightier intelligence than theirs, mainly for the use and benefit of labor, which works and thinks as little as possible, and saves hardly at all.

Let us inquire now what are the plainly evident interests of wage-

working people, and upon them try to build logical and useful principles of association with those of their fellow men who, possessing brains, will always also control capital. Those interests are, as I see them: —

Employment. The laborer must have a job, furnished him by some one else, for he has not the ability to create one for himself. It must be continuous; for his time is all he has, and every day lost is so much pay gone forever. He, himself, should be the last man to interrupt or cripple his own job; nor should it be subject to interruption by quarrels of other men with other jobs in which he has no concern.

Freedom to work. If employment fails, does not pay, or is unsuitable, it is absolutely vital that the laborer shall be free to seek any other employment or locality without being shut in or out by union walls. It is best for him, as for the community, that labor, like capital, should be liquid, free to flow where most needed; in ample supply everywhere, in stagnation nowhere.

The highest going wages, regularly paid. As 'going' wages the world over practically absorb the product of each country, it is idle to attempt to secure more. The only way the laborer can induce, or indeed enable, his employer to pay the highest wages is to produce the utmost in return, and make him prosperous. For, though it does not follow that a prosperous business always pays the highest wages, a losing business practically never does. Therefore, up to the point of healthy fatigue, the workman in his own interest should put his heart and back into his work, in fullest accord with the brain that creates and pays for his job; doing his level best to increase output and decrease unit-cost to his employer and to the community.

As labor seldom saves, and figures ahead only from pay-day to pay-day, pay-days must be regular and frequent, and the work steady. The employer, to be ideal, must be strong and successful; in short, a capitalist as far as possible independent of the troubles of other business concerns.

If these are the interests of labor, they are plainly identical with those of capital and of the community. There will always remain justly to be determined, however, the questions, what are 'going wages' and 'healthy fatigue.'

These are questions of fact and of individual capacity, whose determining factors, in spite of all our contrivances, will probably always be those of supply, demand, and efficiency in open market — namely, of competition: questions whose mastery demands more study than average working people are capable of. Nevertheless, to satisfy 'Labor' — which nowadays 'wants to know,' and would cut loose from simple and sound old methods, — that labor-competition is inevitable, as well as immediately and ultimately just, and yet to mitigate as far as may be, its harshness, 'Capital' might well, it seems to me, utilize the fine principle of brotherhood, of strength in union among laboring people; devising for the larger industries, with its greater intelligence, a form of union among employees more logical than present unionism, wage-contracts more just to the individual, and more efficient than present collective bargaining, and last, but not least, a practical method of enforcing such contracts on both sides. For it is useless to make contracts which cannot be enforced. The law will not compel a laborer to work, and neither he nor his union has any property good for damages resulting from his breach of contract. When the pinch comes, the union leaders calmly say they 'cannot hold the men' (which is perfectly true), and that is the end of their contracts — mere ropes of sand!

Capital prefers, therefore, to hire from day to day, and take its chances of getting such labor as it wants in the open market. If, now, labor desires that capital shall bind itself by long-term contracts to stay out of the open market, and deal only with particular bodies of laborers, it is not only justice, but common sense, that the latter also shall be bound, and that their side of the contract as well as capital's shall be guaranteed by property.

To accomplish all this, let us suppose that the employer first, in order to disentangle his concern from the labor troubles of others, himself quits all employers' associations, and proposes to his employees to form a union of their own, not tied to other unions and their wars; offering each man who joins it a written contract providing: —

1. For its termination only on three months' notice from either party, or by common consent.

2. For steady work without strike or lock-out, while trade conditions permit.

3. For the highest efficiency consistent with healthy fatigue, and corresponding highest 'going' wages; reasonable maximum scales of efficiency and wages to be proposed by the employer as conditions change from time to time, employees falling below maximum efficiency to draw reduced wages *pro rata* to performance.

4. For the prompt acceptance or rejection, by representative members of the union, of trade conditions, scales of efficiency and maximum wages, working rules, etc., from time to time ananounced or proposed by the employer; fullest facilities for investigation thereof to be afforded by him.

5. For the creation of a joint guarantee fund equal, say, to five per cent of each employee's wages, to be contributed on pay-days, one half by him and one half by the employer, and placed in trust to accumulate at interest; its sum to be divided between himself and the employer if he quits or is discharged *with* the three months' notice, or by mutual consent; or to be forfeited entire by or to him, if he quits or is discharged *without* the three months' notice, during his first fifteen years' employment. After fifteen years he may at any time either retire, and withdraw the whole as a savings fund, or retire on a pension representing it, upon giving the three months' notice.

Employees who prefer not to join such a union are not to be forced to do so, or to quit other unions; but to remain without benefits as ordinary employees by the day. Those who join and sign contracts are, of course, free to quit or strike without notice, if they think it worth while to forfeit their half of the guarantee fund. In case of a deadlock between the employer and the union representative, the employer as well as the men, if dissatisfied with existing scales or conditions, must give notice and wait three months before lock-out or strike, or forfeit the guarantee funds. Individual men preferring not to give notice would, of course, hold their jobs and their guarantee funds.

At the end of the three months' notice, should the deadlock continue, the men would draw their shares of the accumulated guarantee fund, and go their ways, sacrificing their pension-standing, etc. The employer would have to build up a new force. Probably both sides would try the ordinary endurance test, to see which would yield first; the men better financed than usual, and the employer having had three months for finishing work in process and preparing to shut down, with his share of the guarantee fund as a financial anchor to windward. The possibility of strikes would not be abolished, but would, in my judgment, be greatly les-

sened under this plan. Nothing clears the judgment like financial responsibility.

Such a form of unionism would, it seems to me, promote as well as human contrivance can the common interests of labor and capital, namely, continuous employment, freedom for labor to flow where wanted, high efficiency and high wages under healthy conditions; and would add to the general blessings of industrial peace the special blessings of thrift and insurance. A prominent western actuary recently laid before his employer friends a plan under which the employer's half of such a five per cent guarantee fund would more than suffice, and might be used during the first fifteen years to pay the premiums upon a death, accident, and sickness insurance policy in one of the standard companies, covering (in lieu of employers' liability) the same scale of benefits as are now provided for working men under the admirable German Compulsory Insurance laws. At the end of the fifteen years the accumulations of the employee's half of the fund and interest would suffice to take the place of the insurance policy, which could then be dropped; and thereafter the whole fund would accumulate to provide the same benefits, and a savings fund or retiring pension at the employee's option.

He would, however, sacrifice all the accumulations and the two and a half per cent of his wages, should he break his contract and quit without notice; or should he, in case of accident or injury, elect to abandon his contract benefits, and hold his employer liable under existing laws — a strong reason for doing neither.

Would the men sign such contracts, offering incomparably greater benefits to themselves and the community than are offered by existing trade-unions, laws, and charities? If we may forecast their probable action from the foregoing statistics, most of them would. It is certain, however, that no union man would do so if the present union leaders could prevent. Prying capital and labor apart with a wedge of class hatred, and inserting themselves between, is now their gainful, conspicuous, and interesting vocation. Permanent, peaceful, and profitable relations between employer and employee would put them out of power. Therefore, when Mr. Taylor, by long experiment, finds ways for men to do vastly more work with less effort, and draw much more pay, Mr. Mitchell promptly repudiates for labor the idea of doing so much for the money. If Mr. Perkins offers Steel Corporation shares to its employees on easy payments, so that they may be directly interested in its success and in the profits from their own toil, Mr. Morrison denounces the offer as bribery, and those who accept it as traitors to their class.

So there you have the issue sharply defined. However sordid the motives of capital, its methods have been enormously beneficial to the race. It has learned that human efficiency means abundance for human need, and abundance low prices, and low prices larger trade, and larger trade greater profits. With the purely selfish purpose of garnering these profits, capital has for a century produced and supplied to the race, in return for its daily toil, an ever-increasing store of the necessaries and luxuries of life.

On the other hand, labor, equally selfish but less intelligent, everywhere and always fights efficiency, discipline, scientific management; in short, fights every means of increasing output and reducing unit-cost. Everywhere and always, strange as it may seem, labor stands for monopoly, violence, and coercion, and against personal independence. The non-union man has no right

to life, liberty, and the pursuit of a job. At the very moment of time when the world demands of capital the utmost commercial freedom, the widest competition, the greatest energy, the cheapest and best service, labor stands for the exact opposite, — for tyranny, combination in restraint of trade, high cost, inefficiency, and sloth. To sum up, in hauling the heavy load of human existence, it is the admitted principle and purpose of organized labor to balk and not to pull.

A priori, and from the broad experience, personal and national, cited above, the conclusion comes to me irresistibly, that the principle is false, the purpose wrong, and the result inevitable; in fine, that *existing* trade-unionism is of *no* value, to itself or to the community, and must make way for something better.

THE FEMINIZING OF CULTURE

BY EARL BARNES

I

With the weakening of sex prejudices, and the removal of legal restrictions on women's freedom, it was inevitable that women should invade fields of activity where formerly only men were found. Since women must eat, every one knew that they must work, and the sight of a woman at work is no new experience. Even in the days when they were most secluded and protected, the number kept in ease was always very small compared with the women slaves and servants who spun, cooked, and served. Hence men were used to seeing women at work; and while industrial adjustments have not been easily made, they have still been accepted as a matter-of-course. But who, fifty years ago, could have imagined that to-day women would be steadily monopolizing learning, teaching, literature, the fine arts, music, the church, and the theatre? And yet this is the condition at which we have arrived. We may scoff at the way women are doing the work, and reject the product, but that does not alter the fact that step by step women are taking over the field of liberal culture as opposed to the field of immediately productive work.

Some of the reasons for this change are so clear that it seems as if they might have been anticipated. In a comparatively few years the greater part of Western Europe and all of America has become rich, not this time through the enslavement of other peoples and the confiscation of their wealth, but through the enslaving and exploitation of the material forces of nature. This wealth is not well distributed, but large numbers of families have received enough for the women not to have to work constantly with their hands.

At this point all historic precedent would have turned these women into luxury-loving parasites and playthings. A good many of them have taken this easiest way and entered the peripatetic harems of the rich; but several million women refused to repeat the old

cycle of ruin; they knew too much. What then should they do? Faith in the value of conventual life for women had passed; industrial changes had transformed their homes so that the endless spinning, weaving, sewing, and knitting were no longer there, even to be supervised. Penelope's tasks had passed to foremen, working under trade-union agreements, in the factories of Fall River and Birmingham. Even the function of the lady bountiful, who looked after the spiritual and family affairs of her tenants and servants and distributed doles and Christmas baskets, was gone. Her tenants owned their own farms, and her chauffeur resented her interference with his personal life. What should she do?

Nor was this movement confined to the rich; for those who were not yet economically free were still deeply influenced by the changes which were taking place. The Goulds, Stanfords, Vanderbilts, Floods, Carnegies, and Schwabs, had all been lifted from the level of the masses to financial grandeur before the eyes of the multitude; and democratic ambitions drove parents, who thought themselves in the line of financial advancement, to secure culture for their girls in time. If the daughter was destined to live on Fifth Avenue, or to marry a duke, it was best to get her ready while young. In all our industrial democracies, armies of American parents have devoted themselves to labor, and have even sacrificed comforts and necessities that the daughters might get ready to live easier and fuller lives than the parents had known. If the choice had to be made between the girl and her brother, the chivalry of the father and the mother's ambition very often gave the opportunity to the girl.

And so an emancipated army of leisure has been formed which has transformed the very nature of the culture with which it has busied itself. Books, periodicals, musical instruments, travel, became cheaper and cheaper as the demand increased. Wholesale production makes almost any luxury accessible to every one. It is also possible to find modern and agreeable forms for older academic exercises. If Greek and Latin were too full or too difficult, courses in Romanic and Germanic philology would do as well. Anglo-Saxon gave way to Old English; and Chaucer to the Lake Poets. Philosophy struggled for favor with the English novel on equal terms. The works of Raphael were photographed and lithographed until the Sistine Madonna became as commonly known as the face of any strenuous and popular statesman of the day. With the aid of these art productions, and John Addington Symonds, every woman with leisure became an art critic. If economics was not interesting, sociology was available, and could be democratized to any degree. If travel was troublesome, one could leave it to Cook: buy a ticket, and he would do the rest.

If these awakening hungers and corresponding opportunities had affected only the period of life formerly thought available for education, these changes would have come about much more slowly than they have. But the genetic conception of life, steadily popularized since 1870, has led us to see that education is coterminous with life. It seems strange that we should ever have thought that mental activity belongs alone to youth. Dorland's study shows that in a list of four hundred fairly representative great men, between the ages of forty and fifty, 10.25 per cent ceased their mental activity; between fifty and sixty, 20.75 per cent; between sixty and seventy, 35 per cent; between seventy and eighty, 22.05 per cent; between eighty and ninety, 6 per cent.

The recognition of such facts as these has given us a new genetic sense of life under the influence of which mothers and grandmothers have joined the younger women in the pursuit of culture. They have formed clubs, — study clubs, current-events clubs, camera clubs, art clubs, literary clubs, civic clubs. They have organized courses of university-extension lectures; enrolled in Chicago University correspondence courses; and have flocked to Chautauqua by the thousand in the summer, when not abroad. It is not through the generosity of men that liberal culture has come into the possession of women; they have carried it by storm and have compelled capitulation.

II

Judging by the facts, women are pretty fully in possession of formal education. If we examine this monopoly a little more carefully, we shall find that while in the kindergarten and in the elementary schools boys furnish 51 per cent of the enrollment, simply because more boys are born in civilized communities than girls, as soon as we reach the high schools, girls increasingly take the lead. In 1910, the girls formed 56.45 per cent of the enrollment in high schools, or there were 110,249 more girls than boys. The proportion of girls increased through each of the four years of the course, and, of the graduates, 60.8 per cent were girls. In the public normal schools, 64.45 per cent of the students were girls.

The universities, colleges, and technical schools, which are massed together in our government reports, had hardly any women students in 1870; in 1880, 19.3 per cent of the students were women; in 1890, 27 per cent; in 1910, 30.4 per cent. In all these institutions there were enrolled, in 1910, 17,707 women. Of 602 institutions reported in 1910, 142 only were for men alone; 108 were for women alone; and 352 were open to both sexes. But here again the influence of women increases during each of the four years, for the women took 41.1 per cent of the A.B. degrees granted in 1910. It is surely not too much to say that, if present conditions continue, women will soon be in an overwhelming majority in all secondary and higher education in the United States.

If we examine the teaching force, we find this monopoly already established. In 1870, when our government records begin, 59 per cent of the teachers were women; in 1880, 57.2 per cent were women; in 1890, 65.5; in 1900, 70.1; in 1910, 78.6. The more settled and intelligent the community, the more rapid this advance has been. Thus Arkansas has 52.4 per cent of women teachers; but Massachusetts has 91.1 per cent, and Connecticut has 93 per cent.

In cities, too, the women fill nearly all teaching positions. New York City has 89 per cent of women in its force; Boston, 89 per cent; Philadelphia, 91.4 per cent; Chicago, 93.3 per cent. In many cities the proportion is even greater than this; Omaha has 97 per cent; Wheeling, West Virginia, 97.5 per cent; Charleston, South Carolina, 99.3 per cent; and in forty-six towns of 4,000 to 8,000 inhabitants there is no man on the force. When we remember that many of the men indicated above are in high schools, or in supervising posts, we are prepared for the statement in a report recently laid before the Board of Education of New York City, that in half the cities of the United States there are virtually no men teaching.

In our high schools, 54 per cent of the teachers are women; in public normal schools, 65 per cent, and in institutions

of higher learning, 17.6 per cent are women. Even in supervisory positions, there are more women than men in the large centres of population. Certainly these figures justify us in saying that women have established a monopoly of education in the United States, except in the higher institutions.

In order to discuss the effects which this monopoly of education by women is having on the curriculum of the schools, we must first agree on what constitutes the peculiarity of women's minds as compared with men's. Generally speaking, we find that women are more interested in the concrete, human, personal, conserving, and emotional aspects of life; while men more easily turn to the abstract, material, impersonal, creative, and rational aspects. To put it broadly, women are more interested in the humanities; men more readily pursue the sciences. Let us admit at once that there are many individual exceptions to this statement. Some women have reached great excellence in abstract studies, and some men are notoriously concrete and emotional; nevertheless, the general statement seems borne out by a wealth of common observations and detailed comparisons.

Personal observation must always be colored by prejudices and prepossessions, but my own observations have been so wide, and so uniformly in one direction, that it seems justifiable to report them.

For a quarter of a century I have been working in schools, or with teachers, and my personal observations all agree with the above characterization. I have spent five years in Cornell University, New York; one year in Zurich University, in Switzerland; two years in the State University of Indiana, and seven years in Stanford University, in California. These institutions are widely distributed; they were all fully coeducational; and they had each a wide range of elective studies. In all of them class-rooms devoted to literature and modern languages had a large attendance of women, while lecture rooms and laboratories devoted to abstract science were almost deserted by them. This could not have been due to commercial considerations, for many of these women were facing teaching; and during all this time the demand for women who could teach science has been much greater than for women who could teach literature.

In my work with teachers, both in the class-room and in the field, I have carried out many inductive, quantitative studies, based on measurements or returns from large numbers of children. I have never found women teachers taking up and carrying out this kind of work with any such enthusiasm as men apply to it, although it lies at the base of their professional life.

Institutional generalizations seem all to point in this same direction. For instance, the Girls' Evening High School in Philadelphia is managed by one of the best-known scientific women in the country, Dr. L. L. W. Wilson, head of the biological department of the Philadelphia Normal School. With a thousand girls, of high-school grade, under the leadership of a scientific woman, the only science courses given in the school are those in domestic science. The reason is that the girls, most of them not being candidates for a degree, will not take up work in science, although they form strong classes in literature and languages.

If, from such general facts of observation, one turns to exact comparisons, where quantities can be measured, the results are all the same. Of students enrolled in classical departments of universities, colleges, and technical schools, reporting to the United States Bureau of Education, in 1910, 36.5

per cent were women, while of those enrolled in general science courses, but 17.2 per cent were women. In 1,511 public and private high schools and seminaries, reporting to the Bureau of Education in 1909–10, a larger percentage of boys than girls was enrolled in algebra, geometry, trigonometry, physics, chemistry, physical geography, civil government, and rhetoric, the latter being a scientific study of language. A larger proportion of girls was enrolled in Latin, French, German, English literature, and history, and there was a slightly greater enrollment of girls in botany, zoölogy, and physiology.

In the further discussion of this subject it will then be taken for granted that, in education, feminization means emphasis on languages, literature, and history, as opposed to mathematics, physics, chemistry, and civics. For the elementary schools we have no data capable of reduction to figures, but general observation, backed by an examination of courses of study and textbooks, will compel any one to say that in twenty years we have made wonderful progress in reading, language, stories, mythology, biography, and history; while all our efforts to bring nature work into vital relation with the schools have borne little fruit. Our country schools need lessons in agriculture, and the children should gain a deep sense of country life. But how can celibate young women longing for town life give this? And subjects well taught are sure to be increasingly taught, and it takes no extended study to see that our elementary schools are being feminized in the direction of literature. This is the more striking when we remember that these twenty years have been dominated, in the larger world, by scientific interests.

In the high schools and seminaries, we have fairly complete returns showing the number of students enrolled in certain subjects since 1890. The pupils taking Latin have increased 15 per cent; French, 4 per cent; German, 13 per cent; English literature has increased in ten years 7 per cent (there is no record for this subject before 1898), and European history, 27 per cent. There has also been an increase of 11 per cent in algebra, and 10 per cent in geometry, probably partly due to vocational need, and to the emphasis laid on these subjects for admission to college. But physics, in the twenty years under consideration, has fallen off 7 per cent; chemistry, 3 per cent; physical geography, 5 per cent; physiology, 15 per cent; and civics, 7 per cent. A careful study of these figures must convince any fair-minded person that our school curriculum, even in the secondary field where women's control is least complete, is moving rapidly in the direction of what we have called feminization.

The schools, too, must increasingly do something more than train the intellect; and in all physical activity involuntary suggestion is very powerful. Playgrounds are laboratories of conduct, and they should not only give physical exercise, but should also furnish standards and ideals. There can be no doubt that women are physically more restrained, retiring, non-contesting, and graceful than men; but can dancing, marching, and gymnastics take the place of more aggressive, direct, and violent contests in the training of boys? So in industries, women are more given to conserving, arranging, and beautifying, more given to clerking and recording, while men are more creative, tend more to disbursement, are more given to mining, agriculture, and commerce. Even granting equal understanding and experience, the tradition of the race must count for much; and it would seem that at every stage of growth, boys and girls

alike should feel the impulse to imitate men who have an instinct to make and unmake, to trade and carry. It is no justification of existing conditions to say that the men now in the teaching profession lack these qualities; if they do, let us get rid of them and have real men. And for purposes of political life, does it not seem strange to bring up a generation of boys and girls, who are to be the future citizens of a democracy, under the exclusive leadership of people who have never been encouraged to think about political life, or allowed to participate in it? Let us by all means enfranchise women; but even then they cannot hope quickly to catch up with those who have some thousands of years the start, even after allowing for the fact that girls inherit from both father and mother.

Most of these differences which we have been discussing seem to rest in the fact that women are more personal in their interests and judgments than men are. This may be due to their education for thousands of years; but that makes it no less true. Women, certainly, in a great majority of cases, are more interested in a case than in a constitution; in a man than in a mission; in a poem than in a treatise; in equity than in law. In a generation when everything tends toward great aggregations, consolidated industries, segregated wealth, and new syntheses of knowledge, both boys and girls should receive such training as will fit them to play their part in these larger units.

As to the feminizing influence of women teachers on manners and morals and general attitude toward life, there can be no real doubt. Boys and girls cannot spend eight or twelve impressionable years of childhood and youth under the constant daily influence of women without having the lady-like attitude toward life strongly emphasized. To deny this is to repudiate the power of constant involuntary suggestion and association. Whether it is desirable or not is another question. The change may be all in the direction of advancing civilization; but just as, in the assimilation of our subject races, the philosophic mind must be distressed at the disappearance of so many varieties of speech, customs, and artistic and industrial products, so in this present assimilation, one cannot help regretting the steady disappearance of the katabolic qualities of the human male. One does not need to say that this feminized product is better or worse than what we have had; but it is certainly narrower, and less in harmony with the world's thought and work, than it formerly was.

III

If we turn from education to the press, we have similar conditions. During these past few years, hundreds of journals have sprung up devoted to women's special interests. They are almost all of them showy, fragmentary, personal, concrete, and emotional. It is difficult to find one that represents general or abstract interests. One of these journals, which boasts a fabulous circulation, is supported by its women subscribers and readers to oppose the larger interests of women in education, industry, and political life. At least, if it does not oppose these interests, it does not aid them. Imagine a million German women sending the Kaiser one dollar and a half a year to induce him to tell them once a month to go back to their kitchens, churches, and children.

The newspapers of America have steadily changed during the last three decades in the same direction. Editorial pages and news' columns have been steadily modified in the direction of fragmentary, egoistic, personal, and

sensational, or at least emotional, appeals. These are the qualities of children's minds, and of undeveloped minds, everywhere. The change is, of course, all a part of the larger democratic movement of our time, and many causes have contributed to bring it about. Had women not been so active, something of the same sort would have happened; but if women were all to forget how to read overnight, there is little doubt that the newspapers would find it advantageous to print more statesmanlike editorials, and more general and abstract news.

With the weeklies and monthlies, the change taking place is the same. The new reading public, brought in by increase in population, and by popular education, is apt to turn to the newer magazines of popular tendencies, like *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, and *Everybody's*. The very change in names speaks of the new personal and egoistic element that has come into journalism. Of course, such changes are only in part due to the influence of women, but the change is in the direction of the qualities that characterize distinctively women's journals.

In books, the personal and romantic novel has taken precedence over every other form of literature. Many of these are written by women; their circulation, both through libraries and through sales, is much greater with women than with men; and in many of them the personal gossip is as transient as that which fills the evening paper.

IV

In the churches, especially in the ritualistic churches, women have long been the faithful attendants. Nowhere, except in the churches which make a rationalistic and abstract appeal, and in the ethical societies, does one find a preponderance of men. In 1903, a careful enumeration was made of all attendants at places of worship in the city of London. The count was taken on fair Sundays in autumn, and covered both morning and evening services. Of all adult attendants, 61 per cent were women; 146,372 more women than men passing through the doors.

About the same time a similar census was made in the part of New York City lying on Manhattan Island. The women were in excess by 171,749, and formed 69 per cent of all attendants. Even a church service, if not entirely tied to set forms, must seek to interest those who occupy the pews; and no observer can fail to note, in both England and America, a movement toward ritualism on the one hand, and, on the other, toward popular, personal, concrete, and sometimes sensational preaching. The same general changes are taking place in libraries, in the drama, in concerts, in all group activities connected with learning and the fine arts.

But, on the other side, if emancipated women had not applied themselves, since 1870, to the direction of education, literature, religion, and amusements, all these interests must have suffered serious neglect and probable deterioration through the concentrating of the interests of the ablest men on engineering, manufacturing, commerce, and other fields of pure and applied science. By popularizing these interests, women have really humanized them, as all similar revolutions have done in the past. In breaking up old forms and intellectual conventions, they have set free new and vital impulses. Whether the historian of the future will consider this period of democratization and feminization a time of advance remains to be seen; but it is certainly a time of liberated energy and of broadening participation in all that is best in life.

DOES HUMAN NATURE CHANGE?

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

THIS question is doubtless a very old one, but it is being asked oftener to-day than ever before, because men's minds are now more intently fixed upon the betterment of human conditions. To many it seems a necessary condition of such betterment that man himself in his fundamental nature should be growing better, and the typical reformer is pretty sure to assume that such is the case. Take, for example, the question of war and peace. The commonest defense of the militarist against the attacks of the peace party is the assumed immutability of human nature. 'Civilization,' he asserts, 'has not changed human nature. The nature of man makes war inevitable.'[1] It seems not to occur to the pacificist to question the validity of this alleged relation of cause and effect, and he feels himself forced to meet the argument by the assumption that human nature *does* change, and, necessarily from his point of view, for the better. Expressions of the same idea are common in all lines of philanthropic endeavor. Naturally the conflict between these two opposing views is a source of immense confusion — a confusion that is 'worse confounded' by the abstruse character of the relations involved. The present paper is an effort to clear away something of this confusion, and if its arguments tend to show, on the one hand, that human nature does not change, they show, on the other, that this fact is not incompatible with a progressive improvement of social conditions.

[1] General J. R. Storey, U. S. Army.

Much of the confusion of thought on this subject arises from a lack of precise definition, and this is particularly true in regard to the word change. Perhaps the best way to reach a clearer understanding of the term will be by eliminating some things which it does not properly include. In the first place, if we are seeking a practical working definition, we must reject those considerations which have no living force in human affairs, particularly those evolutionary processes which are assumed to have brought man up to his present high estate from the lowest forms of life. Whatever interest such processes may have as a philosophic speculation, and however fully we may accept them, they are of little value in the ordinary affairs of life. Those who wish to see war, for example, done away with, cannot afford to wait upon a process in which each infinitesimal advance has consumed a longer period than that which they believe to be necessary for the full accomplishment of their hopes. We must confine the question to relatively limited spaces of time, certainly not exceeding the period of recorded history.

Again we should exclude those changes which arise from the blending of different types and races, and the fusing of their peculiar characteristics. These are not what are ordinarily meant in speaking of changes in human nature.

So also anatomical changes, as in the cephalic index, which have been observed to result from a change of habitat, do not involve any change in those

spiritual and intellectual qualities to which the term human nature commonly refers.

In like manner we must exclude those infinite variations which mark off individuals from one another. The children of the same parents may, and generally do, differ greatly in their intellectual and moral traits — not only from their parents, but from one another. These differences may be compared to the waves of the sea, some above and some below, no two of the same form, but all, nevertheless, close to the unchanging level in which their own identity is quickly lost.

Finally, — and this is the real difficulty, — we must reject everything which is embraced in that comprehensive word, education (*e-ducere*) — the leading or drawing out of the faculties of the mind, whether by parental training, the teaching of the schools, self-culture, spiritual transformation, the universal and never-ceasing influence of environment, or whatever else goes to the development of individual character from the very moment of birth. These influences develop faculties, but they do not create them, or alter their character.

The confusion of definition on this point is well illustrated by the following quotation from a recent issue of *The Outlook:* 'Mr. George takes a tough out of the streets of New York City; he is trained in the George Junior Republic, is fitted for college, graduates with honor, and becomes a self-respecting and valued citizen. This has been done again and again. Does it involve no change in the tough's nature?' This is not what is properly understood by the word 'change,' as applied in a broad sense, when we speak of human nature as changing. It is education pure and simple. In like manner, religious transformation ('conversion') is simply the drawing out of spiritual faculties which exist in the individual, rather than the working of any fundamental change in those faculties. In all these cases the modifications wrought, or the development produced, require the constant backing of effort to maintain them. Without such effort they quickly relapse or 'backslide' more or less nearly to their untutored condition. If the real faculty itself had been changed, this reversion would hardly be expected.

Changes wrought through education cannot be considered changes in human nature unless they are capable of being transmitted by inheritance. It is again the old question of the transmission of acquired characteristics, with the weight of authority altogether in the negative. In a striking passage in *The Century of the Child*, Ellen Key thus refers to this matter: 'With this list (with the possible exceptions of cannibalism, incest, murder, and theft) I have exhausted everything which mankind, since its conscious history began, has really so intimately acquired that the achievement is passed on in its flesh and blood.' The exceptions cited are really not exceptions at all, but the passage itself is an admirable definition of what a change in human nature, were such a thing possible, must be. It must be such a modification as can be passed on in the flesh and blood of the race, becoming thus a permanent acquisition.

We sometimes run across the expression 'contemporary qualities of human nature,' indicating a belief that these qualities change from age to age. Yet, if we stop to think, we find it impossible to conceive of such a thing as a change in the motives and qualities of the human mind. Are the intellectual faculties different now from what they ever were? Is mathematical ability, for example, a different thing to-day from what it was in the days of Euclid or of Archimedes? And are the passions

of envy, jealousy, anger, hatred, pugnacity, falsehood, on one side, and love, kindness, compassion, generosity, charity, on the other, different things from what they were when the Decalogue was written, or when St. Paul dissected so keenly the workings of the human heart?

Evidently this is not what is meant by those who say that human nature changes. They apparently mean, not that these traits themselves change, but that the evil traits are gradually eliminated, so that man is inherently better than he used to be. In this they unwittingly imperil their own argument, for they assume that the influences affecting man's nature work only in the direction of making it better. But if these assumed changes result from changed environment, which itself results from the incessant play of human activities, surely there is liability to downward as well as upward tendency. History is full of examples where the civilization of peoples has shown no upward tendency, but quite the reverse. If such unfavorable externals were to react on man's fundamental nature, dwarfing his intellectual powers, debasing his spiritual and moral capacity, so as to make him an inferior being who would no longer respond to education in the same degree as before, then, indeed, humanity would be in a bad case.

Enforcing this consideration, Alfred Russel Wallace says: 'Now it is surely a great blessing if we can believe that this widespread system of fraud and falsehood [referring to certain evils characteristic of modern society] does not produce any inherited deterioration in the next generation.' Those who are reluctant to recognize the immutability of human nature, fearing (most mistakenly) that to do so would be tantamount to saying that continued progress in civilization is impossible, should consider the vastly important fact that it protects humanity from irrevocable loss as a result of adverse external conditions.

It is generally recognized that the forces of natural selection, as they are believed to have operated in developing animal life on this planet, are practically inoperative when applied to human nature, if not to the animal man himself. Human volition utterly confounds the normal process, and it is a question if the tendency is not to preserve the unfit rather than the fit. It is held with much reason that the effect of long-continued wars in the past, of monasticism in the Middle Ages, and the scrupulous preservation of the weak and infirm in modern times, may have operated, and may still operate, to diminish in some degree the pristine vigor of the race. It may be, as many believe, that future development will change all this, and that the advance of civilization will produce favorable conditions in selective breeding, as, for example, the emancipation of woman, by which she will be less under the necessity of forming unwise marriages, and, by her greater means of self-support, can choose more wisely with whom she will mate. But in the existing state of society any belief that man is evolving into a higher nature, so that, apart from the influence of education, he is a better man than of old, stands wholly without foundation.

In attempting to get a clear perspective of the subject, our inquiry should, it would seem, take some such form as this: —

If a child of to-day could be subjected from the moment of its birth to the environment of its remote ancestors, say two, five, or ten thousand years ago, is there any reason to believe that he would exhibit any marked difference in his 'human nature' from that of his surroundings? Is there the slightest possibility that he would develop any-

thing of the very different civilization or culture in which his parents lived? Would he feel any unusual aversion to slavery, for instance, or to gladiatorial games, or ancient cruelties of any sort, from the fact that his immediate ancestors lived in an environment where moral culture did not permit such practices? And, conversely, if a new-born Roman or Grecian babe could have been transferred, from the moment of its birth, to an environment like that of the United States in the twentieth century, is there any reason to believe that he would have exhibited qualities which would mark him off from his contemporaries, and suggest a relationship to those far-off times?

It would seem that any candid valuation of the evidence before us must answer these questions in the negative. There may be differences due to the intermingling of races, but, except for these, there is no evidence to show that the intellectual, moral, or spiritual nature of man is different to-day from what it has always been. The course of thought is, indeed, very different in one age from that in another. Religions or systems of philosophy give way to others entirely different, but this does not prove that man's nature has changed in the interim, or that a child of one period, if it could be reared in the environment of the other, would not conform as perfectly to such environment as it does to that in which its lot is actually cast.

Examples commonly cited in support of the argument that human nature changes, aptly illustrate the confusion of definition which it is here sought to point out. For instance, the writer in *The Outlook* already quoted says: 'Imagine modern ladies turning down their thumbs to indicate that the unsuccessful player [in the gladiatorial combat] is to be killed!' If it were possible to take any given number of modern female babes and rear them from birth in an environment like that of Trajan's reign, there is no doubt, whatever, that as large a proportion as was true of Roman women would do that very thing. The avidity with which some American women frequent the bull-fights of Mexico, and other similar evidence which will readily occur to any one, show very convincingly that they would go to the limit of those excesses just as certain Roman women did. For it was not all of them, by any means, who did those things. There was an undercurrent of opposition to them, and there were earnest attempts at reform. There is no reason to suppose that the population of Rome, if reared in an environment like that of our own country, would not have felt to the full extent that we do a repugnance to practices which their civilization sanctioned.

In similar vein to that of the above quotation, Frances Power Cobbe exclaims, as if the mere statement carried its own refutation, 'Let us imagine the repetition of a Roman triumph after the Franco-German War, and the German Emperor Wilhelm entering Berlin with the Empress Eugénie in chains, like another Zenobia, forming part of the procession.' No candid student of history, it may be confidently asserted, can have any doubt that, if the Franco-German War had been fought under the customs prevailing in Aurelian's time, the triumphal procession in Berlin would have been marked by those very practices which to us seem so barbarous. And it is equally certain that if Aurelian had waged his successful campaign against Palmyra under modern customs of war, and in the atmosphere of modern public opinion, he would have treated his illustrious captive with at least as chivalrous consideration as the Germans did theirs in 1870.

History abounds in evidence of the correctness of these conclusions. In times when custom sanctioned, if it did not enjoin, these barbarities, there were examples of virtue of as high an order as any of which the present can boast; and, in these later times, when custom probihits such practices, there are examples of as gross barbarity as any which marked the history of the past. What was the rule then is the exception now, and the exception then has become the rule now. But it is not a change in human nature which has caused this interchange between rule and exception. What it is, we shall attempt to show a little further on; but we may remark, in passing, that it is this fact of the immutability of human nature which gives history its real value. The doings and sayings of the ancients have a vital force for us, and are not mere lifeless records, simply because of the identity of their motives with our own. The story of Joseph and his brethren, the fables of Æsop, the proverbs of Solomon, the philosophy of Socrates, the sayings of Marcus Aurelius, the poetry of Shakespeare, are as true for us to-day as they were for the world to which they were given. Perhaps the highest value of the Bible is the fact that its portrayals of human nature, though among a distinct and peculiar race, and in an environment utterly foreign to that of to-day, are absolutely faithful to our own times. And this is true as far back as we can catch the faintest glimpse of man's activities on this planet. We study the ancient philosophers and find them likewise discoursing of *their* 'ancients' very much as we discourse of them. 'Knowest thou not this of old since men were placed upon the earth?'

To many it will seem that this conclusion presents a hopeless view of human destiny. If the individual man is not becoming better, can the grand aggregate of men — the world at large — civilization — become better? Yes, and for the reason that the relation of cause and effect implied in this question does not, in fact, exist. Progress or retrogression in civilization is not contingent upon changes in human nature. The process from the beginning has been one of accumulation or of loss. It has resulted in profound changes of environment, and these, reacting upon individual education or development, produce correspondingly different results; but the varying results are due to a changed environment, and not to a changed nature.

What *does* change — and this is the foundation of our faith in better things to come — is that fund of human experience which we call civilization. Year by year, century by century, this fund grows and changes, and, at any epoch, it constitutes the chief factor in the environment of life. Men learn from research and experience, and what they find of real vitality they build into their institutions, and the child that comes into the world to-day grows up under very different influences from those which surrounded the children of one, five, or ten centuries ago. His nature is trained along different lines and subjected to different restraints, and the same raw material yields correspondingly different results. That the outward expression of his nature has changed is no evidence that his nature itself has changed. It proves simply that, while human nature is ever the same, the growth and influence of civilization produce from this same nature ever-changing results.

It is difficult — even quite impossible except with the strictest guard over one's thoughts — to give due weight to the profound influence of that portion of the environment of life which is a direct product of the human mind. But, if we succeed in the attempt, we

shall see clearly that what marks us off from our ancestors is a changed environment, and not a changed human nature. Take England, for example. The same sun, the same fogs, the same hills, the same shore line, the same Atlantic with its calms and storms washing the same coasts — all are there quite as they were when Julius Cæsar carried his legions across the channel two thousand years ago. But how changed in all else! The face of the landscape has been profoundly modified, but this change, great as it is, is small indeed compared with that of the invisible environment of life — the fund of accumulated knowledge transmitted in books or the customs of the people or handed down from mind to mind. In almost everything which determines the bending of a twig and the inclination of the tree, the two periods are totally different; and, although germs of growth with all their latent powers may be exactly the same in the two cases, the grown-up trees may be as unlike as it would be possible to be and still belong to a common species.

This distinction between the immutability of human nature, on the one hand, and the mutability of environment, on the other, is well illustrated by two common sayings which have found a permanent place in the language of civilized peoples. The first is, 'Human nature does not change,' or 'Human nature is now the same that it ever was.' It is the natural conclusion which the study of the past forces on the mind. The other saying is, 'Times have changed.' These two spontaneous expressions of human experience contain our whole thesis in a nutshell. Times change, but human nature does not change. By 'times' we mean what Cicero meant when he exclaimed, 'O tempora! O mores!' — the intellectual and moral, and, to some extent, the material, environment of a particular epoch. This, indeed, changes. Even standards of right and wrong — the conscience of a people — may be very different at different periods, but the difference lies wholly in externals, not at all in man's nature.

'Environment is the father of us all — environment and heredity,' says a distinguished writer; and, with fine discrimination, a great philosopher has defined environment as 'social heredity.' It is heredity, in this second sense, — the power of preserving and passing on to one generation the achievements of another, — that makes progress in civilization possible. Immutability in human nature does not mean a limitation upon progress, but it shows where the responsibility for progress lies. Humanity is seen to be the architect of its own fortune, the conserver of its own destiny. It cannot shirk this responsibility, nor lay upon Providence its own shortcomings. It has received its talent, and while Nature will preserve it from deterioration, she has shown no intention to add to its intrinsic worth. Even if it were true, as some believe, that man's nature has retrograded under the adverse influences referred to earlier in this paper, civilization might nevertheless move on, for the vast accumulation of the past makes it possible to accomplish far more with inferior means to-day than was possible with superior means in former times.

VIOLIN-MAGIC

(TO R. P. C.)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I HEARD you touch a fairy thing
That lured the trees to blossoming;
I saw them flush — and then you made
Their green leaves greener as you played.
You drew your bow so gently down
I dared not breathe lest breathing drown
The tender little crooning tone
That was a wood-thrush all alone.
The tense string quivered, and I knew
Where grasses strange with morning dew
Climb a far hill I love, that all
The drops they wore shone magical,
Brimmed with the dawn, nor lovelier
Than those your crystal measures were.
The deepest forest-dusk you found
With silver darts of moonlit sound
That pierced the trees' reluctant crowd
And made the dryads laugh aloud;
I hear them now, and one I hear
Whose voice unearthly-thin and clear
Bears trace as through the trees she slips
Of wildwood honey on her lips.
But when your enigmatic mood
Nor dawn nor dusk of a deep wood
Nor dryad's laugh nor thrush's song
Nor April's blossoms would prolong,
And only wayward beauty calls
Along your argent intervals,
Then am I tranced with listening,
Lest my heart stir or anything
Within me question, and your soul
Withdraw from mine its dear control;
Like him, Grail-sent, whom named of men
The white swan bore away again.

ROUSSEAU TO-DAY

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

Two centuries after his birth, Jean-Jacques Rousseau continues to exert a potent and disturbing influence; we still have among us his ardent advocates, his bitter enemies.[1] For the most part, during the century that follows the death of any mere writer of books, he falls back into the historic background; the battles that may once have raged round him have subsided; and those persons who are still sufficiently interested to like or dislike his work combine to adjust him in the niche, large or small, which he is henceforth destined to occupy. It is so even with the greatest. Less than a century has passed since Goethe died; for some he is in the modern world 'the master of those who know'; for others he is 'a colossal sentimentalist'; but each party recognizes that it has something big to deal with, and there is no longer any inclination to fall into violent dispute.

Not so with Rousseau. This man — who filled the second half of the eighteenth century, who inspired most of the literary and even social movements of the nineteenth century — remains a living and even distracting force in the twentieth century. At the present time there is probably more written about Rousseau than about any contemporary man of letters, with the possible exception of Tolstoy; and Tolstoy, we may remember, was an avowed disciple of Rousseau. We have made up our minds about Voltaire, even about Diderot; but we have not made up our minds about Rousseau. According to the point of view, and the special group of alleged acts on which attention is concentrated, Rousseau figures as the meanest of mankind, as a degenerate pervert, as an unfortunate lunatic, as a suffering and struggling man of genius, as the noble pioneer of all the great humanitarian and progressive movements in the modern world, and as the seductive and empty rhetorician who is leading society astray from the orderly paths of civilization into the abyss of anarchism.

It is not the least remarkable feature of this polemical literature, that often it most magnifies the influence of Rousseau when it is most hostile to that influence. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, who brings twenty years of scholarship and patient research in archives to the service of the thesis that Rousseau was the victim of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of so-called friends, is content to fix her attention on the human fate of a much-suffering and greatly abused hero. Thomas Davidson, the erratic philosopher and 'wandering scholar,' who wrote a book to prove that Rousseau was the incarnation of all the evil and disorderly elements in modern thought and modern life, yet leaves on the reader the impression of a mighty force which it would be idle to combat, 'the father of democracy,' 'the father of Modern Political Science,' 'the father of modern pedagogy,' 'the parent of Socialism,' and the completest exemplification of the 'tendencies and aspir-

[1] Rousseau was born in Geneva on June 28, 1712. His bicentennial anniversary thus occurs this month.

ations comprehended under the one term individualism';—it seems that there can be nothing left for any one else to father. Pierre Lasserre, again, who, in *Le Romantisme Français*, has with fine literary skill and relentless logic comprehensively attacked the Romantic Movement, regards Rousseau and the Romantic Movement as identical, as alike 'the genius of evil,' 'the modern disease,' 'the most subversive torrent that has ever been unchained among men'; until, as Remy de Gourmont's *alter ego*, M. Delarue, puts it, we begin to wonder how such a flood of horrors as the nineteenth century, can ever have had any existence except in the imagination of a morbid brain.

The prestige of Rousseau has thus been maintained, not only by those who reverence his name, but equally by those who look upon him as the incarnation of evil, whether they are representatives of the ancient objective hierarchical 'classical' mode of thinking, of which Davidson was a belated survivor, or whether they represent a new objective systematization, as was the case with Comte, who, it may be recalled, had devised, for the purpose of denoting everything he most objected to, the adjective 'Roussien.'

The antagonists of Rousseau have been inspired in their attack by the conviction that they were defending the sacred cause of civilization. And yet, such is the irony of things, they have laid themselves open to the charge that they are themselves attacking the movements and the personages who are in modern times the banner-bearers, the very incarnation, of civilization.

II

Since those who revile the name of Rousseau are at one with those who adore it, in magnifying the extent of his influence, it becomes easier than it would otherwise be to estimate what our modern world presumably owes to Rousseau. It may be interesting to touch on two of these things: the Revolution and Romanticism.

The whole Revolution, say its friends and its enemies alike, was Rousseau. Berthelot, the great man of science, declared it in solemn admiration a quarter of a century ago. Lasserre, the acute critic, declares it in bitter indignation to-day. Rousseau was not, indeed, consciously working toward the Revolution, and he would have loathed its protagonists who acted in his name, just as Jesus would have loathed the scribes and Pharisees who have masqueraded in his church. But, as we look back, it is easy to see how Rousseau's work, and Rousseau's alone, among the men of his generation, pointed to revolution. Theirs appealed to intelligence, to good sense, to fine feeling, to elevated humanitarianism; but it is not these things of which revolutions are made. Rousseau appealed to fundamental instincts, to soaring aspirations, to blind passions, to the volcanic eruptive elements in human nature, and we are at once amid the force of revolution. No wonder that all the men of the Revolution fed themselves on Rousseau's words. Not a single revolutionary, Mallet du Pan noted in 1789, but was carried away by Rousseau's doctrines, and burning to realize them. Marat was seen in public enthusiastically reading aloud the *Contrat Social;* and Charlotte Corday, who slew Marat, was equally the fervent disciple of Rousseau.

There was one other man besides Rousseau who had a supreme part in moulding the Revolution, at all events in its final outcome. It is interesting to hear that this man, Napoleon, once declared to Lord Holland that without 'that bad man,' Rousseau, there would

have been no Revolution. Since the christianization of the Roman Empire there have been four great movements of the human spirit in Christendom, — the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation, and the Revolution. Three of these movements have been so diffused in time and space that we are scarcely justified in closely associating even one of them with the influence of a single man. But the Revolution, incalculably vast as its results have been, was narrowly circumscribed. It is comparatively easy to measure it, and when so measured its friends and its foes ascribe it — so far as any complex social-economic movement can be associated with one man — to Rousseau.

Mainly by virtue of his relation to the Revolution, Rousseau is claimed as the pioneer of modern democracy, alike in its direction toward socialism and its direction toward anarchism. For both these democratic movements — the collectivistic as well as the individualistic — rest on those natural instincts which it was Rousseau's mission to proclaim. The democracy which insists that the whole shall embody every unit, and the democracy which insists that each unit shall have its own rights against the whole, alike appeal to deep emotional reasons to which the humblest respond. 'There would have been no republic without Rousseau,' says Lemaître. Republicanism, socialism, anarchism — these are the three democratic movements which have been slowly permeating and transforming the political societies of men since the great Revolution of 1789, and we are asked to believe that the germs of all were scattered abroad by this one man, Rousseau.

The chorus of voices which acclaims or accuses Rousseau as the creator of Romanticism is even greater than that which finds in him the inventor of Revolutionary democracy. The revolutionary movement and the romantic movement are one, we are told, and Rousseau was responsible for both. What, it may be asked, is Romanticism? There is not much agreement on this point. Lasserre, one of its ablest and most absolute opponents, tells us that it is 'a general revolution of the human soul,' which may be described as 'a system of feeling and acting conformably to the supposed primitive nature of mankind'; and since we do not know what the primitive nature of mankind is, Romanticism becomes, in opposition to the classical spirit in general, and the Gallic spirit in particular, 'absolute individualism in thought and feeling'; or, in other words, 'a disorder of the feelings and ideas which overturns the whole economy of civilized human nature.' This definition is itself individualistic, — and therefore on the theory, romantic, — but it may for the moment serve. Fortunately, though there is no agreement as to what Romanticism is, there is less dispute as to the writers who may be termed Romantic.

It is a remarkable fact that though Rousseau so largely filled the second half of the eighteenth century, he had little influence on its literature in France. He was the adored prophet, preacher, teacher, but not the inspired and inspiring artist with a new revelation of nature peculiarly apt for literary uses. Beaumarchais, who here dominated that period, belongs to altogether another tradition. Only Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was the follower, as he was also the friend, of Rousseau, and *Paul et Virginie* opens the great literary tradition of Rousseau. The first notable names in French literature which we can at all associate with Rousseau are dubious names, more dubious perhaps than they deserve to be, but still distinctly dubious. It is highly probable that the *Confessions* moved

Casanova to write his own immortal *Mémoires*. It is certain that they inspired that interesting picture of an unwholesome mind, the *Monsieur Nicolas* of Rétif de la Bretonne, — the 'Rousseau du ruisseau,' as he has been wittily and accurately termed. We must even recognize that Rousseau was the adored exemplar of the Marquis de Sade, who, in *Aline et Valcour*, makes Valcour, here speaking probably for his author, assert that Rousseau encouraged him to devote himself to literature and philosophy. 'It was in the conversation of this deep philosopher, of this true friend of Nature and of Man, that I acquired my dominant passion for literature and the arts.'

In Germany, earlier than elsewhere, the influence of Rousseau was profoundly felt by men of an altogether different type of character. In France Rousseau could only be potent by stimulating a revolutionary reaction against everything which had long been regarded as the classic norm from which no deviation was possible; that was why the morbid and unsound personalities in literature, rightly finding a real point of contact with Rousseau, felt his influence first. But an altogether different tradition, if we look beyond cosmopolitan aristocratic circles, prevailed in Germany. There the subjective emotionalism of Rousseau, his constant appeal to the ultimate standard of nature, were so congenial to the Teutonic spirit that they acted as an immediate liberating force. Rousseau was Kant's supreme master; only one portrait, Rousseau's, hung on the walls of the philosopher's simple study; all his doctrines in the three 'Critiques' may be regarded (Thomas Davidson has ingeniously argued) as a formal crystallization of Rousseau's fluid eloquence. Fichte also was largely moulded by Rousseau, as were Herder and Lessing. Goethe, in the final stages of his long development, aimed at serenely objective Neo-classic ideals, which were far indeed from Rousseau, but at the outset he was as thorough a disciple as Kant. He went on pilgrimage to the beautiful island in the Lake of Bienne once hallowed by Rousseau's presence; his Werther is manifestly the younger brother of Saint-Preux, and it may be, as some have claimed, that without Rousseau there could have been no *Faust*.

It was not until the nineteenth century that the Romantic movement finally burst into magnificent life in France. Chateaubriand appears as the quintessence of Romanticism, a more pure embodiment of its literary quality than even Rousseau himself. Sénancour, especially as he shows himself in his *Obermann*, was an equally typical and much more genuine representative of the movement. Madame de Staël, one of the first to write about Rousseau, was penetrated by his spirit, and became the revealer to France of Romantic Germany. Alfred de Musset was a Romantic through Byron, rather than directly from Rousseau. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, George Sand, even at times Balzac, all belonged to Romanticism. Michelet, writing history by the sole light of his own personal emotions, was peculiarly a Romantic. Flaubert, in a later generation, was Romantic on one side, altogether alien from Romanticism as were his fundamental ideals. But, during the first half of the nineteenth century in France, with the possible exception of Stendhal, — and even he was really affected by the movement, — it is not easy to name any notable figure in literature who was outside Romanticism. Rousseau's influence had become so all-pervading that, like the universal pressure of the air, it was sometimes unperceived by those who were experiencing it. Louis Dumur has pointed out that Alfred de Musset in

his *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*, when trying to discover the sources of Romanticism, never so much as mentions Rousseau.

The attitude of England toward Romanticism, and toward Rousseau, was different from that either of Germany or of France. The Germans were made conscious by Rousseau of their own unconscious impulses. The French were forced to undergo a violent conversion. But the English were Romanticists already from the outset, and here the Romantic movement could effect no revolution. All Rousseau's literary inspiration and æsthetic ideals had come, directly or indirectly, from England: Richardson's *Clarissa*, Kent's English gardens, Locke's philosophy, English independence, and English freedom, — these were the things which had aroused the emulation or stirred the enthusiasm of Rousseau. English influences equally stimulated also the great apostle of Romanticism, and Chateaubriand composed *Atala* and *René* in Hyde Park. These splendid flowers were therefore easily acceptable in England, for they were clearly raised from English seeds. Rousseau's influence, recognized and unrecognized, reached English Romanticism, but Rousseau was herein only giving back in a more developed form what he had himself received from England.

If we look beyond the Romantic movement in its narrower literary sense, we still find that the influence of Rousseau remains just as plainly visible. In Russia, for instance, which it reached later than elsewhere, it is at its height to-day. The speeches made in the Duma are filled with the ideas, even the very phrases, of Rousseau; every orator on the Left is sure of thunderous applause whenever, consciously or unconsciously, he utters the sentiments which Rousseau first made current. It is unnecessary to add that the greatest writer of modern times in Russia, the greatest writer in the world of his day, was from his earliest days a disciple of Rousseau. Tolstoy read and re-read the twenty volumes of Rousseau's works, until some of the pages became so familiar that it seemed to him he had written them himself; he wore Rousseau's portrait next his skin as the devout Russian wears the cross; it was, he himself said, worship rather than admiration which he experienced for Rousseau; even shortly before his death he wrote that the chief formative influences of his life had been Rousseau and the Gospels. The greatest world-force in the sphere of emotion that our age has seen was a reincarnation of Rousseau.

If we turn away from the apostles and the propagandists of avowed emotional revolution, we have not yet escaped Rousseau. The austere Emerson equally has his roots in Rousseau, if he was not actually, as Davidson termed him, 'the most loyal disciple Rousseau ever had.' The Transcendentalist was here at one with the Positivist. George Eliot, equally alien in temperament, was an equally ardent admirer of the *Confessions;* Rousseau, she said, 'quickened' her mind, not by imparting any new beliefs, but by 'the mighty rushing wind of his inspiration'; he 'made Man and Nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me.' It was an accurate characterization of the kind of power by which Rousseau has so often held the souls of men and women.

In the twentieth century, the same potent force is still quickening ardent and aspiring souls who strive to create new ideals. Francis Jammes, the most typical representative of the latest movement in French poetry, has been 'quickened' by Rousseau, and has himself been termed after his '*génie ami*,' the 'nouveau Rousseau'; Rous-

seau's *Rêveries* is his favorite book; he has followed in the long procession of those who have gone on pilgrimage to Les Charmettes, and no one has more sensitively felt the penetrating and intimate charm which that shrine exerts even on those of us who are least disposed to enroll ourselves beneath the banner of Rousseau.

Moreover, Rousseau is still the precursor even of those who are unconscious of his influence. He had long ago anticipated our latest philosophies. William James is counted the founder of Pragmatism; but the conception of 'truth' as 'practical truth' or 'cash value,' rather than 'science,' was so clearly set forth in *Emile* and the second half of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, that Schinz has been able to argue that 'the greatest of the Pragmatists is — and will probably remain — Jean-Jacques Rousseau.' So also with the fashionable Bergsonian philosophy of the day, with its depreciation of reason, and its insistence on the vital force of instinct: that also is laid down, with a less subtle elaboration, but not with less emphasis, by Rousseau.

Even those for whom Rousseau is nothing but a poison have not escaped the operation of that seductive venom. Nietzsche, the most conspicuous and influential thinker of these latter days, was absolutely opposed to Rousseau. Rousseau's 'nature,' his 'good man,' his sentiment, his weaknesses, especially his lack of aristocratic culture and his plebeianism — against all these things Nietzsche's hatred was implacable. Yet Rousseau was in his own blood. 'Nietzsche,' says Riehl, 'is the antipodes of Rousseau, and yet his spiritual relation. He is the Rousseau of our time.'

III

In thus estimating the hold of Rousseau upon the things which have been counted precious since the days when he lived, we have the authority even of those who rebel against his influence. But there is always a fallacy involved in such attempts to fasten an unlimited responsibility upon any human figure, not excepting the greatest. Even the supreme man of genius, as Dumur truly says, is no aërolite from another sphere, no bolt from the blue. The most absolute innovator has found the germs of his fruitful ideas in ancient tradition. The most potent revolutionary owes his power to the fact that in his day certain conditions, especially economic and social conditions, combine to produce a vacuum his spirit is peculiarly fitted to fill. The name of Darwin is immortally associated with the idea of evolution, but the idea had been slowly germinating through thousands of years, sometimes in brains of as great a calibre as his own, until the moment arrived when, at last, fruition was possible, and the cautious, deliberate Darwin calmly completed the work of the ages.

Even the great movement of Christianity, which sometimes seems to us so mighty as to be beyond the reach of reason to fathom, is seen to be necessary and inevitable when we realize the conditions under which it arose, and see the figure of Jesus slowly hammered and annealed into the shape which best satisfied the deepest cravings of an epoch. Rousseau — again alike by friends and foes — has been counted, like Jesus, a Hebrew prophet issuing with a new law from the desert into a decadent civilization he was destined to dissolve and renew; he has been regarded as a great reformer of Christianity, such as Luther was; the incarnation of a new wave of Christianity, adding to the renovation of its essential qualities — its abandonment to emotion, its magnification of the poor and humble, its insistence on

charity — a new set of notes: a trend toward political realization, a fresh ideal of natural beauty, a justification of passion, a refinement of voluptuous sentiment, which adjusted Christianity to the modern soul as it had never been adjusted before. Luther had de-Catholicized Christianity; Rousseau, who in his own person united the two traditions, while yet retaining the plebeian and individualistic basis which Luther established, re-Catholicized Christianity on a new plane, even though in the end he stood aloof from Christianity, and created a church whose dogmas rested on the universal authority of instincts and emotions.

Yet, just as we can find the counterpart of every Christian rite and dogma outside Christianity, so also it is easy to duplicate outside Rousseau every tenet and tendency we find in him. Marivaux, within narrower limits and with a more restrained method, was a sympathetic and original moralist, a delicate artist, a subtle psychologist, to a degree to which Rousseau never attained; in his earliest work, Rousseau was frankly an imitator of Marivaux. The Abbé Prévost, again, more than any man, had let the flood of early English Romanticism into France, had translated *Clarissa*, and himself written novels of wild and sombre romantic passion; Rousseau knew Prévost, he was profoundly affected by his novels. Locke, in another sphere, had set forth epoch-making reflections on political government, and had written an enlightened treatise on education; the author of the *Contrat Social* and *Emile* clearly reveals how much he owed to 'the wise Locke.'

Before ever he began to write, Rousseau had soaked his mind in books and meditated on them in his perpetual long walks; he was brought up on romances, he had read everything he could find, English books of travel especially, about savages in 'the state of Nature'; he had absorbed all that matters in the literature of the seventeenth century, though he knew comparatively little of the literature of his own century; without any guidance, by an unerring instinct, he had seized on the things that fed his own mood, from Plutarch to Petrarch. Even without going outside the pale of Catholic Christianity, he could, had he known it, have found the authority for every intimate and daring impulse of his own heart.

The ideas and the emotions, therefore, which Rousseau manifested were by no means unique. The temperament he had inherited furnished the most exquisitely fertile of all conceivable soils for these seeds to flourish in. But the seeds were not new seeds and, for the most part, we can trace with precision the exact source from which each of them reached Rousseau. Moreover, when we come, calmly and critically, to measure and to weigh the ideas and the emotions we find in Rousseau's books, it happens, as often as not, that they fail to stand our tests. If we explore the *Contrat Social* we find that every page swarms with bold propositions for which no proof is, or can be, supplied. Rousseau had borrowed Hobbes's conception of sovereignty and Locke's conception of popular government, and amalgamated them into the image of a Sovereign People which can do no wrong, and governs by its own direct fiat, in such a way that the will of each finds its part in the will of all. No doubt it is a magnificent idea, and it is still alive in the world, moulding political institutions; it is responsible for the establishment of the Referendum, which has had a certain vogue in new political constitutions, and we are constantly endeavoring, however much in vain, to approach its realization. But when we examine

Rousseau's exposition of this idea we find that verbal logic takes the place of inductive reasoning, that impassioned declamation is the agent of persuasion, and that the very lucidity of the statement only brings out more clearly the glaring inconsistencies and absurdities which the argument involves.

If we turn to a very different book, though not less famous and in its own way not less influential, we encounter the same experience. *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, in the effect it has exerted on the writing of novels, is second to none, except *Don Quixote*. Schopenhauer, himself a great literary artist, counted *La Nouvelle Héloïse* among the four great novels of the world. Shelley, who was a fine critic as well as a great poet, was enraptured by the 'sublime genius and more than human sensibility' displayed in this book, as well as by 'the divine beauty of Rousseau's imagination,' as he realized it on sailing across the famous lake which is the scene of the novel. A more modern critic finds that 'Julie has the tongue of an apostle, she is our greatest orator after Bossuet.' That is a eulogy which may well serve to condemn any novel, but it is probably the most favorable judgment which, from the modern standpoint, can be bestowed upon this one of Rousseau's. This novel, so unlike a novel, yet recreated the novel; that is generally admitted. To-day, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, for all the fine passages we may discover in it, is far less agreeable to read than the best of those novels by Marivaux, Prévost, and the younger Crébillon, which it replaced in popular esteem. Its sentimental rhetoric is now tedious; as a story it fails to enchain us; of subtle characterization or dramatic vigor we find nothing; as a work of art it is incomparably inferior to *Clarissa Harlowe*, on which it was modeled.

If we look more broadly at Rousseau's work, the results of critical examination are similar. The world's great teachers are, for the most part, impressive by the substantial unity of the message they have proclaimed; we feel a convincing harmony between that message and the personality behind it. So it is with Marcus Aurelius, and so with Thoreau. It is so also, on what may seem a lower ethical plane, with Rousseau's chief contemporaries, with Voltaire and with Diderot. It is not clearly so with Rousseau. He often seems like an exquisite instrument, giving forth a music which responds to the varying emotions of the hand that strikes it. He is the supreme individualist, and yet his doctrines furnish the foundations for socialism, even in its oppressive forms. He is the champion of the rights of passion, and yet he was the leader in a movement of revolt against licentiousness, of return to domesticity and the felicities of family life and maternal devotion to children. He was opposed to the emancipation of women, even to the education of women side by side with men; he is denounced by the advocates of women's rights, who see in the *philosophes* whom he opposed the pioneers of their own movement; and yet he was acclaimed as the liberator of womanhood, — noble women, from Madame Roland onwards, were his enthusiastic disciples; the literary promulgators of his genius are headed by two distinguished women, Madame de Staël and Madame de Charrière.

Still more discordant seems to many the clash of Rousseau's doctrines with Rousseau's life. The uncompromising champion of virtue was nearly forty years old before he learned how to earn his own living honestly. The regenerator of love was a solitary sensuous sentimentalist. The author of *Emile*, the gospel of childhood, put away his own

children — if indeed he ever really had any — as foundlings.

When we thus critically survey Rousseau's books and personality it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, to a large extent, Rousseau has represented a backward movement in civilization. His influence has tended to depreciate the value of the mighty instrument of reason by which civilization is mainly wrought; it has consecrated prejudice under the sacred names of nature and instinct; it has opened the way to the triumph of plebeianism and the sanctification of mob-rule; it has tended, by casting off the restraints on emotion, to an unwholesome divorce between the extravagancies of feeling and the limitations of life.

IV

It is on this note that so many discussions of Rousseau finally rest: Rousseau was a degenerate from birth, and his teaching is the disorganization of civilized society. Yet, even if we believe that there are elements of truth in such a view, we can scarcely choose this standpoint for our final survey of Rousseau. When we bear in mind that the most aspiring efforts of the noblest souls during more than a century have been directly or indirectly inspired by this man, it becomes clear that to attaint Rousseau is to stain our own human nature, to place ourselves in the ranks of the Yahoos. For, there can be no doubt, unreasonable as it may be to regard Rousseau or any other man as the primary cause of any great social movement, that it is he, more than any man, who has moulded the form of our spiritual activities, and shaped our ideals. His passions have become the atmosphere in which we move.

Since the days of feverish activity which Rousseau spent in his little hermitage at Montmorency, not merely our aims in politics, but our feeling for religion, our feeling for love, our feeling for nature, have been renovated. They would have been renovated even if Rousseau had never lived, though perhaps not so thoroughly; yet, as things are, the new forms they have assumed have been determined by this solitary dreamer. 'Religion,' said Butler in the orderly and reasonable eighteenth-century manner, 'is a useful piece of information concerning a distant region of which otherwise we should have had no explanation.' The mystic enthusiasm of the Vicaire Savoyard would alone have sufficed to sweep away forever so pedestrian a conception of religion.

Before Rousseau, love was a highly refined form of social intercourse, a species of gallantry conducted with self-restraint, and all the formalities of its special etiquette; any extravagancy, whether in feeling, in speech, or in action, was banished. But when Saint-Preux, oppressed by his high-strung passions, came to the rock at Meillerie to pour forth in solitude the flood of his sentimental tears, all the witty refinements of eighteenth-century gallantry, for good or for evil, were finally swept away; extravagancy was free to lay down the law in love. It was Rousseau who enabled Mirabeau, in his first letter to Julie Danvers (whom he had never seen), to declare, 'I, also, am a lover, have emptied the cup of sensibility to the dregs, and could give a thousand lives for what I love.' It was Rousseau who laid down a new etiquette of love which every petty poet and novelist still adheres to.

Finally, Rousseau renovated our feeling for nature. The geometrically-minded eighteenth century could see nothing beautiful in nature until it was carefully trimmed into symmetry by the hands of man; even for Madame de Staël the Alps were merely 'a magnificent horror.' But Rousseau, who

told Bernardin de Saint-Pierre that he 'would rather be among the arrows of the Parthians than among the glances of men,' only breathed freely and thought freely in the solitude of mountains and forests and torrents, and here also, he has inoculated mankind with the virus of his own passion. In all these ways (as, indeed, Höffding has pointed out in what is, so far as I know, the most profound statement of Rousseau's philosophic position), Rousseau stood, in opposition to our artificial and inharmonious civilization, for the worth of life as a whole, the simple undivided rights of life, the rights of instinct, the rights of emotion. This was his assertion of nature. This was the way in which he renovated life, and effected a spiritual revolution which no mere man of letters has ever effected, a revolution only comparable to that effected by Christianity, of which, indeed, it was but a modern renascence.

Yet the man who wielded, and continues to wield, this enormous power over the world cannot be called one of its great men. In intellect, one sometimes thinks, he was not conspicuously above the average; in what we conventionally call moral character he was at the outset conspicuously below it. Ill-born and ill-bred, morbidly shy and suspicious, defective in virility, he was inapt for all the social ends of life, mentally and physically a self-torturing invalid. No man more absolutely than Rousseau has ever illustrated the truth of Hinton's profound saying that the affinities of genius are not with strength but with weakness, that the supreme man of genius is the man who opposes no obstacle to the forces of nature of which he is the channel. Or, as St. Paul had declared long before in a passage which seems to bear the same sense, it is the despised and rejected things of the world, even the things which are not, that God has chosen to put to naught the things that are.

It may, indeed, be pointed out to those who insist on the ludicrous, mean, and contemptible incidents in Rousseau's early life — only known to us through his own narration of them — that, as has been truly said by Lemaître, in a book that is for the most part superficial as well as unsympathetic, Rousseau's life was a process of moral evolution, a continuous purification completed by 'insanity,' or, as Rousseau himself put it, 'a purification in the furnace of adversity.'

It is this process which largely gives the clue alike to his intellect and to his moral contradictions. Rousseau's abandonment to emotion was always checked by his timidity, by the perpetual searching suspicion which he applied to himself as well as to others. That is how it comes to pass that we may find in his writings the warrant for the most contradictory doctrines. It was so in the political field. In 1754, in the *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, he proclaimed that revolt of the non-possessors against the possessors of property, which has since fermented so mightily in the world. But toward the end of his life, in the constitution for Poland which he prepared at the request of the Poles, he had become in these matters a timid opportunist: 'I do not say that we must leave things as they are; but I do say that we must only touch them with extreme circumspection.'

The contrast between Rousseau's apparent abandonment of his children and the fervor which in *Emile* he expended over the parental training of children, has often been set forth to his discredit. But, as he himself viewed the matter, that gospel of childhood was simply the atonement for his own neglect. He displayed throughout a very passion of expiation. Born defective, beset on every side, he was yet

of those who, according to the ancient metaphor of St. Augustine, make of their dead selves the rungs of a ladder to rise to higher things. To some he seems to have been a kind of moral imbecile. But Thérèse, the mistress-wife who had been at his side during the whole of the period of his literary life, and who knew his weaknesses as no other could know them, said after his death, 'If he was not a saint, who ever was?'

To view Rousseau rightly, we must see him, on the one hand, as the essential instrument of genius, a reed stirred to magnificent music by all the mighty winds of the spirit; and, on the other hand, as a much-suffering man, scourged more than most men by human frailties, and yet forever struggling to aspire. In this double capacity, at once the type of genius and of humanity, we learn to understand something of the magic of Rousseau's influence; we learn to understand how it is that before this shrine the most unlike persons in the world — the Marquis de Sade as well as Emerson, Charlotte Corday as well as Immanuel Kant — have alike bowed in reverence.

Rousseau was a creature of clay. He was also a devouring flame. But of such blended fire and clay, in the end, the most exquisite products of the divine potter's art are formed. Under that stress, Rousseau's character was slowly purified to the highest issues. Under that same stress was finally woven the delicate and iridescent texture of the finest style which French speech has ever assumed. The great traditions of the literary art of France — through Montaigne, Pascal, La Bruyère — reached at last in the furnace of this man's tortured soul their ultimate perfection of sensitive and intimate beauty. This style, which is the man himself, the style of the *Confessions* and the *Rêveries*, alone serves to make these books immortal. Here, in his art, the consuming fire and the soft clay of Rousseau's temperament are burned to shapes of a beauty that is miraculous, and stirs the depths of the soul.

What, indeed, can we say, in the end, of all the operation of this man's spirit on the world, save that it is a miracle, with effects that immeasurably transcend their causes? The water, if not the very mud, is turned into wine, and a few small loaves and fishes suffice for the feeding of the nations.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

II

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

A JOURNEY of a few hundred miles in any country is usually sufficient to separate a boy from his home props and influences, and to impress upon his mind, in some degree, the necessity for independent thought and action. But the separation in such a case is seldom complete. He may still find himself among friends and, at the worst, his neighbors will understand his needs, and be able to speak his language. But let him once put an ocean between himself and everybody he has ever spoken to or loved in this world, and immediately time and space, and the void in his own heart, become almost immeasurable. Such was the situation I was called upon to face on my return to the steamer, after my adventurous and very clarifying experience on the streets of Lisbon.

And just at this point in my narrative, a word of explanation should be given. It must not be imagined by my readers, or, assumed for an instant by myself, that in the stage which I am now attempting to describe there was, to begin with, any suspicion of philosophy in my mental composition. In Lisbon I had received a sudden and somewhat rude awakening. After a long period of intellectual and religious cramming, I suddenly found myself face to face with example and illustration in the concrete. It is impossible to describe the mental change that accompanied this awakening. In a very matter-of-fact way, I began to recognize in my environment a number of other dangers of a very practical and personal nature, and in order to steer clear of them all, I fell back upon the only resource of which, at the time, I had any knowledge, and that was prayer.

At the present day, I am afraid prayer has very little intellectual or spiritual reality. In polite society, and in the public schools, for example, it is seldom mentioned in a spiritual way, or even as an intellectual or moral exercise, although, we may as well confess, no substitute for it has ever been proposed. Its educational value, however, has always seemed to me immense.

From the fact, then, that I have given this period of my life very serious consideration, I think I am justified in concluding that my understanding of the situation is, in the main, correct: that when I returned to the ship, after a visit to the city of Lisbon, it was simply fear that took possession of me; for the most part, moral fear, which one of those biblical expressions, so pregnant with practical insight, reminds us is 'the beginning of wisdom.'

I wish to be clearly understood in my defense of these natural safeguards under the protection of which I was

preparing to face the world and its problems, for the reason that fear also, as a moral and educative force, is now frequently looked upon as a relic of religious barbarism. In the new dispensation, love is to take the place of fear. By all means let us welcome the change, but there is danger in haste. As a practical factor in life, fear is still of the greatest economic and spiritual value. The natural order of spiritual progress seems to be, fear, purification, and then love. In the biblical text, 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' the emphasis is on the word 'perfect.'

The day after leaving Lisbon, I made the acquaintance of some of my shipmates. Besides myself there were three telegraph clerks on board, and with one of them, in particular, this narrative has considerable to do. His name was Broadbent. He was then about thirty years of age. He was a widely-informed man, particularly well-posted in all matters relating to his profession. He was one of those intellectually clever men who sometimes find it difficult to settle down anywhere. He had filled responsible positions in the cable service in all parts of the world, and he was then on his way to Brazil as clerk in charge of the cable office at Santos, where I expected to be located for a time; consequently I lost no time in making his acquaintance. He proved to be a man of ideas, as well as of great practical experience. He had also read a great deal, and knew how to utilize his information conversationally.

It didn't take Broadbent long to look me over and take my measure. In a day or two after leaving Lisbon I had shaken myself clear of any desire I might have had for introspection or solitude. Physically I was in splendid condition, and this led naturally to mental and bodily enthusiasm of every description. I distinctly remember, after my first night on board ship, with what an all-absorbing curiosity in regard to myself and my surroundings I ventured on deck. I felt a great desire to know people, to mingle with them, and to find out what they were talking about, and I began with Broadbent.

He seemed to enjoy my frankness and simplicity of manner. I was making my first appearance in the world, and he found me unusually interested in everything and everybody. I made no secret of my religious training and convictions, and the ingenuous, matter-of-fact way in which I expressed myself on the subject seemed to arouse no end of amusement and interest. I can never forget Broadbent's remark at the end of our first interview; he said, 'You are a strange fish in muddy waters.'

To tell the truth, this kind of reception flattered my vanity, and started a current of self-esteem. I understand now that right here are to be noticed the first indications of a definite philosophy, which in a few days, with the assistance of Broadbent, was brought out into clear relief.

After mingling with people on the ship for a day or two, I was very much surprised to note that practically everybody was either ignorant or neglectful of what may be called the biblical treatment of the problems of correct living. It was just at this point, and in this manner, that I first got it into my head that I was an individual representing something that differed essentially from the spiritual stock-in-trade of the people in whose company I was. And thus, in the most natural way, and at the outset of my career, I found myself face to face with the philosophy of personal conduct in its relation to life in general.

Broadbent soon found out what I was driving at, and singled me out for his intellectual quarry. He told me in

plain English that he had met me before in different shapes and sizes, that he looked upon all such people as interesting mediæval survivals, emotional for the most part, but not lasting. In fact, in his opinion, all that was wanting to convert me into a reasonable and useful member of society, was to put me into actual touch with people and conditions, and then to instill into my callow and superficial understanding, a little knowledge in regard to the biological and sociological discoveries with which scientists and philosophers were then busily enlightening the world.

Broadbent was altogether too big for me at this game. I had neither the knowledge nor the ability to meet him on his own ground in an argument of this description. Furthermore, I actually admired the man. I absorbed the information he imparted to me, by the chapter. It was all so new to me and, withal, so fascinating. I could see no reason to doubt the truth or underestimate the value to society, of the discoveries of science which he championed so eloquently. But down in my heart my satisfaction was tempered with a sort of secret determination to find out, as soon as possible, just what effect all this wisdom had had in the past, and was having in the present, upon Broadbent the man. This was the issue that my individuality and budding philosophy were preparing to test him with, and later on he was called upon to answer these personal inquiries.

At that time, however, he had little idea of the nature of the soil he was trying to cultivate. He looked upon me as a precocious greenhorn, and he proceeded cleverly, and with design, to draw me out for the edification of our little ship-board audience. But I was not so green as he imagined. My mental experience was considerable, and my contact with life, and with Broadbent, was converting my reveries into expression and ideas of a practical nature. Unavoidably those were idle days on board ship, and a week spent in Broadbent's company was probably equal to a year's intercourse with people whom one meets in the usual way. Broadbent, I think, was a little flattered, or at any rate amused, at the tribute I paid by my attention to his intellectual attainments, and our discussions became the talk of the ship. On several occasions the cabin of one of the officers, in which our conversations took place, was crowded to the door.

The reasons I have for remembering these discussions are much more than personal. My experience was only an illustration, on a small scale, of the intellectual excitement that was being aroused at the time, all over the world. It was finding practical and theoretical expression in a great wave of miscellaneous experiment and discussion. For one thing, the Book of Genesis and miracles of every description in biblical history were on trial at the bar of the 'Missing Link.' As it seems to me, nothing has ever aroused and stimulated the intellectual, and particularly the critical, faculties of mankind so universally and permanently as this simple biological investigation. Hitherto, in Broadbent's own words, the mind of society, in its treatment of human knowledge had been, intellectually speaking, like a closed oyster, and now Darwin and Lyell and Tyndall and Huxley and Herbert Spencer were opening it with cold-blooded indifference to people's feelings or opinions. A more auspicious point of time for any young man to make his entry into the world of science, religion, and practical affairs cannot be imagined.

The abruptness of this intellectual split cannot, I think, be appreciated to its full extent by the present generation. It was not so much a mere question of evolution on the one hand and creation

on the other. The movement itself, represented by the men I have mentioned, signalized the bursting of all barriers, and the complete enfranchisement of the mind in every department of human inquiry.

I remember in what a clever and fascinating manner Broadbent imparted to his listeners the latest marvels of sociological and biological experiment. I recognize now, in connection with it, his distinct foreshadowing of the doctrines of socialism. But these revelations, which in fact I little understood, did not disturb me in the least. Nearly every word the man uttered enriched my mind and widened my horizon.

But then again, when I retired to my cabin, after listening to Broadbent, I still, and always, found myself face to face with my own individuality, that is to say, with my own personal problems. This was inevitable for the following very practical reason. Nearly every man on the ship spent most of his time in drinking and gambling. These were facts of which, hitherto, I had not had the slightest practical knowledge. I instinctively understood that these habits were fundamental, and, looking on from day to day, I could not for the life of me understand how these great personal issues of life were simplified, or solved in any way, by the discovery that creation was a myth. In this way, in spite of my increasing enlightenment, the personal aspect of affairs acquired additional emphasis, and was not to be disturbed by any mere theory of origins.

Broadbent, however, stated his case very clearly. I remember his argument distinctly. He affirmed that character, in its best sense, is fundamentally scientific and not religious, and for this reason good behavior is bound to win out in the end. I, on the other hand, insisted on separating the issues. I contended that the end or result he looked forward to by the scientific route, was too far off for practical purposes; and that in the mean time, the personal method, guided by precepts of Christianity, must remain the thoroughfare to personal and social salvation of every description. Right here on this issue, before the end of the voyage, Broadbent and I locked horns. In his opinion the scientific interpretation and unfolding of life contained also its moral interpretation. Many people who figure in the same way at the present day, fancifully propose to refill the churches by a fairer adjustment of economic conditions. To me, then as now, it seems possible and necessary to separate the issues, and to insist upon a clear understanding of their value and relative importance.

Be this as it may, I told Broadbent I was glad to hear his side of it for his own sake. I informed him that I was going out to Brazil in the first place, of course, to earn a living, but incidentally also, to study the lives of people, including his own, with the idea of finding out, if possible, just how our opinions on the subject stood the test of actual contact with life.

However, to do Broadbent justice, he had done me a world of good. In the short space of three weeks I had changed or been converted from a mere boy, perplexed with a mind full of emotional instincts, into an individual, with a more or less definite trade-mark, and with a certain point of view in regard to life and living in which I had become enthusiastically interested. I had stepped suddenly into the midst of the world of affairs; my impressions of people and of conduct were acute; every person on the ship was a problem of some kind to me, and every hour that passed added to my stock of practical enlightenment.

But while Broadbent and I were engaged in these sociological discussions I became, at the same time, involved in a

matter of a different nature altogether, at the hands of another man who, meantime, had become interested in me and my fortunes.

II

When I look back at the outline of the past, the events worth mentioning stand out by themselves and assume a dream-like reality. Doubtless the events cut deep and the impressions were acute, hence their survival; and now distance and time have added to their enchantment. The facts and the faces are still to me intensely real; nevertheless, my casting adrift from home influences, my first sea-voyage, my first encounter with opinions and people, and my first observations of life, read to-day more like a chapter copied at random from *Gulliver's Travels*, or the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, than a narrative of sober happenings that took place on a humdrum steamship.

To me, at any rate, the world in its first appearance was a tremendous situation, and I was a sort of unaccountable fact awaiting treatment of some kind, in the centre of it. My curiosity and enthusiasm, however, were only heightened by the consciousness of my personal insignificance. On this my first sea-voyage, in a most astonishing manner, practical intelligence and enlightenment were imparted to me in a series of shocks, and every increase in knowledge added to my self-importance in relation to my surroundings. Every time I came on deck I looked round for new features and new faces to investigate. I was continually on the tiptoe of expectation, and this unfeigned and exuberant interest which I took in my environment, was returned to me before long, very curiously, and in double measure.

Among the passengers on the ship was a well-to-do Spaniard, a South-American trader, as he was called, and his son José. They were returning to their home in Rosario, then as now a city of rising importance in the Argentine Republic. The merchant was a widower, some sixty years old, and his son was a pale-faced, interesting boy, of studious habits, my senior by a year or two.

Beginning at school and continuing until to-day, one of the greatest of my intellectual pleasures has been the study of languages; so when I found out that this young fellow was as anxious to learn English as I was to acquire a knowledge of Spanish, an acquaintance was begun between us that soon developed into a closer intimacy. We went to work systematically in our studies; twice a day, regularly, for two weeks, we came together for the purpose of adding to our vocabularies, and of engaging in conversational exercises, and during these study periods the old gentleman was always an interested listener. Under such favorable conditions our progress was remarkable. In less than two weeks, with the assistance of the dictionaries added to the very slight knowledge of the language we had acquired in school, we could worry through almost anything we wished to say.

As the days passed the old Spaniard's interest increased, and he began to ask me all sorts of questions about my business intentions and prospects. It was customary for many of the young men on the ship to come together daily and engage in gymnastic exercises. In some of the competitions I more than held my own. This seemed to astonish the old gentleman; that one so young should be so enthusiastic physically and intellectually at the same time, seemed to him most unusual. And then again, my simple application of biblical texts to every-

day life, and my interpretation of them from the personal standpoint, seemed to please him exceedingly. He had quite a fair knowledge of the English language, and had no difficulty in understanding me. The boy, also, was interested in these matters and took pleasure in my society. As for me, I knew absolutely nothing about Spanish life and character, and I did not pause long enough to give my growing intimacy with these people so much as a passing thought. I was open-minded, however, and judged appearances for just what they seemed to be worth. Without advice from anybody I trusted my own judgment and went ahead. But at night, in prayer-like reveries, I always squared up for the day's doings, and acquired fresh courage and guidance for the days to come.

At intervals the old gentleman questioned me about the details of my situation in the telegraph service, and he seemed to think very little of the opportunities and prospects connected with it. On the other hand, with great earnestness, he and the boy tried to impress upon me ideas of the wealth and enterprise of the people in Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and of the splendid future that was in store for a part of the American continent that was just then beginning to acquire a world-wide celebrity. In his broken manner and language, and as best he could, he repeatedly broached the idea and wish that I should become interested in some enterprise more in harmony with my talents and enthusiasm.

This familiar intercourse was continued until we came in sight of the harbor at Rio de Janeiro. I was then in that amiable and impressionable state of mind when the affectionate regard of these people took right hold of me, and I listened to the glowing story of the old Spanish merchant with unfeigned interest and delight. Just when the passengers whose destination was Rio — and I was one of them — were making ready to leave the ship, I was invited to his cabin for a farewell interview. Broken as was his language, I had no difficulty in understanding the drift and exact substance of this conversation, which culminated in a remarkable proposition.

The fact of the matter was, he was opposed to my leaving the ship at Rio. He could not bear to terminate our friendship so abruptly. Was it not a fact that José and I were getting along famously in our studies? It would be such a pity to separate us. We should make a splendid pair of workers in any business, especially in his business in Rosario, which in a few years, in the ordinary course of events, would belong to José exclusively. And then, again, there was his little daughter Amelie, who was in Rosario, awaiting his return. She was so very amiable and so very pretty. At that moment, to be sure, she was a mere child just passing her eleventh year; but what of that? By the time I should be twenty she would be a charming little woman. In short, the proposition was from his heart, honest and unmistakable, and the old trader's hand was in mine as he made it, — so many thousands and a share in the business to begin with, and in the near future a partnership and a bride; the details regarding my baggage and the affairs of the telegraph company could easily be arranged.

From his point of view there was nothing remarkable in this seemingly generous offer. Adoptions of this kind were every-day occurrences among Spaniards in South America; in fact the people were looking forward to this blending of races as a national policy, which closely concerned their social and industrial destiny. Undoubtedly, then, under these circumstances, a career of unusual activity and usefulness, as well

as of domestic happiness, was in store for me. On the other hand, he continued, if I landed in Rio, and took my chances in that unholy city, I was doomed to destruction. Not one in a score of the young Europeans who tried to live, or rather to flicker for a while in such pestilential localities, was able to weather the scourge of the climate and the riot of social conditions. As for the cities, there was actually no choice — Rio, Santos, Bahia, Pernambuco, Para, they were all the same. In six months I would certainly find myself physically wrecked and morally ruined. To Rosario then, where health and happiness awaited me!

It is impossible to look back upon this situation with an unbiased or fully-equipped understanding. Never before or since those memorable days on board ship has life appeared to me to be so full of hope, so temptingly dangerous, so splendor-laden. I am willing to admit that everything connected with my progress up to this point must be looked upon as unusually eventful and, in a measure, prematurely expansive. The story is none the less interesting on that account. Selecting its most prominent and typical incidents, the most humdrum existence has nearly always a dramatic outline; and for the rest, I can only judge of what I was, or of what I thought at the time, by what I actually did. For instance, did the romantic and mercenary features of this proposition appeal to me? Certainly not, in their full significance. Did I pause to think what the folks at home would have to say about it? Under the circumstances this would have been of little use. To give a candid opinion, however, I should say that my instinctive and budding self-assertion, my love of adventure, and, above all, my insatiable curiosity to get into the world of affairs and interpret for my own use some of its riddles, were my all-powerful guides on this occasion. I accepted the proposition, in a provisional way, on the spot.

This first journey on shipboard is more important in my autobiography than the two years of work and experience in South America that followed. It was a point of departure that set me adrift on a wave of personal investigation, and intellectual adventure, that I shall now describe.

As for the proposition of the Spanish merchant, it soon died a natural death; and the story has little relation to my future, except as an illustration of the bold way in which, without premeditation, I set out to experiment with opportunity, and with my own powers in connection with it. However, I explained the affair, in part, to Broadbent, who took a business-like view of the matter, and arranged for a short leave of absence from my duties. The adventure itself soon came to an end. I remained for two or three weeks in Rosario, and, ridiculous as the affair may now seem, was beginning to think seriously of a permanent sojourn, when suddenly the old merchant died. Then a change came over the scene and the prospects; some legal and domestic complications arose, in which I had no desire to take part. To simplify matters, I withdrew from the family circle, and made the best of my way to my original destination at Santos.

III

I must pass over my two years sojourn in Brazil with a sort of feverish retrospection. My experience was too pitiful, too tragically interesting, too prolonged, to come within the limits or province of any ordinary nightmare. Looking back at it all, it may rather be likened to a chapter in Bunyan's famous allegory in which the pilgrim, encountering unexpected temptations

and pitfalls, receives his first terrible set-back. Years of progressive enlightenment have doubtless bettered the situation in Brazil, from every point of view; but when I arrived in the country, in the late seventies, the social and moral environment in which I found myself, was simply indescribable. But in order to make my own conduct appear in a measure reasonable, and to account for the mental abyss into which I was finally plunged, I must run over a few of the events, and describe some of the conditions, as briefly as possible.

The telegraph office was located in a great stone building which faced the harbor. The clerks, five or six of us, had sleeping-rooms in this block. The office-work itself was pleasant, and the salaries of the men were quite liberal. It took me about a week to get an idea of the place, and a year's sojourn did not alter my first impressions. For a few hours during the morning there was considerable business activity, but the afternoons were usually very quiet and intensely hot. The real life of the place opened up when the offices closed, and the sun went down. Then a carnival of drinking set in. In this the Europeans were the chief participants. The natives had their faults, but excess in drinking was not one of them. The friendly advice I received on my arrival, to get intoxicated and remain in that condition, if I would escape the yellow fever, was lived up to, so far as I could make out, by everyone who could afford it. The arrival of a foreign warship, or of a man of note, called for international courtesies which frequently ended in midnight street brawls.

The local police force was helpless at the hands of these roysterers; license was not confined to mere conviviality; in the midst of it all, women were a commodity. At intervals they were imported from Europe in batches and auctioned off in the saloons, under all sorts of contracts, to the highest bidder. Single men were by no means so abandoned as those who were married and had families. This, I was assured, was a proper and reasonable state of affairs. Society was more vitally interested in the rising generation than in the behavior of those who were no longer in the matrimonial market.

For a month or so I moved up and down, as it were, in the midst of this social inferno. Then I went to Broadbent. I knew from observation that he was not much better than the crowd; nevertheless, I wanted to know what he thought about it all. The personal problem with which I was surrounded seemed to me to be overwhelmingly important. Broadbent had told me on board ship that science, political and social economy, would take care of just such situations; but for the life of me, now that I was in the midst of this one, I could n't understand how these reforms and cures were to be initiated and kept alive without personal redemption, beginning within and bearing fruit in social and economic reforms.

The people whose conduct I am criticizing were rich enough; they were intelligent, in a way, and could reason and talk about other people's ideas by the hour; but they lacked the acute moral sense which, in the aggregate, constitutes the social conscience. I could not help noticing at the time the close relationship that must always exist between personal and civic behavior.

On some of the side streets dead and dying Negroes were occasionally thrown out into the gutters. And again, one day I met a procession of smallpox patients, in all stages of the disease, dragging themselves through the public streets on the way to climb some Mount of Piety, to pray for in-

tercession, while from the courtyards of every church in the city showers of rockets ascended on prayerful missions, cracking the skies with an earsplitting din.

I went to Broadbent, I say, with my troubles, but I soon discovered that in spite of his intellectuality, he was nothing but a social degenerate. His conversation was one thing, his conduct was another. In so many words, 'Eat and drink,' he said to me, 'for tomorrow we shall die.' According to him, yellow fever was the cause and sufficient reason, scientifically speaking, for personal depravity. It was indeed true that at intervals the scourge descended upon the city like a murrain among cattle. If there was anything in particular that was noticeable, it was its affinity for greenhorns, fresh arrivals, and clean people. Chronic drunkards, as a rule, were immune. Broadbent laid emphasis on these facts and one day, after explaining the situation in detail, he said to me in substance, —

'Come along, be one of us. It is either this or death, or perhaps something worse than death. You know Fillimore, of course. He works beside you in the office. But you never entered his room, did you? To begin with, conditions frightened his moral and physical nature, as they have yours. He came from a nice home, I understand. A few drinks and a little companionship would have straightened him out, but we could n't get him to emerge from his shell. So now he comes down to the office in the morning, and sneaks back to his room in the afternoon, and in the evening he gets out into the suburbs and captures creeping things of every description. His room is alive with lizards and beetles and all kinds of reptiles running loose. His poisonous pets, such as tarantulas, he keeps under glass covers. He does his own cooking on an oil stove. He has never ventilated or cleaned his room. He is beyond the reach of the fever, for he is inconceivably filthy. He is everlastingly reading the Bible. Just think of it! This is what it is to be driven back on yourself in this forsaken country. You know what the alternative is — take your choice.'

This almost, but not quite, concluded my intercourse with Broadbent. I said to him, 'I understand the situation, I hate your philosophy, I refuse to compromise. I, too, will fall back on myself.'

I kept the fact to myself, but to tell the truth, I was mentally and morally stunned. Broadbent had, at least, opened my eyes and given me a graphic description of the abyss of iniquity into which, with unabashed countenance, he invited me to plunge. Good people no doubt there were in that neighborhood, but I never met them or heard of them; and who could blame them, in such a maelstrom of depravity, for keeping aloof or in hiding. But the situation to me, at the time, was actually worse than it appears to be on the surface. This was my first introduction to business and social circles, and although I knew intuitively that in my own country, for example, social behavior and conditions were on an infinitely higher level, I had as yet no practical assurances on the subject except as a schoolboy; and in this, my first plunge into business and social affairs, I found the representatives of nearly every European nation engaged in social orgies that would have been a disgrace to any community in the worst days of the Roman Empire.

To tell the truth, I was terribly disappointed. The door through which my ambitions and aspirations pointed, seemed to shut with a bang. In a very short time, like Fillimore, I was in a class by myself, and to my surprise my

religion had few consolations for me. Both religiously and socially, for the time being at any rate, I was a palpable misfit. My physical and moral enthusiasm had been stifled too suddenly. Inertia set in.

For a week or more I went about my duties mechanically; otherwise I was as listless and unresponsive as the sands of the desert. Then an idea occurred to me. I could n't break my contract with the company, but I could go to work and learn some of the languages which up to this time, on the streets and elsewhere, I had been listening to with a dull ear. I immediately turned all my energies and enthusiasm in this direction. It proved to be a delightful and profitable occupation. I went about it almost fiercely. I penetrated into slums, offices, private houses, and clubs, hunting up words and meanings, and also people to converse with. One day I would bury myself in an underground kitchen with a Portuguese cook, and the next day, perhaps, I would take a San Paulo railroad train, get off at a way-station, and spend an afternoon with an Indian in a canoe, learning the names of the birds, the trees, and the monkeys, as we glided through tangles of gorgeous foliage. For a stranger to be interested in one's native tongue is always a pleasing kind of flattery. Before long I was welcomed everywhere. In less than six months, I could hold my own in ordinary conversation in Spanish, German, French, and Portuguese. I was just beginning to take some kind of interest in my surroundings, and to plan understandingly and hopefully for the future, when Broadbent again appeared on the scene, and scattered my projects to the winds.

One day I sat at the dinner table in the hotel — the Europa. I was reading, or rather trying to read, out of a book. Chico, the waiter, had just left the room with an armful of dishes. My superintendent, sleeping off the effects of his afternoon tipples, was in the next room, snoring ponderously. The guests had all departed and, but for the rats that now and then jumped up on the table and made off with a morsel of food, I was alone. It was the fever-time of the year, and as I was suffering from a bad headache I was a little uneasy about my physical condition; and, besides, I was at the lowest ebb of mental depression. The satisfaction I derived from my studies was, at best, a commercial one; otherwise, so far as progress was concerned, I was absolutely a failure.

It was my eighteenth birthday. The daylight was fading. I closed my book and, hearing a faint noise, I raised my eyes. Broadbent emerged from the superintendent's room, crossed the hallway, and hurried down the stairs. Tucked closely under his arm was the superintendent's hand-bag containing, as I well knew, the collections for the day — some thousands of *milreis*. I rushed after him down the stairway, and into the street. As I was turning the first corner, some one halted abruptly, or I ran into some one, who gave me a blow on the head that sent me sprawling into the gutter.

When I awoke, I was in bed in the hotel. The room was crowded with policemen and others; Broadbent was among them. I accused him of committing the robbery. The police received this intelligence as a joke, everybody smiled, and some one remarked, 'He is out of his head.' Then a burly Negro came forward and informed the police that in turning the corner I had interfered with a combat of clubs, in which he was engaged, and that I had received a whack on the head that was intended for his adversary. This explanation was entirely satisfactory to the police, although the money was

not forthcoming. Then Broadbent almost shouted, 'That boy has the yellow fever.'

In two seconds the room was deserted. I leave the problem of the headache and fever symptoms, the apparition of Broadbent on the stairway, the robbery, the affair at the corner of the street, and the statement of the Negro, to psychologists to unravel. As for me, I lay on my cot absolutely deserted until noon the next day, when a doctor appeared. Later the boys in the office got together and sent a nurse to my assistance. At the end of the second day I entered the fatal stage, and began to sink rapidly. The coffin was ordered. Later on I paid for it. But doctors and others were mistaken. I fairly hovered on the brink, as they told me afterwards, and then made a most unlooked-for rally. In less than a week I was out of danger. Meantime, however, in a fit of delirium, I had unmercifully belabored my nurse with a pillow, and in her place a professional attendant was secured, a man whose name was Peixoto.

I cannot introduce Peixoto to my readers without an apology or an explanation of some kind. Physically and mentally he was a strange phenomenon, in appearance and faculties an almost unbelievable creature. Mentally he was a modern reproduction of Timon of Athens, in his last and misanthropic stage. Later on we shall glance at his pedigree and history; for the present, however, it will suffice to say that he was an albino — neither a white nor a black man, but a cream-colored creature of medium height, athletic build, and dignified carriage. In his behavior as a nurse he was methodical and strong, yet as gentle and considerate as a woman. He had one curious habit. When not engaged in conversation, he nibbled incessantly on his lower lip, as any man will once in a while, when nursing a grief or an injury. Peixoto had both — he was a social outcast. His hair was white, short, curly, and silky, and it grew in tufts; his nose was flat, his cheek-bones were high, and his skin a sickly cream-color. The pupils of his eyes were red, and the parts that should have been white were pink. Apart from this he possessed a tremendous personality, and that was just where the trouble came in. Brazilian society had no use for this man except as a caretaker in cases of virulent disease. This fact cut him to the soul, and all humanity was to him, very naturally, a gigantic farce.

As regards my own sickness, complications set in, and I was confined to the hotel for nearly three months. During this period Peixoto was my constant companion. I was in my eighteenth year, physically and mentally a weakling at the time. Peixoto was in the prime of life. To convert me to his way of thinking and of judging humanity, he extended himself. In regard to what followed, I have no excuse or justification to offer. For over two months I listened to, and absorbed, a good deal of Peixoto's philosophy. It was founded on the personal annihilation to which society and the universe had condemned him, and it all culminated in the homeless and hopeless conclusion that there was no God. Under his tutelage my religious convictions seemed to be smothered, although it was only a storm through which I was passing. Nevertheless, when I left the hotel I looked out upon the world, to some extent, through Peixoto's eyes.

Meanwhile, Santos had become an impossible place of residence for me, and I requested and obtained a transfer to Bahia. In a few weeks Peixoto followed me. Bahia was his birth-place, to which, periodically, he was in the habit of returning. It was a time when all the world was talking about the dis-

covery of gold and diamonds in South Africa. Peixoto was seriously considering emigration to that country, where, he thought, among the savages, perhaps he would be able to find some kind of a social level; or where, at the worst, as a filibuster or freebooter, he could square accounts with creation in some way.

One day Peixoto and I took a walk, or rather a climb, from the lower to the upper city. As you look at it from the sea, Bahia has the appearance of a huge perpendicular rock. Some of the houses seem to be up among the clouds, others down at the water's edge. Peixoto conducted me, by a circuitous route, to a convent situated in a narrow street in the upper section of the city. In this convent, he explained to me, he had been brought up and educated.

We entered the convent through an imposing archway, and passed into a large granite-walled hall, at one end of which was a heavily barred grating, and back of that a smooth stone pavement extending to another grating through which several nuns were passing garlands and flowers made of feathers, on long wooden shovels, to purchasers who made their wants known by long-distance signs at the outer grating. Thence we passed into a small chapel which had egress to the outside world by means of a long and very gloomy corridor. In one corner of the chapel there was a little niche or alcove in which was a cradle-shaped box. A rope attached to this cradle passed up through a wide chimney-like aperture to some chamber above. Peixoto explained to me in detail the significance of this machinery. The cradle was for the accommodation of abandoned children whom, with utmost secrecy, the depositors, or parents, wished the convent to adopt and educate. In this way, and in this very place, he, Peixoto, had made his first appearance in human society, and this was practically all he knew of his own history and antecedents.

Very soon after this visit to the convent Peixoto took ship for South Africa. I was fated to meet him again. It was several years later, in the midst of a fierce campaign which the British and their allies, the Zwasi Kaffirs, were waging against another Kaffir chieftain in the northern part of the Transvaal. Peixoto was in the service of the Zwasis. On the day of the final assault on the stronghold of the enemy, after the British had dynamited the caves, it became his duty, as he informed me, to intercept the survivors, stab them, and throw them down over the rocks. He was settling his account with creation in this way. But this is anticipating. I must return to the narrative of my own personal progress.

(To be continued.)

WHERE 'THE SICK IN MIND' ARE FREE

BY ALICE ISAACSON

THE problem of dealing with the insane has always presented difficulties to the physician and to the humanitarian. It has been assumed that some form of restraint is needful, lest such unfortunate beings prove a danger to themselves or to the community at large; but restraint is more or less synonymous with confinement, and confinement necessarily implies loss of liberty to the individual, while the exercise of constant surveillance tends to develop a cunning desire to elude control, on the part of the patient, and to deprive him of any incentive to exert the feeble gleams of reason that would justify a different treatment. If we compare the methods employed in asylums at the present day, and the care and consideration bestowed upon their inmates, with the Bedlam of a century ago, the difference is certainly as marked as light from darkness; but the principle of seclusion from the outer world, of non-intercourse with their fellow men, remains the same. Once the insane patient has been consigned to an asylum, however humanely planned and perfectly organized, he must perforce associate, not with the mentally sane, but with others from whose disordered brains, as from his own, the divine light of reason has fled.

In the colony of Gheel it is far different. There, the lunatic, the idiot, the epileptic, and those grown childish from great age, live untrammeled and unrestrained, except for humane rules and regulations framed for their own welfare and protection; immured behind no lofty walls, in no strictly-guarded inclosures, such as give to the most admirably ordered asylum the atmosphere of a prison, they lead there a quiet, peaceful existence, among people whose life-work it is to care for and protect them; they are free to wander through the country lanes, to work at will beneath the open air of heaven, to engage in whatever occupations and recreations their dwarfed or diseased intellects permit. There, too, they are surrounded, not by warders and attendants, trained to regard them merely as patients to be coerced and controlled, but by friends, who treat their 'boarders' with genuine kindness and unvarying consideration. The colony of Gheel, under these conditions, may be truthfully described as a place where 'the sick in mind' are free.

Where or what is Gheel? It is a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, situated in that part of Belgium known as La Campine — a district differing much in outward aspect from the fertile, cultivated country round. It consists for the most part of wide tracts of barren heath, covered with stunted brushwood and sparsely planted trees; here and there scattered hamlets cluster beneath a tall church spire, but there are few towns of any size or importance; and it is no doubt due in some degree to this natural isolation from the more thickly-populated districts of Belgium that the peculiar characteristics distinguishing the colony of Gheel were developed in the earlier periods of its history.

Some thirteen hundred years ago, so runs the tale, the beautiful daughter of a heathen king of Ireland fled from her father's court and, crossing the seas, took refuge at Gheel. Dymphna had been converted to Christianity by the teaching of a monk named Gerebern, and it was under his protection that she sought deliverance from her unnatural father, who strove to force upon her an incestuous union. The infuriated king followed the fugitives and discovered their retreat. Gerebern was cruelly put to death by the savage soldiery, and the king himself, regardless of his daughter's pleading for mercy, seized her long hair, and with one blow cut off her head; then, without waiting to give his victims burial, he returned to Ireland. After a time, it began to be rumored that strange miracles of healing from sickness and disease were wrought on the scene of this horrible crime; and, curiously enough, it was those afflicted mentally who derived especial benefit. The spot came to be considered holy ground, and soon a church was built, and dedicated to St. Dymphna, within which the bones of the martyrs were laid to rest in a vault prepared for their reception beneath the high altar.

Such is the legend of St. Dymphna, and visitors to Gheel to-day may find its closing scene portrayed in a quaint group of figures rudely carved in stone, placed on the very spot where the saint is said to have met her death. Her festival, kept on the fifteenth of May, is the red-letter day of the entire year for Gheel. Then the ancient shrine is wreathed with garlands, and the figures are half buried under the sweet spring flowers strewn over them. People flock into the town from all the neighboring villages; special masses are chanted before the tomb of the saint in the handsome late-Gothic church that bears her name, and high holiday is kept by the inhabitants, sane and insane alike.

As years passed on, Gheel became more and more frequented as a pilgrimage resort by the sick in body and mind. Not far from the church of St. Dymphna is an interesting old building founded by one Hendrik Berthaul, Heer of Gheel, as a 'Gasthuis' to receive the many pilgrims who came seeking health and strength. It is now an almshouse for the aged poor, under the direction of sisters of charity; but for centuries the old Gasthuis fulfilled its founder's intention, until the village grew and increased in importance, and the people gradually accustomed themselves to take into their own homes as boarders those who desired to sojourn at Gheel.

It would appear that the belief in a peculiar benefit to be derived by the mentally afflicted has always existed here, and it is probably owing to this very early association with various forms of brain disease that the Gheelois have acquired and fostered that singular aptitude for dealing with such maladies, which distinguishes them. There are certain families, so the writer was told, in which for generations certain classes of patients have been received and cared for. It may be they are lunatics or idiots or epileptics; but the appropriate treatment that each differing phase of brain-affection requires is so thoroughly understood, that the physician in charge has no difficulty in deciding upon the most suitable home for special cases.

It may here be remarked that this institution, originally semi-religious, semi-communal in character, was taken over and reorganized by the Belgian government in 1852, and during the past sixty years the *Système Belge*, as carried out in the colony of Gheel, has acquired a world-wide reputation.

On leaving the railway station, the

visitor follows the tramway line along a broad, cobble-paved street, with neat two-storied houses on either side, whitewashed and green-shuttered, the curtain-draped windows bright with flowers; here and there a more pretentious villa, in a shrub-bordered garden, may be seen. On one side, a narrow stream, the Nethe, flows beneath tall shady trees; in the centre of the town is the market-place, and near by rises the red-brick church of St. Amand, in which one may see some interesting carved wood-work. Beyond the church is a tree-planted inclosure laid out with winding walks and flower-beds.

At this point the main street divides, one branch leading past the ancient shrine and Gasthuis that commemorate Hendrik Berthaul's liberality, to St. Dymphna's church; the other continuing in a straight line through the town until it reaches the asylum. The latter is a large, handsome, red-brick structure with two wings, standing in well-kept grounds, somewhat back from the highroad, which is here lined by an avenue of stately elms. On either side of this central edifice, and connected with it and with each other by covered passages, are pretty villas, also of red brick and uniform in design with the asylum. These villas are occupied by the resident medical staff; and the surrounding gardens and pleasure-grounds of the entire block of buildings are laid out with extreme care and taste.

And now some details must be given as to *le patronage familial* (the family system), upon which the organization of the colony of Gheel is based. The district throughout which the mentally afflicted patients are distributed includes the town, together with several neighboring villages, each having its own church, and numerous outlying farms, — all within a circumference of about thirty miles. It is divided into five sections; for each of these a fully qualified doctor is appointed, who has under him two *surveillants* (inspectors), the entire staff being subordinate to the medical director.

The patients, male or female, who are sent to Gheel for treatment, are received first into the asylum, or infirmary, as it is locally called, where they remain under close supervision and scrutiny until the médecin-directeur is satisfied that there is nothing in their mental affliction likely to prove incompatible with the non-restraint methods that form an integral part of the 'colony' life. This period of probation may last for a few days or be extended to several weeks; but so soon as it is considered that patients can, with perfect safety to themselves and others, be placed as boarders in a private family, and that they are likely to derive benefit from freedom from restraint, they are removed from the infirmary, the greatest care and forethought being exercised in the choice of a suitable home.

Before any inhabitant of Gheel can obtain the coveted privilege of having his or her name placed upon the register of *nourriciers*, — a suggestive title that includes the quality of foster-parent equally with that of guardian and keeper, — the strictest investigations are made as to the social position and moral character of the aspirant and his family, as to the sanitary and other conditions of the house they occupy, and as to the size of the room or rooms destined to the use of the prospective boarders. These investigations apply equally to all classes, for as the patients at Gheel belong to different social grades, so, too, do the homes to which they are consigned. The authorities endeavor so far as possible to obtain for the *aliénés* the conditions of life to which they have been accustomed:

thus lunatics of the working class will be placed in working-class families; patients coming from towns are boarded out among the townspeople; while others hailing from country villages are located in farm-houses.

Strictly speaking, there are no poor in Gheel; the inhabitants are for the most part either well-to-do, or possessed of small but independent means, and belong chiefly to the *petite bourgeoisie*, the retired tradesman or artisan class. Most of the houses have gardens; to these is sometimes added a plot of ground where vegetables for the household are cultivated, and where the owner may keep poultry, and perhaps a goat or a cow, or rear two or three pigs. There are no local industries or manufactures, with the exception of two tobacco factories.

The *pensionnaires* (or private patients) have regular occupation and recreation provided for them in the families whose hospitality they enjoy. It is significant, too, that these afflicted beings are rarely spoken of as 'insane,' but are generally referred to as *les malades;* truly 'sick in mind,' and therefore not only to be treated as guests, with kindly courtesy and consideration, but to be cared for and helped in every way to recover the lost balance. Nearly every house in Gheel contains one or two *malades* — not more than two being allowed by the regulations of the Système Belge. They are encouraged to share in the usual avocations — the daily toil, the simple pleasures of their hosts; the poorer patients work in the gardens or on the farms; the women sew and help in household duties; those of a higher social position are stimulated to follow any pursuit that interests or amuses them. Music, painting, and other arts are cultivated; as regards the former, there is an excellent Harmonic Society in the town, which holds its regular gatherings and periodical concerts, the sane and insane members alike taking part in the programme, to the enjoyment of the whole community.

It might, perhaps, be supposed that constant association and intercourse with those who are mentally afflicted would have an injurious effect on the children of Gheel; but the writer was assured that, on the contrary, accustomed as they are from infancy to the eccentricities and harmless vagaries of the unfortunate creatures around them, they learn to regard these inmates of their home, not with fear, but rather with a sympathetic tenderness and protecting love. It is no unusual thing to see the lunatic boarder nursing the baby, or watching the little ones, while their mother is busied about her household occupations, or walking happily hand-in-hand with them to church on Sunday; and this mutual affection, so pathetic to an onlooker, is not only soothing, but often absolutely beneficial to the distraught brain of the patient.

Needless to say, no dangerous patients are allowed to enjoy perfect freedom from restraint: it is a stringent rule that no insane person showing a tendency to suicide, homicide, or to vicious habits shall be admitted to the colony of Gheel; if any such are sent there for treatment, they are detained in the infirmary, where they are cared for by the gentle, sweet-faced *sœurs de charité.* All possible risk to the community being thus guarded against, no irksome restrictions are put upon the liberty of the patients; they are permitted to come and go unquestioned, to take long country rambles alone or in company; and it is very rare indeed that the trust reposed in them, or the privileges they enjoy, are abused. It is true that the isolated situation of the town would make escape difficult; then, no *malade* is allowed to have money in

his or her possession, except, perhaps, on Sundays or festival days, when half a franc, or a franc, may be given them, to be spent only in the town. The sale of intoxicants to the insane in the public houses is strictly forbidden, and all *nourriciers* are required to see that their boarders are safe indoors, in winter at four o'clock, in summer at eight o'clock in the evening, unless an extension of time has been authorized by the doctor.

The entire colony is kept under constant medical supervision. Night and day the houses where patients are received must be open for inspection if it is thought desirable; the *surveillants* (inspectors) are instructed to time their visits at all hours: in the early morning, to see that the patients are not compelled to rise too early or against their will; at mid-day, to note if the food prepared is sufficient and nourishing; at night, when the family are about to retire, to make sure that a due regard is paid to the warmth, comfort, and ventilation of the sleeping apartments. The medical staff (who are not allowed any private practice) have also their regular daily rounds; incurable cases in each section are visited at least once a month by the doctor in charge, and twice by his subordinate inspector; and those cases where there is hope of ultimate recovery are always visited once a week, and, if need be, more frequently.

The médecin-directeur of this interesting colony, upon whom rests the immense responsibility of administering and controlling its affairs, not only keeps in touch with all that is going on, through the daily reports of his subordinates, but once, at least, during the year personally inspects every house, and visits every patient throughout the entire district. The members of the permanent committee, in two series, also pay a visit once a year.

It may be mentioned that as the mentally afflicted people under treatment at Gheel include many not of Belgian nationality, — England, France, Holland, and other countries send patients there, — freedom in the exercise of religion is carefully maintained: the two Catholic churches have already been alluded to; in addition, a Protestant pastor and a Jewish rabbi minister regularly to the spiritual needs of their respective co-religionists.

As regards the payment made on behalf of the 'alienated,' where these are paupers, or in indigent circumstances, the cost of their maintenance is defrayed by the district or parish from which they are sent; those whose friends are in a position to pay for them are charged in accordance with their own social condition and that of the family with whom they reside. For lunatic patients in easy circumstances the cost of maintenance at Gheel varies from six hundred to six thousand francs a year (that is, from about one hundred and twenty to twelve hundred dollars).

And here, to prove that the annual revenue derived from these payments amounts to no inconsiderable sum, the following words may be quoted from a letter written by Dr. Peeters, who for many years, until his retirement in 1909, held the post of médecin-directeur. He says,

'If the town of Gheel wears an unwonted aspect of prosperity, it owes it most certainly to the colony. We [the executive] always insist that the laws of hygiene shall be strictly observed, that perfect cleanliness shall reign in the houses, that the windows shall be bright with flowers. We have the right to make these and other demands, for the sums paid by our patients to the inhabitants of Gheel amount to over eight hundred thousand francs a year.'

At the present time two thousand three hundred and twenty-five mentally afflicted patients are under treatment in the colony; out of which number between sixty and seventy only are sequestrated in the asylum, all the others enjoying perfect liberty and the advantages of *le patronage familial*. As to the results of the system, it is stated by the authorities that the general health of the patients is excellent; during the past few years the death-rate has averaged about four per cent; fatal accidents, from whatever cause, are rare; while, with regard to recoveries, these at Gheel, at least since 1889, have been nineteen per cent. Epileptic patients especially appear to derive benefit here, and during a period of twenty years, out of some three thousand received, only once has there been an attempt on life, and that not a serious one.

THE REGENERATION OF IRELAND

BY SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

Ireland as an agricultural country is faced, like most countries in our western civilization, with the necessity of reconsidering its agricultural economy. We have to save what in all countries is the primary industry, but in Ireland is almost the only industry, from the tendency to urban concentration. It is true that with us the rural exodus is not, as in many other countries, a mere shifting of population. What is migration in the United States, is emigration in Ireland; and as the saying is, our town is America. What the agricultural area loses in the States the urban area gains. With Ireland, depopulation of farmlands is national exhaustion.

My country is a small island with a superficial area of some twenty million acres, of which one fourth is agriculturally unproductive. On the remaining fifteen million acres there are about half a million farms, the homes of about two and one half millions of agricultural folk. So, if all the holdings were of equal size, which they are not and never will be, the Irish farm would contain only thirty acres. As a matter of fact there are over two hundred thousand farms from one to fifteen acres in extent. These, the homes of a million peasant folk, are largely in the least fertile parts of the country, under a rainy sky, and with bad marketing facilities. The country is without coal, iron, or precious minerals, and it is doubtful whether its heavy rainfall furnishes any very considerable water-power.

Ireland is passing through an agrarian revolution which has rendered necessary and urgent a complete reshaping of its agricultural affairs. The settlement of the tenure question immensely facilitates, but it will not accomplish, the task of reconstructing our rural social economy on sound lines. No government can do this — we must do it for ourselves.

Until the land-purchase policy was determined upon, it was widely believed by the farmers that ownership of

their farms was all that was required to produce agricultural prosperity, and to solve the problem of country life. The 'magic of property' is a well-known and pregnant phrase. Belief in magic always militates against the promotion of voluntary effort. Now, when these doubts are removed by land purchase, we are confronted with one great adverse fact, which is a far more serious obstacle than the passing hindrances due to political, religious, and racial animosities and complications. The Irish people are not agriculturally inclined.

The Irish at home vastly prefer grazing to tillage, while their history in America is sufficient evidence of the general statement that they prefer an urban to a rural existence. Any other occupation appeals to them rather than practical husbandry in the choice of a career. They govern American cities, for which I hope the cities are grateful, but they have not yet made that contribution to the problem of country life in which I would myself have taken more pride.

A few quiet-thinking Irishmen have been working upon this problem steadily for the last twenty years. Recognizing that the settlement of the land question did not do more than prepare the ground for the great work of rural regeneration which lay before their countrymen, they thought out, and have ever since steadily pursued, a certain policy.

Among ourselves we have a convenient formula which divides the solution of our problem into three parts. We say that we have got to bring about somehow *better farming*, *better business*, and *better living*. By better farming we mean simply the application to the practice of agriculture of that new scientific knowledge which has led to a more abundant, more certain, and more economic production. Better business implies the introduction of system into the marketing of produce, the acquisition of farmers' requirements on reasonable terms, the obtaining of working capital at a low rate of interest, and upon terms suitable to the conditions of farming. It seeks further to enable the farmer to hold his own in his relations with those organized interests, whether financial, industrial, commercial, or political, which largely control his wealth. Better living, of course, means a life upon the farm-lands more nearly approaching in its comforts, conveniences, social amenities, and intellectual atmosphere, to the life of the modern city.

In the working out of this three-fold policy we began with better business because we believed it to be the foundation of progress along the other two lines. Both the reasoning upon which this judgment was based, and the experience which confirmed it, may have some suggestive value. I believe that American agriculture has suffered severely from ignoring this essential condition of agricultural progress.

It was our view that the chief difference between the business methods of agriculturists on the one hand, and of those who conduct all other important industries on the other, is that the farmer does not understand, or at all events does not know how to apply, the principles of combination. It is recognized as a condition of success in all commercial and industrial undertakings under modern conditions, that those engaged in any particular occupation must combine for mutual advantage, for protection of their particular interest in its relation to other interests, and also in order to secure political influence where economic legislation or administration affecting that interest is in question.

The reasons for combination are so convincing that it is worth while to consider why farmers remain the sole

exception to what is an accepted law, and the universal practice of modern business. The failure of farmers to combine is in my judgment due to three principal causes.

First, the farmer's calling does not lend itself to associative action. He lives apart; most of his time is spent in the open air, and in the evening of the working-day physical repose is more congenial than mental excitement. Domesticity is preferred to social activity.

Secondly, the farmer is everywhere the most conservative and individualistic of human beings. He dislikes change of methods; he venerates the traditions which have come down to him from his father's father. He does not wish to interfere with anybody else's business, and he is fixedly determined that no one shall pry into or interfere with his.

Thirdly, the kind of combination which is suitable to the conditions of other callings does not meet the requirements of the farmer's industry. I suggest that it is this last difficulty which has chiefly barred the progress of agricultural organization in the United States.

We recognize that where farmers combine it is not a combination of money only, but a combination of the elements of the entire business and of personal effort. The share-holders in the coöperative society participate in control equally, irrespective of the number of shares held. But the profits are divided in this way: the first five per cent is paid on the capital stock, the balance being divided among participants in the project in proportion as they contribute to the profits. In a creamery, for instance, the suppliers and the workers each get out of this balance so many cents in the dollar's worth of milk supplied, or of work done. Here the first essential of stability and success is assured. The interests of all the participants in the venture are harmonized, and it becomes the aim and object of all to contribute their utmost to its success.

The coöperative movement in Ireland is producing practical results. The coöperative creameries now manufacture something over one half of the entire export of Irish butter. But the same principle is being gradually applied to every branch of the farming industry. Agricultural coöperative societies purchase wholesale at the lowest price and, what is far more important, of the best quality, all farmers' requirements — seeds, fertilizers, implements, machinery, and so forth. They jointly dispose of agricultural produce. There are poultry and egg societies, bee-keeping societies, combinations for joint ownership of breeding stock too costly for individual possession, and for the joint purchase and operation of steam-driven agricultural machinery not within the reach of individuals.

So far we have about a thousand farmers' coöperative associations, with nearly a hundred thousand members, mostly heads of families, and consequently embracing nearly half a million of the population. The actual turnover for 1909 was about twelve million dollars. We regard the movement as being only in its infancy. We are far behind our fellow workers in Denmark, Germany, and several other Continental countries. The advantages of cooperation are not purely commercial. Men who have learned to work together in the business of their lives quite naturally use their business organization for mutual, intellectual, and social improvement. Thus better living follows upon better business.

Another inestimable advantage of agricultural coöperation — I believe the real secret of its success — is its psychological effect. A great French psychologist who wrote a book which he

called *The Crowd*, set out to demonstrate the proposition that an association of men is very apt to display qualities the reverse of those which characterize the individuals composing the association. One effect of organizing adult farmers for business purposes is that it completely changes their attitude toward their own problems. I could cite instances where agricultural coöperative associations, composed of individuals generally regarded as hopelessly unprogressive, have displayed in business, in politics, and in the promotion of education, qualities which, if applied to the more opulent circumstances of the agricultural community in the United States, would place American farming in a higher position than it occupies to-day.

While agricultural coöperation was chosen as the foundation of a complete scheme of agricultural development, the moment our farmers were sufficiently well-organized to appreciate and take full advantage of state assistance, we found that our organized farmers' granges had developed a new political influence. Backed by them, we who were heading the movement were able to persuade the government to do its part in promoting better farming. After an agitation of pure reason, in which there was an unprecedented union of all creeds, classes, and interests, we won for Ireland, ten years ago, a Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, for the furthering of all the economic activities of the country, mainly those relating to agriculture and the subsidiary industries.

I was the working head of this department for its first seven years, during which I outraged all the proprieties of political life by appointing the best men I could get to fill the posts requiring expert qualifications, regardless of the party to which they might belong. Even this does not exhaust the tale of my iniquities. As we had no means of training men for expert work in Ireland, I had to bring them in from England and Scotland. In due time I was 'fired out,' but I had got together a splendid staff of workers. I have the satisfaction of knowing that these men have set up a practical education so effective that, in filling the many vacancies that must constantly occur in a department with such multifarious functions, the difficulty will not be to find competent Irishmen, but to select from the many qualified applicants.

The getting of this department, with an endowment of nearly twelve million dollars a year, illustrates a point cited above which I would emphasize. I was in the House of Commons for eight years. I entered it mainly with the object of promoting an agricultural policy. I noticed that when an agricultural member rose to address the House he usually emptied it. I do not think this was because he was a greater fool than others, but because the House knew that he spoke for individuals and not for organized men. I do not know how it is in America, but at home I have observed that, when legislation affecting any particular interest is under discussion, those who speak on behalf of that interest are listened to with an attention strictly proportionate to the organization of those they speak for. Not political organization, but business organization.

There remains the third ingredient of our Irish prescription for country life — better living. An improved social life in the open country is to my mind the most important of the three parts of the policy. We have always looked upon the problem of rural life in Ireland as being but one small corner of the problem coextensive with our western civilization. Everywhere we hear the cry that all that is most hope-

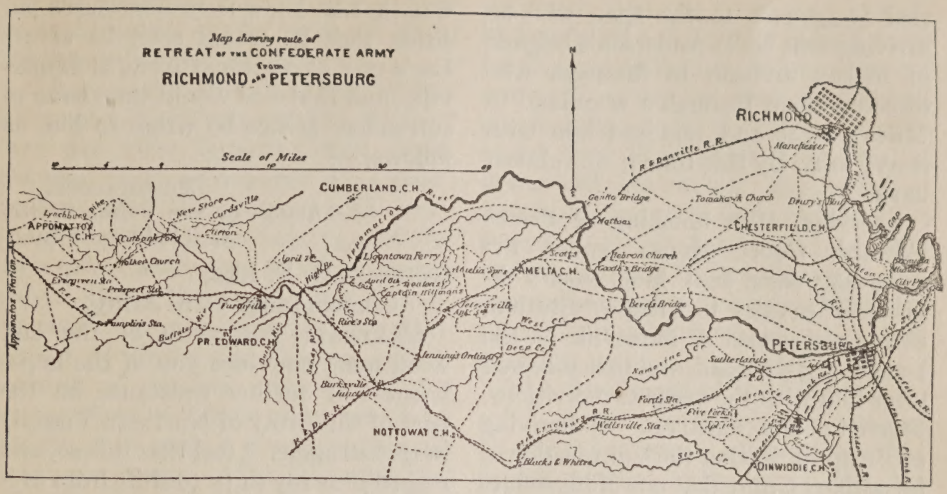
ful and most helpful in the rural population is being drawn away by the lure of the city.

I believe our main reliance must be upon a redirection of rural education. Up to a certain point education in the rural school is, in its essence, identical with city education. The character of the child has to be built up, and its mind stored with a certain number of necessary facts which nature curiously enables us to assimilate much more easily when they are of no use to us than when we want to apply them to practical life. But the point of divergence between town and country education appears to me to be reached when the course of study has regard to the mental outlook.

There are two human attributes to which the city appeals irresistibly, quite apart from the better opportunity it affords of material advancement — the gregarious instinct and the love of excitement. Improved locomotion and means for communicating thought from eye to eye and from ear to ear, the organization of social functions in rural centres, and lectures illustrated by the moving life of the cinematograph, — to take the latest addition to the mechanical aids to exposition, — will all help. But their influence may be centripetal with some, centrifugal with others. No conceivable device by which the country may gain some share of the enjoyment of the town can destroy the lure of the city. The farmer's calling is one of constant and unremitting toil. No process of evolution will evolve a cow which will consent to do without milking on Sunday. A modest standard of physical comfort, devoid of all expensive luxuries, must continue to be the lot of the tillers of the soil. The one way to offset the townward tendency is to revolutionize the mental outlook of the rural population, to concentrate it upon the open country.

How this is to be done it is for those who lead thought in educational science to say. All I can do is to define the need as I see it. We want two changes in the rural mind. The physical environment of the farmer is replete with interest to the followers of almost every branch of natural science. That interest must be communicated to the agricultural classes according to their capabilities. 'Nature study,' I believe, is the latest term of the pedagogues for the revelation of the simple natural processes; but to make those processes interesting to the child you must first make them interesting to the teacher.

The second change in the outlook relates to the spiritual rather than to the utilitarian side of education. Somehow or other that intimacy with and affection for nature to which Wordsworth has given the highest expression must be engendered in the mind of rural youth. In this way only will the countryman come to realize the beauty of the life about him, as through the teaching of science he will come to realize its truth.



THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

IV

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

General Poague's battalion of artillery, which played such havoc with Hancock's advance that second May morning in the Wilderness, had gone on ahead and taken up a good position beside Gordon and Mahone. Humphreys came up against their intrenched line at Cumberland Church about two o'clock, and after a survey reported to Meade that he had the whole Confederate army in his front, and apparently full of fight. Whereupon Meade sent orders to Wright at Farmville to cross and attack at once. Wright had to wait until Peter Michie, my dear friend of West Point days, had laid a pontoon bridge, and then with bands playing and streets lit with bonfires, for night had fallen, he moved up to Humphreys.

Meanwhile, Crook had forded the river and his advance brigade, Gregg's, catching sight of retreating trains, attacked; but Rosser and Munford turned on him so savagely that Gregg was captured and his troops were driven back on to the rest in confusion. The other brigades of the division had to take the defensive, and later received orders from Grant to recross and join Sheridan.

Humphreys, that man of steely courage, hearing Crook's guns and thinking they were Wright's advance, assaulted, selecting his most determined division-commander, Miles, to deliver the blow. Lee, however, apprised of Humphreys' threatening attitude, hur-

ried Longstreet to the spot, who on arriving sent G. T. Anderson's brigade of Field's division to Mahone, who directed them through a woodland to Miles's right and repulsed him with heavy loss. By this time it was almost dark.

Sheridan, after lunching at Prince Edward Court House under the spreading oaks, sent Mackenzie's division of cavalry to Prospect Station, eleven miles west of Farmville on the Lynchburg Railroad, and then followed after him with the other two divisions, Merritt's and Custer's. On arriving at Prospect Station the sun was down; he notified Grant that one of his scouts had reported that eight supply trains were at Appomattox Station for Lee's army, and that he would move his cavalry column thither. Grant in response told him to go ahead and that the Fifth Corps, at that hour, 7 P.M., going into bivouac at Prince Edward, and the Twenty-fourth, then in Farmville, would push after him.

In the course of the afternoon, Wright, while waiting for Michie's bridge to be built, told Ord and Gibbon what Ewell had said to him the night before at Sailor's Creek, of Lee's duty, in view of what had happened that day, to stop the shedding of any more blood. Wright repeated the same story to Grant, confirming what Doctor Smith had told him; then Grant talked over with these officers the propriety of sending a note to Lee suggesting the surrender of his army.

There is no record of what Wright, Gibbon, or Ord said at this interview; but knowing that Ord had tried through his old army and fellow West Point friend, Longstreet, to bring about an interview between Grant and Lee the previous winter with a view to ending the war, I have no doubt that he urged it warmly. But perhaps what decided the matter in Grant's mind was that he knew from Sheridan's position that he would soon be across Lee's way at Appomattox as at Jetersville, and that Lee would then have to surrender. Hence he wrote to him as follows, —

HEADQUARTERS,
ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
April 7, 1865 — 5 P.M.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. Army:

GENERAL: The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the C. S. Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General, Commanding
Armies of the United States.

Surely this momentous note could not have been pitched in a better key to still the sea of passion or turn the mind toward the paths of peace; and I am free to confess that whenever I ponder on this campaign there always emerges from its background of providential results, results so vast and beneficent, a vision of the country's good angel standing by Grant's side guiding his pen, what time he took it up to address Lee.

While this peace-breathing letter is on its way, let me bring forward a complemental circumstance, prophetic and freighted with human interest, for it reveals with the suddenness of a flashlight the state of mind of a group of high Confederate officers, showing not only what knightly men they were, but also, as no narrative of events could,

how the trials of the last few days had made breaches in the walls of their hitherto invincible confidence.

'The march,' says the diary of the Richmond Howitzers relating to that very day after Sailor's Creek, 'now assumed every appearance of a rout. Soldiers from every command were straggling all over the country, and our once grand army was rapidly melting away.' Under these rueful and ill-boding conditions, the morning after their arrival at Farmville, Gordon and a number of leading officers, Pickett among them, as I have every reason to believe, met early in the morning and held a conference. After discussing the situation, they came to the conclusion that the days of the Confederacy were numbered, and that some one should go to Lee and tell him so; and if odium there were for asking terms of Grant, that it should be allowed to fall on them alone for first making the suggestion. They delegated Gordon to lay the matter before Pendleton, — Lee's chief of artillery and a West Point boyhood friend whose relations with his commander were as intimate as Lee's nature permitted any one's to be, — and further instructed Gordon to ask Pendleton, provided he felt as they did, to be the bearer of their message to Lee. Pendleton's account of his interview with Gordon is as follows: —

'Fighting was going on, but not very severely, so that conversation was practicable [it was in the afternoon and they were on the hills above Farmville]. General Gordon had with me an interview, told me of discouraging intelligence from the South, and of a conference which had been held between other responsible officers and himself, and announced their joint wish that, if my views agreed with theirs, I should convey to General Longstreet, as second in command, and then, if he agreed, to General Lee, our united judgment that the cause had become so hopeless we thought it wrong to be having men killed on either side, and not right, moreover, that our beloved commander should be left to bear the entire trial of initiating the idea of terms with the enemy. My judgment not conflicting with those expressed, it seemed to me my duty to convey them to General Lee. At first General Longstreet dissented, but on second thought preferred that he should be represented with the rest.'

The significance of the foregoing incident, not to be matched in purport by anything which occurred on that fateful march, leads me to ask the reader to let me interrupt Pendleton's account with a comment or two.

Can any better proof be offered of the desperateness and hopelessness of Lee's situation? For were not Gordon and every one of his fellows at that conference perfectly familiar with the Articles of War? Even to hint at surrender in the presence of an enemy was the most despicable sin a soldier could commit. The crime was called mutiny, and carried a death penalty which, if executed, is forever tainted by disgrace. No graduate of West Point and no one who ever wore a sword in time of war will fail to be impressed by the seriousness of what they did. Yet in the face of this dread danger, unshaken, they took that grandly moral but perilous step.

In one sense Gordon and Pickett could afford to take it, for the scars they bore and the records of the days of battle when they led, shamed out of sight all suspicion that the fires of their courage and loyalty had ceased to burn. The thought that these virtues failed them now would be an outrage to their memories. And moreover, as the calm light of the present falls on the scene of their conference, Reason and Humanity stand there ready to establish the

truth, that their courage was of the very highest type, a type loftier than Gordon's at Spottsylvania when he spurred his horse across Traveller's front, seized his bridle-rein and checked him, shouting to General Lee above the roar of the musketry at the Bloody Angle, 'You must go to the rear!' or Pickett's when he set out with a cheery face to storm the lines at Gettysburg.

And now let me tell you a strange fact, and one that I wish my eye had not fallen upon. When Gordon wrote his *Reminiscences* he disclaimed being present at the conference; and even brave old Longstreet, whose last years were made so pitifully miserable by venomous attacks from brother soldiers with whom he had worn the gray, in his military *Life* says that he turned on Pendleton and inquired, 'if he did not know that the Articles of War provided that officers and soldiers who asked their commanding officers to surrender should be shot?'

Let it be observed that, when Gordon and Longstreet wrote their accounts of that conference, poor Pendleton was in his grave and the pæan to Lee and the steadfastness of the Army of Northern Virginia was ringing loud. Oh, how weak we are and how often we cringe before public opinion, abandoning and dismantling the strong works built by those royal engineers, the inward senses of Right and Duty! — And the cock crew. — Yet do you know, Reader, acquainted as I am with my weakness, I am afraid that I should have done just as they did, — I should have disclaimed that conference, too.

Whom, then, shall we believe? All I have to say is, that Pendleton was a gentleman and so were Gordon and Longstreet, and now they are across the river in a land beyond domineering opinion, where all earthly glories seem dim, and controversy never breathes. Green, forever green, I hope, will rest their laurels. They served the Confederacy well, they won a place by their manliness and valor in the hearts of North and South. They won a place, too, in the heart of Peace by that conference; and when she passes their graves or that of any one who said, 'Let the odium fall on me,' she whispers to her angelic companions, 'Here lies the clay of a valiant man; he was a friend of mine on the hills of Farmville.'

II

What, meanwhile, was the nature of the discouraging intelligence from the South and how had it come to Gordon's ears, in view of the fact that all telegraph lines were cut? There are but two sources whence it could have come. I shall give my surmises as to them in the inverse order of their probability.

So far as there is any record, John S. Wise, the distinguished author of *The End of an Era*, then a boy of twenty years, was the only one who had reached the army from the South; and this is how it happened.

Mr. Davis was at Danville. Three days had elapsed, and not a word from Lee. Anxiety grew, and keener and keener was the longing to know how it had gone with the Army of Northern Virginia. Midnight of the third day was approaching, and the spare, sleepless President, with his pathetically channeled face, could stand the suspense no longer. He telegraphed to General Walker, commanding the troops nearest to the army to send some one out to see and get the news. For this signal duty young Wise was chosen.

After stirring adventures Wise got to Farmville late Thursday evening, a few hours after the blow at Sailor's Creek, and from there set out to find Lee. While threading the shattered and retreating forces, he tells us that he

fell in with two general officers whom he knew. Both were very much cast down, declaring that all hope was gone. Is it not probable that, learning from whence he came, they asked him for the latest news from the South, from Sherman and Johnston? And is it not likely that he told them all he knew? For who ever met one of that Wise blood yet, young or old, and did not find him a frank transparent gentleman and courageously truthful, besides being mightily interesting and companionable?

Well, whatsoever may or may not have passed between him and his gloomy friends, he rode on; and he says, 'It was after midnight when I found General Lee. He was in an open field north of Rice's Station. A campfire of fence-rails was burning low and Colonel Marshall [Lee's adjutant-general] sat in an ambulance with a lantern and lap-desk, and Lee with one hand on a wheel, his foot on a log, was dictating orders.'

After explaining his mission to Lee and being told by him that it was unsafe to intrust any written communication to Mr. Davis on account of the danger of capture, and that he himself should be governed by each day's developments, Wise caught a little sleep, then went back to Farmville, saw his father, and perhaps some old friends, and then was off for Danville.

The other possibility, and perhaps the actual explanation, is that the news came direct from Breckinridge, Confederate Secretary of War, who joined the army on the march, having left the burning capital with Ewell. Now he and Gordon knew each other well (they served together in the Valley, sharing Early's disastrous campaign in the previous autumn), and while riding from the field at Sailor's Creek let us suppose that he fell in with Gordon. Is it not likely that they discussed the state of the army and that Breckinridge, familiar with the secret history of affairs, told him all the dismal news from Johnston, — that Schofield had united with Sherman and that there was not one chance in a hundred of being able to halt their united forces?

In such a strait, what could Lee accomplish even if he circled Grant's left and gained the Roanoke? Might not Breckinridge casually have dropped the remark that Lee first or last might just as well see Grant? Of course I do not know that this conversation actually took place, but we can rest assured that Pendleton heard the name of Gordon's informant. And I wonder if, when he was writing his final report to Colonel Taylor, Lee's adjutant-general, the day after the surrender, Pendleton did not have Breckinridge in mind when he said, 'The conviction had become established in the minds of a large majority of the best of our officers and men that the army could not be extricated from its perilous condition,' and so forth.

Well, whether Breckinridge said a word or not that night to his old campaign friends, he left the army early in the morning for the Roanoke, and on the following day sent a dispatch from Red House to Mr. Davis saying, 'I left General Lee at Farmville yesterday morning, where he was passing the main body across the river for temporary relief . . . The straggling has been great, and the situation is not favorable.'

Finally, are not the chances even that Breckinridge opened his heart to Gordon or some one else? And in that case, on account of his cabinet position, what he said, taken in connection with the condition of the army, must have had weight, and great weight, in determining the solution of the conference. I cannot believe for a moment that these officers were influenced by

camp rumors. The discouraging intelligence from the South must have been authoritative.

Now, to go back and take up the thread once more: Grant's note was given to Seth Williams, the Adjutant-General of the Army of the Potomac; and a more lovable and rarer man never walked the plain of Old West Point as a boy, or as a man wore the army uniform. Moreover, when Lee was superintendent of the Academy Williams had been his adjutant.

Williams reached Humphreys about half-past eight, and on passing through the skirmish line (it was then quite dark and no moon) he was soon challenged by a member of the City Life Guards of Columbus, Georgia, in Sorrel's brigade, then under command of Colonel Tayloe. The gallant Sorrel was absent recovering from a desperate wound.

The Confederate officer to whom the challenging picket reported the presence of the flag of truce was Lieutenant G. T. Peacock of the Guards, who at once notified his superior officer, Major Moffett. The major came to the picket, and advancing in the darkness some thirty paces called out, 'What is wanted?' — 'Important dispatches from General Grant to General Lee,' answered Williams. 'Stand where you are till I communicate,' came back in response.

A messenger was then sent to the brigade headquarters, and the Adjutant-General, A. H. Perry, was directed to go and receive the note. This officer says that he buckled on his revolver, passed some fifty yards beyond their pickets, halted and called for the flag. It was then about nine o'clock, and scattered about in the starless woods were many of our dead and wounded. Williams answered the call; Perry came forward and 'met,' he says, 'a very handsomely-dressed Federal officer. We stopped in front of each other, about seven or eight feet apart.' Williams spoke first, announcing his name as of General Grant's staff; Perry then in turn made known who he was; whereupon Williams put his hand in his breast-pocket, as Perry supposed feeling for a document; instead of which he produced a silver-mounted flask and hoped that Perry would not think it unsoldierly courtesy if he were to offer him some fine brandy. Perry austerely declined the civility; Williams begged his pardon, and without comment replaced the flask.

If ever there was one occasion in this world when brandy had a heaven-born mission, that was the time, and I think Perry made a mighty big mistake, and he thought so, too, before he died.

Under the circumstances, however (they were gloomy enough), he felt that to take a drink with an enemy would be undignified. But I don't believe that would have hampered you, Reader, at all, for I have a notion that, besides being companionable, you are also a chivalrous sort of fellow. Off would have gone your hat, and out would have gone your hand — and lifting the flask, you would have said, 'Here's to you, with my best respects!' and taken a good long pull. And had Perry done as you would have done, I have no doubt Williams would have exclaimed with beaming face, for he always looked as if he carried a harp in his breast, 'Thank you, colonel, thank you, and drink right heartily, my soldier friend!'

Perry having rather haughtily declined the proffered courtesy, Williams produced the dispatch, expressing the hope that it would be delivered promptly to General Lee. Then they bowed profoundly and parted. Within a few paces Williams met a member of Miles's staff in search of a friend among the wounded. Being told that

this officer had several letters and family pictures found in Mahone's personal baggage, captured that afternoon, which he wished to return, Williams called back to Perry and asked him if he would meet the officer. Perry answered 'Yes,' and retracing his steps, took Mahone's effects, and offered to do, and did, something for our wounded. Williams, meanwhile, made the best of his way to Humphreys' headquarters.

The dispatch was forwarded promptly to Lee, who was not far off, and alone with Longstreet, who had not yet seen Pendleton. After reading it Lee, without referring to its contents, handed it to Longstreet, who read it, and as he returned the note made the sole remark, 'Not yet.'

Without consulting Longstreet further, Lee responded to Grant as follows: —

April 7, 1865.

General, —

I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid the useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

R. E. Lee, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant.

To show how a coming crisis is felt, that night, possibly at the very hour that Lee received Grant's letter, the regimental officers of the 11th North Carolina, McRae's brigade, held a conference, and a certain Captain Outlaw was charged to see that the battle-frayed colors, come weal, come woe, should not be parted with. Accordingly he took them from the staff, replaced their water-proof cover, and carried them in his breast. When, thirty-six hours later, Lee rode through the lines to meet Grant, the officers of the regiment retired to a thicket, raked together a pile of leaves, and committed the flag that had been carried on so many fields of glory to the flames.

Within an hour Lee's reply was received at Humphreys' headquarters, and Williams started with it to Grant; but having to take the circuitous route by way of High Bridge, he did not reach Grant at Farmville till midnight.

Meanwhile, without waiting for Grant's answer to his question as to terms, Lee consolidated his army into two corps, Longstreet's and Gordon's, and by ten o'clock his men were moving toward Appomattox. In the light of this fact, is there anything plainer than that, when he asked Grant as to the character of the terms he would give, he had no intention whatsoever of accepting them, let them be what they might? His answer was a parry pure and simple. But his enforced delay at Farmville to enable his trains to get out of the way, made it utterly impossible for him to realize his hopes.

And yet I can hear a student of war, whose whole life is devoted to reassembling the bones of dead campaigns, ask sternly, 'Why did Lee not concentrate every soldier and attack Humphreys?' Neither Wright nor any of the troops at Farmville, as we now know, could have come to his help in time to have served him. Well, proud Gentlemen of the Sword, let me tell you that, if you ever go through a war like that which this narrative is dealing with, and after four years of it should make a retreat like that from Petersburg, I will, to use the language of Isaac Walton, go you twenty to one that you will not press the question. For you well know that there is so much to be taken into account in actual warfare, of which experience alone can give any idea, that

to ask why this or that was done will never enter your mind.

But little, little does it matter now, Student of War, what Lee might have done that day on the hills above Farmville. Doom was throwing the last shovelfuls out of the grave of the Confederacy, and Slavery's inveterate enemies, Humanity and Freedom, were standing there looking down into it and demanding that it be dug sufficiently deep.

But lift your eyes: there, too, on poising wings, are the joyful spirits of better days to come, days of peace, days without lament and full of national splendor. So, let the Army of Northern Virginia have been called upon to do this or that, nothing could stay God's march of events on this our church-spired world.

Therefore let us not speculate on what Lee might have done, but go on with the narrative; for it is toward midnight and his army is moving again, moving silently away from its fainting camp-fires. The cavalry, who are to bring up the rear, are mounting their gaunt horses, and the division officers of the day are withdrawing the pickets. Walker, with the surplus artillery and some of the trains, and Bushrod Johnson's division, composed of Wise's, Wallace's, and Moody's brigades, are far ahead, in the lead; then comes Gordon's corps, followed by Longstreet's, Fitz Lee's cavalry bringing up the rear. They are on two roads, the stage and the plank, which meet at New Store about halfway to Appomattox. Both are bad, very bad in some places, and at a certain point Lee's headquarters wagons are being lightened by the destruction of letters and papers — a significant portent. And now, leaving them to trudge on, let us turn to the Army of the Potomac.

While Lee's troops, weary, sleepy, and heavy-hearted, were picking up their guns and leaving their little camp-fires to take the road for Appomattox, Wright's Sixth Corps was marching through the village of Farmville to the bridge across the river. On their way they spied Grant watching them from the piazza of the hotel, and my life-long and brilliant friend, Horace Porter, of his staff, says, 'Bonfires were lighted on the sides of the streets, the men seized straw and pine-knots and improvised torches, cheers arose from throats already hoarse with shouts of victory, bands played, banners waved. The night march had become a grand review, with Grant as the reviewing officer.'

Army of Northern Virginia, what a contrast! But march on! you, too, are passing in review, — passing in review before History who, with tablet and pen in hand, stands between the lofty columns of her porch, and Valor with moistening eyes is by her side. That other figure standing deep in the shadow is Fate.

(To be continued.)

MOODS

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

I

TO WHAT END?

Out of these dreams of good and evil, dense
With hopes grown half despairs, despairs that trace
Furrows for hope, I wake sometimes and face
The darkness of our final nescience:

Then all earth's dancing pageants fall away —
Her flowers and forests and assuaging streams;
All man's philosophies and golden dreams —
The veils he wraps about the face of clay —

Dissolve. And there remains eternal lack
Of any comfort: for those questionings,
Whose stubborn challenge still unchallenged rings, —
Nor man nor god gives ever answer back, —
Set like stark monoliths as terminals
To Life's long alley, close Death's windy halls.

II

OPTIMISM

When cold dejection comes and joy of Life
Fades in eclipse; when the rich powers of thought
Are tarnished o'er, and as an empty strife
Is all that once seemed worthiest to be sought;

Under that blinding doom I should forget
The victories and conquests of the day,
And burning faiths and white ideals set
For fiery pillars on my nightly way:

But that in blanching ashes still, I know,
My inner spirit tends a glowing core,
Deep-hid, unfelt, but burning evermore,
Which soon the keen salt winds of Life shall blow
Into a shimmering fervor, till it shed
Spark-showers exultant down the ways ahead.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND[1]

BY ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

V

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

Here we are on Tom Tiddler's Ground
  Picking up gold and silver;
Daisies and lillies
  And daffadowndillies —
O, who would n't be a delver!

NEXT morning the farmer took him out to the fields, having first provided him with a pair of small leggings; for some rain had fallen during the night, and wading among the flowers would be wet work.

They came to a strip of ground, in size about an acre, set about with a low hedge of veronica, and ablaze with yellow trumpet daffodils; yes, ablaze, though most of the buds were but half open. Half a dozen boys were already at work here, headed (to Jan's delight) by the brown smiling boy. For most of the men of the farm had started before daybreak to row Young Matthey's barge, laden with flower-boxes, to the landing on the south point of Iniscaw, where the Lady's launch would take them in tow across the Sound to St. Lide's pier, under the lee of which the steamer lay.

The farmer, having briefly instructed Jan what flowers to choose, how to pluck them low down by the base with a sharp snap, and how to basket them when plucked, assigned him his row and left him in charge of Dave, as he called the brown boy.

The field lay on the slope of the cliffs, in a sheltered hollow facing southward, so that, over the sheets of daffodils and over the dwarf hedge, you saw the blue water of the archipelago, right away south to St. Lide's and to Garrison Hill with the Star Castle crowning it, and, at its base, — so clear was the morning, — the smoke of the steamer as she lay getting up steam.

The sunshine, falling warm on the wet flowers, drew from them the rarest fragrance. (They were trumpet daffodils, as has been said, and nine out of ten of us would have called them odorless; but little Jan, it was to be discovered, had a sense of smell keen, almost, as a wild animal's.) Their fragrance mingled with the wafted brine of the sea; and between them, what with the breeze and the myriad heads of gold it set nodding, and the spirit of youth dancing inside of him, they flooded the child's soul with

[1] Begun in the May number.

happiness — a happiness so poignant that once, straightening himself up in a pause of the picking, he felt his eyes brim with tears through which the daffodils danced in a mist. Brushing the back of his hand across his eyes he glanced shyly across at the brown boy, fearful lest he had detected his weakness.

And Dave had, but set it down to the wrong cause.

'Takes ye in the back, first-along, hey?' said Dave kindly. 'Never mind, little un; within a week you'll get over the cramps, an' it's not bad ye're doin' for a beginner.'

Jan blessed him for the misunderstanding. What a splendid fellow Dave was — so brown and strong! But Dave, though he could smile most of his time, had very little mouth speech, as they say on the Islands. He contented himself with showing Jan how to arrange his flowers in the 'maund' or basket, — they had one maund between them and were working down two parallel rows, — and he did it mostly by dumb show.

Once, however, he called out, standing up and pointing, 'There she goes!' And all the boys paused for a full minute and gazed southward at the steamer heading out from St. Lide's quay for the Main. As he watched her the old longing came upon Jan with a rush; the old question, as a sudden cloud upon his glee.

They fell to work again. But a few minutes later word arrived that Dave must attend the farmer in an upper field, where he had an ingenious device for forcing some rare bulbs where they stood by covering them with small portable glass-houses mounted on wheels. This matured the plants better than the old way of transferring them to boxes and forcing them in a large greenhouse; but the glass-houses needed handling, and the greater part of the grown men had not yet returned with the barge. So Dave was requisitioned.

He had no sooner left than the industriousness of the boys in the field sensibly slackened. Jan, bending over the row, did not perceive it, and was rudely awakened by a light cuff on the ear. Above him stood the tow-headed boy, grinning and showing the gaps in his teeth.

'Sneak!' said the tow-headed boy. 'That's for telling tales on me last night.'

A sudden fury leaped up in Jan. He wanted to kill the tow-headed boy, — he was so ugly and told lies. Without waiting to consider, Jan leaped on him, and the attack was so sudden that both rolled over among the dripping daffodils, crushing the flowers as they rolled.

For a few seconds Jan was on top, and his hands felt for the tow-headed boy's throat, to grip it, but presently age and weight prevailed. 'Little devil, I'll teach you!' The tow-headed boy first clutched the nape of his neck and rubbed his face into the soil, then caught at one of the writhing arms and began to twist it. 'Now sing small, little devil!'

'I won't,' gasped Jan, almost faint with pain. 'You tell lies, and are ugly — ugly!'

'Hullo!'

It was Dave's voice, and Dave descended on the scrimmage like a young god. He cuffed the two apart; but Jan, white with passion, flew again at his adversary and had to be caught by the jacket-neck and flung back to earth among the wet flowers.

'Little spitfire!' laughed Dave. 'Seemin' to me, Ben Lager, this field is n' safe for you and you'd better come along an' help with the glass-boxes. Farmer sent me down to fetch up another hand.'

So the tow-headed boy was marched off and Jan, picking himself up, fell to work again. He was trembling from head to foot. He had never in his short life known such a fit of rage, and it affected him like an ague. For a full hour the trembling lasted, at intervals broken by a sob that convulsed all his limbs.

The harvest had begun late this year, in contrast with last season's, when picking started before New Year's Day and went on steadily until May month. Up to the opening days of February, Young Matthey had carried a gloomy face about his fields, consoling himself with market reports of unusually high prices, due to severe weather in the south of France, where the gardens of his trade rivals, the Mediterranean growers, had lain under snow for three weeks on end.

Young Matthey ever spoke with asperity of these distant Frenchmen, his mind confusing them in a queer fashion with what he had read in newspapers concerning Monte Carlo. He imagined them at the end of the season, when he banked his few hard-earned pounds, as flocking to the tables with large sums of money (that ought by rights to be in *his* pocket) and gambling it away upon *roulette*, a game happily unknown in the Islands. Indeed the Islanders knew no games at all. Strange to say, even the children played none — until Jan taught them, as you shall hear.

In February the flowers awoke and came on with a rush. The previous summer had been a hot one, baking and ripening the buds in the ground. But November brought a spell of cold, which continued through December and January, holding (as the farmer argued) the head of the procession in check, while the later regiments of flowers pressed up and trod on their leaders' heels, all waiting the signal of fine weather; so that when the sunshine came, all burst into bloom together, and bloomed riotously. The Islands had never known such a March. In the first week the workers had to give over saving the flowers in bud and bunching them in water jars under shelter, for they opened faster than the whole population could pick. The sky was clear. The weather-glass stood at 'Set Fair.' The maidens left their glass-houses and worked afield with the lads. In the last week of the holidays the farmers met and sent a deputation to the Lady, protesting that, if the schools reopened as usual, the flower industry would perish amid plenty. What was government, with its education grant, compared to three hundred pounds' worth that must rot in the fields. The Lady snapped her fingers at the board of education in London, and extended the holidays a fortnight. There was talk even of hiring another steamer to ply from the Main. The present one would carry but fifty tons at a time; for flower-boxes take up much room for their weight. Fifty tons three times a week, — say seventy thousand flowers to the ton, — between nine and ten millions of flowers! Which means a million and a half picked every day, since the Islanders do not work on Sundays.

So, instead of a month, Jan dwelt six weeks upon Brefar, until all the trumpet daffodils and the Leedsii were either picked or overblown, and even the Poet's Narcissus, latest of all, — in those days little grown on the outer islands, but chiefly under apple trees in the few orchards on St. Lide's and in the Lady's gardens at Iniscaw, — were past their prime.

These were happy days for the boy, but they were days of almost constant labor, so that often after supper and prayers he would climb to his attic almost too weary to drag off his clothes,

far too weary to loiter at his window picking out and naming the sea-lights, before tumbling into bed and into a dreamless sleep.

On the last 'steamer day,' Young Matthey gave him leave to travel across with him to St. Lide's in the barge and prepare the Treachers for his return. As he stepped ashore on the quay he had a queer feeling of having been absent for years instead of weeks. The steamer lay alongside as he had seen her lie some scores of times; the carts were rattling down from the island; the laden boats hurrying across the Sound, from St. Ann's in the south, from St. Michael's in the north (where local report said the men grew tails and spoke an outlandish language amongst themselves). The boxes were being shipped at high pressure; some were being slid down shutes into the hold, others piled on an already monstrous deck cargo; and, as usual, the skipper was holding two altercations at once with shippers who had attempted to overcrowd their allotted space. But it seemed to Jan that either he had grown, or Garland Town had shrunk. He came back to it as one who had seen the world.

At the head of the street, where a rough path climbs to the Garrison Gate, he ran against Dr. Hervey.

'Hullo, youngster! Well, it's fine and brown you are!' cried the doctor genially, 'and have shot up, I protest! Is it Brefar air? or has the world grown for ye?'

Jan returned the doctor's smile with a new air of independence, yet modestly enough: 'It's different, sir.'

'Ay, ay! *Cœlum, non animum, mutant;* worse rubbish was never uttered. But, boy, ye've missed your Latin — precious days of it. We must make up leeway. And from Latin, in a year's time or so, I'll lead ye to Greek, which is a baptism, look ye, — a baptism into a cult, — and the only true key to freedom. There be other ways more alluring and that look easier; but if you'd be a free man — free of these Islands, free of the Main, free of the Mediterranean, which is the sea of seas, and of Rome, to which all the roads lead — ye'll avoid short cuts and sit down with me to *mensa, mensam, mensæ.*'

VI

MARY MARTHA'S TOMBSTONE

Young Farmer Matthey having business to transact in Garland Town, the return journey was not made until late in the afternoon. Half-way across, the farmer called Jan aft, to speak with him.

'I'd a sudden thought to-day,' he said, 'and meeting Sergeant Treacher on the quay just now, I broached it to him. You seem to be a quiet, steady boy, an' I hear good reports of 'ee besides what I've seen with my own eyes. What 'd ye say to livin' 'long with us at Chy-an-Chy, an' goin' to Brefar school along with my own children? You need n't be in a hurry with "yes" or "no,"' he added, as Jan stood with face flushed and stammered for words, 'because anyway we'd have to get the Mistress's leave first. But I was thinkin' that I've a shortage of boys — maids in plenty, but no boys to mention, or none to be depended on. There's Little Matthey, my eldest — he's a grown man, an' the farm'll come to him in God's time; but he've no understandin' for flowers, an' never had. As for Mark, his mother spoils en. Goin' outside my own, Dave is a good lad, but Dave, when he grows up, 'll go into service with Trinity House. His parents have settled 'pon that, and a very good light-keeper he'll make. That Lager boy is no good at all, nor Aby Hicks, nor his small brother Sam, nor

Seth Piper. What I want is a lad pretty bright at learnin' — What's that in your hand?' he asked, breaking off.

Jan opened the parcel — a scrap of old newspaper enwrapping a flat cup-narcissus, with a belt of earth about the bulb.

'Hullo! That's what they call carryin' coals to Newcastle, eh? Ha' n't we ornatuses enough on Brefar, these days?

'It grows up at the Castle, sir, in the ditch between the house and the outside wall, but near-by the door, where the sun gets at it. And the red in the cup is quite different to any on Brefar. I was carrying it home to — to show to —'

'So it is, now you mention it,' said the farmer, examining the flower and not noting Jan's confusion. He handed it back. 'Some freak, I should n't wonder. But that only proves what I was sayin'. You've a quickness for flowers, an aptitood. And I was reckonin' maybe, if I brought ye up an' gave ye board an' keep, one o' these days you'd reward me by turnin' out a pretty useful apprentice; an' then who knows but ye won't finish up as a hind? — at sixteen shillin' a week an' your meals!'

'But this part of the alluring prospect did not touch Jan, who had never possessed any money and knew nothing of the value.

'Please, sir, what did Sergeant Treacher say?' he ventured.

'Oh, the Treachers are ready enough. It's for your good; and,' added the farmer, not very lucidly, ''t is n' as if you was their own flesh an' blood.'

The barge was brought ashore at the little beach where Jan had made his first landing on Brefar. The children, their harvest work over, were all gathered there to welcome it; and Mary Martha, as the custom was at the end of harvest, had brought them down a picnic-tea from the farm, and had already smashed two cups. The kettle sang on a fire under the cliff's shadow. All around the head of the cove grew clumps of *narcissus poeticus* — castaway flowers, unmarketable, the most of them by this time overblown, but beautiful yet — beautiful as white ghosts when the shadows crept down the beach and covered them. For some blossomed ever among the stones at the water's edge, and would bloom again next year unless, meanwhile, an abnormally high tide came and washed the bulbs away.

Jan joined the tea-drinkers, his heart swelling with his news. Thanks to Mary Martha's affliction (as she had come to call it) there was no cup for him, and he was told to go shares in Annet's, taking sip and sip with her — the bliss!

But the bliss did not endure.

'What's that you've brought me?' asked Annet, nodding toward the parcel, which he had laid beside him.

'How did you know I brought it for you?' he asked, his heart beating.

She pouted. 'Is it for Linnet, then? Or for Bennet?'

'But it *is* for you.

He unwrapped it, and held it out.

Her pretty face darkened. 'Is it mocking me? A silly old ornatus!'

'But it's different,' he began stupidly, afraid of the wrath in her voice.

'As if you did n't know that I am sick of flowers, yes, sick of them!'

She tossed the bulb away pettishly, and sat staring before her, with tears in her eyes. The heel of her foot ground a pebble or two in the sand.

Poor Jan looked at her ruefully. He had meant to give her pleasure, and a moment ago his own happiness had been brimming. The news he had to tell — news so good for him — would that, too, make her angry?

But at this point Mary Martha let

fall a plate, and upon the crash of it uplifted her voice in a wail.

'An' now it's plates — oh, my misguided hands! Plates an' cups an' candlesticks will ever be my cross; and no hopes for it, maister, till we meet in the land o' marrow an' fatness where there's no candle an' the crockery tumbles light.'

'Never mind a plate, Mary Martha, up *or* down,' said the farmer genially. He had done satisfactory business that morning with the bank at Garland Town, and could afford the loss of a plate or two at harvest-ending. To cheat her remorse he suggested that, since she was talking of crosses, she might tell them about the one she had put up to her deceased husband. ''T is a story that never fails to cheer,' he assured the company, tactfully.

'It cost the all of twenty pounds,' began Mary Martha, cheering up at once. 'I got Hugh & Co.'s receipt for the money, here in my purse, an' ne'er will I part with it.' She opened the purse and showed the paper, greasy with much folding and unfolding. 'But don't 'ee go callin' it a cross, maister, when 't is a collum.'

'Dear me, so 't is.' The farmer took her correction. 'Iss, iss — a collum; an' I beg your pardon, woman.'

'A broken collum, an' polished granit', with the ivy growin' round it nat'ral as life. Not real ivy, you 'll understand, but granit', too, same as the collum. When my poor dear man went off in a decline and died, — an' a kinder man the Lord never put heart into, — I went to Hugh & Co. an' told him I wanted a tombstone. Hugh & Co. is the tombstone-maker over to Garland Town; his real name is William Hugh, an' I never saw any Co. about him. I told Hugh & Co. I wanted to be measured for a stone, if he 'd understand; because all my savin's had gone in the funeral, an' I would n' have the stone until I'd paid for it, every penny — let alone that the dear man never could abide debt in his lifetime an' 'd ne'er have rested easy wi' that weight o' credit 'pon his remains.

'Hugh & Co. was very nice about it, an' accommodatin'; offered to put up one for me on a sort of hire system, an' made a lot o' useful suggestions. But I stuck out that I'd have no stone till he had his money; only I wanted to choose the thing aforehand, so's to have a notion o' what I'd be savin' for. Seein' how firm I was about the payment, he took me into his yard — such a place, my dears! Tombstones by the scores, with "Sacred to the Mem'ry" ready carved 'pon 'em, and then a blank, waitin' till the person died; so that you got the creeps wonderin' if it might n' be your turn next. But *I* did n't get no creeps, not carin' just then how soon I was taken.

'Hugh & Co. showed me all kinds o' patterns. Bein' used to his trade, he was as easy about it as a butcher with a calf; an' yet very kind all the time. He wanted to know if I'd have it in Delabole slate or in a kind o' what he called compo, that he praised up for standin' all weathers. "We've a cheap line in boards, too," says he, "all seasoned wood, with two coats o' best paint besides primin', an' the whole concern to be repainted, often as you like, at contrack prices."

'But I was looking at something quite different that had caught my eye, standin' in the middle o' the yard. "That there pillar would be my fancy," says I; "if only 't were n't broken. How did you meet with such an accydent?" — "Broken?" says he — "That's done a-purpose, to show the life underneath was a-broken off afore its time." When I come to look closer, I saw he was tellin' the truth. "Just like my poor dear," says I, an' asks en the price.

'He seemed a bit absent-minded of a sudden. "Oh, that there collum's a masterpiece," he says, "done by one of our best workmen on the Main. 'T was meant for a deceased party whose name I won't mention, bein' actionable, perhaps; but the relatives quarreled over the will, an' here the blessed thing is back 'pon my hands. I can't tell you the whole story, missus," says Hugh & Co., "but here it be through an act o' carelessness in the foreman who took the order; an' I've stuck it up here to show what we can do when we try."

'"How much might it be, sir?" I asks, my heart in my mouth. "Well," says he, "if you should know any one who happens to be in want of such a thing, you can tell 'em that, misfit tho' 't is, I can't let it go under twenty pound." I stood there of a sudden, all of a tremble. "I'll take it," says I, hardly believing the sound o' my own voice. "What?" says he. "That is, if you're sure they relatives won't put in no claim, an' if you'll let me bring the money from time to time, just to show how I'm gettin' on, an' that I mean honest." — "Well," says Hugh & Co. surprised out of hisself, "you'll excuse me, missus, but this beats cock-fightin'." — "It may or it may n't," says I, "but there's one other thing I'd like to mention: could ye saw off the broken end clean for me?" I says, "for I see what it means, now you've told me; but other people won't, maybe. They'll think I got so far wi' the payments an' no further, or, maybe, they'll think I picked up with a damaged article. I could n' be in the churchyard all the time explainin'; besides which I'm goin' over to Brefar to young Matthey Hender, who've been a father to the fatherless, at five pounds a year and my keep."'

'Get along with your story, woman,' said the farmer hastily.

'Which he agreed,' continued Mary Martha, 'and I came over here, an' saved an' saved till I had five pound put by! An' then I turned to again, an' saved and saved till I had another five pound — if some one will be good enough to count! An' after that I saved an' saved another five! An' last of all I saved an' saved another five, an' that made TWENTY!'

Mary Martha ran up to the climax with a shout of triumph, and ceasing abruptly, looked round the circle of her audience, expecting the applause which was duly given.

'It's gospel truth, too, the woman be tellin',' said the farmer, rising from his meal and preparing to walk away. Long years of ceaseless daily labor — and in the beginning, before the daffodils brought prosperity, they had been years of daily planning and contriving against want — had left him unapt for relaxation. He had been restless for some time before the close of Mary Martha's enthralling story. 'She hid it from us, too, though the Lord knows we'd ha' been ready to make a push an' help her t'wards the money.'

'But 't would n't ha' been the same thing, maister,' chuckled Mary Martha gleefully.

'No, woman; you're right there,' he answered, and went his way, to look over his harvested fields and — if truth must be told — to rest a minute at the gate of each, bless God's mercy, and entreat it for his children, of whom the younger ones were all too young to remember less prosperous times.

VII

HOW THE CHILDREN LEARNED TO PLAY

'It must be a fine thing to live on the Main,' said Annet, thoughtfully.

The children turned their eyes to-

gether over the sea across which the sunset, behind the cliff that shaded them, spread a soft radiance, warming a few high clouds with its afterglow. The Main was not visible from the low beach where they sat, but they knew where it lay, afar, beyond the point of Iniscaw.

'Ay,' said Dave, 'and be rich enough to order a tombstone like that; and, when it's made, to tell the mason you 've changed your mind.'

'For my part,' said Linnet, who was a practical little body, 'I don't want to make acquaintance with any such whimsical people. You may be sure they'd look down on you, bein' so rich; and I'd hate to live where I was looked down upon.'

'I was n't meaning,' said Annet, 'that I'd like to go over from here an' be treated as *they* chose. I meant it would be fine to be one o' them an' so rich that you could look down on everybody else.'

'But why *should* you?' put in Jan, puzzled.

'Oh, you don't understand!'

Here Bennet — who was as practical as Linnet, but in a different way — opined that on the Main the Queen rode in a glass coach — which even the Mistress never did, in the Islands.

'She could n', not very well,' retorted Linnet, ever a loyal Islander. 'But there's glass windows to the cabin of her launch.'

Here Mary Martha, whom the children allowed to listen to their talk, feeling no shyness with one so simple-hearted, laid her head in her lap with a sigh. 'I've longed sometimes to be Queen of England,' she confessed, 'though it don't happen to me so often as it did when I was savin' up for the tombstone. But that cures me. Fancy me ridin' in a glass coach, with my unfortunate habits!'

'Let's pretend that one of us is go-in' across to the Main to-morrow,' suggested Bennet, 'and we'll each choose what we'd like for a present. Dave's the oldest — Dave, you're to start by the steamer to-morrow, and —'

'But the steamer went to-day,' Dave objected.

'Well, then, the day after to-morrow. It don't make any difference to our pretendin'.'

'I did n't want to disappoint you, that's all. Very well, I'm to go the day after to-morrow,' Dave announced. 'Now fire ahead, and choose what you want me to bring back.'

'It's like the beginning of "Beauty and the Beast,"' said Annet — 'Once upon a time there lived a merchant who had three daughters. A message came to him that he had to travel and do business in a country a long way off. So he called his daughters together and asked what they would like him to bring home for fairings. The first daughter asked for a necklace of ruby stones and satin slippers and a canary bird in a golden cage. The second wanted a new kitten and some strings for a harp and a dress all over diamonds. But when it came to the third —'

'Well, what did *she* want?' asked Dave, as Annet came to a halt.

Her face had flushed of a sudden. 'I don't know. I did n't set out to tell you all the story —'

'But *I* know!' cried Jan, sitting up suddenly and clutching two small pebbles he had been tossing idly in his hand. 'The third one wanted a flower.'

'She did n't,' Annet contradicted angrily. 'Not first-along, at any rate. And you don't know any stories. You told me so yourself, the day you came here.'

Jan passed the back of his hand over his eyes. 'No, first-along she did n't want anything. But after that, because she did n't like to disappoint her father, she chose a flower. When her

father was away on the Main and just about to start back for home, he found himself walking in a beautiful garden, and it came into his mind that he'd remembered to buy the other fairings but forgotten about the flower for his youngest daughter. So he picked the prettiest he could see, when out from the bushes jumped a great roaring lion. "Who gave you leave to pick my flowers?" roared the lion. The merchant dropped on his knees and cried out that he had only picked one; it was for his daughter who lived on the other side of the sea and had made him promise to bring her home a flower. "By rights I ought to kill you," said the lion, "and I will only spare you if you promise to go home and fetch your daughter to me. Bring her to my palace and leave her here. You won't see anybody. But if you don't obey me, be sure I will kill you."

'The merchant had to promise, and when he reached home and told the news they were all very sad. But the youngest was brave, and said she must go: so her father took her back with him to the lion's palace and left her. They saw nobody, and when her father had gone she wandered about alone until she was tired; and, at last, coming to a bedroom, she lay down and slept. But by and by she woke up. It was dark, and there was somebody talking to her in the dark, and although she could n't see his face, she knew he was a beautiful Prince. He went away before daylight, but before going he told her that he would always love her, but he must always come in the dark and she must never try to see his face.'

'You're telling it all wrong,' broke in Annet. 'That's not the story at all.'

'It's a very good yarn, anyway,' said Dave, as the child came to a stop, all confused, 'and I don't see why you want to interrupt. — Go on, Janny boy.'

'She — she was never to see his face,' pursued Jan; but the words came halting, and he seemed to be casting about for the broken thread of the story. 'She wanted to — more and more, and — oh yes! — it goes on that one night while he was sleeping, she lit a lamp — it was a lamp like the *chill* [1] up in the kitchen — and bent over to look at him. He was handsome, ten times handsomer than she had ever supposed. He was so handsome that her hand shook, and a drop of the hot oil fell on his shoulder. He opened his eyes, and then —'

Jan came to a halt again.

'Tell us what happened!' Annet was as eager, now, as the others.

'He — he flew away, out of her sight. She had broken her promise, you see. I don't rightly know the end,' Jan confessed, rubbing his eye perplexedly.

Where had he learned the story? It all came to him so clearly, up to a point. 'I think she searched after him — yes, and at last they were married and lived happy ever after,' he wound up, like one repeating a lesson.

'I don't think much of a story that breaks off in the middle,' said Annet cruelly. 'Linnet, 't is your turn. Tell us about Peter Piper that went down to the bottom of the sea and married a mermaid.'

Linnet told the story of Peter Piper, and when Linnet had done, another child told about the Pixies — how they stole a baby out of its cradle, and how the mother made them bring it back, by boiling a crockful of eggshells.

Jan listened, tossing his two peb-

[1] *Chill:* a stone lamp, shaped like a candlestick and having a shallow saucer on top. A little train (fish) oil was poured into the saucer, and a floating rush served for wick. Such a lamp was used up to recent years on the Islands; and the glimmer it gave was called by the housewife an 'idle light,' meaning that she and her maidens could not see to sew by it.

bles idly and catching them. It was queer. These stories also he had heard at sometime, somewhere; or else he had dreamed them, not exactly as the children were telling them, but so nearly that to all intents they were the same.

Dave's turn came next; but Dave for some minutes had been watching Jan, and the way he tossed the pebbles, turning his hand and catching them neatly on the back of his knuckles.

'That's a funny game you are playin', little Jan. Who taught 'ee the trick of it?'

'Nobody,' answered Jan, after considering a moment. 'It came into my head one day, and I 've been playing at it ever since, off and on. There are lots of different ways.' He added a third small pebble, tossed up all three and caught them on the back of his hand where they lay disposed as though they had been carefully placed there. With a quick upward jerk he sent them in air again to fall, just as neatly, upon the back of his other hand.

The children watched him curiously. One or two chose out pebbles and tried to imitate these tricks. Within five minutes every child in the circle was engaged in the game, and all were laughing at one another's awkwardness.

In this way Jan taught them the beginnings of a game old as the hills, played by shepherds and fisher-boys on far-away Grecian isles before ever Homer sang; and thus it came about that the Brefar children play at 'Knuckle-bones' to-day, with oddly shaped pebbles.

Also, unknowingly, he taught them to laugh. They were laughing yet, when the bell tinkled up at the farm, summoning them home to supper and bed; and, as they climbed the hill, echoes of their laughter floated back to the deserted beach.

The echoes died away; faded into the perpetual low hum of the tide-races sweeping around the northern isles. In the twilight a belated bee continued at work,—*zzoom*,—busy among the glimmering flowers of the Poet's Narcissus. The bee pitched on a flower which lay broken among them where Annet had tossed it, and entered its cup inquisitively.

VIII

THE APPRENTICESHIP

You that build the shade-roof, and you that court the rays,
You that leap besprinkling the rock stream-rent:
He has been our fellow, the morning of our days;
Us he chose for house-mates, and this way went.
— *Phœbus with Admetus.*

So Jan continued with Young Farmer Matthey and grew up as one of the household. The story has no concern with these years, beyond telling that he went with the other children to Brefar school and was passably sharp with his books; and that he grew into a handsome lad, fair-skinned, beautifully-limbed, cheerful and docile of temper. He never quarreled, but would walk away whenever the children started bickering among themselves. On the other hand, he never quite broke through his shyness. He craved for their love, but (save unconsciously) could go no way to meet it, even when he taught them to laugh and play games. Only with Dave he had no reserve. If Dave was David, he as surely was Jonathan. As a rule, between growing lads two years' difference of age is a gulf: but Jan (as the farmer put it) was old for his years, and in one particular he established a mastery which helped to bring them level.

They learned to swim together; and at swimming from the start the younger boy out-paced and out-distanced

the elder. Dave had no jealousy in his nature. He toiled admiringly in Jan's wake, and it was he, not Jan, who boasted of Jan's beautiful diving. When they grew up and fitted out an old boat of the farmer's, it was Dave's turn to resume the mastery. Dave had a turn for carpentering. In steering and handling a boat, too, Dave was the teacher, Jan the learner. Moreover, Dave had a sense of navigation which Jan lacked; he seemed, being born to the Islands, to have an instinct for their rocks, shoals, and dangers, the set and run of the tides, what the wind would do next, and how far to trust it.

One other gift of Jan's must be mentioned, since by virtue of it he repaid the farmer's kindness. He developed a wonderful sense of flowers, so that none of the other children, between harvest and harvest, could compare with him. For to harvest the daffodils is simple enough: the grower's real skill shows itself in the between-times, in divining when to lift and transplant, in sorting out the strong from the weakly bulbs, in strengthening the soil, in choosing new situations and aspects. At the age of fourteen Jan appeared, merely by turning a bulb over in his hand, to know what it wanted. It was he, too, who discovered for the farmer that daffodil leaves, duly dried, made good fodder. The green leaves are poisonous for cattle; and hitherto the rakings of the fields — when the flowers' sap had run back into the bulbs — had been gathered in heaps and burnt. The farmer saved some, however, and used it for litter, never supposing that the cows would eat the dried stuff. Jan pointed out that they ate their bedding with relish, and moreover that they took no harm. Next year the farmer surprised his neighbors by building a rick of daffodil leaves alongside his hay-ricks.

Little by little, as the boy grew, the old longings, the old questionings, faded out of his mind. Work at Chy-an-Chy Farm was hard, if cheerful: the day over, he climbed the stairs to bed, too wholesomely tired to lie awake and fret, as he had been used to fret, asking 'Who am I?' 'How came I here?'

Maybe, too, the companionship of the patient cattle, the lesson of the flowers, so obedient, so unexacting, so eager and happy to do their best when the daytime came, in spite of wind and storm, helped to discipline him.

> The lily is most fair,
> But says not, 'I will only blow
> Upon a southern land'; the cedar makes no coil
> What rocks shall owe
> The springs that wash his feet;
> The crocus cannot arbitrate the soil
> That for its purple radiance is most meet. —
> Lord, even so
> I ask one prayer;
> The which if it be granted,
> It skills not where
> Thou plantest me, only I would be planted.

But the trouble awoke again.

One evening in early summer, — he was now in his fifteenth year, — he and Dave took a long swim together out to a naked island that stands about midway in Cromwell's Sound. The pair had spent the day in trimming hedges, working under a hot sun with their shirts open at the throat. The pollen of flowers, the blown seeds of early grasses, clung stickily to the sweat of their young bodies, and they sought the water as a salmon seeks the freshet to rid himself of sea-lice.

As usual, Jan quickly out-distanced Dave, and by and by, close under the rocks of the island, ceased swimming and turned over on his back, floating, waiting for Dave to come up. As he lay so, a sound came borne to him across the waters — a sound of a woman's voice singing.

He had never heard singing, save by the children in school, or by their elders

in chapel, or at evening prayer, droning out Wesley's hymns at distressful length. He had never imagined that any sound could ravish the ear as did this. He turned about and trod water gently, lifting his head to listen. On the Iniscaw shore a light shone among the dark deodars, — for twilight was falling, — and thence the voice sang to him.

With a few easy strokes he reached the island. He groped for a landing in the shadow of the rocks, found handhold and scrambled ashore. Still the divine voice floated over the waters.

He stood, naked, rigid as a statue, every nerve held and strung by it. Below his feet, somewhere in the shadow, Dave called up to him that the swim had been long — it was time to return.

'But listen!'

'It's the Lady, singing to herself. She has her window open, and sometimes, they say, you can hear every note as far as Brefar. Come back, Jan.'

Dave headed back as Jan dived. But Jan neither overtook him nor heeded his shouts. Dave, judging that he himself had barely strength enough left to swim back, swam doggedly on. Within a hundred yards of the beach his limbs began to feel as heavy as lead. But he struggled on and reached shore, his teeth chattering, his body shaking woefully as with an ague.

Meanwhile Jan was swimming for Iniscaw and the voice. Of the long return he recked nothing. No thought crossed his mind that Dave might perhaps be in danger; he would at any time have given his life for Dave's. But just now he was oblivious of all save the voice, and he swam toward the lighted window as a moth is drawn to a lamp.

Within her room, high above the terrace, the Lady sang to herself; and her song was 'Caro Nome.' Whoso will, let him despise; but when a great singer understands Verdi, it is a great and wonderful thing. While the Lady sang, the moon — almost at its full — swam up above the deodars, and toward it Jan swam, toward the lamp beneath it, toward the scent wafted across the summer night from garden flowers and dark pines.

Loyal Dave, although his teeth chattered, had no sooner reached the shore than he dragged down the boat and — all naked — pushed across in search of his friend. The rowing by degrees brought back warmth to his blood. When he reached the farther side the Lady had ceased singing and pulled down the blind. He found Jan stretched naked on the sand, shivering, sobbing with exhaustion, and carefully tided him home.

That was Dave all over — Dave, the good friend, solid, always ready at need.

But the time came when Dave must put on the uniform of the Trinity House and go off to the lightship on the Stones.

The children saw him off tearfully, though he was cheerful enough. From the upper windows of Chy-an-Chy farmhouse they could see the white flash traveling across the waters from the lightship — three white flashes in twenty-four seconds, followed by darkness for thirty-six seconds — and knew, when the flashes came round again, that Dave was alive and well, and keeping watch.

The joy of Jan's life, however, was to welcome Dave home when the relief-boat brought him off; for life on a lightship is deadly trying to the nerves of most men, and the rule is — or then was — to relieve one third of the crew every month, each man spending two months on board and taking a month's furlough on shore. Dave had no nerves; he said that with so much

cleaning and polishing to do out yonder, there was no time to be melancholy; and besides there was a great deal more to talk about than any one would think: tramp steamers heading round land (in time you got to know one and another like old friends, and to time their comings and goings), full sail to the southward making for the Channel, at the worst a school of porpoises, or a sun-fish, or a line of little murres flying, or a gannet to watch by the hour, counting his dives. And sometimes the fishing-fleet would come out toward sunset, down sail, and hang out their riding-lights, which gave a friendly feeling, though to be sure they came from the Main. By night, of course, there were the other sea-lights to watch, particularly the red light on North Island, which (said Dave) put him in mind of Chy-an-Chy window at supper-time.

Nevertheless, Dave allowed that it was good to be home, especially on the first Sunday, when he put on his best shore-going clothes (Trinity House uniform) and the girls — Annet, Linnet, and Bennet — wore their white frocks to church in the morning and to meeting-house in the evening; this division of worship being the comfortable rule in the Islands (and, I dare say, no one a penny the worse for it). He said in his matter-of-fact way that even the smell of rotten fish at the corner of St. Lide's quay was good enough to come back to, but the best smell was that of the lilac-bush by the lych-gate of Brefar Channel, because it had been in full bloom, with the bees about it, at his first home-coming.

The next year he returned in the very height of the daffodil harvest, and Jan — kept busy from morning to night — saw little of him. Somewhere deep down in his heart was a feeling that Dave, having nothing to do on his furlough, might have spared more time to stand by his side in the fields and chat. He understood when Dave, the night before departure, drew him aside and told him shyly — after much pretense of asking advice — that he and Annet had 'made it up.' 'Of course,' added Dave, 'that don't make any difference to you and me.'

'Of course,' agreed Jan, believing him. His own heart was not seriously engaged, though from the first (now he came to think of it) Annet was by far the prettiest girl on Brefar, and therefore marked out to be Dave's sweetheart.

'I'd take it kindly,' said Dave quite solemnly, 'if you'd just bear that in mind. It was you, as a fact, that brought us together.'

'Was it?' said Jan doubtfully, wondering when and how this could have happened.

'She thinks a lot of you, too,' said Dave. 'She've told me so.' He said it in a tone which conveyed that Jan ought to be proud, and proud Jan accordingly was. 'Now I'm thinking that she'll be feelin' my goin' out to the Stones, this time, more 'n ordinary.'

'Of course she will,' Jan agreed.

'An' that,' said his friend, 'is where you can help. We can't be married till the summer after next; but mean time you can do a lot for us.'

'Can I?' asked Jan doubtfully. 'Well, I'll do my best. If only you mean what you say: that it — that *this* — 'll make no difference between us.'

'Why should it?' (How splendid Dave looked as he asked the question!)

Jan never said a word to Annet concerning her troth with Dave, nor she a word to him. But on the day after Dave's departure he took her for a sail to cheer up her spirits, and they talked much of the hero by the way. Somehow it came to be understood that

Jan, as Dave's friend, in a sense belonged to Annet, to be at her beck and call, and during that summer the pair sailed on many an excursion together among the off-islands, being absent for a whole afternoon — always after getting leave from the farmer.

There could be no harm in it. The farmer, though inclined to spoil Annet, knew her to be a shrewd girl and level-headed. (He was delighted, by the way, that she had chosen Dave; for Dave, in addition to his other good qualities, was an only son, and his parents had a little money laid up in the savings bank. A better son-in-law could not be wished for.)

As for Jan, his loyalty to his friend was a household word, almost a household jest at Chy-an-Chy Farm. (In these trips he now and again came near to boring Annet with his hero-worship.)

But when the relief-boat brought Dave home, Jan would efface himself, asking no better reward than the old quiet understanding.

IX

THE SAILING

And the spring comes slowly up this way.

One day early in the next spring Annet suggested that instead of tacking among the off-islands, they should sail boldly out for the Stones and pay a surprise visit to the light-vessel.

The enterprise was not so very audacious, after all. A steady northerly breeze had been blowing all day and would certainly hold until sunset; it was a 'soldier's breeze,' too, and would serve them going and coming. Moreover, this would be their last opportunity, for the daffodil harvest was close at hand, and while it lasted there could be no more holidays.

Jan blamed himself because the suggestion had not come first from him — that Annet should have been left to make it.

On the way out they talked gayly for a while, anticipating Dave's astonishment. Then they fell to discussing the prospects of harvest. All pointed to a good crop and good prices. The farmer would enjoy another prosperous season, and in the summer there would be a merry wedding.

'It's good to think,' said Annet graciously, 'that you and Dave will always be friends.'

'We shall always be friends,' said Jan, and added quickly, 'Whatever becomes of me, I could never do other than love Dave.'

His hand was on the tiller and trembled slightly; his eyes were fixed on the water ahead. The boat had broken the charmed circle of the island tides and danced over open sea.

'Whatever becomes of you?' echoed Annet. 'Why, you never mean to leave Brefar, surely!'

'This summer, perhaps; after the wedding. Dave knows. I have n't told your father yet, and it won't be easy. But I belong to the Main, you know — somewhere.' His gaze traveled ahead, eagerly. 'I can't explain; but when you *belong* to the Main, you know.'

'Dave ought to have told me,' said Annet pettishly. She was silent for a full minute. Then she asked, 'And when you get to the Main, what will you do?'

'Who knows? I shall fall on my feet, never you fear.'

'I heard father telling mother the other day that he was lucky to keep you. You could get good gardener's wages anywhere, and his wonder was the Mistress had n't heard of you and snapped you up.'

'I don't suppose the Mistress wants a gardener,' said Jan. 'But anyway she'd never bear the sight of me — the

teacher told me that. The Commandant was a friend of hers, you know; and he lost his life, saving me.'

Annet nodded, but she was not heeding. 'I don't see,' she said, 'that one needs belong to the Main to want to live there. I've longed for that, all my life. Dave, now — he's happy anywhere. I've asked him again and again how he can stand it, bobbing up an' down, up an' down, out yonder at the end of a chain. Then he laughs and says something foolish — that there's the holidays to look forward to, or some nonsense of that sort.'

'And so he feels it.'

'But 't is no life for a man,' insisted Annet, tapping her foot on the bottom boards. 'Up an' down on the end of a chain, and looking forward to nothing but that all your life long.'

'If he's happy —' began Jan.

'What about *me?*' asked Annet, almost fiercely.

She recovered her graciousness as they neared the light-vessel, and answered Dave's ecstatic signals with a sufficiently affectionate wave of her handkerchief.

Dave was in transports. He had recognized the boat at two miles' distance, and as she rounded up alongside you would have thought the good fellow clear out of his mind.

'What a notion, too!' he kept shouting. 'What a notion! Now which of 'es thought of it?'

'Why, Annet, of course,' answered Jan.

'Ha, ha! — Did she now? Did she really?' he fairly bellowed; while Annet blushed and the crew — bronzed friendly fellows — grinned down overside.

'Oh, hush — *please!*' Annet entreated him in a vexed voice. 'Makin' such a noise, an' before folks. If I'd known you'd behave like this —'

But honest Dave was not to be denied. He reached down his arms to lift her on board, and no sooner had her on deck than he kissed her unblushingly; whereat the crew laughed aloud. They caught the painter thrown by Jan and, as he jumped aboard after Annet, let the boat fall astern, to be made fast there.

The next hour was spent in admiring the ship, the machinery of the lantern, the hundred-and-one cunning little contrivances for economizing space in galley, pantry, sleeping-bunks. It was all very wonderful and amazingly cosy, yet Jan kept marveling how Dave, having once broken away from the Islands, could endure (as Annet put it) to live out his life tethered thus.

Annet had recovered her composure, and at tea — the crew insisted on making tea for them before they started for home — she reigned as a queen in the small cabin. The ship smelled potently of oil and brick-dust, from end to end, and the smell was disagreeable to Jan.

'Well, an' what news o' the flowers?' demanded Dave.

They told him.

'As if I did n't know!' he shouted delightedly. 'We can taste the flowers, even out here. There's the birds arrivin', too, to tell us that spring is comin' along.'

On the whole, the surprise visit proved a great success; and yet Jan felt that something was lacking. He noted with some wonder that Dave, the lover, seemed to detect nothing amiss, and to be entirely — even to foolishness — content with Annet's behavior and bearing.

The time came to say good-bye, and he and Annet sailed back toward the sunset, followed for a long way by the cheers of the lightship's crew. Jan steered. Annet sat on the mid-ship thwart gazing out to leeward under the sail.

For a mile and more they exchanged not a word.

At length Annet said slowly, 'That kind of life don't improve Dave, seemin' to me.'

'Dave don't want improvin',' Jan answered her shortly.

There was a long pause during which Annet watched the froth rushing by under the boat's lee. She broke it, saying, 'You must ha' noticed that I did n't like it.'

'Ay,' Jan replied, 'I took note o' that.'

Another long pause followed.

'An' that's to go on forever an' ever, I suppose. An' with any pluck he might have gone to the Main and made his fortune.'

'But he's content as he is, lookin' forward to you.'

'An' what about *me?*' she cried for the second time that day. 'D' ye think that's all I'm worth? Oh,' she broke off, 'some folk have no eyes in their head!'

But Jan had — and so had Annet; wicked, enticing eyes they were, albeit demurely dropped. They watched him from under their long lashes, and he read their meaning. They were asking him to betray his friend.

A shiver ran down his body. She was fair and desirable. But his grip tightened on the tiller as he lied bravely.

'I don't know what you mean, Annet.'

She said no more until they reached the entrance of Cromwell's Sound and ran the boat in for shore at the accustomed cove. But her face was dark.

'It's late,' said Jan, for indeed twilight had already gathered. 'They'll be getting anxious about us, up yonder. You'd best run along and tell them it's all right, while I stow sail and haul the boat up.'

Annet lingered. She had a mind to tell him that she was afraid of the gathering dark, but she knew very well that he would not believe her. But the devil was in her now, and she would not lose her game without a last throw. She went up some way along the path, and dashed aside among the darkling furze-bushes. There she would wait for him, and springing out seize his arm as he came along. The scent of the furze-blossom was intoxicating as it floated close about her on the evening air.

The boat's keelson grated on the beach below. He was hauling her up, then, before lowering sail. Or had she missed to hear the creak of the sheave? If he was hauling the boat up, in another moment the keelson would grate again.

But half a minute passed. He was stumbling about in the boat. Then she heard the soft plash of a paddle and, not knowing what to make of it, stepped out into the pathway for a look. She was barely in time. While she stood there, doubting her eyes, the white sail slid past the southerly point of the cove and out of sight.

'Jan! Jan!'

Annet tore down to the beach, calling, demanding to know where he was bound, what he meant by it. But Jan looked back once only, as he paid out sheet. The northerly wind still held behind him, and he headed the boat straight down Cromwell's Sound for the roadstead. A light glimmered above the trees on Iniscaw shore; but the Lady might sing at the window now if she listed. No spell could any longer bind him. He had tasted liberty to-day and looked on fear; and while the one beckoned him, the other shouted him away from the Islands to his fate.

Still with a free sheet he ran across the roadstead, and hauling close under the lee of St. Lide's fetched out past

the land. He was in open water now, with the sea-lights and the stars for guides. The sea was smooth, and he could make no mistake.

At daybreak he saw the tall cliffs of the Main, at no more than a mile's distance, rising sheer from the sea, their fissures penciled with violet shadows; and following the coast-line southward he came to a bay, wherein was a harbor, thrice the size of St. Lide's Pool.

He steered in boldly. Half a dozen tall ships lay alongside the quay there, and on one of them a man was hauling up a red-white-and-green flag. Having hauled it chock-a-block, he proceeded to make fast the halyards at the rail, and grinned down in friendly fashion as the boat slid close.

'Hi!'

'Hola!'

'Want a hand, do you?' asked Jan.

'*Siete Italiano?*'

Jan rounded alongside.

EPILOGUE

The good harvest was over. The family had celebrated its close, as usual, by a 'tea-drinking' on Brefar beach, and were wending homeward up the hill through the dusk. But on the beach a young man and a maid loitered, listening to their voices.

'Poor old Jan!' said Dave thoughtfully. 'I wonder what took him. Did n't notice anything queer with him, that day, did you? *I* did n't.'

'He was always queer,' answered Annet. 'You never can depend on folks from the Main.'

'You used to worry me about going to live there, one time,' Dave reminded her.

'Girls can't help havin' their silly notions.'

'No, I suppose. But poor old Jan! I wonder if he'll write to us some day. He ought, you know, for I never had no other real friend,' mused Dave wistfully.

'What does it matter?' asked Annet. 'Have n't we one another?'

At their feet, unnoted by them, a narcissus bloomed; a flower with white perianth and a cup of flame. This year it must bloom in patience and fade — this year, and another, and another; until Young Farmer Matthey comes along with a sharper eye than any of his children's and discovers it, the glory of the Islands.

(*The End.*)

ROOSEVELT THE POLITICIAN

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WHAT started as a War of the Governors has developed into the most dramatic presidential campaign in recent history. The American people no longer regard it as a bit of opera bouffe, but recognize to the full its tragic aspects. Two friends who had been lover-like in their mutual devotion, and who were sharers of the highest honors their country could bestow, are facing each other in a battle which is bound to end the public career of the one or the public usefulness of the other, and may produce both results at once. The offensive hostilities, up to the present writing, have all been on the side of the combatant who has declared, 'When I fight a man, I want to crowd close up to his breast-bone!' His adversary is still standing, as if dazed by the shock of an unexpected onslaught, wholly on the defensive.

What brought about this situation need not concern us here. Suffice it that half the quarrels in this world have their origin not in the willful maltreatment of either party by the other, but in the machinations or the stupidities of third persons. There is the best of reasons for saying that the present breach can be traced to just such causes; and that any shrewd analyst of the situation, if unhampered by considerations of delicacy, could point his finger directly at the makers of the mischief and enumerate the incidents which, however petty when separately weighed, have by their cumulative force wrought a deplorable convulsion.

Roosevelt the Moralist, Roosevelt the Citizen, Roosevelt the Reformer, Roosevelt the Statesman, have at various times in the past filled a large space on the public horizon; and, like the ghostly procession which trooped through Richard's dream on Bosworth Field, they have been paraded through the press ever since Mr. Roosevelt's appearance as an avowed antagonist of President Taft, to fill the spectator with a more vivid sense of What Is, by contrast with What Has Been. It is of none of these familiar characters that the *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to write. I am requested to group my impressions of Roosevelt the Politician, a task at once much narrower, and far more difficult.

Politicians are of several species. There is the pleasant politician, like McKinley; the political sage, like Horatio Seymour; the professional boss, like Quay; the business politician, like Hanna; the quiet politician, like Lamont; the politician with a tongue, like Reed; and there are a few others. Roosevelt represents a type numerically smaller than any of these, and a type of which he is perhaps the master specimen — the politician who could not help being one if he tried. That is what makes it so hard to dissect him for literary purposes. Almost any other figure in our public life could be studied in his character as a politician separately from his character as a man; with him that is impossible. The man is the politician, the politician is the man. You can no more separate the two than you can separate spring from cistern water

in the same vessel. Whether he knows it or not, he entered politics in his swaddling-clothes; or it may be more accurate to say that he was born into politics much in the same way that, in certain religious bodies, every child is born into the church.

Thus I hope to clarify my fundamental proposition that when Mr. Roosevelt takes a step which the mass of his fellow citizens regard as carefully considered for its political effect, the chances are at least even that he is merely obeying a natural impulse, which may make for either strength or weakness.

His strong qualities as a politician, if I were to classify them, I should put in about this order: his picturesque personality; his indifference to precedent or consistency for its own sake; his audacity of method. His chief faults in the same domain, I should say, are three: impatience of the interval between desire and accomplishment; failure to appreciate the persistence of a moral ideal as distinguished from a wise or expedient purpose; and overconfidence in the disposition of the popular mind to consider fine distinctions in passing on a broad issue.

First, let us look at his personality. Everything in his physiognomy, his manner, his speech, his gestures, bears witness to the energy stored up in him, for which must be made some outlet or other. This will explain why he is always doing something out of the common. To glide along with the general human stream would call none of his inner forces into play. What they crave is the stimulus of opposition, the need of buffeting against adverse influences. For that reason we find him a conservative by descent, but a radical by choice; an aristocrat by birth, but a democrat by voluntary association; a puny lad in pinafores, but an athlete at maturity; a scholar by training, but a worker by impulse; a warrior at home, but a peacemaker abroad; a reformer among politicians, and a politician among reformers.

I suppose, too, we should account his happy gift of phrase-making as a factor in his general picturesqueness. 'The strenuous life,' 'the square deal,' 'the larger good,' 'molly-coddles and weaklings,' 'the predatory rich,' 'undesirable citizens,' 'civic righteousness,' 'deliberate and infamous mendacity,' and 'beaten to a frazzle,' are only a few of his many contributions to the expansion, if not to the enrichment, of our mother tongue. Nine tenths of these have sprung spontaneously to his lips in the course of a speech or a dictation; the rest have been thought out with more or less care where he has wished to express a particular shade of meaning. The universality of their use has not obliterated from the minds of the public their association with their inventor; and his faculty for putting into terse terms so many ideas which lay inarticulate in the thought of other men, has added vastly to his power of touching their sympathies.

It is his indifference to precedent or consistency for its own sake which has given Mr. Roosevelt his claim to be called a progressive. His conception of leadership is to put himself well in advance of the main column, and trust to its catching up with him in due season. Sometimes he forges too far ahead, and has to halt, or even step back a little, to get into touch again with his following before the next pronounced forward movement. His interest in tariff reform, for example, carried him in his very early years practically into the camp of the Cobdenites; but, finding this too extreme a position for one who expected to make any headway inside of the Republican party, he became a protectionist of the moderate school.

In matters affecting the civil service,

he was a radical in the beginning; but, as his public experience broadened, he settled down to the conclusion that reform measures should be adapted to conditions as they are, rather than to conditions as they ought to be; and out of this grew his plan of dividing appointive offices roughly into two classes — those for which an appointee must have had a peculiar training, and those whose duties are so largely formal that any man of respectable character and fair judgment can fill them well enough. As an appointing officer, he demanded proofs of fitness from applicants for places in the former class, and when they could furnish these paid little heed to the question of their partisan affiliations; in choosing men for the latter class, he consulted the politicians. Neither reformers nor bosses were satisfied with such a division; but this fact only confirmed him in the notion that he was steering a course equally safe from the mercenary rocks on the one side, and the doctrinaire shallows on the other.

To rehearse here even those examples of his audacity of method which are familiar to all newspaper readers, would require the rest of the space in this magazine. As characteristic as any was the open letter with which he closed his unwontedly quiet campaign of 1904, throwing back into Judge Parker's face the charge that the great corporations had been put under contribution to fill the Republican campaign chest. I speak from personal knowledge when I say that only four of the many advisers he consulted at that time agreed with him that the psychological moment had arrived for a brief reincarnation of 'the old Roosevelt.' I believe I am equally correct in saying that there is not one of the four who, for love of him, is not to-day deploring the manner of his latest return to the field of active candidature.

Another example was his reading of the riot act, literally, to the striking teamsters of Chicago when, in the midst of their reign of terror, they imagined they had him politically captive. Still another may be found in his triumph over an audience who had set about proving their hostility by a frigid unresponsiveness. After several fruitless efforts to stir them, he paused at the close of a certain passage in which he had elaborated with some particularity an indisputable moral maxim, and demanded that they either approve or disapprove it. Taken by surprise at this turn, a few gave him a grudging hand-clap; but he refused to go on till they had expressed themselves more forcibly one way or the other. This crude insistence had the effect of breaking the ice, as it were, and before he ceased speaking he had the whole crowd cheering him lustily.

While he was Civil Service Commissioner, a few members of Congress entered into a combination to cripple the Commission by cutting down the appropriation for the transportation expenses of its traveling examiners. This meant that the extent of the examiners' travels must be correspondingly reduced; so he reduced it at one sweep by chopping out of their itinerary the districts of all the congressmen in the combination, whose constituents would thus be left, for that year at least, unable to obtain at their homes an examination for government employment. Of course, such a menace quickly brought his enemies to terms, and put an end to the crippling programme.

His last audacious stroke as President was to force his conservation policy in contempt of Congress while it was preparing to tie his hands by law. Taking advantage of a short interval between his discovery of this plan and the enactment of the statute carrying it into effect, he withdrew from settle-

ment an immense area of the public domain which might possibly contain valuable natural resources, taking the chances as to whether he or his successor would be compelled to put a large part of the withdrawn land back again. In all such cases he did, and confidently could, count on popular support.

No president, certainly from Lincoln's time to his, had ever quarreled with Congress as a whole, or with either chamber, without being backed by the people. The great body of voters hate what they regard as an unequal fight, and may always be trusted to side with the one man as against the many; with the public servant whom they have jointly elected, as against any number of public servants chosen to represent fractional parts of the Union. And the bolder their protégé's defiance of his foes, the better they are pleased. This is a human trait which the ex-President appreciates to the full, and with which he reckoned astutely for the accomplishment of his ends while in office.

Leading the list of Mr. Roosevelt's faults as a politician, I have put his impatience of delay in reaching results. Having once set his heart on doing a particular thing, that purpose dominates his mind till he has carried it through. If he cannot arrive by one route, he can find others, and to his preternaturally active intelligence the short-cut always presents practical advantages over the long way around. It is hard for him to realize that others of less agile mentality may be unable to follow him closely in his leaps from one logical crag to another. Such impatience in a popular leader may be of good or bad import for the public welfare, according to circumstances. It usually means a more brilliant record of achievement in a given time than he could make by temperate processes, and its inspirational uses among his followers are unquestionably great; but what we are considering in the present paper is not the influence of any trait of Mr. Roosevelt's upon the public interests, but its effect on his own political interests — in other words, its tactical rather than its productive aspect.

For a most striking illustration, it is not necessary to go further back than his latest appearance as a candidate for office. I will venture to say that every friend of his whose degree of intimacy would warrant absolute candor of intercourse, and who had no personal end at stake, urged him not to let himself be drawn or badgered into writing his now historic letter to the Governors. It was made perfectly plain to him that these objections were based not on matter but on method; that none of his objectors would raise a point against his accepting a nomination which came to him without his giving any encouragement to its engineers; but that all stood against his putting himself in what most people would deem a false position. For a time it appeared as if this advice would be heeded. But a tide of impatience, whose rising could be measured almost from day to day, gradually overcame the counsels of common prudence. He refused to waste more time and thought on empty formalities. What he had said in private conversation and letters was already becoming public property by leakage into the press; and the prompt, direct, decisive course, of saying the same thing to all the world at once, appealed more to his taste than one which would reach the same destination by the circuitous route proposed. When he was reminded that, pressed and discomforted as he had been since the anti-third-term agitation began, he would have to undergo a still worse ordeal after his announcement came out, his response was the characteristic epigram: "'Worse?' My dear man, you can't compare a

superlative!' It is for disinterested observers to judge whether, from a tactical point of view, his impatience of the natural order of procedure has been justified by the event.

Mr. Roosevelt's inability, as a politician, to realize how a moral ideal persists even if it conflicts with practical expediency, is most conspicuously shown in his attitude toward the treaties of arbitration lately negotiated with leading foreign governments. We need not consider the essential wisdom of those treaties at the present stage of human development, or their perfection of form, or anything else about them, except the central fact that they symbolize the peace of the world. Neither need we question the sincerity of Mr. Roosevelt's motives in attacking them, or the soundness of his objections. Even were we to grant him all he demands on these points, it must still be plain that in the light of politics his position is not a winning one. He may reduce his opponents' arguments to powder; but, as surely as the sun continues to rise and set, so surely will a Senate come into being, and before long, which will approve and adopt these treaties, or others drawn on substantially the same lines, under pressure from the moral public sentiment behind them; and if, meanwhile, they enter into any partisan campaign as a distinctive issue, the leader who tries to kill them will take his political life in his hand.

Closely akin to this error is the third and last on my list: Mr. Roosevelt's occasional misjudgment of the limitations of the popular mind where any elaborate reasoning is needed to overturn a commonly accepted faith. One incident in this line was brought to my recollection the other day in looking over some of my old memoranda. Early in 1903, when it devolved upon the President to name a Panama Canal commission, the hostile press grew suddenly very alert to the danger of his making political capital of the patronage thus placed at his disposal. His own purpose was to select for commissioners men of eminently practical type. Cornelius N. Bliss, Paul Morton, and others equally well-known for their success in carrying large business enterprises to a satisfactory completion, were among the number whose names came up in discussing the matter. It was with considerable difficulty that he was finally dissuaded from this plan, and induced to select a board of technical experts.

The friends who urged the change of programme were not moved by any doubt of his real desire to have the great undertaking handled as a practical business proposition, wholly divorced from politics; but they reckoned better than he as to how the public would be affected by the one course or the other. He pleaded hard, and prophesied that any board of experts would be bound to have so many differences of opinion on details which laymen would not deem of the first importance, that great delays might be avoided by putting in command a group of men who would hire the expert talent they needed for advisory and executive purposes, and bend all their own energies to driving the work through.

When at last he yielded and selected a commission composed chiefly of engineers and representing every quarter of the United States, the wisdom of this plan was promptly proved. The whole country rose to applaud his choice. The critics who had been spreading broadcast the most dismal warnings about his intentions were first to respond with a retraction. Here, they admitted, was an almost ideal commission, which nobody could accuse of being a piece of political machinery.

Obstacles which were all ready to be thrown in the way of progress on Canal work failed to appear; and everything was going on swimmingly till — what Mr. Roosevelt had feared came to pass: dissensions arose in the Commission, in which every participant was doubtless taking conscientious ground, but out of which could come only one result. The Commission dropped to pieces. That did no serious damage, however, for the old opposition had been disarmed by the surrender to public sentiment, and general confidence had by that time so crystallized about the President that he was able to manage things with a nearly autocratic hand thenceforward.

An incident of less note, but equally characteristic, and worth mentioning here because it was one in which Mr. Roosevelt actually did carry out his own purpose and discover his mistake later, was his proposal to banish from the national coinage the motto, 'In God we trust.' His one thought was to protest against the too familiar use of the name of Deity, with the opening it afforded the comic paragraphers to parody the phrase or attach a ribald meaning to it. No one could have been more astounded than he at the storm of condemnation which greeted his order. He abandoned his position at once, because he did not regard the question as one edifying to quarrel over. What to him had seemed the reverent thing to do, to a large body of his fellow countrymen appeared to be a worse impiety than the one it was designed to correct; for they could see in it nothing but the fact that he was proposing to renounce a formal expression of the Nation's faith in God. They did not care to follow out his reasoning in detail.

The judiciary issue which he has lately raised promises to furnish an illustration of all Mr. Roosevelt's shortcomings as a politician, united in one. There is a pretty widespread impression that once more the leader has got too far ahead of his following for them to catch up with him. His plan for improving the condition of the courts touches a live topic on which the great mass of Americans are sensitive — just how sensitive we are likely to find out soon. Moreover, though persons with short memories may have forgotten it, this is not the first time that the judiciary has figured in a national political campaign.

William Jennings Bryan, another clever politician, credited with a gift for guessing what changes 'the people' wish made in the existing order, has often playfully taken Mr. Roosevelt to task for appropriating his best ideas and labeling them as Roosevelt policies. Bryan was in large measure responsible for the National Democratic platform of 1896. Passing over for the moment its call for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, let us see what were a few of its demands which Roosevelt afterward made his own: (1) the enactment of the laws needed to protect labor in all its rights; (2) greater powers for the Inter-State Commerce Commission; (3) the admission of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma as states; (4) the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, as originally declared and as interpreted by succeeding Presidents, as a permanent part of the foreign policy of the United States; (5) sympathy with the people of Cuba in their struggle for liberty; (6) recognition of 'the unwritten law of this republic, established by custom and usage of one hundred years, and sanctioned by the example of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government, that no man should be eligible for a third term of the presidential office.' Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the third-term

objection differs somewhat from this, but his announcement of November 1904, referred to 'the wise custom which limits the President to two terms,' and declared his unalterable purpose to abide by it himself.

This brings us to the judiciary feature. The Bryan platform assailed the Supreme Court of the United States for its decision against the constitutionality of the income tax, sustaining objections 'which had previously been overruled by the ablest judges who have ever sat on that bench,'—a strong suggestion of the theory of 'fossilization' since advanced in other quarters; it also denounced 'government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which the federal judges, in contempt of the laws of states and the rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners.' Side by side with these deliverances we may now place an excerpt from Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus address: 'When a judge decides a constitutional question, when he decides what the people as a whole can or cannot do, the people should have a right to recall that decision if they think it is wrong. If the courts have the first say-so as to all legislative acts, and if no appeal can lie from them to the people, then they are the irresponsible masters of the people.'

These propositions are neither coincident in phraseology nor parallel in application, but the same spirit animates both—the idea that the courts are now clothed with an excess of power which tempts to tyranny, and that they need restraint. But Roosevelt has taken a long stride beyond Bryan. The latter was content with an expression of dissatisfaction; to this Roosevelt has added the proposal of a definite remedy. The policy of applying the recall to the personnel of the bench, which has taken root in California, and bids fair to do the same in Arizona and elsewhere in the pioneer West, has heretofore received at least a discreet countenance, if not a modified approval, from Roosevelt as a local experiment. In his Columbus address, which was everywhere heralded as the 'keynote speech' of his campaign, he did not proceed quite so far as that, though leaving it to be inferred that he might yet do so in case milder methods failed to accomplish the desired results.

Bryan's arraignment was confined to the federal courts in their interpretation of the constitutional powers of Congress, their technical invasion of domains sacred to the states, and their interference with the private rights of citizens through the medium of an extraordinary procedure. But the Roosevelt doctrine, though voiced at a convention called for the revision of a state constitution, was made so broad in terms as to be equally applicable in principle to state courts and to those of the United States; and it proposed, not a preventive, but an antidote.

In 1896, the live interest of our thoughtful middle class of citizens was caught and held by three planks in the Democratic platform—one which called for the free coinage of silver, and two which criticized the courts. An effort was made to inject the tariff question into the campaign, but the mass of the people kept their eyes riveted on the silver question and the courts. Moreover, the arguments about these which carried real weight were not statistical or historical, scientific or imaginative; the refinements of the sophists and the book-lore of past ages were thrown away on the plain 'man in the street'; all he could see in the two issues were the big, round, clearly-marked truths which stared at him out of the centre of each.

It mattered not to him whether the price of silver and the price of wheat had paralleled each other or run zigzag, or whether the rupee was estimated at this or that value in India; what did matter was the fact that it was proposed to legalize the discharge of a hundred-cent debt with a fifty-cent dollar. It was time thrown away to ratiocinate for his benefit about the limits of federal authority in judicial affairs, or about the technical disadvantages of applying an equitable preventive through a judge instead of waiting for a legal cure through a jury; the only question which to his mind seemed really pertinent was whether he should vote to put a halter round the necks of all the courts — the last independent champions of human liberty — because one here and there might have given too broad an interpretation to its powers. It was with this condensed thought in his mind that he was to go to the polls.

Not many of us are accustomed to think of the politician, and especially the politician with radical ideals, as a public benefactor; yet he certainly plays such a part at times. Bryan did, in 1896, not only in helping to bring the silver question to the front, but, in furtherance of his aims as a party leader, in carrying on in its behalf a three-months' campaign which, for ingenuity and tirelessness, stands forth in my memory as unique in a forty-years' observation of American politics. The people at large were so aroused by it for a while that they forgot pretty nearly all else; and across dinner-tables, in lobbies and on piazzas, on railroad trains, in trolley-cars and omnibuses, on the street-corners, everywhere, the topics of their day-by-day life were laid aside for the discussion of the ratio of sixteen to one in unlimited free coinage. Hardly excepting the greenback fight of 1878, it proved the greatest educational campaign we had had since the Civil War. It was also the most admirable in its results, for it laid to rest an issue which had recently been rising every two years and threatening to paralyze the normal progress of the country by the alarms it excited.

In the first Bryan campaign, however, the silver question so overshadowed the judicial question that no one can estimate to just what importance the latter would have attained if it had stood alone. We are now on the eve of getting some light on this subject; and, no matter what any of us may think of the application of the recall to either judges in person or their utterances from the bench, all observing men must realize that this question is coming up presently for final disposal. Had not Roosevelt made it the pivotal proposition of his canvass this year, somebody else would surely have put it forward later, either in the form it wears now or in a more dangerous one — conceding for argument's sake that degrees of comparison are possible in this domain.

What astonishes me is that so many persons of intelligence, having had Mr. Roosevelt constantly before their eyes for years, should point to his Columbus speech as evidence of a recent conversion, or perversion, on the subject of the bench. He has not changed his point of view at all; he has merely expanded his methods for meeting a premised situation, and has proposed to translate into statutory terms what has hitherto been a mere mental motive peculiar to himself. The Supreme Court of the United States, as now organized, contains two justices appointed by him, and in the case of neither did he make any secret of the considerations most potent in guiding his selection. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1910,[1] I sketched thus his attitude toward the judiciary in

[1] 'Taft and Roosevelt: a Composite Study.'

contrast with that of his successor in office: —

'When President Taft looks for a new judge, he aims to find one whose past activities convey little assurance as to his individual trend of thought on the questions of the day. President Roosevelt, believing that a policy is essential to all progress in government, and that the courts are part of the machinery of government, preferred men whose personal views on certain important subjects were well known. This was not with the purpose of influencing the courts unduly in the direction in which he thought civic welfare lay, but of preventing their being influenced in the opposite direction. No other President has so freely criticized the judiciary, and thereby provoked censure for himself from those who regard the courts as sacred because they hold the seals of ultimate authority; but to Mr. Roosevelt's mind they are human institutions, subject to human shortcomings, and to be kept pure only by exposure to the candid comment of the people to whom they owe their existence.'

Is there anything here which conflicts with the Columbus speech in spirit, or differs from it in any way except, as I indicated above, as to the choice of a definite means of discipline?

As matters preliminary to the Republican National Convention are shaping themselves at the present writing, popular discussion seems to have shifted from the question whether Mr. Roosevelt can be nominated, to another: whether, if defeated in convention, he will refuse to support his successful competitor. Looking over his letter to the Governors, we find him using this language: 'I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the convention' — mark his words, 'the convention', not 'the people' — 'has expressed its preference.' To some minds, apparently, the final clause conveys a warning that its author is not going to bind himself to any particular course of action beyond the hour when the delegates cast their crucial vote, and hence warrants an expectation that, if defeated, he will head a new party.

How does this theory stand the historical test? A situation not unlike the present one grew out of the Republican convention of 1884. Mr. Roosevelt went there as a delegate to work and vote for George F. Edmunds of Vermont. He had for associates in the Edmunds movement a number of the most notable men in the convention. If President Arthur had been renominated, the result would probably have been accepted by most of them as a defeat which could be faced without humiliation; but Mr. Blaine, who carried off the nomination, was almost, if not quite, the least acceptable candidate under consideration. To their minds — whether justly or unjustly matters not now — he represented about everything that was objectionable in the politics of that era. George William Curtis at once announced himself free from further obligation to his party, and organized a secession movement which has gone into history as the Mugwump Bolt. Two-thirds of the element with whom young Roosevelt had been intimately affiliated up to that time quitted the Republican party and went over to the support of Mr. Cleveland. Roosevelt hurried off to his north-western ranch, and there, remote from the atmosphere of factional controversy, quietly thought out his problem, and returned to the East convinced that the thing for him to do was to stay in his party and conduct his reforming operations from within. As a sportsman, he has never concealed his opinion of the man who, having once en-

tered a game, is unwilling to play it through because luck seems to be turning against him.

But precedent, for its own sake, counts for so little with Mr. Roosevelt, that the rule which was his guide as lately as 1908 may have lost its force for him by 1912. Everything will depend on whether his present counselors can convince him that the Republican party has outlived its usefulness. If so, he will no more hesitate to wreck it for the purpose of setting up another on its ruins, than the anti-slavery contingent hesitated to wreck the Whig party sixty years ago. By the time this paper is off the press, its readers will be able to judge fairly well whether so extreme a course is going to be necessary.

OUR UNCHANGING NATURE

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

We all remember the poor old woman in Mother Goose, who, while she napped it on the king's highway, had her petticoats cut off up to her knees.

She began to wonder and she began to cry
Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

But if it be me, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home and he'll know me.
If it be me, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not me, he'll loudly bark and wail.

Home went the little woman all in the dark
Up got the little dog and he began to bark.
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

Clearly, the little old woman was a victim of appearances. Her little dog was either a very stupid little dog, or he was barking at something else, and all she had to do, to regain her lost identity, was to piece out her curtailed skirts.

The transformation which appears to have come over human nature during historic ages is, if we are to believe the writer of the article in this number of the *Atlantic*, 'Does Human Nature Change,' no less a superficial one. It is a transformation which has occurred to the races as they have wandered along the highways of the centuries, but which has really involved no radical change. If Man of our own time could return along those same highways to his arch-ancestral cave, his arch-ancestral little dog would fall on him with caresses of recognition as joyous as those that greeted the far-wandering Odysseus. Kidnap a modern baby New Yorker, remove him from his baby-carriage, snatch his sterilized bottle from his all-but-sterilized lips, plant him in the forests of ancient Italy with a wolf for foster-mother in place of a trained nurse, — and, lo! Romulus again! Can we doubt it?

On deliberation, yes, we can.

There is, to be sure, in human nature as in all animate nature, an immense weight of what may be called physical conservatism. It is this which underlies the stability of types. It is this

which, in short, makes it unwise to expect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. But there is also another, opposite tendency, a tendency toward individual variation. Every one must recognize this. Without it there could be no differentiation of species at all. The first tendency preserves the type, but the second originates it. They are like centripetal and centrifugal forces, never in perfect balance, each tending to offset the action of the other. Sometimes one is in the ascendant, sometimes the other. But whether the centrifugal conquers or not, it is there, and therefore all animate nature has within it a capacity for change which is theoretically unlimited.

Now in the early history of races the centripetal tendency has received all the encouragement. In certain parts of India it used to be the custom to destroy all the babies whose teeth appeared in an order different from the established one. It was bad luck to be different. All tribal restrictions, whether they concern physical or spiritual teeth, are of this sort. They have been many and stern, and reinforcing them have been the forces of natural selection, continually operating to weed out the temporarily unfit. It has been a process of throwing out all the square pegs because there were only round holes discoverable in which to accommodate them.

I say temporarily unfit, because what is unfit in one age may be fit in another, and selection in one age may handicap a later one. The time arises when square pegs are needed. Sparta's deliberate experiment in selective breeding, the only case that we know much about, failed in this way. It was too centripetal. Successful for a time, it seems to have produced a relatively unoriginal and in the end an undesirable race. And the general leveling effect of artificial and natural selection on early human races seems to have been to discourage and check individual variation except along very narrow lines — notably those of strength and physical courage.

But usually the capacity of a race for differentiation is only checked, not destroyed. All it needs is a chance. In the ages following the rise of Christianity, human races began to get their chance. Whether as a result of Christian ideals or not, at any rate the forces of selection began to act in a different, in a more elastic way. The 'unfit' survived, and in some cases were even fostered. The square pegs were tolerated, and square holes were discovered to match them. This might be expected to have its effect, sooner or later, on the races in which it obtained. Possibly it has weakened them in some respects, although this is by no means certain. Probably a thoughtless tolerance is even now weaving in amongst the tangled meshes of race-inheritance strands of weakness which might better be eliminated.

But, on the other hand, such a many-stranded inheritance, even though it contain elements of weakness, will perhaps also contain elements of variousness that will more than compensate. Indeed, I fancy that it already shows this. Without having many facts to base it on — the whole question being one as to which facts are scarce — I still have a conviction that the babies of our civilized races to-day show, before environment has had its chance at them, a degree of variousness — an amount of individual variation — which would not have been found in the same races three thousand years ago — if indeed it can even be said that the same races did then exist; a degree of variousness which will not now be found where the old order still holds.

If unverifiable predictions are in

order, I should like to do my share by predicting that if fifty little Romuluses were planted in modern environment, they would adapt themselves, indeed, very well, but would show relatively little variation in the way they adapted themselves. But if, on the other hand, you should plant fifty little modern babies in the Romulus environment, they would react upon it with immense individual divergences. Some of the best of them — those that we with our modern standards should call the best — would undoubtedly die, some would fit in tolerably well, and a considerable number would show an amount of originality and initiative that might be rather disturbing to the Romulan order, but not wholly bad for it.

But, whatever we may think about the baby experiment, which can never be made, it is difficult to believe that, where there is admittedly so much individual variation in all races, the sum total should be unchanging. To be sure, the surface of the sea has its mountains and its valleys, yet its height does not vary. But metaphor is only metaphor, and it often misleads more than it helps. Human nature is, after all, not a sea, but an aggregate of individuals, each one representing an infinitely complex inheritance, which he passes on, slightly modified, to the representatives of human nature in the future. To admit variation among individuals and deny it of their aggregate seems unsatisfactory.

Moreover, we know that in other forms of life an apparently fixed type can be changed. A given variety of wheat can be bred with a view to making it able to resist disease, and the result is a wheat which is immune to that disease, and whose immunity is inheritable — a new, 'fixed' trait in the species. After one has become familiar with a few such cases, one begins to think of all types, not as fixed, but as fluid — as plastic — moulded now indeed, by the hand of circumstance or of blind impulse, but just as ready to be moulded by the hand of intelligence.

In the case of human nature such moulding as this would hardly be desirable, even if it were possible; yet we are beginning to see that certain negative gains can be made, by the blocking of some of the sources of race-degeneracy. For if human nature is capable of change, it is capable not only of those forms of change which are classed as improvement, but also of those forms which are classed as deterioration. It is merely a question of time when changes of the second sort will be to some extent controlled.

But the objection to all such speculation as that in which we have been indulging is that it is really quite impossible to distinguish between characteristics which are congenital and those which are acquired — at least it is impossible to do so without a series of experiments such as no existing nation would allow. Perhaps this need not trouble us. For however we may take issue with General Chittenden as to his theories, every one must heartily agree with him that for all practical purposes we are safe in acting as if human nature since the time of Romulus had changed enormously and could change yet more.

It is true that all the natural impulses and endowments of Romulus and of Abraham still exist, — the primal impulses of kindness and of courage, of fear and jealousy and hate, the love of beauty and the love of power and the love of truth. But they exist in so altered a form, so different a balance, that their very quality seems to have undergone a change. In fact, one group of endowments, those loosely indicated in the phrase 'sense of humor,' has the appearance of being a

new acquisition — new, that is, within the last seven or eight hundred years. That it is strictly congenital cannot be proved, although it begins to show in our babies before they have attained either teeth or conversation. Certainly it has been greatly developed during the last four hundred years by the influence of a cumulatively propitious environment. At all events, however it has come about, it is practically a new race-characteristic, a thing which sets us a little apart from Abraham and Romulus.

And this is only one rather marked instance of a change that has taken place and is taking place in other ways which are less easy to indicate. It is perhaps a change greater than we realize. For, as we read the records of past ages, we always, unconsciously, reëdit them for ourselves. Especially do we do this for the records of the Old Testament. There is no harm in this. It is inevitable. Yet I fancy that if we could for a time relinquish the habit of reëditing, we should feel even more keenly what some of us already feel rather hazily — a consciousness that between our nature and the human nature of those ages there no longer exists a perfect *rapport* — a conviction that while the records of those ages are forever worthy of sympathetic and often of reverent study, they are becoming, considered as the expression of all human nature, increasingly inadequate.

This might be equally true whether due to the cumulative force of heredity or of environment or of both. Which it is really due to seems hardly susceptible of proof, at least for the present. When one considers how the environment which has been created through centuries of slow and painful effort is taken easily for granted by each new generation, it seems as if environment could do anything. The child, standing on his father's shoulders, cries, 'See how tall I am!' and though his own stature is really not greater, yet through this advantage he can actually reach things higher up. In a healthily progressive state, each generation ought to reach higher, and that it can do so is the inspiration of the reformer.

But on the other hand, when one sees how the most propitious environment proves futile on material in which the hereditary endowment is poor, one comes to feel that environment is not everything. And while its power is increasingly realized and used in the service of human betterment, the power of inheritance is gaining also a somewhat tardier recognition.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GRAMMARLESS AGE

'And I'm going to fail just like George did, because I have n't had any grammar either.' It was the protest of high-school Mary against a system that had sent her brother, unprepared, to cope with the problems of freshman college-English.

'But,' I consoled her, — with the argument that I had so often heard advanced, — 'you are studying Latin, and you will learn grammar in that way.'

'No, we don't study Latin grammar any more.'

And I began to understand why the classics have fallen so low in the estimation of modern educators. Interested, however, to discover, if possible, the secret of their methods, I asked my little friend how she studied her Latin.

She brought me her book, and very glibly translated *Sagittā hostem fugavit*, 'With an arrow he put to flight the enemy.'

'But how did you know that *sagitta* is not the subject of the sentence?' I inquired.

A blank stare met my question.

'Why is it not in the nominative case?' I persisted, trying hard to make myself understood.

Still no response; and it dawned upon me that I was using technical terms, terms that in the minds of modern educators should find no place in the vocabulary of a fourteen-year-old child.

'Never mind, Mary; just tell me why you translated *sagitta* as you did.'

'Because it has the long mark over the *a*, and that always means *with*, *from*, *in*, or *by*,' she enlightened me.

So the secret was out. The long mark had replaced the ablative case in the up-to-date Latin text. I did not suggest to Mary that in her future studies in Latin she might stumble upon an old-time edition that had no long mark, not even punctuation or spacing to divide words and sentences in the confused assemblage of Roman characters. But I pondered long the vital difference between the 'ablative case' and the 'case with the long mark,' and could make of it nothing more serious than the old quibble over tweedledee and tweedledum.

The ignorance of fundamental principles that marks the average high-school graduate continues to draw from the college instructor unmistakable criticism of the present-day methods of teaching. Certain much-heard defenses of the new school of pedagogy have become almost platitudes, so necessary are they in extenuation of a system which will have a child know little of the difficulties of mastering a language, and less of the joy that results from achievement under such difficulties. The old saw, 'No royal road to learning,' has been relegated to the rubbish heap of exploded theories. The teacher of Virgil interests her pupils — I wonder why I use the feminine pronoun? — with modeling in clay the scenes at Dido's court. The instructor in mathematics inculcates the principles of Euclid by means of pyramids and tetrahedrons which the pupil, often with tedious and tearful endeavor, has evolved from a piece of cardboard. The English pedagogue, finding no such tangible methods of demonstrating the relation between subject and predicate, resorts to a well-known maxim: Teach the child to speak correctly by putting before him specimens of only the best English, and he need never know there is such a thing as grammar. We, too, would resort to this method were there not in the simple formula a condition quite impossible in democratic America, where, from nursery to parlor, — and may I dare whisper it? even in our very schoolroom, — the boy hears specimens of much that is not even good English.

I remember, still, the afternoons when I was kept in for the grammar lessons I had not learned. How I hated conjugations!

I have sinned.
Thou hast sinned.
He has sinned.

I had been forced to write it ten times, and had each time inserted in parenthesis, 'The teacher has sinned,' wondering whether I dared leave it there

when I handed in my slate. 'What a system!' I hear the modern pedagogue exclaim, and how thoroughly at that period of my history I should have agreed with him!

But I have been spared the humiliation of receiving from my college professor such a criticism as, 'You can never hope to pass this course until you know the difference between a verb and a preposition,' a criticism I saw subjoined to an essay that contained the expression *would of gone.* The writer of the essay was an intelligent boy, but early habits were stronger in him than specimens of the best English, and without grammar he could see no reason for discarding *would of.* The instructor suggested that he repeat his preparatory work, but he replied hopelessly, 'They only teach Shakespeare and Milton in the high school, and I've studied both of those.'

Again from the mouths of babes and sucklings comes the wisdom that is denied their elders. The brain of this poor boy had been perplexed over such anxious questions as, 'Was Hamlet really mad?' 'Can Milton's views on divorce be justified by modern standards?' 'Do Chaucer's poems give evidence of a happy home life?' until he saw in a return to the classics little hope of mending his speech.

The grammar school has banished from its curriculum the study of grammar; the refuge it sought in the high school has been denied it; the college, overwhelmed with the problem of dealing with five hundred freshmen ignorant of the knowledge and the discipline that come from the study of grammar, has time to give it but passing mention. Pushed thus from its rightful domain, grammar must needs flee to the graduate school, where the philologists may delight each other with learned disquisitions as to whether they 'had rather' or 'would better' say, 'It is me.'

And we must sit in darkness while the doctors disagree!

THE LOST ART OF GOING TO CHURCH

At the age of three I was led up the church aisle and lifted to the high cushioned seat of the family pew. I have been there — generally speaking — ever since. I have no apology to offer, though my contemporaries frequently make me feel that one is due.

Of course I realize that intellectually, socially, and even spiritually, it is not quite 'modern' to go to church. I grant that if I were intellectual I should be developed beyond superstition and custom; if I were truly social I should join my kind at breakfasts; if I were modishly spiritual I should feel that a good book or a country walk is the common-sense way of salvation. I appreciate and approve those views, — and yet each Sunday finds me in the corner of my church pew. High moral motives do not bring me there, but rather sheer enjoyment. I say it brazenly: I like, I have always liked, to go to church.

Never have the moments dragged. In my early experience there was the female orphan asylum, which filled the cross-pews on each side the pulpit. It held me fascinated. The children dressed just alike, and I reasoned that each little girl on entering the Home had her wardrobe duplicated by the orphans already there. Sunday after Sunday I sat enthralled by a vision of the artistic consequences of my becoming an orphan. Would twice six pews of my pink lawn be most effective? or would the congregation prefer the same amount of white party-dress and blue bows?

With maturity, my subject-matter

has changed, but not my frame of mind. Only this morning I sat in contented enjoyment of resources so broad that the hour of the service left many untouched. First of all, I was rested by the mere bigness of the fine old building. I do like space. I think the most soul-satisfying thing about foreign cathedrals is not style of architecture, not stained glass, or carving, but rather length and breadth and height, — and emptiness.

After 'breathing deeply,' as it were, of the clear stretch between the arches, I glanced at my pew neighbors. I like them all, but I prefer those whom I have not met; and I hope never to find out that my conjectures concerning them are misfits. Transients, too, are responsive to the slightest effort of the imagination. Moreover, they afford an element of uncertainty, which, in the extremely conservative atmosphere of my church, is decidedly stimulating. Once a man dashed up the long aisle and began a fervid oration which was checked by a tactful habitué who took the intruder's arm, and begged him to come outside and speak where he might hope for an even larger audience. On another occasion, a young lady mounted the pulpit stairs and wailed: 'I am in love with So-and-So, but he does not love me.' I always look at transients with an eye to their dramatic possibilities.

My next resource was the minister. I never saw him before this morning, nor shall I in all likelihood see him again; he passed this way but once. I shall remember him, however, with pleasure. He was tall and academic, his hair was dark and came down in a thick peak on his forehead, leaving a narrow triangle on each side. Such a serious, boyish face. He was exactly like anybody's daguerreotype of Uncle Edward just before Shiloh, or father at the time of his marriage.

He reminded me, too, of a certain story-book hero, and then it naturally struck me how seldom the modern heroine of fiction goes to church. She has her moments, and her soul quivers on a cliff overlooking the sea which seems to sparkle in gay mockery of her sorrows, or before the library fire whose ashes but typify the ideals she has been forced to forswear. It takes an Edna Earl and a St. Elmo to appreciate a church as a background for thrilling love-making, or a Jane Eyre and a Rochester to present a climax before the altar.

What I really enjoy most about my conventional use of Sunday morning, is the opportunity it offers for ruminating (a bovine word that pleases me). For absolute safety from interruption, I know of no spot to equal a corner seat in a church pew. No door-bell can peal, no telephone jingle, no knock resound. Only cataclysmic disaster could intrude upon me here. For at least an hour I am free to 'reminisce,' to plan, to regret, to aspire. Why! often I have mapped out a month's work, or thought-up and classified long-past events and ideas, or I have dreamed dreams so high and fine that they almost came true; and the succeeding week found me obedient, in some degree at least, to the heavenly vision.

Ah, the hope of the heavenly vision! Through centuries past it has drawn men and women to church; it will draw them through centuries to come. For our earthiness — which is of the spirit as of the flesh — craves an hour's surcease from struggle, an hour wherein, away from the shadows of our everyday world, we may dare hope to see, like the apostle of old, a light above the brightness of the sun, and to hear a Voice speaking unto us.

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